

ZIGZAG

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Nude pin-ups of Gaye
Crutch strutters

Ancient nude pin-ups of Debbie
Sweaty chests

Nude film stills of Patti
Slags

Boilers

Mindless whores

Women rockers' tits

Nymphomaniacs

Studs

And that's just page four

On the other 51 pages... Blondie, Adverts, Devo, Wire,
Throbbing Gristle, Subway Sect, Mekons, Andrew Matheson,
John Walters, albums round up, John Peel/Zigzag Small Label Catalogue

Generation X keep their promise.



Generation

CHR 1169
MUSIC A MENTAL BLOCK AWAY

Chrysalis

ZIGZAG 82

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...A LITTLE JOLT OF ELECTRICAL SHOCKERS!

HI ZIGZAGGERS! ALLRIGHT? I WISH I WAS. THIS ROUTINE IS DOING ME IN SLOWLY, TOO MUCH LIKE HARD WORK! STILL HERE WE ARE WITH YET ANOTHER TREND-SETTING PINNACLE! I HOPE YOU MANAGED TO FIND THE LAST ISSUE, WHAT WITH THE NEW, EXPERIMENTAL, UNREADABLE LOGO WHICH, COMBINED WITH THAT INCREDIBLE PHOTO OF DEBBIE HARRY, MADE FOR A 'NEW LOOK' ZIGZAG WHICH MANY SEEMED TO THINK WAS THE BEST COVER EVER, AND IT SOLD LIKE CRAZY! I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS MONTH'S COVER YET, BUT YOU PROBABLY THINK YOU'VE PICKED UP A COPY OF 'WAR & PEACE' BY MISTAKE, IT'S SO THICK - THAT'S MAINLY DOWN TO THE 16-PAGE CATALOGUE OF SMALL, INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS CONTAINED WITHIN. IT'S A VERY COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY AND IS INTRODUCED BY A MAN WHO HAS GOT TO BE SOMETHING OF AN AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT, (KERMIT VOICE) JOHN PEEL. AS YOU KNOW, MR PEEL'S PRODUCER, J. WALTERS WRITES FOR ZIGZAG TOO, HE'S HERE THIS MONTH WITH ANOTHER THRILL PACKED RAMBLE. BANDS FEATURED THIS MONTH INCLUDE

DEVO

A LOT OF INCREDIBLE RUBBISH HAS BEEN SPOUTED ABOUT THIS LOT WHO REMIND ME OF A CROSS BETWEEN THE BONZOS, MÉTROPOLIS AND SPARKS ON DOWNERS. HOWEVER, THEY'VE DEFINITELY GOT SOMETHING SO WE TRY AND FIND OUT WHAT IT IS - STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

ADVERTS

ARE THIS MONTH'S COVER, OR RATHER GAYE IS, WHICH LEADS US TO A SCATHING ASSAULT ON THE MUCH-DISCUSSED TOPIC OF A GIRL'S PLACE IN ROCK BY CAROLINE COON, WHO DEMANDS MALE NUDES A LA DEBBIE HARRY IN SOUNDS TO EVEN THE BALANCE. THERE'S ALSO AN ADVERTS ARTICLE, BY WAY OF A CHANGE AN INTERVIEW WITH THEIR MANAGER!

THROBBING GRISTLE

ARE HIGHLY-ORIGINAL TIGHTROPE WALKERS ON THE EDGE OF MUSIC AS WE KNOW IT (SAFE). THEIR NAME IS SPREADING SO WE TRIED TO SHOW WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT, WITHOUT/DOING:(THIS).

BLONDIE

WE KNEW THEY COULD DO IT! IT'S SO GREAT TO SEE "DENIS" BOMBING UP THE CHARTS, AND BLONDIE GETTING THE RECOGNITION THEY DESERVE. THE GROUP WANTED TO SAY SORRY TO ANYONE WHO COULDN'T GET TO SEE 'EM ON THE TOUR - IT WAS BOOKED BEFORE THE SINGLE BROKE SO VENUES WERE MEDIUM-SIZED - NEXT TIME... ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT SOME OF CHRIS STEIN'S OWN PHOTOS FROM THE WORLD TOUR FOR YA THIS MONTH.

WIRE

THIS ISN'T WASN'T SPOSED TO BE CHOC-A-BLOC WITH SO-CALLED 'NEW MWSICK', JUST COINCIDENCE. ANYWAY WIRE TRANSCEND ALL THAT. THEY'RE JUST GOOD. THAT'S SOME OF IT. THE REST INCLUDES THE MEKONS, KILLJOYS, ANDREW MATTHESON AND LOADS MORE.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH,
ONE KN3X

THE FRONT BIT

NOW THE GIRLS HAVE GOT THEIR HARD-ONS THE MEN HAD BETTER.. (READ THIS-OR START HOARDING PIN-UPS)

She's really something else. Whether her black leather jacket is unzipped or her nipples stick up through a grubby t-shirt, she's got the dynamic looks other women want to copy and men drool over. Who am I on about? Gaye Advert of course. But for arguments sake it could just as well be Debbie Harry, Patti Smith, Tina Weymouth, Joan Jett, Pat Paladin, Judy Nylon, Pamela Popo or Viv Albertine - the list is long.

These women have more than their sex and rock'n'roll in common. They're working in a profession thick with chauvinists. Well, if it's not old school M.C.P's then it's a new breed of men trying to be enlightened - and they're just as difficult to deal with.

Gaye, you might have noticed, is on the cover this month. Big deal, you might think. So she should be. She's sexier than Glen Matlock and a better bass player than Sid Vicious. But the liberally-minded ZigZag males are caught in an ambivalent tizzy. They couldn't just publish and be damned for fear of being branded reactionary chauvinists. And yet, because Gaye is so eye-catching and therefore much more likely than T.V. Smith to increase the sales of this month's magazine, they can't pass up the opportunity to exploit her beautiful face. Billy Idol never causes such problems.

ZigZag's dilemma and guilt touches everyone in rock'n'roll. Managers, musicians, editors, critics and fans are all struggling with the idea, if not the practice, of equality. Efforts are being made to judge woman rockers on the basis of their talent rather than the size of their tits. Increasingly credit is given where it is due. Last year Poly Styrene, Siouxsie Sioux and Ari Up were praised not only for trail-blazing sexual equality but as lead singers who knocked spots off most other young performers on the scene.

And yet, for all the recent advances in attitude, when it comes to the crunch, the old hypocritical standards win through. Which is what you'd expect when 90% of those in power in the rock industry - company directors, A&R's, advertisers and journalists - are men.

When nude pin-up's of Gaye turned up, the rock press treated their publication like some lip-smacking Fleet Street exposé. Some weeks ago ancient nude pin-up's of Debbie Harry were given a gloating half page spread in Sounds. Time Out wasn't the only magazine to rush into print with nude film stills of Patti Smith. In fact, show me a woman rock'n'roller and I'll show you the editor who won't rest until he's searched the archives and published a nude picture of her. No amount of feminist persuasion from one or two of his staff will prevent him doing so.

And personally, I'm all for his decision to publish. Debbie's nude pics are pinned above my typewriter. Most of my girlfriends like looking at nude pictures of women. Never make the mistake of believing the myth that women object to nude pin-ups because they are jealous of bodies which might be considered more attractive than theirs. It just isn't true. And if you think this is a strange if not lesbian admission, then consider any Heavy Metal audience.

Crutch strutters like Status Quo or Ted Nugent perform almost exclusively to male fans. When these rockers strip to the waist, bearing their sweaty chests, they do so for reasons which don't necessarily have anything to do with homosexuality. Bare flesh, male or female, is very sexy. Men and women enjoy looking at it. What

could be more obvious.

No, it's not the gratuitous thrill men get from nude shots of women rockers which is objectional. Nor can it be argued that pin-ups reduce an artist's chance to be taken seriously - although the fear that they do is real enough.

What really galls women are the hypocritical double standards which still insidiously undermine their efforts to be treated as equals. Nothing is more symbolic of these double standards than the nude pin-up. Time and again they drive home the depressing truth that women can look sexy in pictures but woe betide those who dare act like sexual equals to men in real life.

Mention any male rocker you like, from Rod Stewart to Barrie Masters, and you'll know they brag endlessly about the females they pull backstage. Very few men condemn the Rat Scabies/Jean Jack Burnell interviews where women are called 'slags', 'boilers', 'mindless whores' etc. etc.

Women who fuck more than one man in their lives are nymphomaniacs or worse. Men who get around are praised. They're studs.

So what's new. And further, what the hell! Objectors can step aside. Those who put down sexually-liberated women are in for a lonely future.

Editors who feel the urge to publish female nudes have my sympathy. They should think twice and consider their motives. And then they should publish. If they really feel concerned, all they need to do is trim the balance, shift the bias, make the situation more equal, spare a thought for their female readers. Let's have more male nudes, not fewer female ones.

There must be hundreds of women bored of seeing Joe Strummer in battle dress. We all know that Nick Lowe has a nice line in clean shirts but his bare body looks better. Some fine nudes of Mick Jagger in Performance would be a lot better than seeing him in that dreary velvet jacket again. John Lennon, always ahead, posed nude with Yoko on 'Two Virgins'. Iggy has done his bit..

And now I pause, trying to recall other male rock stars who have stripped. Very few. (J.J. Burnell doesn't count. John Peel does.)

Nude pin-ups of male rock stars are rare because when they were poor, they had more lucrative ways of making money than stripping in Soho. Grave digging for instance. It pays far better than nude modelling I assure you! So does bass playing.

Which bring me to the most important point to make about the nude pin-up's of Gaye, Debbie and Patti et al. They were all taken before these women made it - most likely when they were short of cash with nowhere else to turn.

Publishing the pictures therefore, is not exploiting female sexuality so much as it is taking mean advantage of women under economic duress.

Naturally, Gaye flinches when people rake over her model past, but she's not moaning about it - nor will she bother to explain why she thinks the men responsible are sexist pigs. The time for explanations has past. Action is what counts now. Like all the women mentioned here and many more, Gaye's got her hard-on. Men who can't take it had better start hoarding pin-ups. Unless they wake up very soon nude pictures are the closest they'll get to the opposite sex.

Caroline Coon

PISTOLS, RAMONES SCOOP N.Y.R. POLL!

Latest issue of NEW YORK ROCKER is as sizzling as ever. It looks like being the last issue for a bit while some things are sorted out, but meanwhile we have the results of the NYR poll, which is an interesting pointer and also pretty funny.

Winners are predictable and not-so-predictable. The Pistols sweep the board for Album of the Year, 'God Save the Queen' best single, John Rotten best singer (over Patti Smith) and no prizes for who won the 'Who Do You Most Want To See Live' section. In most of these New York's own Ramones were runners-up.

Mind you de Ramones did come in for their share of accolades: Best live performance, Best Songwriters, LP cover ("Rocket") and Best Dressed



BEST DRESSED: J. RAMONE

IT'S OUT!

At last Ray Stevenson's 'Sex Pistols Scrap Book' is out. It's been on its way for the best part of a year, during which the presentation and content has altered somewhat.

Ray was fortunate enough to have been around, avec lens, during the earliest days of the Pistols, when his brother Nils was their roadie. He amassed a heap of shots which, with their behind-the-scenes value, now stand as a Vital Document of Rock History. Fascinating stuff, with the early 100 Club gigs, photo sessions on the river, 'Anarchy' tour hotel room trashing and much more up to the A&M period.

"Buy now before Malcolm sues!" says the ad. It's available by mail order only for £1.25 from Ray, c/o 299 Ballards Lane, London N12.

Group! Nick Lowe was Producer of the Year, black was Fave Colour, Sire and Stiff Fave Record Label and Talking Heads the Pick to Click in '78 over the Ramones (these two ain't clicked?).

Debbie Harry ran away with the Sexiest Person in Rock 'n' Roll title with 800 votes, twice as many as runner-up Patti. Dead Boys scored similar huge success (?) by scooting off with the Most Offensive New Wavers title and drawing with Richard Hell as most Over-rated Artist (Oh yeah, Mick Jagger drew with the Grateful Dead as Most Offensive Old Wavers. He also managed to sneak into the Fave Dead Rock Star section, which was won by Brian Jones....).

1977 was Fave Year in R 'n' R, and Punky-poppers miserable? 720 voted YES when asked if they were basically happy.

Most entertaining sections of the poll were the bits where the readers are requested to use their warped imaginations a little. What would you name your rock band? - Star-Spangled Death, Middle-Aged Men, Penis and Balls, Two Double Beef Burgers and a Sesame Seed Bun, Eat My Dick, Thelonius Punk.....?

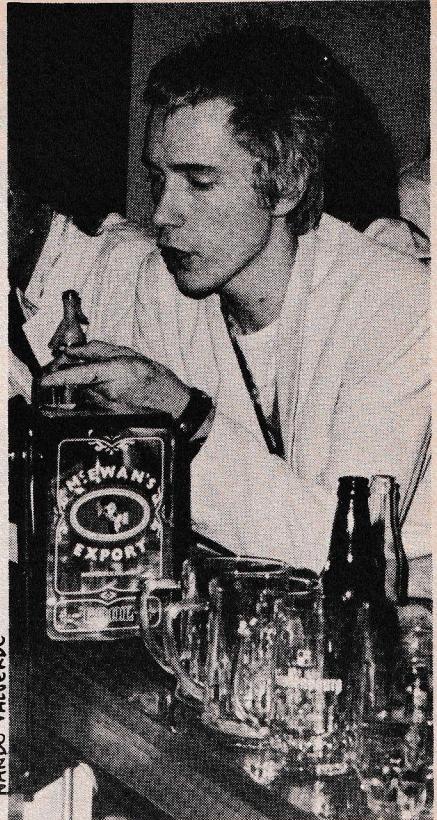
The 'Secret Wish or Desire' section drew some er interesting entries too: To snort cocaine and shoot methedrine all the time and to boil all the homosexual record execs alive in a vat of amyl nitrate; To wire Bill Graham's mouth shut; Take Rotten home to meet relatives; To fuck P. Smith and Deb Harry and G. Slick and Tina Weymouth, the chicks in the Erasers, the chicks in Heart, Tina Louise, Farrah, Cheryl Ladd, all in one night in every position known to the Western World in a 12th century French chalet for a week; To go on the dating game with Sid Vicious, Paul Weller and Paul Simonon as bachelors number 1, 2 and 3; To find out what's wrong with me.

There you go, you might score this in Rough Trade or Compendium in a few weeks time. It's well worth it.

MORE BITS: Kim Fowley has started his own record label, Ego, and has a new all-girl group called the Clique, who might appear on it...Coming up on BOMP, stuff from new bands the Sulls and the Last, plus the Poppees, Shoes, Willie Alexander, the Zeros and the Boyfriends (the original New York band)....Rumours the Dwight Twilley band may split - Phil Seymour is doing outside work. Hope not.

We found the address to write for more info about that political science book Captain Beefheart was raving about in the January issue. If you're interested write to the MIT Press, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass, 02142, USA.

Sad news that Glasgow Apollo, which is acknowledged by many groups to be one of the best gigs in the country, is to shut its doors to rock in June. It's been bought by Mecca and will re-open as - you guessed it - a bingo hall. Another venue bites the dust...



NANDO VALVERDE

JOHN GETS 'EM IN

U.S. NEWS

NICO is back! The icy chanteuse, who ain't been seen on a stage since a gig with T. Dream in a French church two years ago, recently performed at San Francisco's Mabuhay Gardens. Alone at the harmonium she gave spine-tingling renderings of songs from 'Desert shore' and 'The End' (but no Velvets, 'Marble Index' or 'Chelsea Girls'). Encore was the evergreen chill-anthem 'Deutschland Uber Alles'....The cream of the LA punk clone scene have been recording an LA sampler for What Records. Bands include the Germs, Dils, Spastics, The Eyes and new band The Controllers...The Dangerhouse label will soon be available over here. Greg Shaw of Bomp is interested. First releases include the AVENGERS, DILS, THE RANDOMS and BLACK RANDY AND THE METRO-SQUAD... Willie DeVille's old founding colleague of MINK DE VILLE, Fast Floyd (story of his leaving in ZZ77) has formed a band called FAST FLOYD AND THE FABULOUS FIREBIRDS. They've got an EP out already with three originals and a version of Billy Emerson's 'Red Hot'...A school of pogoing has opened in San Francisco!....New ROBERT GORDON album, "Fresh Fish Special", due out soon. Tracks include Elvis's 'I Want To Be Free', Gene Vincent's 'Five Days Johnny Burnette's 'Lonesome Train', a previously-unreleased Springsteen ballad called 'Fire', 'Sea Cruise', 'Dizzy Miss Lizzy', 'Twenty Flight Rock' and an old never-recorded LINK WRAY song called 'If this is Wrong'. Elvis' old backing singers, THE JORDANAires are featured on backing vocals throughout...Ex-BLONDIE bassist GARY VALENTINE is in the process of forming his new band from his LA base. He's already made demos of his new songs and has a drummer and guitarist lined up. He says he wants to be like a "Pop-Television".

IF THE SPIJD FITS WEAR IT'



ADRIAN BOOT

Are Devo any good? Or are they just the next show-biz schuck? What, exactly, is the truth about de-evolution?

By the time you read this, we shall know - because they'll have played 4 dates in England - but right now we have only typically exaggerated American reviews, a handful of interviews, and a couple of singles to go on.

The people at Stiff (who have just released their first single, 'Mongoloid'/'Jocko Homo', in Britain) are convinced that Devo are going to explode onto the scene "with more style and panache, and a bigger bang" than Roxy Music did.

"Devo are not only the most unusual band in America, they are the shrewdest", says an effusive Stiffperson. "By leasing their first three singles to Stiff", he modestly continues, "they have ensured a five-star launch by the best press and promotion team in Europe.(!) By the time they feel ready to sign an album deal with a major company, they'll be the most famous unsigned band in the world."

Though Warners are virtually certain to nab them, they still haven't inked any contract, apparently. Their album, recorded under their own steam and money (Eno produced it in Germany), is, to all intents and purposes, up for grabs - and all the record companies in the world are going out on limbs to get their fingers on it.

Competition for Devo was only lukewarm around last year, when as a result of good reports, EMI made various unsuccessful overtures, but by the end of the year, the race was on. Bowie's interest triggered a wave of offers from Columbia, Elektra/Asylum, Phonogram and others. Phones sizzled. Hotel keepers in Akron had never seen so much mohair and so many cigars.

Carrots dangled all around them, but Devo weren't ready to bite - and by February this year, a lot of record company big-wigs couldn't sleep for fear of losing out. The thought of Devo's potential (rather than their music) rushed round their brains like a million gallons of elixir; the importance of the band pulsated through the moguls' souls

24 hours a day.

Devo, meanwhile, continued to follow their plan.

According to (claimed) intimates, the future of Devo began to unroll as long ago as 1971, when Bob Lewis (later co-ordinator of the Booji-Boy label) and his friends started listening to "too many Captain Beefheart records" at Kent State University, Ohio.

Returning to Akron, several of these friends put together a group which was, and is, "way ahead of its time - playing strange original music with compound rhythms, and using weird effects, like a synthesised drum kit for instance".

The group was hated: "They were too weird. They used to get 29 dollar guitars with 18 pick-ups and blast away through two inch speakers! They were mean, nasty, angry and hostile, and they wanted a hostile reaction from the audience. They didn't consider it a successful gig unless they were kicked off the stage after the first song."

"After a while, however, they found they could have a lot more fun if they removed some of the angry edge".

In common with most artistic endeavours originating in Akron (the rubber capital of the world and, in the words of the aforementioned source, "the greyest, emptiest, shit-hole place in the entire universe") their music had that desperate edge... "let us out, we've got to get out".

Get out they did. By the end of 1977 they'd made successful forays to each coast and had released two singles on their own Booji Boy label. Bowie, as mentioned, had shown marked interest and was setting up a production company to seal a deal with Warners.

Cult journalists were now speaking of Devo as if Jesus and the disciples had been seen strolling around the tyre factories.

The world woke up.

A lot of stuff that's been written about Devo is pure poppycock, but I'm sure their influence is going to be enormous. From what I hear, their stage show makes archaic tripe like

Split Enz and Burlesque look like village theatre groups, and they seem set to sweep the torn t-shirt and brick-wall brigade right under the door.

"I see Devo levering rock music out of the limited one-dimensional rut it's fallen into", says promoter John Curd, who was after the Ohio boys for a London concert last Autumn - before they'd even got passports. Other observers are more cautious - wary of taking a stand for the group until they discover whether or not it's cool.

Stiff Records, who claim to have had guys in Akron "before other record companies even knew where to look for it on a map", arranged for Jerry Casale, their bass player, to telex a long statement explaining Devo's histories, stance and theories.

This is it.

This is my story of DEVO. All other stories will probably contradict this one, but that is perfectly consistent with de-evolution.

First of all, there is MARK, who plays all keyboards and sings. Then there is BOB NUMBER ONE, who plays essentially lead guitar and sonic dissonance and sings. There is ALAN, who plays drums. There is BOB NUMBER TWO, who plays rhythm technician guitar and sings. I (JERRY) play bass and sing.

All five of us had the accident of being born in or around Akron Ohio, in Mid-Western United States. We could probably have been born about anywhere else, but may not have played this music had we been.

We go from 27 to 30 inch waist size, from 5'8" to 5'11", and from maybe 120 lbs to 143 lbs. We're pretty interchangeable with a number of other people; we just happen to be the people who did this. We're merely following our genetic imperative.

I'd like to start with the Devo precepts, which are itemised in our film 'The Truth About De-Evolution':

BE LIKE YOUR ANCESTORS OR BE DIFFERENT: IT'S ALL THE SAME.

THE FITTEST SHALL SURVIVE, YET THE UNFIT MAY LIVE.

GROW BIG OR STAY LITTLE.
LAY A MILLION EGGS OR GIVE BIRTH
TO ONE.
WEAR GAUDY COLOURS OR AVOID DIS-
PLAY: IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

We must repeat. We must repeat.

The lyrics of 'JOCKO HOMO' pretty
much state the case.

To give you more of an idea,
here are the names of songs we do:

PRAYING HANDS
UNCONTROLLABLE URGE
BE STIFF
SMART PATROL
MR DNA
SLOPPY (I saw my baby getting
sloppy)
GUT FEELING
STOP LOOK AND LISTEN
SOCIAL FOOLS
COME BACK JOHNNY
MONGOLOID
JOCKO HOMO
SPACE JUNK
AUTO MOWDOWN
CLOCK OUT
SATISFACTION (I can't get me no
satisfaction)

TOO MUCH PARANOIAS
WORDS GET STUCK IN MY THROAT
SOO BAWLZ
SECRET AGENT MAN
HUBOON STOMP
BLOCKHEAD
UGLATTO
I NEED A CHICK
PENETRATION IN THE CENTREFOLD
PINK PUSSYCAT
WIGGLY WORLD

Devo/Devolved/Devoted/Devoid/Devotee.
Things falling apart. Everything in
the universe degenerates from its
most complex to simple form. That's
all that's going on. Devo is just
based on the facts. We are here to
repeat the sad truth that there must
be a DE- placed in front of evolution.

People think they're at the cen-
tre of the universe, and they are op-
erating under that falsehood. We're
just taking the perspective and
switching it out of phase by 180 de-
grees - for the sake of getting it
something again.

People who think that they are
at the centre, that they are impor-
tant, are what we refer to as SPUDS.
Spuds follow a programme unconsciously;
they believe in God; they believe
there is a difference between demo-
crats and republicans; they think
that doubleknit suits and Mustangs
are necessary parts of being alive.
DEVO says no. DEVO knows better than
this. DEVO knows everything is based
on inconsistency.

People can indulge themselves
and believe they chose their lives,
but let's face it: they're following
some sort of genetic imperative. They
do what they can.

DEVO doesn't think there's any
point in even pursuing the whole psy-
chotic quest for happiness, which is
just as misguided as the quest for im-
portance. It's like hippie guitar
players in the sixties going to absurd
lengths in soloing and cutting solo
albums; forgetting that they fit into
a complex matrix, a weave, a context,
a bee-hive. They don't see that any
one fact is inconsistent with any one
other fact - no piece taken without
the whole really makes any real sense.
Or rather, it makes all kinds of
senses at once - therefore is useless



ADRIAN BOOT

until it's placed back into a context.

DEVO realises that since all
things are degenerating from complex
to simple, the good should be promot-
ed, should be taken into account.
That's what the music's based on: it's
merely the biggest picture...it's got
the most number of pieces.

The cities are our major source
of information. They are devolving
faster than the places in between,
which don't rub up against each other
as much...not as much action, not as
many electrons and protons moving
around.

So, rather than congratulate
ourselves on being gaily dressed
groovies from the hippie days, we re-
alise we are a relief from the
oppression of people's daily exist-
ences - where they put themselves in a
corner by thinking they're at the
centre. We're peddling insanity and
purposelessness because people need
it. We weren't stupid enough to be
businessmen, and we weren't pretty
enough to be David Bowie - so we're
following our genetic imperative. We
are exercising our duty now for the
future; it's duty now for the future.
Any other explanation is a miserable
emission from the rear, as far as I'm
concerned.

There's really no dichotomy be-
tween collectivism and individuality
and all that kind of bullshit that
people try to make dichotomies out of
...like individuals versus the pub-

lic. There's something way beyond
that. There's a master plan - one
that always gets put down by the
superstitious spuds in the science
fiction movies....where they stop the
guy with the master plan in the
interests of humanity.

It's all over with now; there
isn't any meaning to anything that's
happening - it's that tables are
turned. The shift is being accom-
plished, and it's good.

So it's good, taking apart all
these assumptions and the past twenty
years and shuffling them and synthe-
sising them and mutating them back
together inside out to get the new
picture.

People can't understand this,
and I have to tell them: "If the spud
fits, wear it".

So DEVO collectively represents
a kind of inverse corporate structure
to deal with corporate society in the
entertainment field. We really don't
care to take credit in any other
sense than performing this genetic
imperative, this duty, this drive
that we've been programmed with. We
are here to follow that programme; to
re-programme the computers.

People have a bad misunderstanding
as to what rights are. They think
they have the right to be stupid, to
make themselves fat, to foist off
their own insecurities and paranoias
on other people. That's how rights
get interpreted. It's an outmoded

Q: ARE WE NOT MEN ?



A: WE ARE DEVO !!!

concept....like democrats and republicans - there is no difference between them.

There is nothing less graceful than the angry spud. His socio-genetic matrix programmes him to self-destruct through covert acts of frustration, which reduces mobilityand then forced familiarity breeds contempt.

In all this, there is a strict genetic code which can't be broken: the ideals of freedom and equality constitute a soft-core mysticism that is pretty insipid and pretty evil. It allows the economy to thrive on the illusion that individual beliefs, plus convoluted sex energy, equals personal liberty - when all it does equal is insanity and indulgence.

Really, biology is destiny. The Vietnam amputee has about as much chance of knowing life as a one-legged man in a butt--kicking contest.

From a friend of ours at the State Mental Hospital (whose identity we have to protect) comes this letter that I want to read. He intercepted it from a patient who had addressed it to The US Dept of Health, Education and Welfare. It says:

"Dear Sirs,

Do you know what's going on? I must convey this information I have found out before it is too late.

Until now, not much was known about the PENUS. This was the original male sex organ. It was used for the same purposes that the present day PENIS is used for - but it was much larger. What was known about it was hidden from everybody. I guess the scientists were downright ashamed of this sensitive topic.

The things about it that I have found out only serve to strengthen my position. Some people don't believe me at all, and some say that they don't know - but I know you will be-

lieve me, because I know now that it is all fact.

Did you know that Cro-Magnon man boasted a PENUS measuring six inches in diameter and eighteen inches in length, with a head the size and shape of a peach? Why do you think they never show pictures of genitals in drawings of ancient Aztec culture?

I know why.

How much of a man do you think it took to fill early Europe's codpieces?

At first I thought it might be inbreeding in genetics, but now I say no: I have found out the answer is in the woman's belly.

Upon closer examination, I know it would be found that something very strange takes place, like magic. It has to do with the woman's attitude of expectancy and frustration and physical irritation. I know that the vaginal walls emit some kind of secretions - odourless and tasteless - which penetrate the outer layer of skin on the male penis and are absorbed into the bloodstream.

It is this transaction, and only this, that has rendered the PENUS extinct and even today works on shrinking modern man's penis.

I can't tell you how I found out yet - they don't want me to mention this at all - but you have to know, so we can do something about it".

That's the letter. The degree or similarity between this man's schizophrenic nonsense and justifiable fear goes best unstated.

We have recently been saddled with being part of something called "The Akron Sound". It's ridiculous. We're "The Devolved Sound", and "The Devolved Sound" can come from anywhere. It's absolutely chance that it came from Akron.

We don't want to be part of any fucking "Akron Sound" or any other sound. We are separate from it all.

The alien appearance is not a gimmick, not a gag: it's merely the truth. We discovered what we are, and it just happened to be in Akron.

Following the Second Law of Thermo-Dynamics, this conversation, this statement, this position, this manifesto, is wearing down.....so, just to repeat, to reiterate: We are DEVO....duty now for the future.

Well, there it is. What do you make of that? Are they serious or is it commercial bunkum? Do they believe all this stuff, or is it a hook to catch the pseuds?

Will we ever know? Colin Keinch



THE ADVERTS

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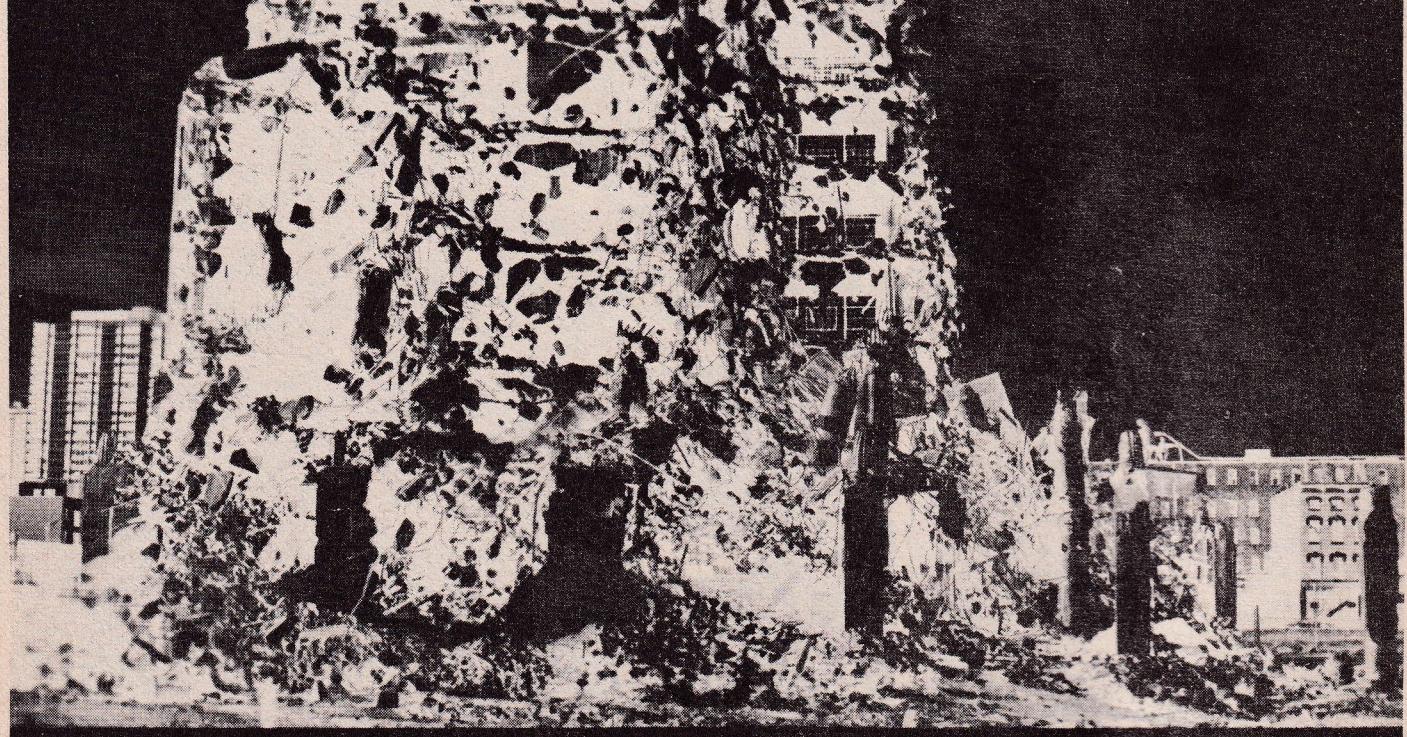


BRL 201

'CROSSING THE RED
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RECORDS

THROBBING GRISTLE



THROBBING GRISTLE.

Drop that name in any conversation and watch the reaction. Giggling or nervous laughter, disgust or horror, blankness or a polite "Who?" Yeah, a lot depends on whether you've heard (of) them or not. Well then play their album, "Second Annual Report" to the same cross-section. It has been known to induce anything including nausea, tears, terror, anger, irritation, delight or boredom. At a gig, where the effect is blown up and intensified, audience reactions have ranged from horror and hostility producing either abuse or fast-emptying rooms, to euphoria or a feeling of being stoned, with subsequent side effects like finding you can't move or indulging in group sex on the spot.

You do not forget any encounter with Throbbing Gristle. They make sure of that.

They are infiltrating, insinuating into the normality of rock like the muzak they admire, or like a slow maggot.

Throbbing Gristle works in an almost military manner. Organised and functional, they like factories and things like that. But this industrial anonymous stability is countered with a true feeling for bizarre and shocking presentation, which has gradually tempered from the all-out assault of early gigs 18 months ago in favour of uh, achieving things via the more concentrated music.

You can't compare TG to anything going on at the moment group-wise although similarities between their sound and the hum of a giant generator about to overload and explode, or a 20 foot long vacuum cleaner would be

sometimes not far off but obviously a bit silly and superficial. But basically they create a dense, pulsating electronic monster which can alter in speed and intensity to distinguish songs. The pulses Donna Summer-style and combined effect of their arsenal of customized gear ravaging your brain and body is pretty compelling, and it this oppressive intensity which is responsible partly for some of the effects listed above. TG are out on a tightrope and they know as well as anyone that it could be dead boring for some minutes, but when they get through the barrier and come up with stuff like on the album the wait's been worth it.

In concept, presentation and sound, TG really are a band of today. There is little of rock's mainstream past here. They are today's cold, grey supermarket society translated into music by the machines it's produced, but the human element in the way ensures a direction, which means sometimes you can dance to it or listen to the little things introduced to shock or absorb you - like tapes of a murderer talking while a menacing hum rises and falls in the background. On their new single TG become a huge, dancing engine aimed at the feet and the discs. They are anything but predictable.

Throbbing Gristle consists of: Genesis P-Orridge (bass, vocals); Cosey Fanni Tutti (guitar); Chris Carter (keyboards); Peter 'Sleazy' Christopherson (tapes and machines).

The first pressing of the album, about 800, has already sold out, and it won't be repressed unless bootlegging forces it. It sold through spec-

ialist shops and mail order at £5 a copy so only people who really wanted it bought it.

Repressing the album would be a setback cos the money from the first pressing will pay for the single, which in turn will pay for the next LP. Throbbing Gristle records are put out on their label, Industrial Records. The group design all the packaging, advertising and accompanying promo/freebies themselves - all meticulously calculated to fall in with the group persona. There is no frivolous aspirations afoot in their use of a Nazi gas oven on their posters. They think it's a good photo, and it looks as grey and menacing as the music.

TG have a headquarters, a disused factory in Hackney, a few minutes walk from the house which Gen and Cosey share in a street which looks like one of those Hovis ads. Frankly, the area is a right hole, all boarded-up houses and a hospice for dying people on the corner. But Gristle don't mind - it's quite a good environment for them to work in. Out of the kitchen window on a wall is the TG lightning flash insignia.

Present were Gen, Cosey, Chris, plus three cats, a dog and Alex Ferguson, who I went over with.

Genesis P-Orridge (deed poll registered) does most of the talking. He's one of those blokes who expounds a lot (!). His image is military-draped, lower half clad in fatigues and black boots, top in death's head-embazoned leather jacket and Gristle colours. His books and possessions indicate a healthy interest in the morbid and bizarre.

Cosey sits opposite, a cat up her



jumper. Abba fan club member Chris is next to her.

The group are bored of talking about their History. The more colourful bits of their background comes out before the tape is turned on. So let's get the life stories over with.

Gen and Cosey originate from up north, where they were in various groups spawned from the colony of loonies they hung out with. For some time they were Hull's most notorious citizens. They moved to London where they could better implicate the ideas for a group playing the music they wanted to do. They had the ideas but not the technical knowledge.

Then they met Chris, who had the know-how, and Throbbing Gristle was formed in September 1975. Chris built his own synthesiser and much of TG's equipment was customized or altered to get the sound they were after.

The name of Gristle first sprang to prominence in October, 1976, when they staged an exhibition at the ICA and played at it. Exhibits included such things as soiled underwear and used tampons. Questions were asked in the house, one outraged MP called them "The wreckers of civilisation" and there was much public outcry.

At this time Gristle's stage act consisted of, according to Gen, "lots of blood, guts and sex". Gen would spit fake blood, Cosey would strip and there would be various other theatrical atrocities. Later gigs incorporated the use of dazzling white light directed at the crowd so they couldn't see and seven foot mirrors onstage so the audience saw themselves. But Gristle have only done about 16 gigs, partly because they

like to do a different set/presentation each time, and also because they have quite a time finding places that'll put them on. Perhaps it don't help sending out postcards to promoters bearing grisly pix of a junkie mainlining a bloody vein with 'Can you fix us up with a gig,' on the back!

Gradually the onstage theatrics have been phased out in favour of a more subtle approach. Like at the Rat Club where the place was done up like a huge Tesco's flogging electronic sound gear. The group dressed smart and hardly moved, just concentrated on gripping the audience's throat with an oppressive sonic claw. As I write they're due to play a gig at the Architectural Association where there will be about 20 other acts going on in different rooms. TG will be stuck in a cage and the music will be only be heard outside in Tottenham Court Road. Inside it will only be possible to see the group on video. Gen says the group will be playing "muzak for the traffic!"

This new anonymous approach means that sometimes people don't even know who's been playing to them. But why the change in presentation?

Chris: "It just changed, partly because the equipment had changed anyway, which changed the way we set up. We had a drum kit then. When Gen got his big bass bins we had to change the set-up anyway cos you couldn't see anybody!"

Gen: "Every time we do a gig we try and alter the way it looks to fit the place. There's no reason why it should be the same all the time. So we do what appeals to us. If we can we try and make it special for each place."

That's what the point of doing it live is. It's something you can't get off the record. If it's just like the record there's no point in going. If you know what it's going to look like why bother? People are just lazy now. A lot of it is games we play with the idea of audience and group, like reflecting them. They have to face the fact they're there. They can't pretend they're not there. Now it makes you focus on the music more. We've got less interested in pushing any kind of image at all."

Sometimes people go to see TG expecting a punk band. "They think it's the introduction until we've been doing it for 25 minutes." But Gen adds that they have quite a few punk fans, "because we're so mad". But they seem to have few girl followers - they estimate that only two out of a hundred bought the album. But some girls come up to Cosey at gigs and say she's their hero!

The album consists of recordings made during the year ending September 3, 1977. Recordings were taken from gigs at the ICA, Southampton (where they cleared the room), Brighton and the Rat Club, as well as two tracks recorded at the studio - "Industrial Introduction" and "Maggot Death", a squirming frenzy of electronic parasites attacking a metronomic throb carcasse. The tour-de-shit-yourself of the whole album is the unbearably high-tension creepiness of "Slug Bait", where Gen's strained, treated vocal intones a grisly account of the gory, murder of a family...from the killer's parched mouth. The backing sounds like a tube train crashing in slow motion accompanied by the Phantom of the Opera on synthesiser.



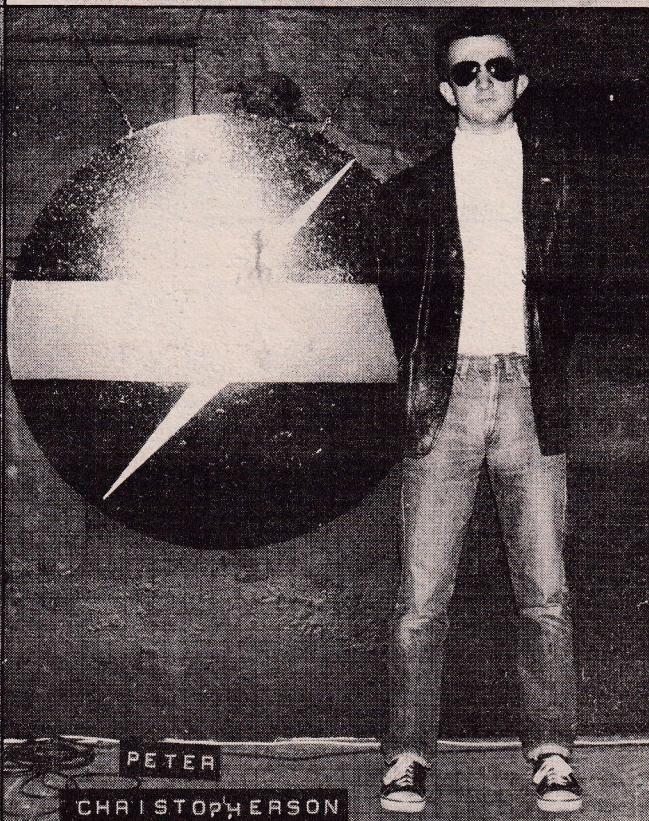
GENESIS P-ORRIDGE



CO'SEY FANNI TUTTI



CHRIS CARTER



PETER CHRISTOPHERSON

Side two is the soundtrack of a film, "After Cease To Exist", which Gristle were commissioned to do last year. It was premiered in Arnhem, Holland, in July 1977. The film includes more gore but the music is low-key throughout, more in line with the muzak which TG are hoping to venture into this year. One bit sounds like seagulls shitting on a noisy generator.

True to TG form the album has got some extreme reactions, many positive, but one poor girl left alone with it for ten minutes was found on the floor in hysterical tears screaming for the record to be taken off. "It just terrified her, I don't know why," said Gen. "Maybe it's true. Maybe we

do reflect what people are like back to them. Some fear is triggered by it and bounced back at them."

Throbbing Gristle invariably bring out a gamut of reactions amongst their audiences. The last track on side one of the album is the deejay at a gig at Brighton lambasting a crowd of rugby player-type hecklers. Gristle have many other tales of fear, loathing and outrage at their gigs. One poor rock writer with a name not unlike Sausage found it too much at the last Rat Club and made a bolt for the exits, only to find the doors locked, or so he said. "They weren't lock-

ed at all," says Gen, with an evil grin. Other TG punters have reported feeling well pissed when they've staggered out into the night after a Gristle gig. Another bloke said he was rooted to the spot during the whole hour set. Other times the sound has set stomachs churning wildly. Gen is a firm believer that sound can achieve things. During another gig two blokes were spotted weighing in with a bird in front of the stage.

"They never forget they've seen us," adds Gen. "They don't think of us as being like other groups. They remember us as a different group - which is nice."

The type of audience has a great

effect on the performance, says Cosey. "If we get a funny sort of audience which is on edge, then the music's on edge. If the audience comes in and seems a bit restless then it's bound to effect you..."

Does the music ever get the group like the audience? Turns out that Cosey is the reaction-barometer. "When we've been in the studio there have been times when I just can't stand it. It grabs at my whole body and my legs start shaking. I'm always the first to get effected."

Just because the album is called "Second Annual Report" doesn't mean there is a First, although there is a cassette (the proverbial Private Tape) called "The Best of..Vol2", which confusingly covers TG's previous year of existence.

Throbbing Gristle's single, "United", is finished apart from Gen's vocals. It was originally slotted for release on Easter Sunday. Chris has worked out a basic dance-beat rhythm which should sound like "Sister Ray" meets Donna Summer!

The single will pay for the second album, for which title, sleeve and accompanying freebie are already sorted out. Some of the music's already been done. A new form of 3-D sound is to be used.

Having Industrial Records means Gristle don't have to bow to big business conventions to shape their activities.

"I couldn't imagine a record company bringing out that album, not in the world," says Chris. (Although since it was learned the first pressing was sold one or two companies have "made propositions", which have been ignored. It's always the same. Companies have

to wait until a group already has product out or has been written about before they show interest. Now TG just couldn't function properly on a straight company, although Gen does admit a secret desire to be signed up by K-Tel!

TG also have the freebies side well sewn up. People who show interest in the group are sent a personal reply, plus a welter of photos, badges, stickers and TG literature. Those distinctive black and white TG badges are to be spotted on more and more lapels nowadays. I mention this and the whole 'propaganda' style of promotion.

Chris: "Yes, the badges were a good way to begin the infiltration. The funny thing is the National Front thinks it's the Socialist Workers Party and they think it's the National Front. They just think it's political so it must be the other lot."

"You could say it's a high voltage symbol," says Gen. "That's how it started. That's why it's TG - it can stand for different things. It doesn't promote a record. No, people can see the attitude we've got even if they don't like the music. It's not meant to be limited to records. TG is like a collection of people who are individualistic. Individualism's really what it stands for but positive. That's why it's got the electric thing."

I mention the almost military precision surrounding TG's operations.

"Well, if you're gonna do it right you've got to think out exactly what you're doing. We spent about six weeks deciding what the badge should be like cos we knew we wanted it to last."

Gen wants to put out non-TG stuff on Industrial. Comedy, soul, abstract

electronic - "so you'd never know what the next record was going to be."

TG get a lot of letters, some from people who have started their own groups as a result of hearing Gristle. "There's a huge untapped market of people feeling really left out. There is a complete void. Commercial people don't see it," says Gen. Chris points out a resurgence of interest in Kraut Rock. Gen hastily adds that TG are quite different in their approach to bands like Kraftwerk. "They're saying they like machines in themselves. We are saying machines are there and they're both dangerous and fun. We're kind of ambivalent about it. We see it as both threatening and exciting as well, whereas a lot of them take it as a thing they can manipulate to get orchestral sounds..."

Chris: "Over here there's a lot of electronic garage bands. The rock garage bands get somewhere because there's a media market, but for the other lot there isn't."

Gen: "There's different areas, and a lot of people try and pretend that's not true. There's straight, commercial music and there's the area of people who are trying to produce music which is actually contemporary, actually about this year."

This ain't gonna be one of those articles which finishes with the convenient 'check 'em out' wrap-up. If you ain't got the LP you can't get it now (wait for the single), and it might be a little while before TG come down your way for a gig. But keep your ears open when you're buying the groceries next time.

Kris Needs



IEP 8

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We also live *for* Dangerous Times,
Bethnal's new album from which
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(WITH PROPAGANDA)





IN BELGIUM WITH NEW GIRLFRIEND



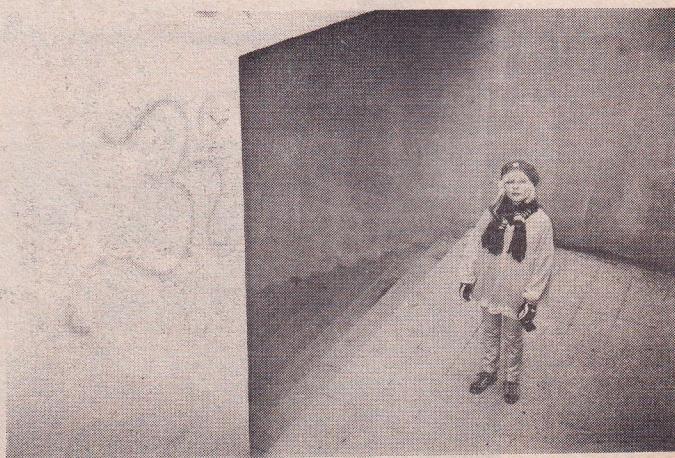
HOTEL IN BERLIN



WAITING AT HAMBURG AIRPORT...



CLEM ON SET FOR DUTCH TV SHOW



BORDEAUX - GIG CANCELLED COS OF COMMUNISTS

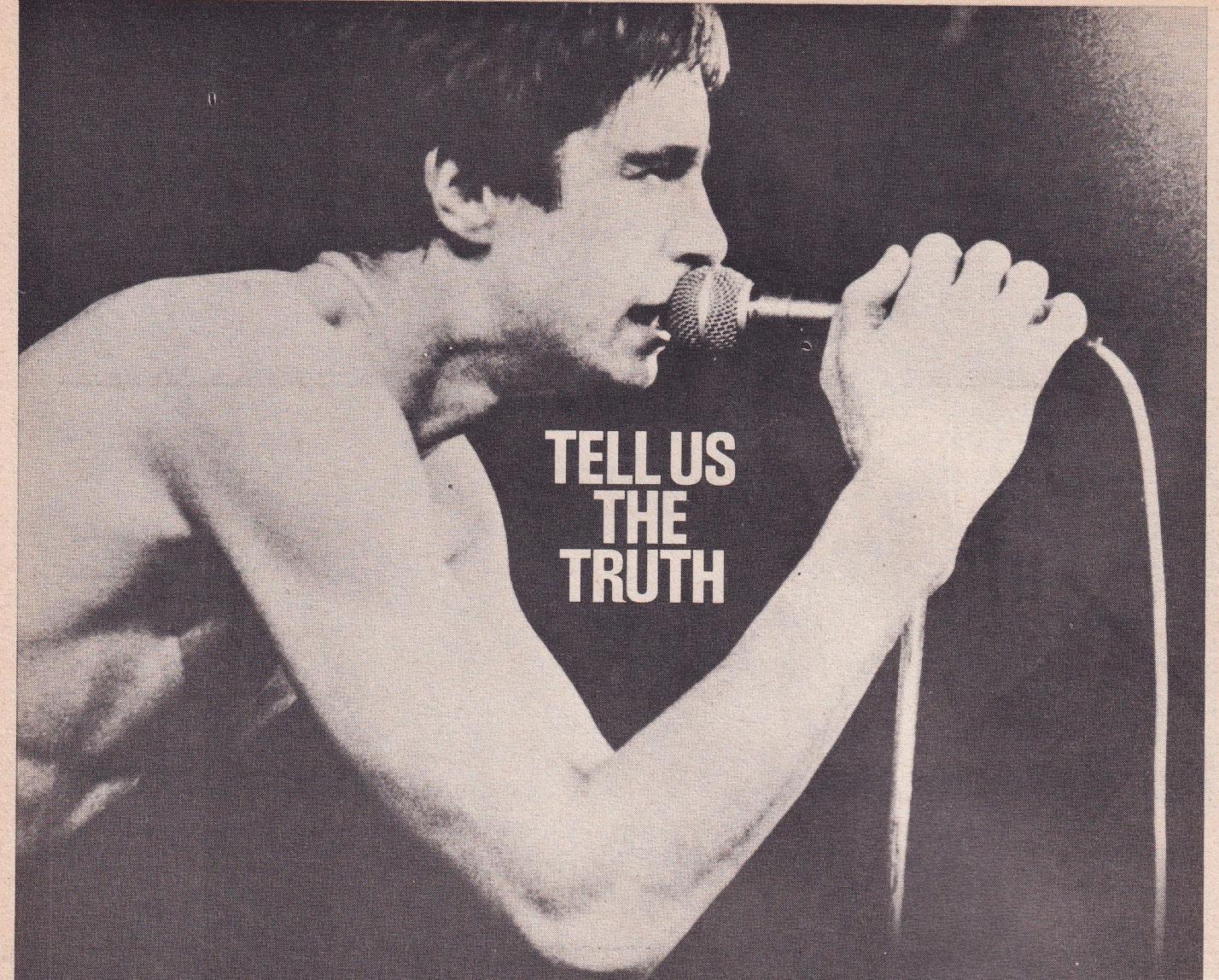
CHECKPOINT CHARLIE



BERLIN: (l-r) NIGEL HARRISON, DEBBIE, FRANK, CLEM, MIKE STICCA (ROADIE)



DUTCH TV SHOW FROLICS

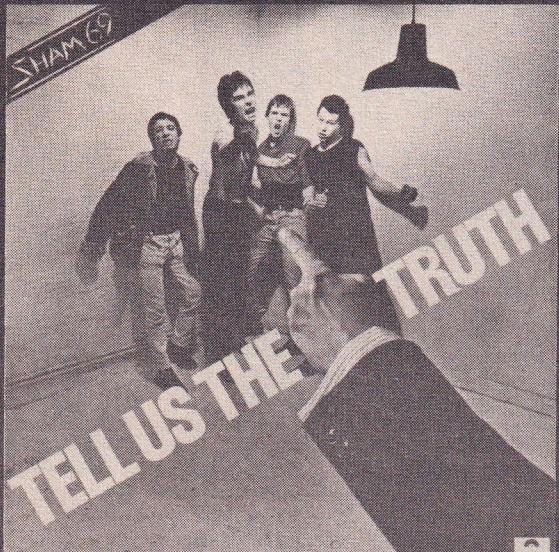


TELL US
THE
TRUTH

SHAM 69

PURSEY Tells The Truth at:-

March 3RD-DREAMLAND, MARGATE
5TH-CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD
7TH-LOCARNO, COVENTRY
8TH-SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM
9TH-OUTLOOK, DONCASTER
10TH-KINGS HALL, DERBY
11TH-POLYTECHNIC, SHEFFIELD
13TH-STYCHFIELD HALL, STAFFORD



The Album-TELL US THE TRUTH
The Single-There's Gonna Be A Borstal Breakout



Andrew Matheson came over from Canada in 1971 in search of a rock band to back him. He met Casino Steel (now in the Boys) and they struck up a song-writing partnership. These two formed a band called 'The Hollywood Brats', which also included Louis Sparks, Eunon Brady and Wayne Manor. They made one album, which was released in Scandinavia. Then Andrew left the band and went back to his home country, Canada, to be a professional soccer player. He recently returned to London looking for a new band.

When you talk with Andrew Matheson, you get the impression that you're talking to a hardened professional who has been a star for years. Andrew is arrogant and seems to know where he's going. So how come his one band, the Hollywood Brats, failed to take off in the U.K? I went along to talk to him about the Brats as well as his plans for the future.

ZZ: Tell us about what's happening now. Are you getting a band together? Andrew Matheson: Yeah, I am. But as has been the case in the past, I'm very fussy and choosy with whom I work. I'm planning on using Eunon Brady on guitar (one time with the Tools, as well as the Brats) and John Brown (who was known as John Belsen in the Tools) on bass. I'd just like to get the record straight on one thing. In the papers it said I was using Geir Wade on drums. Well, Geir helped me out once with a recording, but I never want to use him in a permanent band of mine. So, Eunon and John form a nucleus to what I hope will be a much larger band with possibly a sax player.

ZZ: What kind of sound will you be after?

AM: Well, I can't say too much about that at the moment. It won't be anything like the Brats used to play. Nor will it be any of this two chord punk stuff going around at the moment.

ZZ: What happened to the sessions you did last year?

AM: Well, as you know I was helped out by Kid Reed, Casino Steel, Honest John Plain (all from the Boys) and Geir Wade. I really appreciated their help. I've used those tapes to further my career this far.

ZZ: You also did a Brats reunion session in that same studio, didn't you?

AM: Oh yeah, the ill fated reunion. Actually I thought it would be a disaster musically, but it wasn't - it was okay, really. What I really arranged that reunion for was the photographic session. I wanted some comparison photos of the Brats. None of the stuff I did on either of those sessions is representative of what I'll be doing with my next band.

ZZ: What was your involvement in the London SS?

AM: Now this is something that I really want to be cleared up. I was in the London SS for exactly fourteen minutes. Tony James and Mick Jones asked Casino Steel and I to go along to Matt Dangerfield's place and play with them (musically of course). So, as there was only some old Heddy Lamarr movie on TV, we went over. It was a disaster. Now this is no reflection on those guys' musical talents today, but I class it as an absolutely disastrous musical encounter. Geir Wade was on drums, then as well. We did a Beatles song,

ERICA ECHENBERG



'Bad Boy' - which is a good little number. After playing it once, we tried it again and halfway through the number, I just walked out. It was terrible. That really is the sum total of my involvement with the London SS. I remember Mick Jones was a really nice guy, but I can't say that I knew either him or Tony James that well. I understand Mick is doing well with the Clash. I never read the press, so I only know what I hear.

ZZ: Aren't you interested in the London scene?

ZM: Oh yes, sure I am. I think it's amazing. London has always been the capitol of rock music as far as I'm concerned. I think with this whole punk thing, I was kind of bugged about it. You see, it seemed to me that I had done all those things the Pistols were doing, when I was with the Brats.

ZZ: Did you want to come back here and be a part of it again?

AM: No. People tried to entice me to come back, but I never realised what it was really like until I came over for a holiday. I saw that all the people I knew were involved in it all.

ZZ: Why did you go back to Canada

when the Brats broke up?

AM: I was totally disillusioned with the whole thing. The Brats were always being booed offstage - sometimes even beaten up by all these people who only ever wanted to hear Barry White or Billy Paul. They never wanted fast rock'n'roll music. My ego was shot to pieces. We went round to every record company, even the small ones and all they kept saying was that rock'n'roll music was dead and that that kind of raunchy music would never come back. They kept on talking about the 'Philadelphia sound' and all that. So after all this I was shattered and couldn't take anymore. So, I ran home to Canada.

ZZ: Your album sounds very Dolls influenced.

AM: We never set out to copy the Dolls. At that time, they were the only competition we had. Whilst we were banging our heads against a brick wall, trying to get a scene going in London, the Dolls were getting all this publicity. I liked a couple of things from their albums. 'Showdown' was a really good song also 'Personality Crisis'. I thought we were superior musicians though. I've got a lot of respect for them.

though, because I'm sure they went through the same garbage as we did. ZZ: Tell me how the Brats first got together?

AM: It was a real strain, getting that band together. I put loads of ads in the press to find the right guys. They had to look right as well as play well. The funny thing was that I met Eunon Brady in an Alley in the West End of London. We shared a cup of coffee, one morning. Casino Steel had put an ad in a paper saying, 'Pianist available. Jerry Lee Lewis inspired'. So I decided to call on him and I was amazed to find this guy with really long hair from Norway. He said he had loads of money. He was lying, of course. He never even had a piano. When he came to the audition he phoned up first to arrange to be picked up as he never even had the tube fare. Then he just stood around whilst we played him a few numbers, as there wasn't a piano in the studio. After talking to him, though, I realised he would be okay.

ZZ: How did your LP ever get released in Scandinavia?

AM: Well, the band split up after backbiting and nasty words and all that. This left Casino and me and we stole back our tapes from our company which shall remain nameless. It was the worst record company on the planet. Anyway, Casino took the tapes to Norway and got them to release it as an album. It only ever came out in the four Scandinavian countries. It was nice to have a souvenir album of those days, though.

ZZ: Will the album ever be released over here?

AM: Well, I keep hearing rumours that it will. I know that 10,000 copies were bootlegged over in the States.

ZZ: When you went back to Canada did you do any singing?

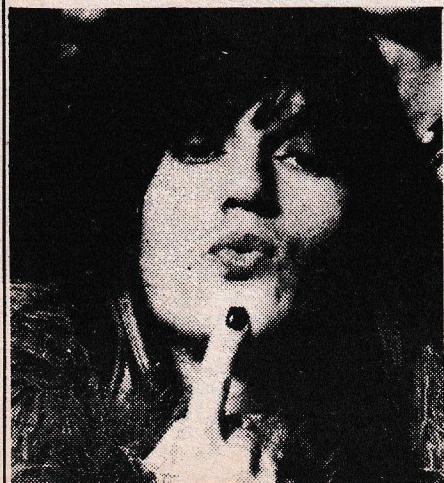
AM: Not apart from singing in the shower. No, I just played soccer over there.

ZZ: Are any gigs being lined up for the new band?

AM: No. I'm going to get a record deal first. I've seen a few companies, but can't say anything definite yet. When I play a concert it's got to be perfect. I've played too many disastrous gigs in the past. This time I'm going to be ready and fully prepared.

Alan Anger

Footnote: Since the interview Johnny Rio has joined the group on drums and they've been rehearsing in North London. Boys manager Ken Mewis is tipped to start handling them.



WALTERS

While queuing at Tesco's check out recently I heard an old dear say as she paid for her fishfingers and crinkle cut chips, 'These humble provisions are enough for my simple needs'. Aah, I thought, obviously Needs' mother as who else apart from the staff of ZigZag know him as 'Simple Needs'.

(Bit laborious for an opening isn't it, comments irate reader M. Black of Norwich).

Wait 'till you see what he did to you - I'm getting a bit fed up with Simple Needs - I was always against making the office boy editor in the first place - can he read and write I asked - 'His plasticene work is quite outstanding' mumbled Frame - 'It's how he feels inside that counts', cried Tobler. Having no wish to feel him inside I bowed to their superior experience of ZigZagging. Now what happens? My erudite comparison of the '77 punk movement with the Dada movement came out as the 'Dali exhibition'. M. Black was described as an 'innate reader' - can he mean an 'innate' reader - meaning 'inborn' reader or 'inherent' reader, I suppose some people were born to read Zigzag as some people are born to boogie. Old Mother Nature still has a few tricks up her sleeve eh? - Pretty deep stuff - incidentally while mixing with celebrities like David Hockney and myself in the boozier over the road from the cinema doing the first night of 'Jubilee' (Needs was not invited), I was approached by a youth from a group called something like Prof and the Prophets (or Profits if all goes well) who described me as the one who used long words in Zigzag. Well, you can imagine what the rest of the mag is like - turn the pages if you like, I don't bother usually either but it's like Chicks Own, which was a comic of my own childhood where the words were split up thus 'We must find Pus-sy or Moth-er will be an-gry'. That's Needs' influence. He then

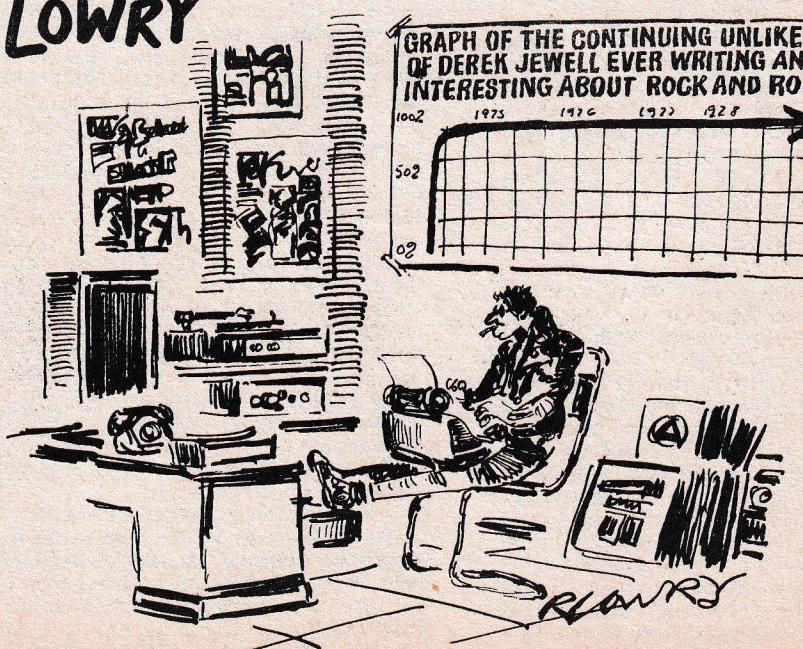
went on to misread my description of 'groovy Top gear' as 'groony'. 'Groony' sounds like some Anglo Saxon word which has only surfaced this century in Derek Jewell's column.

'Keith Emerson's digital dexterity is neither groony nor clavent but a veritable benison'. And I'm not the only dissatisfied contributor. While standing ankle deep in urine in a crypt in Paddington at one o'clock in the morning waiting for The Slits to appear (the wonderful world of showbiz) I was approached by a chap who claimed to be an occasional ZigZag contributor seeking Simple Needs' phone number so that he might engage Needs in a debate over financial matters. He should worry. A fiver changes hands every time I submit my little piece, but is that sufficient? Needs says not and that its worth five pounds just to keep putting my picture in - I can't think where he spends it all - not on buying drinks when I'm around, that's for sure.

I find that I'm getting into a bit of a muddle politically, a state in which we soft, liberal, social democrat middle of the road sort of geezers regularly find ourselves.

Last month I made a few warning noises of the type that we farting old punks (as you young people call us) are liable to make, about getting tied up with the loonie left. The point which I briefly tried to make was, that while the European extreme left liked the idea of the new wave's anti establishment attitude, a closer look revealed that the new wave was seen as politically naive and from my experience of talking to the occasional media Euro-lefty, their ultimate aim was to get rid of the rock thing altogether, as an example of Anglo-American cultural imperialism, and to encourage miners to sing miner's songs and chartered accountants to sing chartered accountant's songs as long, of course, as the lyrics expressed the correct

LOWRY



attitudes. My Euro-colleagues were shocked to find that the songs on the John Peel show were not vetted for their racial, political and sexist attitudes. To them 'The Man I Love' would have to come out, 'Some day it'll come along' plinkety plunk 'The person I love....'.

It's not that I object to people trying to do their bit of good but I do feel that their aims are so often more personal than altruistic. I went to see Joan Baez recently and although for all I know, she may do a lot of good, make as much bread for charity as Jimmy Saville and be perfectly sincere, I came away with a decidedly queesy feeling. Actually I came away pretty damned quick. She had a half circle of listeners on stage with her (like Brown Owl at a Brownie campfire sing song) and although in her own field, she obviously has an outstanding voice her very, very wunnerfully modest presence kept reminding me of that National Lampoon satire on her work with the lines.

'So many grievous wrongs,
That I can right with tedious songs'

The crunch came for me when she suddenly announced a song for Steve Biko (applause from the assembled pink shirted and cravated sixties generation) and went into 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot'. Now I have experienced suffering - I once jumped onto the last train at Victoria dying for a piss and was in such agony that I had to get off at East Croydon and ultimately got a taxi home - but if (according to the South African police) I had persistently banged my head on the change room floor with sufficient violence to cause terminal brain damage and then to be thrown into the back of a Land Rover and driven nearly a thousand miles for treatment, Swing Low Sweet Chariot would not have seemed adequate compensation. I stalked down the aisle to make one of my famous dramatic exits that nobody notices. As I left, the lady was tootling away with the kind of purity which made one suspect that, in an emergency, one might use her shit for toothpaste.

What I hope I've got across is that the music's the revolution for us, not a lot of ideological posturing. We've got to keep out of the hands of that gang and at the same time to avoid the clutches of the right wing/rock is very serious/good rock can only be played when backed by the London Symphony Orchestra/where is my Arts Council Grant brigade. We must make it clear that rock is not in the hands of Andrew Lloyd Webber and his Pirelli Variations and that our music is revolutionary in that it will not accept that sort of museum status - the old music teacher bit about 'The same theme is here repeated an octave higher in the minor key thus showing the composer's sense of humour' - Hah, fucking hah.

The trouble is that having got obsessed in recent editions with the dangers of the extreme left and the extreme right, Kid Jensen passed on to me a paper which he found on a train - 'Seven Days - Scotland's Radical Newspaper'. In this journal, while attacking the American big business fear of our new wave it says 'John Walters, in this month's Zigzag magazine really sums things up...' That's all I need - praise from the far left - now I'm certain



to be on somebody's list. I was once persuaded to sign a Worker's Revolutionary Party petition by an attractive and famous actress and ever since I have feared the pounding feet of the Special Branch as they rush up the stairs with Radar their faithful hound, trained to sniff out albums by Edgar Broughton and Henry Cow. Now I find I'm accepted by the Young Turks of the revolution. And to any young Turks reading, 'Snibri, rasta li scromp!' ('Vrampi Snibri, tresau John Stewart bresk di prempni Joe Strummer Kvar blimpsaa!' writes irate reader X. Cznrk of Ankara.)

('I agree with what he said', writes irate reader M. Black of Norwich.)

Which shows you can't please all the people all the time. I was reading an article on punk in lefty mag 'The Leveller' recently and they dismissed the Stranglers as they made noises which fitted the rock scene of yesteryear and apparently 'nostalgia can never be progressive'. Well, that finishes me - my whole life's nostalgia - even if only recently at a function honouring Lonnie Donegan. We approved of Lonnie at school because he was popularising American folk styles which might lead on to the wider recognition of real blues as sung by Otilie Patterson and George Melly. I stood with Melody Maker editor Ray Coleman and reminisced. Bob Barclay's Yorkshire Jazzband, Dick Charlesworth's City Gents - how the memories flooded back - aah, the Fifties. When I got back to London, I went to a similar do for Dusty Springfield with whom I once did a British tour in '66.

Ray was there again and we reminisced again. Aah, the sixties. Look Ray, we're both passed it - you give up editing MM and I'll give up ZZ.

(Dear Sir, it is with great regret that I wish to tender my...)

All right, joke's over - I expect Needs put you up to it. And while I've been writing, Needs and his gang have drifted out of the editorial office in ones and twos, no doubt to have another of their secret meetings in the boiler room. You notice how

they never ask me to compile lists of favourite albums and all that? And my name gets smaller and smaller in the front bit? Now they're all making decisions without me while I sit here watching Dee File, our punk secretary, going round untidying the desks and singing the wrong words to 'Anarchy in the UK' very loudly. I think I shall go mad if she doesn't stop that,

'I'm a chirpodd - IST.'

What do these people know of the glory that was yesterday. Who now remembers Jacopo Bellini and his Traffic Wardens of Rhythm, Harry Krishner and the Starving Millions, those Up Town Top Ranking gals, Flora and Fauna.

Are there no standards left? No I won't take The News I'd rather read my diary. Yesterday I saw a group advertised as appearing at the Roxy called Jerry Jam Rag and the After-birth. As Lord Reith might have said - 'They must never read the Epilogue'

John Walters

VERY SMALL ADS....

THE AMPHETAMINES have record contract but no drummer. Phone Pete 0733-222-375 or write Lou, 12 Hoidfield, Peterborough, also every band should have two lead guitarists in case one dies. Write or phone, preferably London area.

Astrological birthchart or character analysis. Send £5, including future trends/potentials £7; Send birth details. For more special services send for price list: - John Wilmott, Knockan, Bunesan, Muil, Argyle.

WANTED: Fat Angel 1-6, Kevin Kelly, 37 Blythendale House, Mansford St, London E2. Johnny Thunders is alive and in PANACHE 9 plus Adverts, Sham 69-(15p plus SAE) - 129 Clare Road, Stanwell, Staines, Midx.

CLASH BADGES: Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon, Mick Jones, Nicky Headon, Radio Stars, Frank Zappa, Roy Orbison, Steve Harley, Kevin Ayers, Robert Plant, Vibrators, Gladys Knight & Pips, Tom Petty, 40p each. Jacki Hogg, Flat 1, Castelau, Dunbar, East Lothian, Scotland.

ZIGZAG nos 2-5, 10-56 (15 missing) Offers? Box no. ZZ 210

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- 76 CLASH/MOTORHEAD/PUNK TREE/SHAMS
- 77 ~~THE CLASH/~~
- 78 MICK JIGGER/RICHMAN/MCS/RADIO STARS
- 79 CLASH/DARTS/JAM/ATV/RUNAWAYS STRIP
- 80 BOWIE/ENO/BEEHART/SUTS, ETC.

When Wire came out of the Punk No-man's-land with their strikingly different debut album "Pink Flag" they seemed one of the hottest hopes for lifting rock out of the latrine it was rapidly digging itself into. Rave reviews and predictions for a bright future (with prospects) were very apparent in the Rock Press.

It was around the time would-be trendsetters were trying to poleaxe Punk/New Wave with a New Musick elbow - a craze which kept its momentum for about a week before the much more accessible Power Pop wimped in. Wire had been numbered alongside the Prime Purveyors of all the first three, but no way can you adapt them to the latter like an XTC.

So now with their initial impact fame-burst subsided they have gone back to what they were doing all along anyway - gigging, and have released another equally-high-on-the-tightrope track called "I Am The Fly" as a new single.

Now maybe Wire can be accepted for what they are. A different group, not wishing to fall victim to any "reviewer's language" and be labelled. The Group is open-ended, anything can happen, and that's how they wanna keep it, with audiences taking it any way they want.

Wire is: Colin (vocals); Graham Lewis (bass); B.C. Gilbert (guitar); Robert Gotobed (drums).

They started on their instruments in October, 1976. Wire was formed in February, 1977. Soon after birth they were captured for posterity on the "Live at the Roxy" album - live versions of '12XU' and 'Lowdown', which later appeared on "Pink Flag". Wire's first studio album was one of the most distinctive of last year. It set 'em apart from anything else thrown up by the 1977 DIY-rock binge. 21 tracks varying between 30 seconds and 3 minutes in length. Speed-of-thought ideas or slow dense, heaving sound walls which ground your face in the mud. Sometimes too vague or skimpy-superficial in retrospect but different, a band with something of its own, and nobody else's, going on.

I talked with the four Wires for about two hours one afternoon at EMI. They really like talking about their music most so the first hour turned out to be ice-breaking standard group talk about the Press, band history and all that, before the conversation really began to flow rather than potter about on formalities we both knew were boring.

Colin talks most in slow reasoning, using words like "nebulous" and "open" to describe the music a lot and "pointless" for things he considered a waste of time. Graham Lewis reigned during Colin's breathers with his assertive pub school voice. B.C. Gilbert says little but makes sure it's effective. Frequently guillotined subjects when he thought they were discussed enough. Drummer Robert Gotobed lived up to his name by saying nothing throughout the whole two hours, being content to read the paper (I did find out that he was in a group with the Motors Nick Garvey called the Snakes, who released a 45 on the Dynamite label. It was a version of the Groovies' "Teenage Head" and Robert was then singer.)

The group kick off with a bouquet of barbed wire in my direction. They ask that I put the record straight on the composing credits for "Pink Flag". Rush-reviewing it I only read the top line of credits and missed out Colin (a crime since he actually wrote the bulk of the music on that album) and Robert. Whoops sorry.

Right, that over a nice safe opener - how have the gigs been going?

Graham (brightly): "Very well. Very varied reactions up and down the country. Some went berserk, others just stood and did nothing. But we don't expect people to react in a particular way. It's purely up to them."

Colin: "We're just ourselves. We haven't anything to do with anything else at all. That doesn't mean to say we can set out how we want people to react or whatever. They can do exactly what they like. If they get off on pogoing - and it's quite interesting to see people doing that to slow numbers! - or if they just want to dance because they like the beat, that's OK, but I wouldn't expect them to. They can just do what they want."

One thing I wondered about Wire was how they reacted to their new-found fame when the album was released to a deluge of accolades and Best Album of the Year titles. I mean, before it's release there wasn't exactly the sort of buzz surrounding Wire of the kind which stoked anticipation for the first Clash album to fever pitch was there? To many people the album came as a sudden surprise. I thought maybe the praise would have done so for the group. Not really. For a start it took about ten minutes to make my point understood

B.C.: "I thought it would go either way."

Colin: "What tends to happen is... you could see, in a way, about that time, that although it would go either way, it would be that kind of reaction. It was all the kind of writing going on in the papers that said 'we're bored with this Pogo-a-go-go and we want something new,' and obviously they grasped us as something new. People wrote things they felt about the album. It's not up to us to say whether they actually understood or not."

Graham: "We're more critical of ourselves than anybody else, and we've gone through all the labels so far. We've been called a Punk band, a New Wave band, and now we're a New Musick band, or the Ice Warriors Who Are To Come In '78. That's labels. What we did was the best we could do at the time.

The next album will be different in the sense that we've done one already. We write a lot of songs. We don't stop."

Colin: "It's quite important to make that point. We've made it in other interviews. The writing of the songs, and making the songs come together - it's always important what happens at that point, and then the rest of it is just getting it tight, maybe taking it another stage further in the studio. It's very important that point, when the song is something someone has written on guitar, to something the band plays. The song is always considered on the merits of itself - 'Is this a Wire song? Is this something we'd do?' If something's got to happen on the song then it's got to happen. That's all you can say about it."

OK, while we're on the subject of

WIRe



the songs I'll ask an obvious question to which I already know the answer. Why are the songs so short?

Colin: "A coverall statement is that an idea is only worth as much as it is worth. Which in part explains why something is only a certain length. 'Field Day for the Sundays' is almost just a thought, a very sort of monochrome thing. It's just about one thing."

"They're short because they're not long," adds Graham, cleverly.

Continues Colin: "It would be pointless to dwell on certain things. Once you've made a statement about something.

But that also applies to the writing of the songs, to not duplicate. What seems to be usual with rock 'n' roll is that there are certain things that get written about in terms of words and then in terms of tunes. It seems to be that those themes require certain types of tunes. If it's a song about being on the road and getting drunk it has a certain Rock Beat. It's just like formula. I'm certainly not interested in that sort of area. I try and remain as open as possible. The usual way of writing is that Graham gives me the words and I sit down with the guitar and start to go through it and whatever comes out comes out. It always seems like the inevitable happens, it just happens to come out the way it does. Then that song has got to be played by the band so other things will happen in the transition, but the spirit of it doesn't usually change.

"There are guitar solos on the album which accentuate a certain point so they're necessary to that degree. You have got to be able to see the idea because the song is about the idea."

Whatever sounds right for the song the group'll use. Punk credibility never came into it when the chance to use a classical flute player arose during the "Pink Flag" sessions. Kate Lukas was a friend of producer Mike Thorne who played off a score on a slow, relentless track called 'Strange'. Her trilled flute clusters were then studio-mutated and the alien sound fits perfectly. "She was very pleased with it because it didn't destroy what she was putting into it," says Graham.

"Anything is possible," adds Colin, "just expect anything. Ideas are always occurring to all of us."

The album showed that the group did not have too much trouble adapting to the studio. The dense, deft production ensured maximum impact, specially on moments like the start of 'Reuters', where tolled-bell guitar chimes buckle under an oppressive sheet of doomy guitar. But on stage is another matter. The group aren't really interested in just recreating the LP, preferring to use the live situation to their advantage. Attack strategy is varied to suit the crowdaccidents that work are encouraged and new numbers brought in when possible. The audience don't have to go nuts to convince Wire they've done a good gig, but in their early days, when they played at the Roxy, stunned silence was commonplace cos Wire did not turn out to be the anticipated standard punk band.

Colin: "When we first started the general reaction of audiences was almost absolute blank nothingness. They wouldn't react, didn't know how to react. Silence, like on the Roxy album. We never had any applause. In a way applause sounds to me to be almost

ridiculous. It sounds out of place because it sounds so polite, but people feel that's what they should do because it's the end of the song. This thing about getting the audience, that you have not Gone Down Well unless they're waving their scarves in the air and doing things audiences are supposed to. I mean, if I was in that audience I just would not do that. I'd feel like an idiot. I just refuse to put audiences through that rubbish. But if they want to, they can..."

Alright, what about this cold, bleak New Musick bit, which was foisted on the group when the album came out (including by us!)?

Colin: "I was just thinking about that in the bathroom today (!). One of the things that occurred to me was what seems to happen with a new band in the press is that when they come out the press call them something and they spend the rest of the time trying to live it down! I'm not going to say that we're going to live down that cold, bleak bit. It is an aspect. It's not the truth, but neither is the opposite the truth. If people say we're cold and bleak etc then that's one thing. We're open to anything. It keeps on coming to the same thing of being open to anything that happens."

Graham: "With 21 tracks it's obviously going to take people time. The reactions we have had have been totally different. It's very widespread."

By now we've been talking for about one and a half hours so we decide to turn off the tape recorder and take a break. Andy Childs (Harvest Press Officer) wheels in more tequila and the group decide they'd like to talk about individual tracks on the album. You might have your own ideas about tracks on "Pink Flag" but here's how the group sees it:

FEELING CALLED LOVE

A grinding mutation of the 'Louie Louie'/'Wild Thing' chords with simple love song lyrics....

Colin: "It's that riff you've heard so many times before - very standard. It's tongue-in-cheek, confused...after being foisted by the rest of it they get completely confused by 'Feeling Called Love', cos it's very camp. People are already there, they already know what it's about. We've been known to do it as an encore, after building up to what some might regard as fever pitch we come back and do that, which just seals it!"

REUTERS:

This is your correspondent, running out of tape, gunfire's increasing, looting, burning, rape.

Graham: "It's about our own correspondent on Radio 4. It's no specific situation, but things always happen the same. It was about the degeneration which occurs through the war, and if it happened here it would be reported in America and it'd be Reuters. It always would be because there would be a correspondent. He'd say the same things. I don't know why I wrote it. It's just frightening wherever it is."

FIELD DAY FOR THE SUNDAYS

Colin: "I had this line, just 'Field day for the Sundays'..."

Graham: "Around that time it was about your Rod Stewarts and the whole punk thing was going on. People don't want to be a field day for the Sundays but as soon as they exert themselves

and become somebody that's worth writing about they've got no fucking choice. 'So you can fuck up my life, embarrass my wife'. They don't care. It's selling papers, nothing else."

12XU

Saw you in a mag kissing a man
I've got you in a corner (cottage)

A cottage is a toilet in which homosexuals contact one another...

B.C.: "It's about sexual exertion, in any direction, really. If you see your boyfriend kissing a man, if you see your girlfriend kissing a man. It could be a woman or a boy. That was my line".

Graham: "Of nearly all the numbers on the album this is the most open-ended, because it could be anything, and there's so few words. My line was 'I saw you in a mag'. I think 12XU was fine in the sense it was 12 fuck you, cos it was a censored line. There was no intention to sing '12 fuck U'".

Colin: "It was a joke about censoring. Lots of people were putting out records with 'fuck' on them and immediately getting banned."

MANNEQUIN

A catchy, light la-la pop song with insulating lyrics - 'You're a waste of space'. Released as a single cos it probably sounded the most "innocent" and commercial number on the album.

Colin: "That was a deliberate ploy on my part, make it the opposite. Before you realised what the words were you could hum the tune. In a way it appears to be tongue-in-cheek when I sing it onstage. I want to sing it with half a smile. Other times I want to sing it straight. It is ambiguous. Someone wrote about "ridiculous surfing harmonies" - they're supposed to be ridiculous. They're apt.

B.C.: "If the tune is pleasant enough you can sing about anything..."

Colin: "The nicest thing that ever happens on stage is when you get people singing the la-las, because sometimes you feel it could be about a certain person in the audience. 'They don't know me but maybe I've done something'.

PINK FLAG

Colin: "It's a weird song in that it's incredibly nebulous. It seems to get incredibly worked up about something that could be anything. I mean, on stage it becomes a stage number, the sound of the music is very single. The idea of having a song which is basically one chord with one thrown in to provide a lift and a real steady beat - it's like banging your head against a brick wall. That kind of beat is meant to be almost dangerous like banging your head against because it loses emotions, and the words are so nebulous that they mean what they don't mean."

Graham: "It's very emotive. It's most irrational. It could be almost Tarzan - 'I was sold down the river to the Red slave trade'. You could build a whole Tarzan series around that!"

Wire have laid down about a dozen demos of songs for the next album, which'll be out in late summer. Titles include 'Oh No Not So', 'Practice Makes Perfect', 'Love Ain't Polite', 'Culture Vultures' and 'Too Late'.

Wire are uncompromising and different, maybe hard work for ya. See or hear them though. You can always tap your foot.

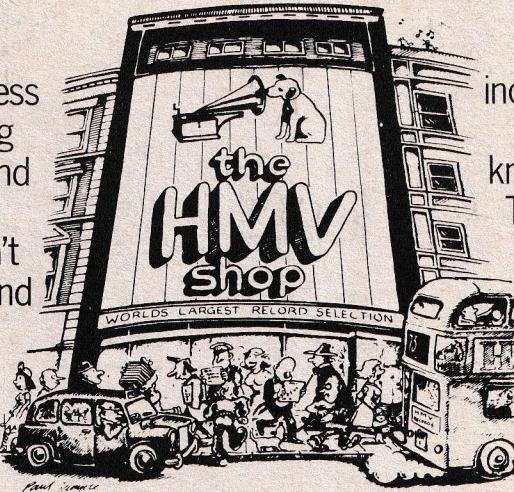
Kris Needs

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CROSSING MICHAEL DEMPSEY WITH THE ADVERTS

A look behind the One-Chord Wonders...



ERICA ECHENBERG

ADVERTS MANAGER MICHAEL DEMPSEY, HIS DAUGHTER ROSE, LEAD GUITARIST HOWARD PICKUP.

The tale of a 33-year-old Irish publisher, turned New Wave manager. The latest books he's published are documentaries on the Roxy Club and *The Best of Sniffin Glue* (Memories of 1977).

ZZ: What were you doing before you met the Adverts?

MD: I've always been a book publisher. I left university in 1966. I was an art journalist for a couple of years and then managed to get a job at Hutchinsons looking after New Authors, during which time I got lucky with a couple of things. I took on *Day of the Jackal*, which made them a lot of money and became editing chief. Then I became managing director of MacGibbon and Kee.

ZZ: What about the music side of your publishing?

MD: I did *Bryan Ferry*, a kind of spoof biography book of Bryan written under a pseudonym by Simon Puxley, ex-Roxy Music publicist. Then we did *Mick Farren*. I've published his science fiction and fiction books. He did book of rock 'n' roll posters about two years back. I published *Andy Warhol's Autobiography* but I didn't get on with his entourage that well when they came

over here.

ZZ: How did you get on with Warhol himself?

MD: Reasonably well.

ZZ: How old do you think he is?

MD: I think he is probably about 80 years old, he certainly looks it. I sat next to him and gave him the look over a couple of times until it started to have an adverse effect on my being able to eat.

ZZ: How did you meet the Adverts?

MD: I met them when I went down to the Roxy. I was very interested in what was going on as I thought that, reading about the Sex Pistols, the Punk movement, anything that's hated so much by the Daily Express must be good. There was a tremendous prejudice among people my age, which still exists to some degree. At the age of 30, which me and my friends have now passed, it is quite a dividing line, when you suddenly see a whole new generation looking different and operating different. It's quite an effort to relate to it.

I didn't find it an effort. I mean I was scared of them (punks) at the beginning, scared stiff, but I found in the end, this enormous warmth

and idealism. I suppose the first band I saw down there was the Damned, and ever since I first saw them I was an enormous fan. I saw the Adverts and I listened to the lyrics particularly and I could just hear the lines and I thought this is dynamic. So I saw the energy and the fact that you got bands coming off the stage covered in sweat and being tight and the communication between them and the audience and also the way the kids were so thankful for something that was just for them again.

But anyway the Adverts needed a bit of help. They needed money, they did not have all their equipment. So I lent them a bit of cash, in fact, started off by getting Laurie's drum kit back out of the finance company which had repossessed it. That was the first cheque - £92. Then I was looking at deals that they were being offered and things like that.

ZZ: Was that after the one-off Stiff single 'One Chord Wonders'?

MD: It was around that time.

ZZ: Did the band accept you immediately?

MD: No, I think it took a bit of time on both sides. We coasted along for about a month and I found myself get-

ing more and more involved and more and more admiring of what they were doing and particularly of Tim's songs. That was the basis of it for me. He is the basis of it as far as I'm concerned. I'm nuts about talent, I go ape, I go overboard and I've got no special interest except seeing talent succeed, and do what it should, and keep clearing obstacles out of the way.

So then we had a meeting. I said 'Look, I seem to be working for you all the time now, do you want me to manage you?' They agreed. I tried to negotiate a new record deal, sort of road work, all the administrative detail which I think a new young band quite often think that they can handle themselves and at the beginning they could, but after a while if you are playing high energy music, you can't really be hassling with promoters of extremely dubious motives who are putting the band on in the provinces.

There's always been a distinctive rapport between Tim and myself in that we rarely discuss what needs to be done, we always seem to agree, we very rarely have rows, which is kind of unusual.

I've tried to understand what the band wants and try to get them as much as I can. What I have always done is try and concentrate on their development as a band and try to hold them together as a band. In a year there's only been one major personnel change. I think Mat's a good record for a young band.

ZZ: What was this change?

MD: That was the exit of the drummer, Laurie Driver. The basic problem was between Gaye and Laurie. When it got to the situation that one of them had to go, it was Laurie.

ZZ: What's he going to do?

MD: I don't know. The last I heard he was going to form his own band.

ZZ: So you have John Towe in now. Ex-Chelsea, Generation X and ATV?

MD: He is with us for the rest of the English tour. I don't want him to make a hasty decision. But we like the idea very much. He is an excellent drummer.

ZZ: What are the Adverts' plans for the future?

MD: We have been touring very heavily in England and we are going to do some work in Europe. I don't think we should go to the USA before the autumn. I think there would be a lot of confusion because inevitably they would be linked with the Sex Pistols fiasco. We are at the end of one phase now, which has culminated in the album which has just been released (Crossing the Red Sea with



GAYE ADVERT, HOWARD PICKUP, TV SMITH, LAURIE DRIVER (before he left the Adverts).

Just at that moment who should pop in but Howard Pickup - Adverts guitarist. He's willing to give us five minutes of his time before going to the Croydon Greyhound soundcheck. He is happy to talk because he says that Tim and Gaye always get to do the interviews.

ZZ: What do you think makes a good manager?

HP: I personally think a manager must know everything from a jack plug to the director of CBS. He must know everything in between.

ZZ: How did you meet up with Tim and Gaye?

HP: An advert in the paper. It said, "wanted a very special guitarist who wasn't special".

ZZ: Tell us about the album.

HP: It took a fortnight of recording and about a week of mixing at Abbey Road. It was produced by John Leckie who produced the Doctors of Madness and Roy Harper. It was Tim's choice. I'm happy with the album but I hope the next one is more complex. I think the album cover is a bit boring because it's just photos of the band. There's nothing dynamically creative about it.

I like an album sleeve where you can see a lot of work has been put into it.

MD: It certainly did have a lot of work put into it! I think it is superb. A work of art. It's very original. It is a collaboration between Nick Deville and Tim. Nick did all the Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music albums and this is the first time he has worked for another band. Jane Suck came up with the title it just came out of the brain of this incredibly talented Sounds writer. So Nick did the artwork around the title because the shape on the front is the shape of the Red Sea repeated over and over again.

ZZ: OK Howard, what's your favourite car?

HP: A BMW thank you.

Monkey and Booboo



David Coverdale coming in on the Northwinds

3rd March	LINCOLN	Tech.
4th March	FOLKESTONE	
	Leas-Cliff	
5th March	WOLVERHAMPTON	
	La Fayette	
8th March	ILFORD	Oscars
9th March	SCARBOROUGH	
	Penthouse	
10th March	HARROGATE	PJs

17th March	BASINGSTOKE
	Technical College
18th March	LONDON
	Music Machine
19th March	NEWBRIDGE
	The Club
21st March	MANCHESTER
	Rafters
23rd March	DONCASTER
	Outlook
24th March	REDCAR
	The Coatham Bowl

25th March LEEDS
 Fforde Green Hotel

27th March COLWYN BAY The

29th March PLYMOUTH Castaways

30th March SWANSEA Nutz Club

31st March NEWPORT
 SHROPSHIRE
 The Village

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David Coverdale will take you by the hand and lead you through the storm. Purple's lead singer is now on the road with his own band, Whitesnake, and coming your way.

Whitesnake are: Micky Moody, guitar. Bernie Marsden, guitar. Neil Murray, bass. David Dowle, drums.

David Coverdale has two albums available, 'Whitesnake' and his latest **Northwinds** released on March 10th.

This album includes the unabridged version of the single "Breakdown".

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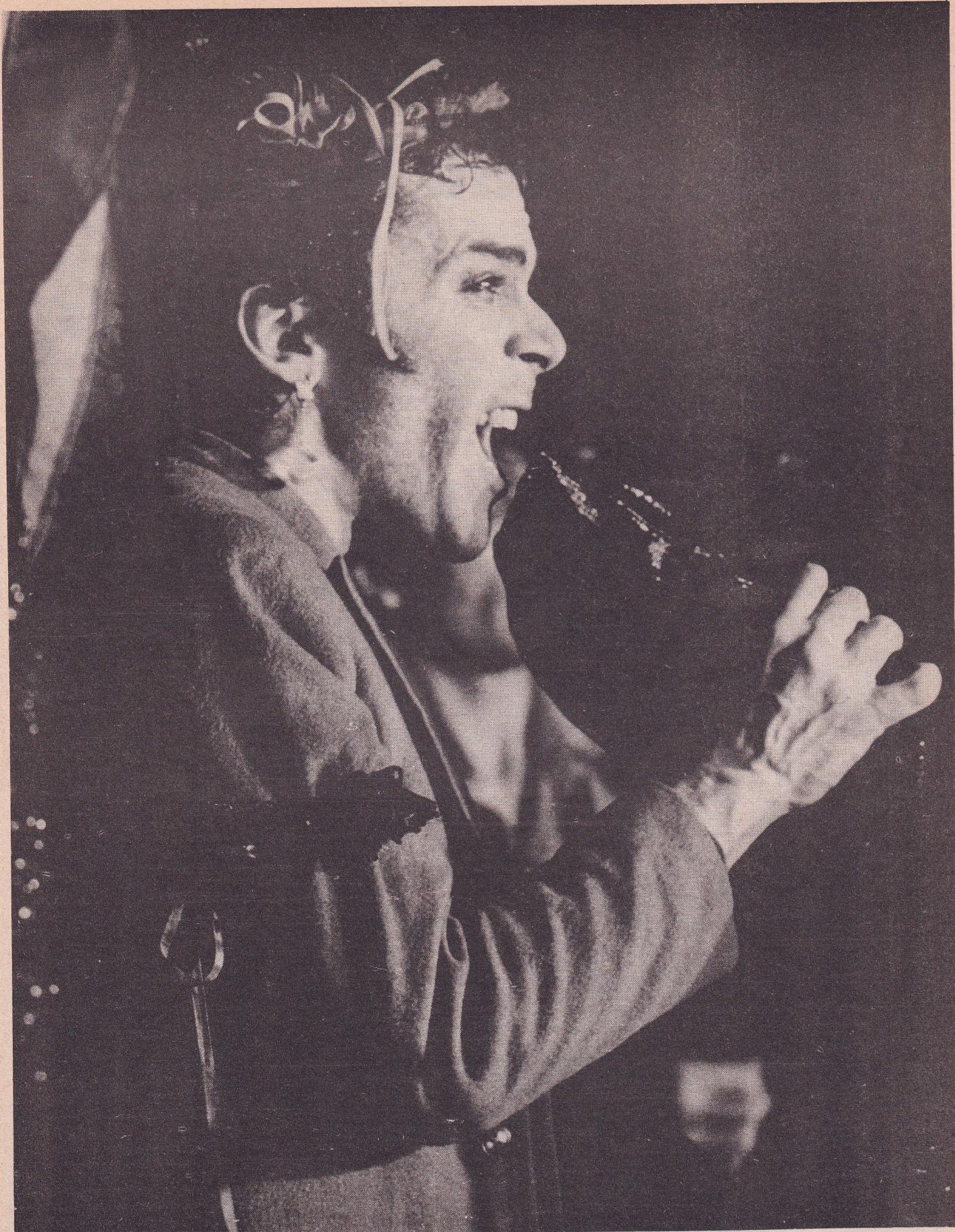
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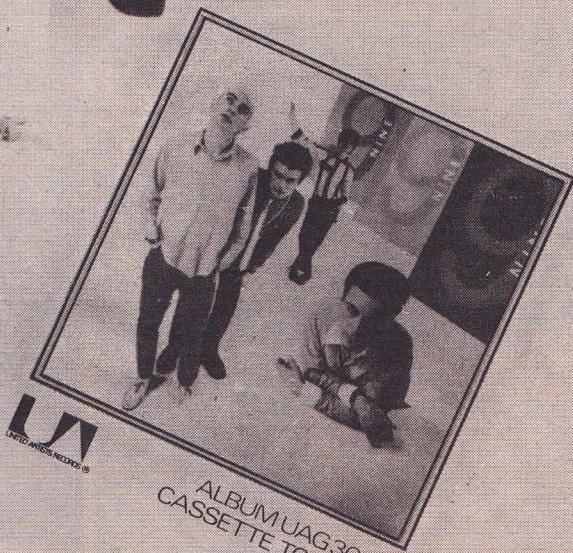
ZIGZAG PIN-UP: IAN DURY!!!

PHOTO: TREMBLE



UK TOUR MARCH '78

WEDNESDAY 1st GREAT YARMOUTH COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
THURSDAY 2nd THE OUTLOOK CLUB, DONCASTER
FRIDAY 3rd THE PENNY FARTHING, ULVERSTONE
SATURDAY 4th THE ROCK GARDEN, MIDDLESBROUGH
TUESDAY 7th NIKKERS CLUB, KEIGHLEY
WEDNESDAY 8th BRIAN'S CLUB, READING
THURSDAY 9th RAFTERS, MANCHESTER
FRIDAY 10th BARBARELLA'S, BIRMINGHAM
SATURDAY 11th ERIC'S CLUB, LIVERPOOL
WEDNESDAY 15th STOWAWAY CLUB, NEWPORT
THURSDAY 16th ROOTS CLUB, LEEDS
FRIDAY 17th CLOUDS, EDINBURGH
SUNDAY 19th ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON
TUESDAY 21st PEOPLE'S CLUB, NORWICH
WEDNESDAY 22nd CANTERBURY COLLEGE OF ART
THURSDAY 23rd ESSEX UNIVERSITY
FRIDAY 24th THE DREAMLAND, MARGATE



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When we spoke to Throbbing Gristle we thought it might be a good idea to ask Genesis P. Orridge to tackle a bunch of singles too. It was Gen's birthday when Alex Fergusson (who you might remember from Alternative TV) called round at his Hackney penthouse with an armful of hot 45's, mostly, by coincidence, examples of US copy-punk. Still, here we go...

ABBA: Take a Chance On Me/I'm a Marionette (Epic)

GEN: It's got the same emotional fullness as early Vera Lynn singing 'Land of Hope and Glory' with the combined choir of the armed services. Marvellous harmonies and production. It's a shame it's got no chance of ever being a hit, even though it is excellent.

KILLER KANE BAND: Mr Cool/Long Haired Woman/Don't Need You (Whiplash)

ALEX: The song structure seems to be based on the Monkees' 'I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone'.

GEN: Very poetic. When I say poetic I'm sarcastic. It's the sort of thing you want to take off after 30 seconds but leave it on in the hope that something's to happen, but it never does. It's failure stamped on every groove. We didn't go on to side two, it was too depressing, more predictable than a car pressing plant pressing out the same bit of metal every day.

ALEX: Yeah, but the guy's that work for the plant probably get more money.

THE GOOSSES: Just a Taker/Is it New? (GIOT)

GEN: Is it new?, which is always a dangerous question to ask cos it makes you come up with obvious sarcastic comments, so's they better be good or they're in trouble. Never ask a question on the title of a record, because you're bound to get clever answers, especially from sassy bastards like us (Then record is played...)

ALEX: It sounds like one of those Thames Beat groups.

GEN: I can remember Merseybeat you see, cos I'm 28 today and this is like the group's that failed, and I can't see any point copying groups that failed in the early 60s. It's pointless.

MIRRORS: Shirley/She Smiled Wild (Hear-than)

ALEX: Palid Velvets territory.

GEN: It's the same label as Pere Ubu and that doesn't mean much...oh no, "curiosity killed the cat" he says but his rip off Lou Reed singing's killed this record.

SUICIDE COMMANDOS: Mark Was a Terror/Match Mismatch (PS Records)

ALEX: Seems like the first record dedicated to Mark Perry, always a sign of fame?

GEN: Oh shit, fuckin' 'ell, that's my comment. Wayne Fontana sings 'Guantanamera' with a punk rock band. It's difficult to do this one justice is the old quote. The vocalist deserves to be mentioned cos he really is bad and should retire.

THE RANDOMS: ABCD/Let's Get Rid of New York (Dangerhouse)

GEN: Oh God they try so hard.

ALEX: English copyist by the looks of it, the Vortex school I'm afraid!

GEN: The best produced punk single so far.

ALEX: I don't hear any middle or chorus.

GEN: Yes, they haven't learned anything about structure. His lyrics seem

SINGLES

to appeal to me because they're so basic TV/silly/pretty, but I have a feeling he didn't realise they were funny, and whatever good bits it had were accidental and actually they are another group wasting plastic and the only good thing to do is burn them to give us heat in a blizzard.

THE RESIDENTS: Duck Stab EP (Ralph)

I can understand why the Residents are getting a lot of press because in an age of nondescript records anything that is different and professional is going to get attention. But that said I think it's too considered, too academic, very unemotional. It's got no guts, no humanity and I think that the fact the Residents are actually graphic designers and film set designers in every day life comes through. What they do is construct artificial environments that look real and meaningful but it's artifice, it's not a real statement. It's rather a red herring than a duck stab.

KIM FOWLEY: Control/Rubber Rainbow (Phonogram)

ALEX: This is just out in this country. It was released in Germany with a different B side.

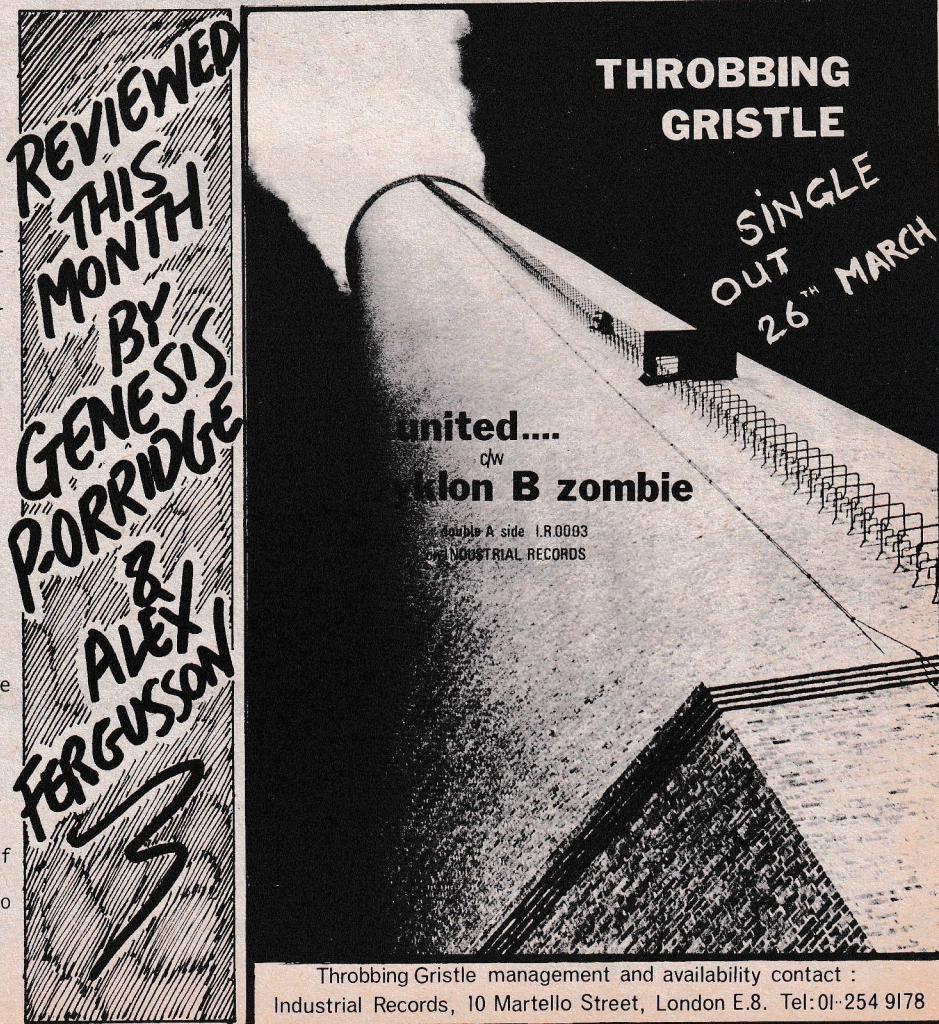
GEN: I have to say that I don't actually like a lot of Kim Fowley's records, but I have always liked Kim Fowley as a manipulator and a character, and have always thought that

characters and the way people live is what's important about them and what they produce is a luxury. But I actually do like BOTH sides of this record. It's about 800 per cent better than what's been played in this lot and it just shows what experience can do. They all put down experience and age, but he's able to laugh about the idea, "This is reggae from West Germany", and mess about with his voice, to do silly bits with his vocals, but every bit is exact and yet completely relaxed. The production and the mixing are perfect. I mean he's taking the piss out of all the fashionable reggae but doing it better. He can just whip it out. When you hear a good record you know it's a good record. If it was played on Radio One it would be a hit. It won't unfortunately, which is sad. But you never know your luck. If any deejay is reading this he should go out and play it, have some guts and stop following fashion and saying Kim Fowley's no good. Kim Fowley's going to make it in the end. Concept-wise he's made it already.

THE DILS: Class War/Mr Big (Dangerhouse)

ALEX: What have we got here? Twins of abortion. What do you think Gen?

GEN: I've nothing to say, except put Abba on again.



THE STUUKAS



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ALBUMS

So far 1978 has seen a deluge of albums which being a monthly with limited space we couldn't possibly all review. So...Zigzag proudly presents a one-off resurrection of the Infalible Guide style pioneered in earlier issues by Mac Garry in an attempt to catch up.

'Tell us the Truth' SHAM 69 (Polydor 2383)

Doesn't seem like just eight months since I watched fourth-on-the-bill Shams fight to win the loudest reception of the night at the Acklam Hall Step Forward gig. Then they were unknown, could play freely in London without attracting glory-seeking psychotic thugs (or an audience sometimes!) We all used to kip in a dirty draughty office after the Vortex and Jimmy used to nick the early morning milk. Now it's just a few months on but the Shams are BIG, Jimmy is a figurehead and the full force of the Polydor Push Machine is geared for them.

But the Shams ain't changed as blokes - don't think they will - and the album consists mainly of those same songs that they thrashed out in the days when they played three gigs in one night (100 Club, Vortex, Speak) just for the crack. A live side recorded during football terrace hysteria at the Marquee when Jim had a stinking cold (but you wouldn't know), studio side showing some newer songs and no sign of ideas drying up. "They Don't Understand", "Ulster", "Hey Little Rich Boy", "Rip Off"...they're all here, plus newer ones like "Tell Us the Truth" and the psychedelic-Shams excursion "Whose Generation!". Good to see the grey walls of the studio haven't dulled the Shams' spark. If anything it's stoked it - hear the great nagging parent scene-setter for the opening track, "Family Life". The way they're going Sham 69 have no worries.

'Crossing the Red Sea with The Adverts' (Bright BRL 201)

Another of the original Roxy bands finally comes up with the album. At last groups like Gen X, Buzzcocks Shams, and the Adverts are getting their albums out after providing 45 rpm and live highlights throughout '77. The Adverts serve up some well-known vinyl faves (some redone) like "One Chord Wonders", "Safety in Numbers", "Bored Teenagers" and "No Time to be 21", and songs that have been crying out to be recorded the more they've improved, like "Bomb-site Boys" and "New Church". Then there's newer stuff like the great "On Wheels" and you end up with a strong playable-often debut album, TV Smith's songs, which make up this set entirely, are fast, memorable and given a driving sonic bludgeon treatment. Will go far.

'Kill City' IGGY POP AND JAMES WILLIAMSON (Radar RAD 2)

Welcome to Radar. Starting well, chaps. Think how welcome this would have been to the Ig-starved legions with worn-out copies of "Raw Power" in The Barren Years between '73 and late '76.



Jim's smiling cos Sham 69 are Zigzag Album of the Month!

James Williamson was hawking his tapes in mid-75, when it would have been much appreciated in the dearth of hot stuff around at the time. Still, here it is, better late than never, and a fascinating but disturbing peek at Ig in his legendary down time. He does sound demented and strained on a lot of the tracks, riffs are strong, vocals tortured, saxes courtesy of John Harden are splattered all over the place (when sometimes a blast of JW's guitar napalm might have boosted things better).

'Live Stiffs' (Stiff Get 1)

The album of the gigs. Now see the film says the sleeve. This album suitably recreates the freewheeling all-lads-together atmosphere of last year's Stiff tour. All the acts - Nick Lowe, Wreckless Eric, Dury, and Elvis Costello get two tracks while Larry Wallis gets one ('Police Car'). It's good solid stuff, and predictably the Drury magic and his ferociously tight Blockheads come off best on vinyl. Elvis Costello's version of "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself" is a surprise killer too. What can you say 'cept Get One.

'The Muppet Show-2' (PYE NSPH 21)

To what depths has Zigzag sunk now? The Muppets! Well, if you don't think Fozzie's monologue-on-skates or the chickens singing 'Baby Face' is funny you must be the kind of bloke who plays chess in the bath. More of the same but great.

'The Album' ABBA (Epic EPC 86052)

Benny might look like his English comedian namesake impersonating a bearded Howard Devoto but these Swedes know how to make records that

sound great on the Bath House jukebox. While there's nothing here as titanic as "Knowing Me" the new single grows and "Name of the Game" slinks, "Movin' On" washes you away and the ballads are good, but there are signs of sacrifices for the Bland Generation afoot. Stop it (please).

'Squeeze' (A&M 68455)

Two years ago these would have been a good solid rock band with leanings in the keyboard wizard direction. Could take over XTC's Clever Rock title so the latter are free to be Power Popkings (Then what are Tonight gonna do?)

'Waiting for Columbus' LITTLE FEAT (Warner Brothers K66075)

Feat's Greatest Hits in concert and s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d out between blasts of applause.

'The Best of John Fahey 1959-1977' (Sonet SNTF 733)

John Fahey has fascinated me ever since I heard him on "Top Gear" ten years ago. He seems to have made about 800 LPs, consisting of weird-titled excursions in strange, emotional fingerpicking, soaked in the atmospheres of Delta blues or New Orleans. Here's the best of his Sonet stuff...

'Guillotine' (Virgin VCL 5001)

A sample of recent Virgin stuff, including Avant Gradener, Penetration, the Motors, Roky Erickson, The Table, X Ray Spex and the great Poet and the Roots. There's an XTC track too. The Virgin Rock Machine turns you on spasmodically cos samplers are never consistent, and this ten incher is no exception, but enjoyable.

Hugh Jarse

UK TOUR MARCH 1978

THE SLITS

UK TOUR MARCH 1978 WITH THE SLITS

Thu 2nd SWANSEA, Circles
Fri 3rd CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange
Sat 4th WOOLWICH, Thames Poly
Sun 5th HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion
Mon 6th PLYMOUTH, Metro
Tue 7th CARDIFF, Top Rank
Thu 9th PORTSMOUTH, Locarno
Fri 10th LONDON, LYCEUM
Sat 11th SOUTHAMPTON, Uni
Sun 12th CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall
Tue 14th SHEFFIELD, Top Rank
Wed 15th BRISTOL, Tiffany's
Thu 16th LANCASTER, Uni.
Fri 17th LIVERPOOL, Eric's
Sat 18th LEEDS, Uni
Mon 20th SWINDON, The Affair
Tue 21st KEIGHLEY, Nikkers
Wed 22nd NEWCASTLE, Mayfair
Thu 23rd DERBY, King's Hall
Fri 24th BIRMINGHAM, Top Rank
Sat 25th MANCHESTER, Mayflower
Sun 26th MANCHESTER, Mayflower
Mon 27th BIRKENHEAD, Mr. Digby's
Wed 29th MIDDLETON, Civic
Thu 30th HANLEY, Victoria Hall
Fri 31st RETFORD, Porterhouse

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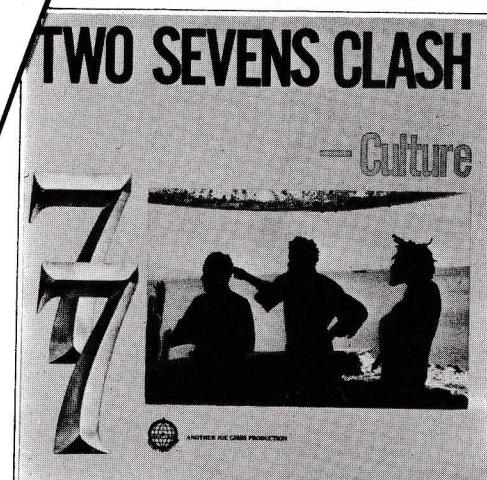
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