

SHAM/PISTOLS - IT'S ALL OFF

PIL, AC/DC, Scorpions dates
UPSTARTS □ PRETENDERS

SOUNDS



pic by Paul Slattery

Julian and Michael of Teardrop Explodes. Gary was ill so we took a picture of them with Gary's mum. Further explanation on page 18.

IT'S
ALRIGHT,
MA

TEARDROP EXPLODES
AND THE ZOO CONNECTION

New Pistols pack it in

THE SEX PISTOLS supergroup — with Jimmy Pursey, Kermit, Steve Jones and Paul Cook — has broken up before getting as far as their first gig.

The four of them had been working out the details of the group last week but it seems that

different attitudes to various aspects of the band — like recording and live gigs — meant that Pursey's dream became less and less feasible. His next move remains uncertain.

A spokesman for Virgin who would have released any records by the group,

said this week that the decision to split seemed to have been mutual. "They decided it wasn't such a good idea after all. So Steve and Paul will continue with their own plans which we'll be announcing soon." Full details page 10.

Scorpions play Reading

THE SCORPIONS replace Thin Lizzy as the headlining band at this weekend's Reading Festival on August 25. The band have cancelled the last three dates of their American tour with Ted Nugent to fly over to Reading. They'll be bringing their special stage effects with them.

Picture discs of their current album 'Lovedrive' are being pressed up by Harvest for sale at Reading this week-end and the title track is also released as a 12 inch single in red vinyl.

The complete timetable of bands over the three days of the Reading Festival has now been finalised by the organisers.

On Friday the proceedings start at 3pm with **Bite The Pillow** who are followed by

the Jags, Punishment Of Luxury, Doll By Doll, the Cure, Wilko Johnson, Motorhead, the Tourists and the Police who'll be on at 10.15pm.

Saturday starts at 12.30 with Fame, the Yachts, Root Boy Slim And The Sex Change Band, the Movies, Bram Tchaikovsky, Gillan, Steve Hackett, Cheap Trick, Inner Circle and the Scorpions who'll be on at 9.45pm.

Sunday starts at 12.15 with the Cobbers, A N Other, the Speedometers, Zaine Griff, Wild Horses, Molly Hatchett, the Members, Climax Blues Band, Peter Gabriel, White Snake and the Ramones who'll come on at 10.20pm.

A limited number of one-day tickets will be available at the site.



RUDOLPH SCHENKER of The Scorpions

Derry Dance goes under

THE UNDERTONES have cancelled this Saturday's Derry Dance in Londonderry which would have featured the Clash, the Damned, Shake and the Moondogs.

No reasons have been forthcoming for the cancellation but it's thought that they could be 'of an Irish nature'. A full explanation has been promised however.

Feargal Sharkey of the Undertones said this week "We would like to apologise to those who were coming to the dance and everybody in Derry. There are reasons and they'll come out soon."

Alex makes it a weekender

ALEX HARVEY, who recently announced another come-back by signing to RCA, will be playing a 'weekend' tour of Britain.

He and his new backing band will open at Eastbourne on October 12 and play two gigs every weekend up until Christmas by which time they'll have reached Scotland.

The new band consists of



OSBOURNE in sombre mood

Ozzy upset at Sabs' final bust up

PLANS FOR Black Sabbath to reform for a farewell world tour and release a double live album have fallen through.

The idea was that Ozzy Osbourne and Geezer Butler would rejoin Tony Iommi and Bill Ward — who are now rehearsing with new vocalist Ronnie James Dio and Quartz bassist Jeff Nichols, are also on the West Coast and there's still a possibility that the problems could be resolved to enable them to plan some farewell dates but it starts to look unlikely.

But at the weekend it looked as if personal differences between the band members were proving insurmountable.

guitarist Mathew Sang, drummer Simon Chatterton, Tommy Eyles on keyboards, Don Weller saxophones and Gordon Sellers bass.

Harvey's new album, 'The Mafia Stole My Guitar', will be released in October and the dates for the tour will be announced next month.

SATYR, a New Wave band from London, have a single called 'Problem In The City' released by Syron Records this month.

Ozzy, who quit the band earlier this year and is in the process of forming his own group, is reported to be 'very upset' that the farewell tour plans have fallen through.

The remaining members of Sabbath — Tony Iommi and Bill Ward — who are now rehearsing with new vocalist Ronnie James Dio and Quartz bassist Jeff Nichols, are also on the West Coast and there's still a possibility that the problems could be resolved to enable them to plan some farewell dates but it starts to look unlikely.

THE BARRACUDAS have signed to Cells Records and release their first single called 'I Want My Woody Back' is now available from Rough Trade having been called 'brilliant' by our own Sandy Robertson.

VERMILION AND THE ACES release their second single called 'The Letter' / 'I Like Motorcycles' on Faulty Products this weekend. It's also the last as Vermilion has now parted company with the Aces.

Edinburgh fest finals

THE VALVES and **The Cheetahs** are the last bands to be added to the Edinburgh Festival Big Day Out featuring Van Morrison on September 1 at the Ingleston Royal Highland Showground. But there's a chance that a 'mystery' solo American artist could make a surprise guest appearance — 'at Van's request'.

The Cheetahs have recently signed to Arista and will be releasing their first single, 'Radio-active', next month.

The rest of the bill reads: Van Morrison, the Talking Heads, Squeeze, the Undertones, Steel Pulse and the Chieftains.

Tickets are still available price £6 in advance or £6.75 on the day and an express bus service to the site from Edinburgh St Andrews Square will be operating throughout the day.

Gillan plans his vengeance

GILLAN, who appear at this weekend's Reading Festival, have finally signed a recording deal and will be undertaking a month-long British tour in October.

The band have signed to Acrobat Records and a single called 'Vengeance' will be released in late September with a version of 'Smoke On The Water' on the B-side.

The album is called 'Mr Universe' and is Gillan's first album for almost two years.

The band undertake a German tour in September and return to Britain to start their dates here at Preston Guildhall October 2, Carlisle Market Hall 3, Middlesbrough Town Hall 4, Newcastle Mayfair 5, Northampton Cricket Ground 6, Birmingham Odeon 7, Cleethorpes Winter Gardens 8, Manchester Apollo 9, Leicester De Montfort Hall 11, Stoke Victoria Hall 12, Sheffield City Hall 13, St Albans City Hall 15, Scunthorpe Tiffany's 16, Aberdeen Capital 18, Edinburgh University 19, Glasgow University 20, Dundee Caird Hall 21, Ayr Pavilion 22, Bradford St Georges Hall 23, London Rainbow 24, Portrush Arcadia 26, Dublin University 27, Belfast Whitla Hall 28.

Special guest on the tour will be Randy California and the opening act will be Samson.

Ticket prices have been held at a maximum of £2.80 and details will be announced in the local papers.

PII for a fiver

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD will headline the Leeds Sci-Fi Festival at the Queens Hall on Saturday September 8. It's the group's first live appearance for several

months. Tickets price £5 are available by post from promoter John Keenan PO Box HH9 Leeds 8 LF8 1AN. They're also on sale in some record shops in the area.

AC/DC hit the highway to hell

AC/DC have lined up a British tour in October. Although the band will only be playing six venues they'll be playing two nights at all but one of them.

The datesheet reads: Newcastle Mayfair October 25 and 26, Glasgow Apollo 27 and 28, Manchester Apollo 29 and 30, London Hammersmith Odeon November 1 and 2,

Liverpool Empire 5 and 6, Stafford Bingley Hall 8.

Tickets for Glasgow Manchester, London and Liverpool are £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 and for Stafford they are all £4.00. Newcastle ticket prices have still to be confirmed.

Box offices are now open for tickets and they are also available by post from MCP, Cooper House, Brockhurst Crescent, Walsall, West Midlands.

Rasses rampage

THE RASSES, formerly known as the Royal Rasses, play their first British dates here next month as part of a European tour. They'll also be releasing their second album on Liberty-United.

The band arrive from Jamaica at the end of this month and play a special one-off at Kensington Nashville on September 6 before going to Europe for dates there.

They'll be returning for a British tour in October and

the only date so far confirmed is at London's Rainbow on October 5.

Their new album is called 'Experience' and is released on September 7. There's also a single called 'You Gotta Have Love (Jah Love)' released on the same day.

The band will also be recording a session on Capitol Radio's 'Roots Rockers' show which will be broadcast before their British tour.

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WITH GUESTS

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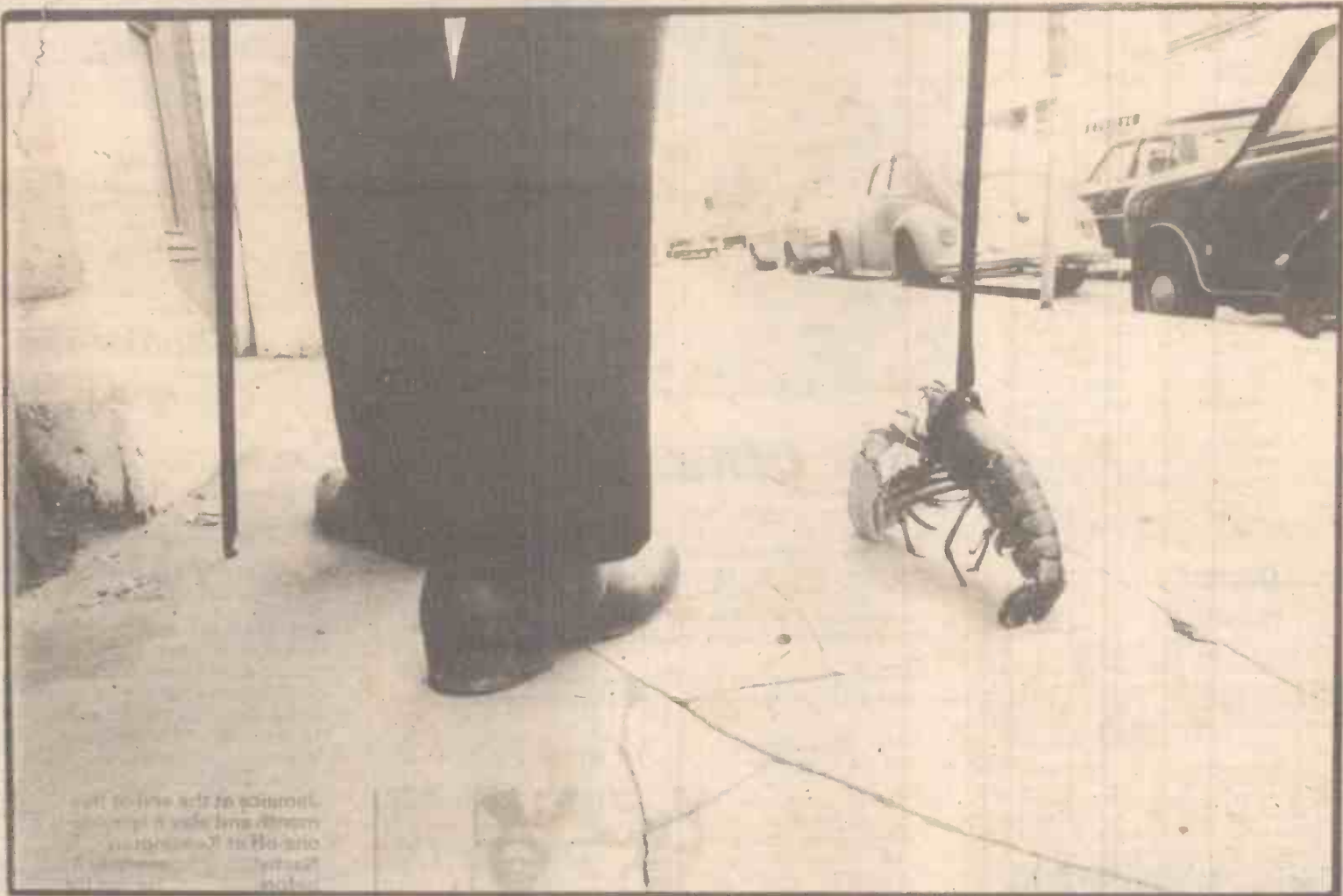
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R6027



From the Album 'Back to the Egg'





THE RUTS

Extra Police on the beat

THE POLICE have confirmed two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon on September 22 and 23 as part of their British tour, dates for which were published last week. They've also added a gig at Brighton Dome on September 21. The new Police album, which the group have just completed work on, will be called 'Reggatta De Blanc' and is scheduled for release by A&M at the beginning of October. It contains 12 tracks including their forthcoming new single, 'Message In A Bottle'.

Trampled underfoot

SUPERTRAMP's Wembley Arena tickets for their four concerts on October 30 and 31 and November 1 and 2 are now on sale at the Wembley Box Office. They are priced at £5.50 and £4.75. They are also available by post from the Wembley Box Office, Wembley, Middlesex. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to 'Wembley Stadium Ltd (Supertramp)' and a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

Mass production

PHIL COLLINS is back with Brand X — again! While Genesis spend a year in mothballs (news of solo albums is expected shortly) Phil Collins has returned to the band he helped form. A new album called 'Production' is released by Charisma on September 14 and a series of British dates has been lined up around the same period. Eight musicians are featured on the album but the touring outfit will consist of Phil Collins, John Goodsall, Percy Jones, Robin Lumley and Peter Robinson. They play Guildford Civic Hall September 12 and Retford Porterhouse 14 before making two appearances at London's Venue on September 15 and 16. They

then undertake a short American tour. A 12-inch single called 'Soho', which features the vocals of Phil Collins and John Goodsall, is released on September 7.

Shake a leg

SHAKE, the band of former-Rezillo members Jo Callis, Simon Templar and Angle Patterson, play a club tour of Britain beginning later this month. The group, who have a 10-inch EP out on Sire, play Kensington Nashville August 27 (with Plats), Shrewsbury Cascade Club 29, Sheffield Limit Club 30, Retford Porterhouse 31, Middlesbrough Rock Garden September 1, London Marquee (with Blank Students) 4, Newport Stowaway 5, Leeds Fan Club (with Blank Students) 6, Manchester Factory (with Plats) 7, Liverpool Eric's 8, Kensington Nashville (with Graph) 10, London Marquee (with Basczax) 17, Dunoon Queens Hall 20, Stirling University 24.

Digital readout

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS play a free concert at Brixton's Brockwell Park on September 2. It's part of the Brixton Carnival 79, which is being organised by Lambeth Council, the Rowntree Trust and the Commission For Racial Equality. The carnival starts at noon and, as well as steel bands and theatre groups, there's music from the

Rutting season

THE RUTS, whose new single 'Something That I Said' is released by Virgin on August 31, have lined up an extensive British tour next month. Their debut album, 'The Crack' comes out on September 28.

The tour begins at Newport Stowaway Club on September 12 and continues at Port Talbot Troubador 13, Cambridge Corn Exchange 14, Aylesbury Friars 15, Jacksdales Grey Topper 16, Ross On Wye Harveys 21, Sheffield Limit 27,

Newport Village 28, Liverpool Eric's 29, Aberystwyth University October 2, Birmingham Aston University 5, Brighton Polytechnic 6, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 7, Bristol Romeo and Juliets 8, Newcastle Mayfair 12, Manchester Factory 13, Redcar Coatham Bowl 14, London Electric Ballroom 19, Northampton Cricket Ground 20, Canterbury Kent University 23, Shrewsbury Music Hall 24, Guildford Surrey University 26, West Runton Pavilion 27.

Devo-tion to duty

DEVO return to Britain in October for four concerts. It's their first visit since the release of their second album, 'Duty Now For The Future', on Virgin. They open at Southampton Gaumont on October 5 and then play Manchester Apollo 7, Birmingham Odeon 8, London Rainbow 9. Tickets now on sale.



THE SLITS

Slits open up

THE SLITS finally release their debut album for Island Record in September 7. One of the pioneering new wave bands, they've been quiet for most of this year but they'll be touring in September, although dates have still to be confirmed. The album contains ten tracks, all written by the Slits with former drummer Palmolive, although the drumming on the album was done by Budgie. It was produced by Dennis Bovell. A 30-minute film about The Slits has been made by Don Letts and it will go on general release later in the year.

Cool Notes, Spoil Sports and local band Ox before Stiff Little Fingers. Jack Burns told *Sounds* this week: "We're glad to be able to play the festival for nothing and give people of all races the chance to get together and have a good time." It's Stiff Little Fingers' only British appearance for the next couple of months.

Only two

THE ONLY ONES play two British gigs early next month before embarking on an American tour. They play London's Lyceum on September 2 (tickets are £2.50) and then appear at the Leeds Sci-Fi Festival on September 9. They'll be playing a full British tour in November.

Brood claat

HERMAN BROOD will be making his first British concert appearance at London's Lyceum on October 14. Brood, already a major star on the Continent, recently released his first album in

Britain on Ariola called 'Herman Brood And His Wild Romance' and a single 'Saturday Night' has also been issued. Tickets for the Lyceum gig are priced at £3.00.

Mekons sign

THE MEKONS have finally found a record company to love them — Virgin. Their first single for the label will be released in early October and the producer will be Bob Last, who produced their two singles on Fast Products. A second single will come out before Christmas and an album will appear in the new year.

TOUR NEWS/DATES

BAD MUSIC

A 'BAD MUSIC' gig featuring The Blues-Drongo All Stars, 012, The Androids Of Mu, Dangerous Girls, The Astronauts, The Mob and Vince Pie And The Crumbs has been arranged at North Kensington Acklam Hall on August 23. A 'Bad Music Free Tour' is now being set up that will feature Danny And The Dressmakers, 012, The Sell-Outs and the all-female Androids Of Mu.

THE SHADES

THE SHADES have confirmed additional dates at Croydon Greyhound September 16, Bromley Cockney's Club 17, London Southgate Royalty 20, Hackney Adam And Eve 29.

DEADLY TOYS

DEADLY TOYS from Redditch have added guitarist Ian Giles from the now-defunct Close Rivals and have gigs at Accrington Lakeland Lounge September 2, Redditch Tracy's 3, Bradford Royal Standard 7-8, Startford On Avon Green Dragon 14, Ipswich Royal William 29.

LINDISFARNE

LINDISFARNE have switched their Leeds University tour date from December 7 to 8 and added gigs at Cardiff University December 1 and Carlisle Market Hall 4.



LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON, The Albion Band, John Cooper Clarke, Roy Harper, Bob Pegg, George Macbeth and Steve Turner will be taking part in the Hammersmith Poetry Festival which runs from September 17 to 23. Tickets and full details are available from Liz Walton, Poetry Festival Box Office, 181 King Street, London W6 (741-3696).

LIES ALL LIES

LIES ALL LIES, a Liverpool band, play Leeds Royal Park September 1, Liverpool Walton Hall Park Festival 2, Cardiff Grass Roots Club 7, Taunton Market House Tavern 8, St Helens Railway Hotel 12-13, Goole Station Hotel 23, Ilkley Rose And Crown 25, Liverpool Masonic 26, Macclesfield Krumbles 27.

RIKKI AND THE CUFFLINKS

RIKKI AND THE CUFFLINKS have lined up gigs at Bournemouth Unit Club September 1, Lytchett Maltravers Chequers Inn 5, Bournemouth Newtown Conservative Club-7, Bournemouth Newtown Labour Club 8, Poole Brewers Arms 9, Swanage Caravan Park 14, North Portland Working Men's Club 16, Bournemouth Town Hall 21, Southbourne Pinedcliffe Bathe 22.

ABRASIVE WHEELS

ABRASIVE WHEELS, Vinyl Solution, the Sections and the Mess play a Centrepoint (Leeds Musicians Co-operative) gig at Leeds Eastgate Heaven And Hell on August 27.

THE DAZZLERS

THE DAZZLERS, who are touring with Straight Eight and Roy Sundholm, have gigs of their own at Clapham 101 Club September 4 and Fulham Golden Lion 5 before going on tour with XTC and the Yachts.

LITTLE ROOSTERS

LITTLE ROOSTERS, the mod band, play Kensington Nashville August 23 and London Global Village 25.

THE HEADBOYS

THE HEADBOYS, who have their first single, 'The Shape Of Things To Come', out on RSO, have gigs at Edinburgh Astoria September 13, Kirk Levington Country Club 14, London Rock Garden 17, Nottingham Sandpiper 19, London Dingwalls 21.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS, who've recently signed to DJM and will be releasing a single soon, play two nights at London's Marquee on September 3 and 4. They also play Birmingham Barbarellas on the 8th.

Reed/Boston dates

LOU REED returns to Britain in October to play three nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon at the end of a European tour. He appears on October 17-19 and tickets, price £5, £4, and £3, are on sale now. He'll be using the same band that backed him on his last visit.

BOSTON have added an extra gig to their British tour in October. They play Newcastle City Hall on October 22 and tickets are now on sale price £4.50, £3.75 and £3.00. Epic will be bringing out a commemorative EP to coincide with the tour.

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Manchester: Piccadilly Records, or The New Bingley Hall.
By post from: Straight Music Ltd, 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL,
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Leicester: Revolver Records.
Liverpool: Penny Lane Records.
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Newcastle: City Hall Box Office.

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Tickets for the Locomotive dig are priced at £3.00.

on the Continent, recently released his first album in

UK Subs step out

UK SUBS have lined up a major British tour starting next month to coincide with the release of their first album on RCA called 'Another Kind Of Blues'.

A single called 'Tomorrow's

Girls' is released on August 31 and will be pressed in translucent blue vinyl.

The tour starts at Derby Ajunta Club on September 20 and continues at West Runton Pavilion September 21,

Northampton Cricket Club 22, Bristol Locarno 23, Plymouth Monroes 24, Exeter Routes 25, High Wycombe Town Hall 27, Peterborough Wirrindell Stadium 28, Bradford St George's Hall 29, Poole Arts Centre 30, Hull Wellington Club October 4, Carlisle Market Hall 5, Glasgow (venue to be confirmed) 6, Dunfirmeline Kinema 7, Manchester University 10, Newport Village 12, Nottingham Sandpiper 13, Jacksdale Grey Topper 14, Sheffield Penthouse 15, London Marquee 16-18, Scarborough Penthouse 19, Middlesbrough Rock Garden 20, Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall 23, Newport Stowaway 24. More dates will be added later.

New places for new faces

THREE new venues are opening up around the country this month. In Hayes Middlesex, The Adam And Eve opened on August 23 and will operate every Thursday. It will feature local bands for the first few weeks but hopes to graduate to bigger bands soon.

A mod club is opening at the York De Gray Rooms on August 30 with Sema 4, Joyful Wisdom and CO2. The club will be called The Scene and will promote any local mod bands that get in touch with them at York 51770 (ask for Rod). The organisers are also hoping to open another mod venue in Wakefield.

Bristol gets a new venue at The Stonehouse (behind the Bunch Of Grapes) every Wednesday.

Vice Squad and Review will play on August 29, Apartment September 5, The Groove 12. Any bands interested should contact Martin on Bristol 290566 ext 475.

But the Holbury Old Mill venue near Southampton has closed down after a fire there which destroyed much of the pub. It's not clear if and when the venue will be starting up again.



PHILIP RAMBOW

Bumper dumper tour

PHILIP RAMBOW heads off on an 'Out Of The Dumper' tour next month to tie in with the release of his first EMI solo album 'Shooting Gallery'. A single called 'Fallen' was released two weeks ago.

The former Winkie will be backed by Dave Cochran bass, Blair Cunningham drums and Hugh Burns guitar, all of whom are featured on the album.

The tour starts at Norwich Boogie House on September 11 and continues at High Wycombe Nags Head 12 Leeds Fan Club 13, Dudley JB's 14, Birmingham Barbarellas 15, Islington Hope And Anchor 17-18, Chesterfield Fusion Club 20, Nottingham Sandpiper 21, Kensington Nashville 24-25, Liverpool Erics 27, Sheffield Limit Club 28.

TOUR NEWS

SKY

SKY who play a major British tour next month, dates for which were announced last week, have now fixed up their London dates. They'll play five nights at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road from October 16-20.

NO EXIT

NO EXIT from Sussex play Brighton Buccaneer September 7, Brighton Alhambra 11 and Brighton Buccaneer 14.

TICH TURNER'S ROARING 80's

TICH TURNER'S ROARING 80's, an "aggressive melodic rock and roll R&B band", have gigs at Camden Music Machine August 24, Kensington The Kensington 29, Covent Garden Rock Garden 31, Islington Hope And Anchor September 5.

GENO WASHINGTON

GENO WASHINGTON, who recently had a single released on DJM called 'My Money Your Money', has lined up a tour at Leicester Baileys August 23-25, Glasgow Tiffany's 26, Carlisle Tiffany's 29, Sunderland Fusion Disco 30, Hexham Dontino's 31, Bristol Snuffy's September 1, Watford Baileys 3-8, Milton Keynes The Bowl 8 (afternoon), Brighton Jenkinsons 10-17, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 17, Penzance Demelza's 20, Norwich Cromwells 21, Matlock Pavilion 22.

LEYTON FESTIVAL

THE BUZZARDS, Amba and Tour De Force are playing at a Festival For Racial Harmony at Leyton Youth Centre and Essex County Ground in Leyton High Road on August 27. It's organised by the Waltham Forest Campaign Against Racism.

HOLLYWOOD WIRES

HOLLYWOOD WIRES, Cambridge's first mod band, play Covent Garden Rock Garden August 29, Cambridge Alma 31, Plumstead Green Man September 1, Portsmouth John Peel 5.

THE CHEATERS

THE CHEATERS, a Manchester R&B band, have gigs at Stalybridge Commercial Hotel September 1-2, Stoke Rose And Crown 8, Ashton The Birch 12, Macclesfield Krumbles 13, Manchester Factory 14, Stoke Gaiety 20, Stalybridge Commercial Hotel 21, Stoke Out Of Town 23.

LOCAL OPERATOR

LOCAL OPERATOR, whose first single, 'Pressure Zone' was released recently by Virgin, have gigs at Manchester Factory August 24, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 25, Clapham 101 Club 28, Camden Dingwalls 30.

HOT SNAX

HOT SNAX from Newcastle have switched their residency at the Newcastle Red House from Sunday to Thursday because the police don't like the idea of people enjoying themselves on Sundays.

TOUR DE FORCE

TOUR DE FORCE have dates coming up next month at Camden Music Machine September 7, Manchester University 12 and Norwich Boogie House 15.

01 BAND

THE 01 BAND who are made up of ex-Tubeway Army and Black Cloud members, have gigs at Hayes Red Lion on September 2 and 3.

THE BEARS

THE BEARS from Watford have gigs at Southend Zero Six August 27, Brighton Buccaneer September 6, Bishops Stortford Triad October 30.

THE UNTOUCHABLES

THE UNTOUCHABLES, a four-piece band whose collective pedigree includes The Solid Senders, The Bishops, Blast Furnace, Warsaw Pact and Motorhead, are planning dates for September. The band features Skid Marx vocals harmonica and sax, Stevie Lewins bass and vocals, Andy Eastwood guitar and J Lucas Fox drums.

RICKY COOL

RICKY COOL AND THE ICEBERGS have London dates at Wimbledon Nelsons August 22, Islington Hope And Anchor 23, Fulham Greyhound 24 as well as their gig at BRMB's Lark In The Park in Birmingham on August 25.

ROCKIN' SHADES

THE ROCKIN' SHADES headline the 12-hour *Oh Boy* gig at London's Southgate Royal on August 27 and then set off on a tour with dates at London Westminster Tower Club September 14, Leicester De Montfort Hall 15, Carshalton St Helier Club 19, Southend Minerva Club 21, Kingston Country Club 22, Brighton Lewes Road Inn 28, Mansfield Swan Hotel 29, Tottenham White Hart October 5, Loughborough Town Hall 6, Wellingborough Sports Club 11.

THE NEWS

THE NEWS, a Wakefield band who are not to be confused with a similar sounding London band a while back, play Barnsley Birdcage August 27.

BABY PATROL

BABY PATROL, The Barracudas, 57 Men, The Number Ones, The Prime Movers and The Passengers, play North Kensington Acklam Hall on August 24.

VICE SQUAD

THE VICE SQUAD have a tour of the West Country to promote the 'Avon Calling' compilation on Heartbeat Records with dates at Bristol Stonehouse Club August 29, Weston Super Mare Flanagans September 3, St Thomas Wildlife Park (Somerset Festival) 15-16, Clevedon Youth Centre 27, Portishead Club October 5.

ZORRO

ZORRO, an East Anglian heavy metal band, have extended their tour with dates at London Music Machine August 22, Hornchurch The Bull 23, Ipswich Royal William Club 25, Gravesend Red Lion 26, London Windsor Castle 31, London Norbreck Castle September 1, Kirk Levington Country Club 14.

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE, an Edinburgh based band who've released a single called 'All The Boys Love Carrie' on New Pleasures, have gigs lined up at Carlisle Twisted Wheel August 25, Edinburgh Tiffanys 27, Edinburgh Aquarius September 4, Leeds Fan Club 5, London Notre Dame Hall 6, Hawick Tower Hotel 14, Edinburgh Tiffanys 17, Glasgow Doune Castle 18, Manchester Factory 21, Liverpool Erics 22, Langholm Lesser Buccleugh Hall 29, Grangemouth International Hotel October 1, Perth Moncrieff Arms 5, Dundee College Of Technology 26.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, the band formed by Jak Airport and B P Hurding from X-Ray Spex, make their live debut at Camden Music Machine on August 23.

FIRE EXIT

FIRE EXIT, a Scottish band from Paisley who release a single called 'Timewall' on their own Time Bomb Explosions label this week, play Hayes Adam And Eve August 30 and London Harrow Road October 11.

TYGERS OF PAN TANG

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG, going down a storm in the North East (it says here), start their heavy metal at West Cornforth United Club August 26, Whitley Bay Mingles Club 29, Sunderland August 31.

sounds

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SHARONA'



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ON CAPITOL RECORDS & TAPES

V I N Y L S C O R E

ALTERNATIVE CHART

SINGLES

- 1 BABYLON BURNING, Ruts, Virgin
- 2 GANGSTERS, Specials, 2-Tone
- 3 PLAYGROUND TWIST, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor
- 4 MEET THE CREEPER, Destroy All Monsters, Cherry Red
- 5 ELECTRICITY, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Factory
- 6 FLARES AND SLIPPERS EP, Cockney Rejects, Small Wonder
- 7 PARANOID, Dickies, A&M (clear vinyl)
- 8 HOLOCAUST, Crisis, Action Group Records
- 9 TEENAGE WARNING, Angelic Upstarts, Warner Bros
- 10 FAIRY TALE, Raincoats, Rough Trade
- 11 WOT'S FOR LUNCH MUM EP, Shapes, Sofa



- 12 WHAT I WANT, Donkeys, Rhesus
- 13 KILLING AN ARAB, Cure, Small Wonder
- 14 FOUR ALTERNATIVES EP, Various Artists, Heartbeat
- 15 WHITE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS, Clash, CBS
- 16 MONEY, Flying Lizards, Virgin
- 17 N.C.B. Llygod Ffyrnig, White Label
- 18 NAG, NAG, Cabaret Voltaire, Rough Trade
- 19 SECRETS, Punishment Of Luxury, UA
- 20 HYPOCRITE, Newtown Neurotics, No Wonder Records

ALBUMS

- 1 AND NOW... The Runaways, Cherry Red (coloured vinyls)
- 2 UNKNOWN PLEASURES, Joy Division, Factory
- 3 THE B-52's, Island
- 4 INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL, Stiff Little Fingers, Rough Trade
- 5 THE UNDERTONES, Sire
- 6 THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE, Sex Pistols, Virgin
- 7 REPLICAS, Tubeway Army, Beggars Banquet
- 8 INTENSIFIED, ORIGINAL SKA 1962-66, Various Artists, Island
- 9 THREE IMAGINARY BOYS, Cure, Fiction
- 10 FORCES OF VICTORY, Linton Kwesi Johnson, Front Line

Compiled by Bubbles Records, Adelaide House, 21 Wells Road, Great Malvern, Worcs.

SOUNDS PLAYLIST

Gary Bushell

TIME FOR ACTION/SOHO STRUT, Secret Affair, I-Spy
EAST END, The Cockney Rejects, Peel session tape
WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG, The Jam, Polydor summer sizzler

Geoff Barton

SNEAK ATTACK, Kiss, bootleg (no phone calls please)
STRIKER, Blackfoot, Atlantic
SCREAMS, Screams, Infinity

Eric Fuller

REAL ROCK/REAL DUB, Sound Dimension, Studio One
LOOKING MY LOVE, Barrington Levy, Busy
THE PRINCE, Madness, 2-Tone

Barry Lazell

ENTIRELY A MATTER FOR YOU, Peter Cook, Virgin
BETTER NOT LOOK DOWN, B.B. King, MCA
THE EDDIE COCHRAN SINGLES ALBUM, Eddie Cochran, UA

David Lewis (no relation)

THE MOVIES, private tape
BOP TILL YOU DROP, Ry Cooder, Warner Bros
THE BRAKES, private tape

Dave McCullough

SLEEPING GAS/BOUNCING BABIES, Teardrop Explodes, Zoo 45's
DOWN IN THE PARK, Tubeway Army, 'Replicas' track Beggars Banquet
A.G.U.I.B. Part 2, The Virgin Prunes, Dublin tape

Robbi Millar

THE PRINCE, Madness, 2-Tone
TONIC FOR THE TROOPS, Boomtown Rats, Ensign
ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL, Ramones, Sire

Sandy Robertson

WE BELONG TO THE NIGHT, Ellen Foley, Epic import
LISTEN TO THE BAND, The Monkees, Arista import
FRICTION, Television, Elektra

Pete Silvertown

LIVE AT THE ROXY, Bruce Springsteen, bootleg tape donated by reader (send me more)
THE CLASH, The Clash, Epic import
BEST OF THE RASPBERRIES, Capitol

DISCO

- 1 2 DANCIN' AND PRANCIN'/JINGO, Candido, Salsoul
- 2 3 THE BREAK, Kat Mandu, TK
- 3 11 GROOVE ME, Fern Kinney, TK
- 4 20 ROCK ME, Frank Hooker And Positive People, Panorama
- 5 4 BODY RHYTHM, Hemplock, Warner Bros
- 6 13 YOU GET ME HOT, Jimmy 'Bo' Horn, Sunshine Sound
- 7 — HOW HIGH, Cognac, Salsoul
- 8 5 HANDS DOWN, Dan Hartman, Blue Sky
- 9 16 GET UP AND BOOGIE, Freddie James, Warner Bros
- 10 9 WHEN YOU'RE NO 1, Gene Chandler, 20th Century
- 11 10 FOUND A CURE, Ashford And Simpson, Warner Bros
- 12 8 STREET LIFE, Crusaders, MCA
- 13 7 I NEED SOMEONE, Ralph MacDonald, TK
- 14 1 FEEL THE REAL, David Bendeth, IGM
- 15 17 CATCH ME, Pockets, Arc
- 16 — POINT OF VIEW, Matumbi, EMI
- 17 15 LOVE WHEN I'M IN YOUR ARMS, Bobby Humphreys, Epic
- 18 18 GONE GONE GONE, Johnny Mathis, CBS
- 19 — SIGN OF THE TIMES, Terry Callier, Elektra
- 20 — HOLDING BACK, David Simmons, Fantasy

Compiled by Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, Soho, W1. Tel: 01-439 8231

HEAVY METAL

- 1 WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE, AC/DC, from 'If You Want Blood', Atlantic
- 2 STARGAZER, Rainbow, from 'Rainbow Rising', Polydor
- 3 SPACE STATION NO. 5, Montrose, from 'Montrose', Warner Bros
- 4 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, from 'Bat Out Of Hell', Epic
- 5 JUST THE TWO OF US, Thin Lizzy, from 'Previously Unreleased', Vertigo
- 6 ROCK BOTTOM, UFO, from 'Phenomenon', Chrysalis
- 7 THE LOGICAL SONG, Supertramp, from 'Breakfast In America', A&M
- 8 OVERKILL, Motorhead, from 'Overkill', Bronze
- 9 WHOLE LOTTA LOVE, Led Zeppelin, from 'Zeppelin II', Atlantic
- 10 CHILDREN OF THE GRAVE, Black Sabbath, from 'Masters Of Reality', Vertigo
- 11 ANOTHER PIECE OF MEAT, Scorpions, from 'Lovedrive', Harvest
- 12 MYSTERY SONG, Status Quo, from 'Blue For You', Vertigo
- 13 BASTILLE DAY, Rush, from 'Archives', Mercury
- 14 VICTIM OF CHANGES, Judas Priest, from 'Sad Wings Of Destiny', Gull
- 15 DON'T LOOK BACK, Boston, from 'Don't Look Back', Epic
- 16 GYPSY, Uriah Heep, from 'Best Of Uriah Heep', Bronze
- 17 GETCHA ROCKS OFF, Def Leppard, Bludgeon Riffola EP
- 18 CAN'T GET ENOUGH, Bad Company, from 'Straight Shooter', Island
- 19 SPEED KING, Deep Purple, from 'In Rock', Harvest
- 20 CAT SCRATCH FEVER, Ted Nugent, from 'Cat Scratch Fever', Epic

Compiled by Penthouse HM Disco, Dixon Lane, Sheffield 1.

ROCK 'N' ROLL

SINGLES

- 1 1 ROCKABILLY GUY, Polecats, Nervous
- 2 — BOO-HOO, Marvin Rainwater, London
- 3 7 BURNING EYES, Hank Mizell, Charly
- 4 — TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS, Chuck Berry, Chess
- 5 — DANCING DOLL, Art Adames, Cherry
- 6 — SEVENTEEN, Fontaine Sisters, Dot
- 7 20 WOODPECKER ROCK, Nat Cauty And The Braves, Dee Jay Jamboree
- 8 — YAK-YAK, Marvin And Johnny, United Artists
- 9 — JUMP JACK, JUMP, Wynona Carr, Speciality
- 10 — ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK, James E. Myers, President

ALBUMS

- 1 — ROCK THE JOINT, Bill Haley, Rollercoaster
- 2 — ROCKIN' IN THE SAME OL' WAY, Dave Taylor, Charly
- 3 4 FATS DOMINO GOLDEN GREATS, Fats Domino, Hammer
- 4 — EARLY, RARE, AND ROCKIN' SIDES, Sleepy LaBeef, Baron
- 5 9 SLEEPY LABEEF AND FRIENDS, Various, Ace
- 6 1 CHUCK BERRY 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Chuck Berry, Hammer
- 7 8 DIXIE ROCKABILLYS, Various, Starday-King
- 8 — JERRY LEE LEWIS, Jerry Lee Lewis, Hammer
- 9 — LOUISIANA BLUES AND ZYDECO, Clifton Chenier, Arhoolie
- 10 — SALACIOUS ROCKABILLY CAT, Jimmy Lee Maslon, Rollin' Rock

Compiled by the Wild Wax Roadshow, Flat 4, Block 36, Dabshill Lane, Northolt, Middx.

BRITISH SINGLES

- 1 1 I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS, Boomtown Rats, Ensign
- 2 2 WE DON'T TALK ANYMORE, Cliff Richard, EMI
- 3 6 REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL, Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Stiff
- 4 14 AFTER THE LOVE HAS GONE, Earth Wind And Fire, CBS
- 5 3 ANGEL EYES/VOULEZ VOUS, Abba, Epic
- 6 7 HERSHAM BOYS, Sham 69, Polydor
- 7 4 CAN'T STAND LOSING YOU, Police, A&M
- 8 5 WANTED, Dooleys, GTO
- 9 17 DUKE OF EARL, Darts, Magnet
- 10 8 THE DIARY OF HORACE WIMP, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 11 27 BANG BANG, B. A. Robertson, Asylum
- 12 11 BEAT THE CLOCK, Sparks, Virgin
- 13 — ANGEL EYES, Roxy Music, Polydor
- 14 24 GANGSTERS, Specials, 2 Tone
- 15 9 GIRLS TALK, Dave Edmunds, Swan Song
- 16 18 STAY WITH ME TILL DAWN, Judy Tzuke, Rocket
- 17 29 SWEET LITTLE ROCK 'N' ROLLER, Showaddywaddy, Arista
- 18 10 BORN TO BE ALIVE, Patrick Hernandez, Gem
- 19 25 OOH WHAT A LIFE, Gibson Brothers, Island
- 20 23 MORNING DANCE, Spyro Gyra, Infinity
- 21 16 IF I HAD YOU, Korgis, Rialto
- 22 — GOTTA GO HOME, Boney M, Atlantic
- 23 30 IS SHE REALLY GOING OUT WITH HIM?, Joe Jackson, A&M
- 24 13 BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp, A&M
- 25 12 MY SHARONA, Knack, Capitol
- 26 15 GOOD TIMES, Chic, Atlantic
- 27 — JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST, Randy VanWarmer, Island
- 28 21 BAD-GIRLS, Donna Summer, Casablanca
- 29 — TEENAGE WARNING, Angelic Upstarts, Warner Bros



30 — MONEY, Flying Lizards, Virgin

Compiled by BRMB/Music Week

U S A L B U M S

- 1 3 GET THE KNACK, The Knack, Capitol
- 2 1 BAD GIRLS, Donna Summer, Casablanca
- 3 2 BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp, A&M
- 4 5 CANDY-O Cars, Elektra
- 5 6 TEDDY, Teddy Pendergrass, P.I.R.
- 6 7 I AM, Earth, Wind And Fire, Arc
- 7 8 DISCOVERY, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 8 4 CHEAP TRICK AT BUDOKAN, Cheap Trick, Epic
- 9 12 THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT, The Who, MCA
- 10 10 BACK TO THE EGG, Wings, Columbia
- 11 11 COMMUNIQUE, Dire Straits, Warner Bros
- 12 13 BOMBS AWAY DREAM BABIES, John Stewart, RSO
- 13 15 MILLION MILE REFLECTIONS, Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
- 14 9 DYNASTY, Kiss, Casablanca
- 15 14 RICKIE LEE JONES, Rickie Lee Jones, Warner Bros
- 16 16 LIVE KILLERS, Queen, Elektra
- 17 17 DESOLATION ANGELS, Bad Company, Swan Song
- 18 30 LOW BUDGET, Kinks, Arista
- 19 19 SONGS OF LOVE, Anita Ward, Juana
- 20 22 MINGUS, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
- 21 23 RUST NEVER SLEEPS, Neil Young, Reprise
- 22 18 THE GAMBLER, Kenny Rogers, United Artists
- 23 25 THE BOSS, Diana Ross, Motown
- 24 — REALITY WHAT A CONCEPT, Robin Williams, Casablanca
- 25 27 THE MAIN EVENT, Soundtrack, Columbia
- 26 26 UNDERDOG, Atlanta Rhythm Section, Polydor
- 27 29 VOULEZ-VOUS, Abba, Atlantic
- 28 28 VAN HALEN II, Van Halen, Warner Bros
- 29 — STREET LIFE, Crusaders, MCA
- 30 — AN EVENING OF MAGIC, Chuck Mangione, A&M

Compiled by Billboard

TOP 75 ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD, Various, Warner Bros
- 2 2 DISCOVERY, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 3 3 BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp, A&M
- 4 4 VOULEZ VOUS, Abba, Epic
- 5 5 I AM, Earth Wind And Fire, CBS
- 6 12 SOME PRODUCT CARRI ON SEX PISTOLS, Virgin
- 7 11 DOWN TO EARTH, Rainbow, Polydor



- 8 7 REPLICAS, Tubeway Army, Beggars Banquet
- 9 9 OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR, Police, A&M
- 10 10 PARALLEL LINES, Blondie, Chrysalis
- 11 8 HIGHWAY TO HELL, AC/DC, Atlantic
- 12 6 THE BEST OF THE DOOLEYS, GTO
- 13 19 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Beach Boys, Capitol
- 14 17 STREET LIFE, Crusaders, MCA
- 15 21 NIGHT OWL, Gerry Rafferty, United Artists
- 16 14 MORNING DANCE, Spyro Gyra, Infinity
- 17 16 EXPOSED, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 18 15 MANILOW MAGIC, Barry Manilow, Arista
- 19 13 LIVE KILLERS, Queen, EMI
- 20 22 WELCOME TO THE CRUISE, Judie Tzuke, Rocket
- 21 20 BRIDGES, John Williams, Lotus
- 22 23 DO IT YOURSELF, Ian Dury, Stiff
- 23 18 COMMUNIQUE, Dire Straits, Vertigo
- 24 24 20 ALL TIME GREATS, Roger Whittaker, Polydor
- 25 54 TEENAGE WARNING, Angelic Upstarts, Warner Brothers
- 26 30 THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER, Chrysalis
- 27 42 AT BUDOKAN, Bob Dylan, CBS
- 28 25 B-52's, Island
- 29 58 RISQUE, Chic, Atlantic
- 30 26 LODGER, David Bowie, RCA
- 31 34 GO WEST, Village People, Mercury
- 32 28 BAD GIRLS, Donna Summer, Casablanca
- 33 40 MANIFESTO, Roxy Music, Polydor
- 34 33 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, Epic

- 35 29 LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG, James Last, Polydor
- 36 31 DIRE STRAITS, Vertigo
- 37 32 OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 38 27 RUST NEVER SLEEPS, Neil Young, Reprise
- 39 — TUBEWAY ARMY, Beggars Banquet
- 40 39 SKY, Ariola
- 41 55 NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS, Sex Pistols, Virgin
- 42 37 WAR OF THE WORLDS, Jeff Wayne, CBS
- 43 45 THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE, Sex Pistols, Virgin
- 44 36 BOP TILL YOU DROP, Ry Cooder, Warner Brothers
- 45 35 MIDNIGHT MAGIC, Commodores, Motown
- 46 38 RICKIE LEE JONES, Warner Brothers
- 47 43 BLACK ROSE, Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
- 48 41 BACK TO THE EGG, Wings, Parlophone
- 49 59 RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Brothers
- 50 50 FATE FOR BREAKFAST, Art Garfunkel, CBS
- 51 — 5, J. J. Cale, Shelter
- 52 46 SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN, Bee Gees, RSO
- 53 61 EDDIE COCHRAN SINGLES ALBUM, United Artists
- 54 — INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL, Stiff Little Fingers, Rough Trade
- 54=46 IN THE SKIES, Peter Green, Creole
- 56 64 LIVE AND DANGEROUS, Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
- 57 70 TONIC FOR THE TROOPS, Boomtown Rats, Ensign
- 58 48 REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY, Dave Edmunds, Swansong
- 59 — NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES, Ian Dury, Stiff
- 60 62 BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS, CBS
- 61 51 THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE, CBS
- 62 44 THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT, The Who, Polydor
- 63 53 MIRRORS, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS
- 64 73 52nd STREET, Billy Joel, CBS
- 65 75 NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS, Boney M, Atlantic
- 66 72 THE BILLIE JO SPEARS SINGLES ALBUM, United Artists
- 67 60 LOOK SHARP! Joe Jackson, A&M
- 68 — THIS IS IT, Various, CBS
- 69 — C'EST CHIC, Chic, Atlantic
- 70 68 THE WARRIORS, Original Soundtrack, A&M
- 71 66 PLASTIC LETTERS, Blondie, Chrysalis
- 72 69 A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 73 — CITY TO CITY, Gerry Rafferty, United Artists
- 74 — FOUR SYMBOLS, Led Zeppelin, Atlantic
- 75 — TAKE IT HOME, B. B. King, MCA

Compiled by BMRB/Music Week

REGGAE

SINGLES

- 1 GOLDEN SEAL, Augustus Pablo, Message
- 2 TUNE IN, Gregory Isaacs, African Museum
- 3 LOVE AND LIVITY, The Jewells, Cash And Carry
- 4 ROCK IN TIME, Bunny Wailer, Solomonic
- 5 LET HIM GO, Bunny Wailer, Solomonic
- 6 NICE UP THE DANCE, Papa Michigan And General Smilie, Studio One
- 7 HOMEWARD BOUND, Freddie McGregor, Studio One
- 8 FEEL THE SPIRIT, Waiting Souls, Massive
- 9 GIVE ME JAH JAH, Sugar Minott/King Stitt, Studio One
- 10 AMBUSH, Bob Marley and The Wailers, Tuff Gong
- 11 HYPOCRITE, Bob Marley and The Wailers, Tuff Gong
- 12 PLAY PLAY, Rita Marley, Tuff Gong
- 13 THE BORDER, Gregory Isaacs, GG
- 14 THREE MEALS A DAY, Dennis Brown, Joe Gibbs
- 15 I WAS WRONG, Richie MacDonald, MML
- 16 THIS WORLD, Leroy Sibbles, Bullwackies
- 17 REPATRIATION, Errol Dunkley, Jah Guidance
- 18 JAH LOVE IS SWEETER, Lacksley Castell, Jah Guidance
- 19 SENTIMENTAL REASONS, Tamlin, Studio One
- 20 BASEMENT SESSION, Joe Morgan, City Line

ALBUMS

- 1 CONGO ASHANTI, Congoes, CBS (French import)
- 2 IN THE LIGHT DUB, Rockers Allstars, Hungry Town
- 3 SKA AUTHENTIC, Skatalites, Studio One
- 4 AFRICAN DUB CHAPTER 4, Joe Gibbs, Joe Gibbs

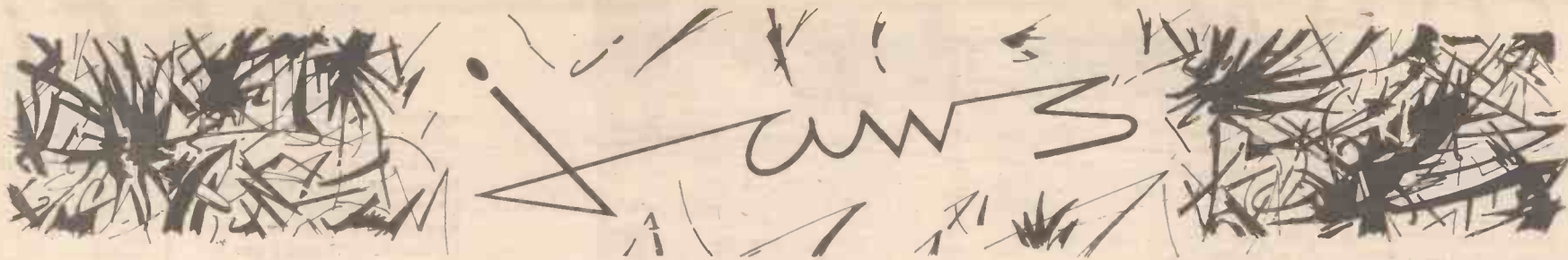


- 5 PRESENTING THE GLADIATORS, Gladiators, Studio One
- 6 AFRICA MUST BE FREE BY 1983 DUB, Augustus Pablo, Rockers
- 7 THIS IS AUGUSTUS PABLO, Kaya
- 8 INTENSIFIED!, Various Artists, Island
- 9 TOMMY MCCOOK IN DUB, Glen Brown, White Label
- 10 CREATION DUB, Bullwackies Allstars, City Line

Compiled by Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, Soho W1. Tel: 01-437 4845

PENETRATION COME INTO THE OPEN
The New Single OUT NOW ON *Virgin* VS268





Pic by Tom Sheehan

SICK AS PARROTS: the ashen faces of Jones, Cook and Pursey

The men who couldn't get it up

OH YOU SILLY THINGS: Listeners to Radio One's Friday night Round Table were intrigued when participant Jimmy Pursey hinted broadly that his link-up with Paul Cook and Steve Jones in the Sex Pistols was OFF. Was this just a joke? A temporary tiff? A publicity stunt? Nope.

Over the weekend Jim confirmed to *Jaws* that the liaison was a no-go. "It's all over," he said, "by mutual agreement... there was all the legal bullshit, then we went in the studio and it just weren't working." What, for personality reasons? "Yeah, I guess there were personality clashes too," the Hershham Honkie admitted... though he refused to give any further details. Instead he continued: "I'm disillusioned with rock 'n' roll, but I'm not a defeatist. I'll continue to do solo stuff and I'll be getting a new band together — maybe even with Dave Parsons. But we won't be Sham 69, obviously. I just wanna get back on the road as soon as possible."

Meanwhile, weren't Sham 69 supposed to have finished their final album in France earlier this year? So what are they doing in Shepperton Rock City as we write?

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL: We read that a US lawyer Michael De Witt is trying to stop the stateside release of the Boomtown Rats yawnsome chart topper 'I Don't Like Mondays'.

De Witt is acting on behalf of the family of Brenda Spencer, the girl accused of murdering two people (including her headmaster) and wounding several others, who said in her mitigation: "I don't like Mondays. They give me the

blues. This was to liven up a dull day" — and thus inspired the song.

De Witt feels the song will prejudice her trial and cause further misery to her family. Said Brenda's grandmother Trudy Hobel: "I would like to sock these Boomtown Rats on the jaw. The last thing Brenda or anyone else associated with these awful events needs is this glib, nauseating commercialisation of a tortured young girl's tragedy. It's the sickest, most gruesome example of cashing in on people's personal misery that I've heard in a long time. It's obscene."

We here at *Jaws* would strongly advise the judges involved to comply with De Witt's request. We're sure that anyone who manages to keep that awful slop off the airwaves would win the undying respect of the American people.

NICE ONE SQUIRE: Those fine chaps Secret Affair have fulfilled the first part of their altruistic schemes by inviting fellow Mods, the too-sixties orientated Squire into the studio to record a single on their own I-Spy label...

BAD NEWS: Sad to say the Number One Club promoted by Aces drummer Noel Martin at the Pied Bull Islington is being closed down after a meagre one police complaint. Wills of jelly, these pub managers.

GENEROUS VIRGIN: Virgin Records are still surreptitiously subsidising the advice organisation HELP by a generous £50,000 a year. Help was started by Virgin supremo, the reclusive but acceptable face of musical capitalism, Richard ('Don't call me Dickie baby') Branson in 1968 after he'd got his girlfriend, a tender 16 year old, well and truly up the spout and couldn't get any help... The organisation has now moved to 3 Adam And Eve Mews, High Street, Kensington W.8 (01-937 7687).

SKIN REVIVAL: Following last week's news of Huddersfield

skinhead band the Prisoners we bring you news of another skinhead band started in East London by famous Hammers types M. Hodges and Mid Kent who will go by the name of the Four Skins and debut at the Bridge House with the Cockney Rejects soon.

Meanwhile the London skin scene is buzzing about the Grove Park Governor General Skinhead Night this Friday. Many skins have pledged that if it really will be their club no one will be allowed to cause trouble. Finally we thought we'd draw your attention to the rather fine Tamla and sixties soul disco starting near Covent Garden. Further details soon.

TEENAGE WARNING: Trouble flared at Friday's Angelic Upstarts/Low Numbers/Cockney Rejects gig at the Electric Ballroom we're sad to say. During the Rejects set there was a brief scuffle when a group of skinheads — some wearing BM insignias — starting on a Rejects fan. But the band put a stop to it.

Later on during the Upstarts set the same skins started on a small punk so the Rejects, roadies and friends charged in and quickly put a stop to their violent aspirations. The brief fight resulted in the Upstarts leaving the stage for a few minutes. Said Rejects guitarist Micky Geggus: "We'd like to apologise to the Upstarts but that's the only way to deal with troublemakers. No one likes violence but people have got to realise that they're not gonna disrupt gigs or pick on fans. It's no use whining at them from the stage, you've got to fight fire with fire. Our gigs are for enjoyment and troublemakers will be thrown out. By us if necessary."

WOT 'AVE WE GOT?: Why a Sham songbook, dears. Just released this priceless literary gem (described by one critic as "the seventies answer to Shakespeare's Aunty Alice's shopping list") features the words and music to the likes of 'most every Sham classic you can think of up to 'Questions

And Answers'. Rather steep at £3.50 the slim picture-packed volume also features a 2,000 word intro by one of *Sounds* sunny staff.

COMBAT CHIC: With Blondie finally proving to be a major attraction in the States, their record company thought they'd ram home the point by throwing a party at Fiorucci in LA (laka whatever the Boomtown Rats do, we can go one crasser) with "all the posiest liggers from all over the States" in attendance. The band turned up in a tank.

BOOBWAY ARMY: Being a star takes some getting used to. The day before Gary Numan and band were due to leave for a TV spot on the continent it was realised that they had no passports. Some galloping around got them special visitor's ones but that didn't entitle them to work. They were hoping to plead ignorance, insanity or the Fifth Amendment...

SHTUM: Don't tell too many people but the Jam's three secret gigs at the end of August — which no one knew about anyway, right? — has now been postponed cos the Titanic Trio are too busy recording their new elpee... Further announcements will be written in the Bridgehouse slasher, third pipe along, in green felt tip.

'I WAS DREARY O'HOODLUM' — YANK CONFESSES SHOCK: An irate American chap name of Bruce Douglas has claimed that he is the mystery guitarist featured on the soon-out Jimmy Lydon single 'One Of The Lads' and that his brother Mark is the drummer referred to as Paddy O'Reilly in last week's exclusive *Jaws* leader.

Said Bruce, Snatch's former bassist: "Jimmy Lydon has used us. We played on his single and now he's trying to get away without paying us a penny." Mr Lydon, brother of Jimmy Pursey or some other Ex-Pistol type, is away on



THE CLASH model mid-77 chic

The Rockies tremble

SOUND OF THE WESTSIDE HIGHWAY: Everything — or so they say — comes to those who wait. Even Americans.

Difficult as it is to believe, Epic America have finally seen fit to allow our colonial brethren to experience the vinyl evidence of the days when you couldn't open a music paper without someone blathering on about the sound of the Westway. Yup, they've put out 'The Clash' with just a few modifications. Out go 'Deny', 'Cheat', 'Protex Blue' and '48 Hours'. In come 'White Man', 'I Fought The Law', 'Jail Guitar Doors', 'Complete Control' plus the single version of 'White Riot' and a different mix of 'Clash City Rockers'.

The sleeve's substantially the same except for the logo being changed from pink to red and moved to the top for the benefit of rack browsers but there's an illustrated inner sleeve with the lyrics — or at least part of them as 'I'm So Bored With USA' stops short after the second verse. (This presumably explains the legend 'Warning: Do not read these words while listening to this record').

Unusually for an import, copies of this were sent to the paper (normally we have to go out and buy them just like anyone else), obviously so that all Clash fans would go out and buy it, thus boosting US sales. Suspicious that the different mix of 'Clash City Rockers' was maybe there to make it a total collector's item, we contacted Strummer who sent us the following cryptic message from a North London recording studio:

"A certain friend of ours with smelly feet sped the cut up by nine seconds while we were out of town. This so called remix is the actual take. P.S. Please don't tell anyone but Giorgio Moroder remixed the entire album for the FM bland market."

Thrill your friends, buy this artefact (it plays very well), add your contribution to the CBS execs fund. You'll find it at your local import store at something under six quid.

holiday and unable to comment but a close contact admitted the Douglas brothers ARE on the single "cept they knew they weren't getting nothing out of it anyway."

THIS IS THE MODERN WORLD: You'll be pleased to hear that the Marvy Bridge House 'Mod May Day 79' elpee sold out its first 2,000 pressings in its first week on sale. It's now been repressed with Arista distribution as part of their deal

with Secret Affair's I-Spy label...

MAGNIFICENT SEVEN: The seventh issue of the excellent Mod fanzine *Maximum Speed* hits all the most street-credible dives next week, featuring articles on the March Of The Mods Tour, Squire, Beggar, Long Tall Shorty and a Bridge House album review. Max Speed 7 is available for 30p plus large SAE from 40 Sidlaw House, Portland Ave, Stamford Hill, London N.16.



Pic by Mark Rusher

ROCKING AGAINST ROCK AGAINST COMMUNISM: Above, 200 plus RAR supporters demonstrate against the National Front backed Rock Against Communism gig at the Conway Hall Red Lion Square, Central London last Saturday.

The impartial police had banned RAR from marching through Red Lion Square and refused them permission to hold a stationary gig. So the RAR contingent marched from Russell Square to Lincoln's Inn with North London band Charge playing from the back of a lorry. (The Passions turned up too but the friendly Peelers wouldn't allow the bands to change over). Inside the Conway Hall a fairly large crowd (estimates vary between 50 and 150) didn't see the reformed Skrewdriver who failed to turn up but were treated (cough) to the Dentists, described by one eye-witness as "Bleedin' terrible — just a load of noise." Not an auspicious start for the 1,000 year Rock Reich.

JOHN

SEVERAL CONCERNED young people have written to me during the past week seeking, nay, begging for, guidance on a knotty theological point. Is it not so, they have asked, that teams playing against Liverpool are technically guilty of the absorbing new offence of waging war on God and his representatives? I have given this issue much thought over the weekend but have yet to arrive at any final decision. You can be sure that when I do you will be the first to know. In the meantime, I am pleased to see that Liverpool have acted on my suggestion that this season they should give the alleged opposition a bit of a start. Makes it all that much more interesting, doesn't it?

To tide you zealots over until I do reach a decision on the aforementioned question, I have caused to be put into effect herewith a brace of minor reforms designed to enrich the lives of the tenant farmers and muck-strewn peasantry on the Peel Acres estate. I have banned all political parties save those whose colours suit my somewhat mottled complexion.

As I write, the jubilant peasants have taken to the battle-scarred sheep tracks to celebrate this new act of enlightenment, and are, so I am told, currently engaged in burning to the ground the cottage of a man suspected of reading the banned *Daily Mirror*. His

family, including nine children, have been disembowelled according to ancient law and tradition.

THE TIME has come, I am inclined to think, for me to reveal the torrid details of my brief but tempestuous relationship with the lithe and lovely Scandinavian temptress, Britt Eklund. Was I, I hear you growl, her little pet doll? Her fantasy domestic slave? I leave you, the wonderful British public, to pass judgment.

My story starts year ago — it seems like years ago now — when Britt, as I called her, was in London, ensconced in a romantic hideaway with love-hungry superstar Rod Stewart. The message reached me through a mystery third party that Rod wanted, you know, to have a bit of, you know, like a chat and that. So I feverishly dialled the oh-so-secret number I had been given — even now I can't remember it — with trembling fingers. The telephone at the other end rang for what seemed like an eternity. In my anxiety I paced the room as never before, risking, with every emotion-charged twist and turn, strangling myself on the all-too-brief extension cord. Then the receiver in Chelsea was lifted by what I knew even then was a bejewelled hand.

"ello," said a throbbing voice, filled, it seemed to me, with the raging passions of the fjords and



My bit on the side with Britt

issuing from luscious lips which must be, I reasoned, located only a matter of inches from cool, ice-blue eyes. "oo ees thee?"

I gasped out an approximation of my name as the perspiration started involuntarily from the palms of my hand.

"Is Rod, you know, there?" I heard myself asking, my voice husky and breaking with emotion in the cauldron of desire which enveloped me from head to

(Censored — Ed.)

"ee is busy now." In the heat of the moment I tore the jacket from my heaving shoulders and, with a wild

gesture of frustration and despair, hung it on the coathanger behind the door.

"Well, er, he left a message for me to, as it were, call," I sobbed brokenly.

Then, readers, came the words which will forever be etched on my heart, the cruel, cruel words which brought to a sudden end forever my forbidden, tear-stained relationship with the pouting, Swedish sex-kitten.

"I'll tell him you called zen."

I suppose the years which have passed since our crazy, wild sixteen seconds together have

helped to heal the deep wounds, to paper over the cracks in my burning heart, but there are still times when the name Britt Eklund comes up in conversation and I get a sharp pain somewhere in the region of my stomach. Then I have no course but to get up, walk across the room and switch the television on in time for the football. Sometimes this involves a wait of several days, but I feel that, in the end, it is all worth it.

I AM sitting here this morning in the sweat-stained clothing that denotes to the trained eye that the John Peel Roadshow has been about its ugly work again. It seems foolish now to deny that this is the case. Once again I have been at Harpole, within shelling distance of downtown Northampton; this time with the Russians, Selections, and the Cigarettes. As usual I had little time to allow the consummate artistry of the assembled musicians to wash over me, as I was engaged in collecting pieces of paper bearing such messages as 'Please play the Lurkers 'Shadow' on Monday night for Gem, Jas, Albert, Ron, Grinny, Viv, Uncle Jimmy, Trotsky, Remluc and all the Foppish Brothers' and 'Mick Bluett, 130, Wellington St., Luton, fanzine co-operative. All fanzine editors must get in touch as soon as possible.' There are times

when I feel like a notice-board, my fruit-bearing ones, positively a notice-board.

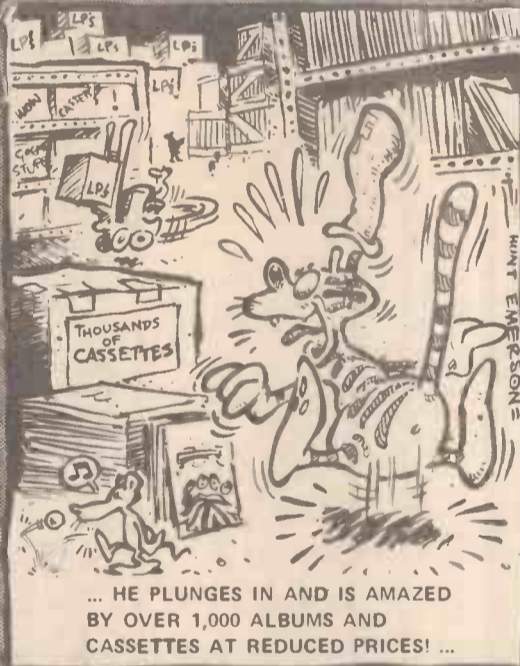
I had been empowered by the man Walters to offer the Cigarettes a Radio 1 session, principally because the Jam had fallen out at the last minute, but they were unable to oblige. A pity, because their lyrics, mainly inaudible at the Paddock, are worth catching.

The last time the Roadshow battled with defective equipment at the Paddock, an agent of local fanzine *Burnt Offering* (10p) obtained snaps of your Uncle John enjoying a joke with Cambridge trio *Dolly Mixture*. This time the *Northampton Chronicle and Echo*, not content with describing me as an 'aging punk', took pictures of me at sport with Nicky and Jackie of Olney, Bucks. I suggested to Nicky, a positive well-spring of underage possibilities, that she would benefit from a relationship with a caring older man, but she sniggered and left. Just wait until my Angels of Peace and Mercy catch up with her!

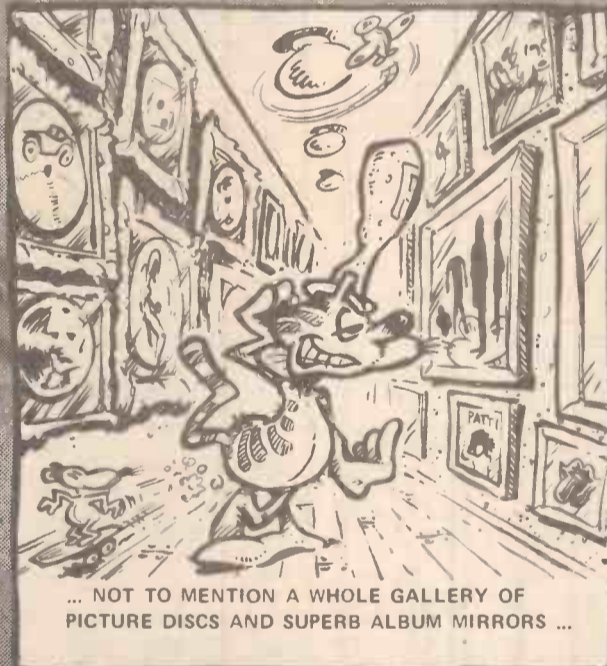
Incidentally, during the week I encountered the much sought-after Donna, formerly a *Fatal Microbe*, now a Part 1-2A. Those of you who yearn for her are right to do so. I am now of your number. Perhaps she is the one to help me forget Britt.



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"WE ARE THE MODS, WE ARE THE MODS, WE ARE THE, WE ARE THE, WE ARE THE MODS". Brighton '64 and the proud, rowdy mob dominate the sea-front revelling in a riot, a white riot, a riot of their own.

That's just one of the moving, amazingly authentic scenes from *Quadrophenia* -- *OUT NOW* -- a celluloid slice of a week in the life of West London Mods way back then -- their sex, drugs, fights, clothes, transport, attitudes and life-style -- and in particular one Mod, Jimmy, for whom the Brighton riots are a turning point in his developing, drug-fuelled identity crisis.

For Jimmy, Brighton is everything, the highpoint of his existence as a Mod, the glorious pinnacle of the thrills, spills (and pills) of being *SOMEBODY* -- "I don't wanna be the same as everybody else -- that's why I'm a Mod. You gotta be somebody otherwise

you might as well jump in the sea and drown."

But his certainty and striving for identity and independence bring him up against the law, fickle, facile love, stuff-shirted bosses, and of course parents (frighteningly close to home, eh Cuz?) who don't understand why "he can't just be normal".

Quadrophenia is Jimmy's story and thousands of you who'll see it will know it's part of your story too. It's a real as a kick in the bollocks but nowhere near as painful. It will undoubtedly swell the ranks of today's related but autonomous Mod Renewal crack and serve as a superb monument to anyone dedicated to looking good, living fast and having fun.

The film of the year for the movement of the moment. And the jeans are by Levi. Who else?

GARRY BUSHELL

Elvis to tour

(Again? -- Ed.)

NEW PRESLEY REUNION: Favourite media ghost Mr Elvis Presley, a little known dead folk singer, has made a new venture into the land of the living according to 48 year old British spiritualist Carmen Rodgers.

Carly baby reckoned El got in touch at a seance some three weeks ago and delivered several messages to the world which, amazingly enough, she just happened to be able to record on tape and now... come on, y'know, doncha? yep, a 50 minute lp of the seance is being released on the Shadow Records label. Apparently Elvis himself is lost in the mix though one can hear Mrs Rodgers intoning his messages quite well we're told.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD RAT DOWN: Fresh from his totally out of character jam with the mighty Ruts last Monday, Rat Scabies, self-confessed 'punk rocker', was seen at the

Fulham Greyhound last Thursday where he leapt on stage with Basildon Mods Sta: prest and lead them thru an impromptu rendition of 'Pretty Vacant'. Apparently this was much better received than the recent preposterous Vespas interventions of the dreary Billy Idol.

OLIVIA QUILTS FILMS -- MILLIONS REJOICE: Olivia Pneumatic-Bum, a woman best remembered for her atrocious acting in the appalling *Grease* has stunned the world, or at least the *Sun*, by announcing that she's quit the film world for a rest. Said Livvy "I wanted to drop out for a while and I'm loving every minute of it." So are we, dear, so are we.

STARS NIGHT OUT: Masses of famous chaps packed into the Marquee for the Ruts last Monday, including Rat Scabies boasting of the Damned's new

single 'Smash It Up' due out soon, JC of the Members, Mensi and Sticks of the Upstarts and a smattering of Cockney Rejects, Undertones, and the Chords, one of whom somewhat rudely suggested that *Sounds* should be rechristened *The East End Weekly*. An unlikely proposition.

Meanwhile the excellent Ruts album out next month features one of our staff on its cover (buy it and find out who). Obviously they've noticed that the Cockney Rejects single charmingly featuring *Sounds* scribe Garry Bushell on its front sold out its first 5,000 pressing in two weeks, nudging into the top hundred at the same time. We kid you not, this could be the start of a new craze: Geoff Barton used to sell Kiss albums, Eric Fuller for Gregory Issacs, Alan Lewis for Max Bygraves, Pete Silvertown for the Village People... the mind boggles.

POSER PARADE: Welllll, did you see Chords posing in Wednesday's *Daily Star*

darlings? We're sure you did. But what you didn't see was the remarkably attractive all-girl group The Look, also carted along for the *Star*'s photo session but squeezed out on the day by a pretty young model girl.

Various scalliwags in Barking are suggesting that the *Star* lensman's camera broke when attempting to snap Look Lovely and all-in wrestler Yeti, but no one here believes them.

VIOLENCE GROWS: The beautiful Donna Bane (aka Honey of the Fatal Microbes) has given us yet another breathless bell to tell us that her life is endangered by the famous Jock MacDonald, punky man about town.

"Jock thinks I stole £54 from him -- which I didn't -- and he burst into this Earls Court flat looking for me. Thankfully I'd moved on," said Honey. Mr-MacDonald admitted that he was "looking for her" but added "if she returns the stuff that'll be the end of the matter." Seconds away, round two.



BILL NELSON and banger

After XTC, Bowie

THE BEMUSED expressions of the journalists on a trip up North indicated that they weren't prepared for the relative opulence which their host for the day -- Bill Nelson -- enjoys.

Our safari to the Selby district of Yorkshire, where Bill resides in squire-like splendour with his wife Jan, daughter Elle, three ducks, R-registered Rolls and Panther sports car, was intended primarily as a playback session for the new Red Noise album, written in two weeks and recorded in five. But some of my colleagues seemed more interested in, as Bill put it, "finding out how I could possibly afford such a big house when Be Bop Deluxe were such a bum band."

The fact that he paid less for the beautiful old manor house and its grounds than ex-Be Bop drummer Simon Fox paid for his flat in Kensington shows just how little Londoners appreciate the cheapness of property outside the capital. But it certainly made a change from the traditional playback in some windowless, smoke-filled London recording house.

The playback was a little premature. The album won't be released until September and the running order still hadn't been finalised at the time of the visit. But at least it was a chance to hear the new material.

The album, title: 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam', is almost completely a Nelson solo effort, with external contributions on just a couple of tracks from brother Ian on saxophone and Andy Clarke on keyboards.

The Red Noise outfit which

WHITE OUT: Our boy Sandy Robertson announces that his Patti Lee Smith fanzine, *White Stuff*, is no more. Figuring that girls with chart albums who play Wembley don't really need shoddy backstreet adulation, Mr Robertson nevertheless says that anyone who writes to him with some flair c/o *Sounds* can have the name of the mag and the address of a good printer. No money in it, just lots of carrying heavy boxes and trying to collect unpaid bills.

toured in January is no more; it was, from the start, more of a 'concept' than a permanent line-up and Bill will be holding auditions for a larger, mark two Red Noise in September, in preparation for the scheduled September/October tour.

But first he has to finish producing the Skids' second album, a job he took on after producing their last hit single 'Masquerade'.

"It took me some time," he told me, "to accept the fact that the reason people ask you to produce them is that they like your sound. With the Skids, I was worried about imposing my ideas on them but in the end I realised that they wanted to sound like Be Bop, they wanted to sound like I sounded. Perhaps," he added as an afterthought, "I could solve my problems by bringing in a producer myself and agreeing to do everything he says..."

Judging from the new Red Noise album, no-one less than Brian Eno or David Bowie would suffice. It has much of their 'sound montage' feel about it, is undoubtedly a change of direction from 'Sound On Sound', but, ironically, may have less commercial appeal.

If comparisons are made with Bowie, Bill won't be as surprised as he was when he was accused of poaching ideas from XTC. References to Bowie have flattered him in the past, but he considers himself to be more concerned with manipulation of notes and rhythms than with Bowie-style theatrics and image presentation. In fact he thinks Bowie's music is pretty dated compared with Red Noise and somehow, with his eternal modesty, he manages to make even this statement seem plausible.

TONY MITCHELL

MORE JOY: In the wake of our recent turbulent interview with Joy Division some questions remain unanswered. Questions like... is the band's guitarist's real name really NOT Bernard Albrecht but, as we've heard in scurrilous rumours Bernie Johnson instead? And did bassist Peter Hook up until a very short time ago work in the civil service? Was he the red-faced guy oft witnessed in tweed suit hopping on the bus to work? Does reality exist?

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Highly Obscure Cult Figures Information Dept

← JWS

North goes West



Pic by Jill Furmanovsky

IAN NORTH: "The Knack are a bunch of wimps."

THEY SAY there's magic in the air/On (Fulham) Broadway . . . Ian North, sitting in a half-decorated London house listening to a tape of old Runaways, Shoes and Todd Rundgren tracks, is at this point a failed pop star; but his neurotic New York enthusiasm for his subject is violent enough to make one think he's got a fighting chance.

A small, dark-haired man of indeterminate age, he slouches in a scruffy armchair, occasionally jumping up to perch on its edge when he wants to make a particular point; the room is anonymous, save for a toy gun and a collection of colourful footwear.

North was the most important member of Milk 'n' Cookies, the Island Records combo who were so far ahead of powerpop and punk that their Muff Winwood-mangled album didn't get issued in this country until Island thought they saw a chance for a fast buck several years after the event. They were wrong. Meanwhile bassist Sal Maida sold himself everywhere from Roxy Music to Venus And The Razorblades and North formed Neo, as was documented in a *Sounds* feature months ago.

Neo were signed by Jet Records after somebody at the company saw a live review of the group in this here organ by Mick Wall. The deal resulted in one single and an unreleased album, the thought of which makes North grit his molars.

Ironically, much of his vehemence against the company is obscured on my tape by . . . jets, since his house seems to be in the flight path for Heathrow. But some gets through: "Tax loss. It was a cruel thing to do. It was like, 'Here's your money, now go away'. They never asked me to make any records at all, I insisted on it. They came down to the worst gig we ever did. . . The drummer got pissed off at his snare drum and threw it across the stage. They probably thought, 'Oh, they're a punk band they're supposed to do things like that', so they signed us".

Lamentable and time-wasting though his relationship with Jet may have been, it at least gave him the chance to learn how to operate in the studio.

"By the time I finished up I considered myself a producer, but when I started I wasn't and I made a lot of mistakes along the way. . . if the album comes out people will hear what the mistakes are and they'll hear what I've learned as well".

If North is more than a little critical about his own efforts, then he's equally scathing as regards the current crop of hard pop merchants. "The Knack are a bunch of wimps for starters. They're ugly, their whole album is crap aside from 'My Sharona', the production is negligent. . . the single is very good, despite the fact that the guitar break

is retrogressive".

Sells records though, huh?
"I don't give a f . . . no, I care about selling records, but I care about making good music".
Turns out that Ian feels that pop records should still be *about something*, so he naturally feels a tentative affinity towards those LA boys, The Pop, though his fave band in his chosen genre is Cheap Trick, apart from "those horrendous heavy metal guitar breaks they get into live". As for The Cars, ex-poet Ric Ocasek's lyrics he cannot swallow: "Y'know, 'nuclear boots', gimme a break!"

At the time of the interview, Ian was anticipating selling his album to Aura, one of the more adventurous little labels in England, but this has since fallen through because he was desperately in need of some readies upfront which Aura simply couldn't supply. However, he's determined that the album (which he wanted to call 'My Girlfriend's Dead') will come out one way or another.

"I'm ambitious, I will not stop, I will not give up. If I never get a record contract again I will press up records at my own expense. I will steal the money, I will do anything".

Due to work permit problems and the fact of his

impending eviction from his Fulham palace, the boy who hates "ditties" and who calls all his B-sides 'A Failed Pop Song' must return to New York, where his last big adventure was producing *Trouser Press* writer/boss Ira Robbins's group Knickers.

He asks me to make him sound "positive" in this article, though "If I can't do this I'll have to kill myself, there's nothing else I can do. I can't hold down a job, I'm not suited towards it. I tried it; I last a week or two, the whole time I'm thinking 'I should be a pop star' . . ."

Age, please. "That's a question I never answer. What happens if I don't make it for another 10 years? If I said I was 22 now, then in 10 years time I'd be 32. That's old. I may have to lie again in 10 years time! . . . *Mid-twenties* . . . No! I didn't even say that. I'm 17". With a killer track like 'Girls In Gangs', he is pure teen.

He came into the *Sounds* office to say goodbye a couple of days later. I showed him the American chart, evidence therein of the pop resurgence and the disco recession. His eyes widened, "I gotta get back there!" he muttered.

SANDY ROBERTSON

Ska city rockers

BASEMENT SESSION:

Possibly the finest selection of vintage Jamaican music ever assembled in one place is now available for John Public's attention in the newly opened basement of Daddy Kool Records in Soho's Dean St.

A recent investigation revealed dozens of titles on the Bluebeat label, stacks of Coxsone Dodd Studio One productions, certain Prince Buster tunes and many hours worth of veteran reggae singles, including pre-release, all at less than a quid a throw. Versions galore . . .

IT'S THAT BAND AGAIN:

Remember recently we brought you news of The Head, from Leatherhead whom we described as a nazi band with a BM following about to ruin our beloved Wellington? Weeelll, The Head gave us a bell insisting they weren't fascist.

What about this song 'Hitler Was Right'?

"No, the actual title is 'Hitler

Was Right? Hitler Was Wrong."

Well, this difference didn't get through to the BM who went round boasting you were their band.

"No honestly, the lyrics are anti-Nazi, against the minority parties. One of the lines goes 'Look out Jews here comes the aggravation! Cos the British Movement want to ruin our nation'."

We believe you, but politely suggest a little more care should be put into getting the message across . . .

SUGAR ME: *The Sun* continues to scrape the barrel, as far as pop dirt goes. As we stifle a yawn, we learn that Lynsey De Paul had a fling with Roy Wood, "But he had to woo me for nine months before anything happened". Did James Coburn have to wait so long, we wonder

I GET NO KICK FROM:

Typist Patsy Bryant alleged in court this week that she

delivered cocaine to the 'pop singer' Gary Glitter. Glitter's agent said the allegations were "absolute nonsense" and "ludicrous". 'Course they are. Everybody knows that 'pop singers' don't take 'drugs' . . .

I JUST LURVE YOUR

ACCENT, MAN. That epitome of English eccentricity, John Otway, has returned in triumph from self-financed 17-date tour of the USA this week, his horror of the American way of life matched only by his determination to get back out there.

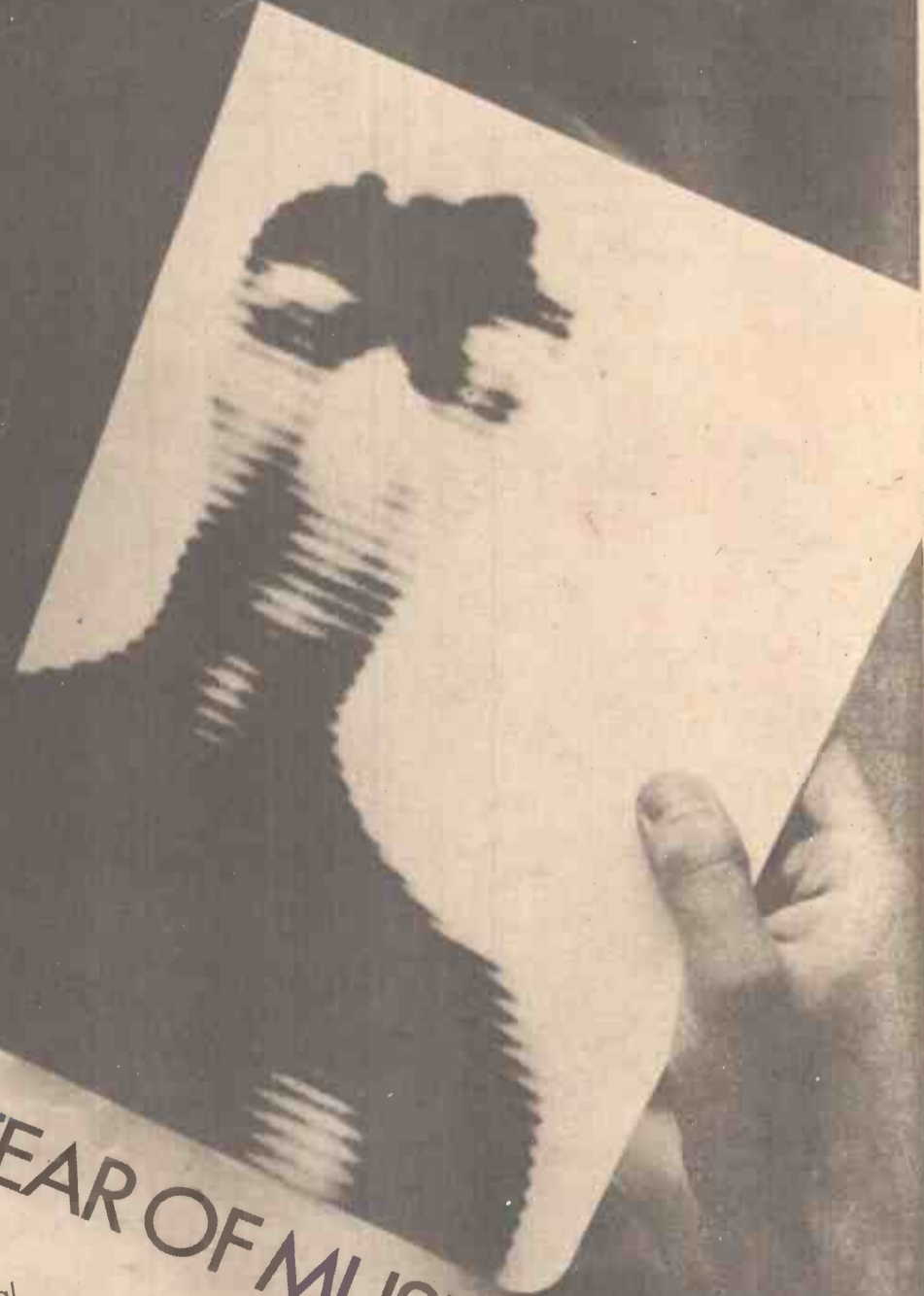
Having knocked 'em dead in New York's latest chic niterie, the Mud Club, a bubbling Otters declared that the Yanks were his for the taking and plans a second invasion (possibly with record company backing) some time in October. Before then he will be in the studio working on a new album, with the prospect of a British tour towards the end of the year.

the Knack

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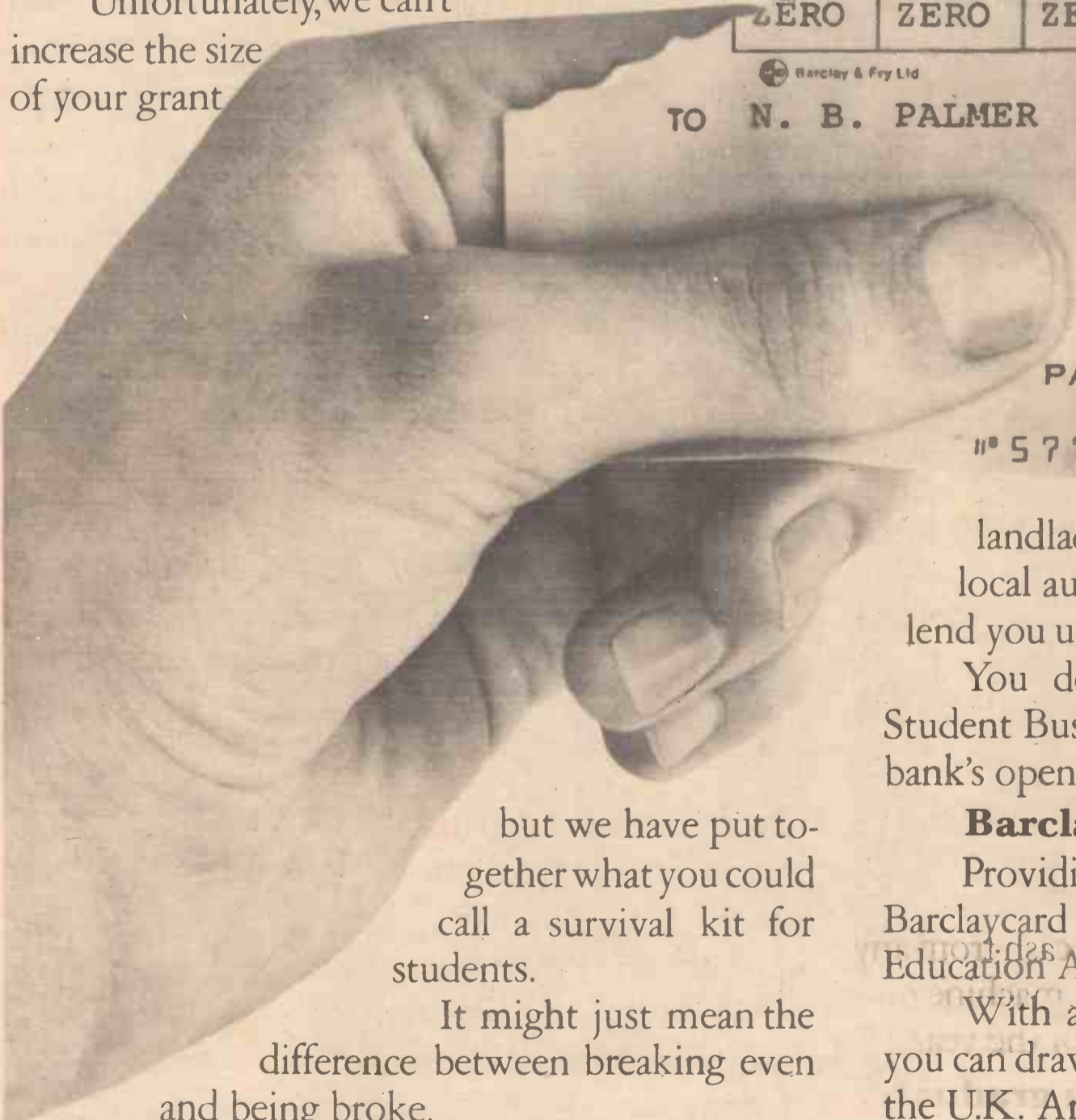
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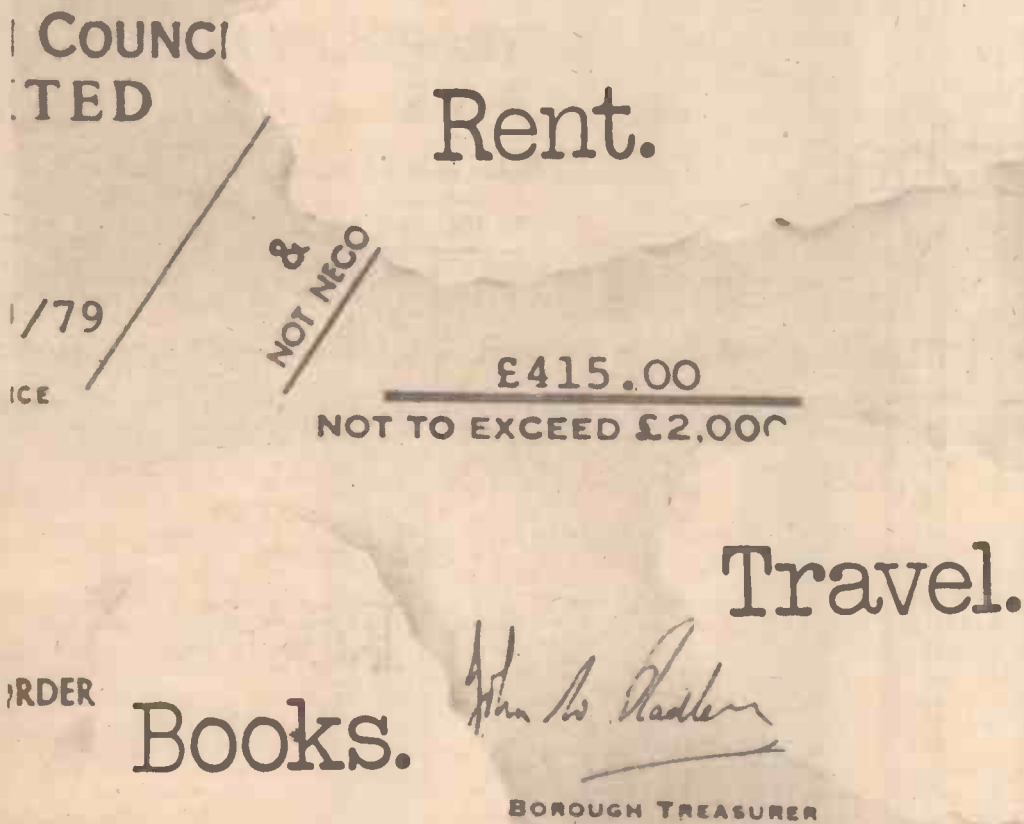
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BARCLAYS

ZOO games

a small label at the warm end of the cold wave

the music of the eighties! says dave mccullough



UPTOWN CHICAGO BUILDINGS: the Zoo empire HQ

A CAR moves through downtown Liverpool. In the backseat the writer sits cramped between the occupants of two bulging, baggy overcoats. The writer is happy and laughing. The flanking overcoats are talking incessantly, those broad but clear scouse accents firing points at their all but squashed companion with careless glee. The writer feels like he is the victim of two of those tennis-ball firing machines, and he loves it.

"The band only really formed when Mick left school. At that time it was really Paul, Mac of the Bunnymen and I. We had to wait until Mick left school before we could do anything . . . I don't want

to do the interview with him in the car because he'll just laugh!"

The laughter comes from the front driving seat of the vehicle where half of Zoo's managerial duo, Dave Balfe, sits giggling as he drives. "I knew he'd start laughing," Julian grumbles.

"I'm sorry," Dave apologises, "We'll find a cafe somewhere and I'll leave the three of you alone."

Julian Cope and Micky Finkler are the overcoats, the guitarist and vocalist/bassist respectively of The Teardrop Explodes, the makers of two of 1979's best singles in 'Sleeping Gas' and the recently hatched 'Bouncing Babies'.

Julian, the writer had met once before. He remembered he was a gangling, elastic limbed youth with madly disarrayed blonde hair, a hybrid of Magnus Pike and the Liver Birds. All arms and teeth. He is the lyricist of The Teardrop Explodes and it is his poetic, self-conscious and wildly passionate

accounts of his muse that Balfe finds hilarious. Unabashed, he tells the writer about the lyrical content of the two singles.

"'Sleeping Gas' was about a dead relationship . . . 'Bouncing Babies' has got more, uh, *meaning* to it. It's about the way people are wasted, about the way people's potential is wasted. I loved the idea of Jesus bouncing to the ground, staying there for a bit and then bouncing back up to heaven again. 'All I Am Is Loving You' on the other side of the record has reversed backing vocals on in the background, and that's us singing 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' backwards!"

Mick, the other overcoat, interrupts, needing to make a point: "Yeah, and suddenly he (Julian) shouts 'Stephen!' from nowhere! It's great!"

Julian again: "'Kirkby Workers' isn't a grandiose political statement like some people think." Mick: "It was more, like, a dig at the patronising 'Fanfare For The

Common Man' by ELP, just a laugh really. The lyrics were about this Kirkby worker who fell asleep at his machine!"

The writer can't think of the right word, but he interrupts by saying that all the band's songs have a sound that matches what the songs are about, 'Bouncing Babies' for example capturing the bouncing effect with an appropriately elastic sounding bass and drum rhythm. "Yeah!" Julian squeals with delight. "The lyrics have got to *sound* right as well as read right. I write most of the lyrics live over the music, it's the only way I get it right . . ."

RUSH, RUSH, rush, the madness goes on. Words, like darts of enthusiasm, crack the writer's skull. We stop outside drummer Gary Dwyer's house. Gary's got pleurisy. He should be in bed aching. Instead he's in St Helen's "convalescing" so there is no chance of a cosy bedside chat. "Ow, noo!" we chorus in disappointment.

"Hey, maybe Mrs Dwyer wouldn't mind if we took a picture of her instead. After all, she's got a big nose like Gary!" Julian suggests and before you can say 'help mummy' he and the furtive Mick are scampering across the road in their trailing raincoats.

"Will we go to Dana's, Dave? It's quiet there . . . yeah, I think 'Bouncing Babies' is really happy! And (here's something!) 'Sleeping Gas' got voted Single Of The Month in a record shop in Cleveland, Ohio. We were aa-mazed! We get letters from Sweden and Holland too . . . will we go to Dana's, Dave?"

Mick: "We're a very warm band. People see us live and they come up to us and they say, ooh we didn't expect *that*. Thing is, we're not at all dark or gloomy. I mean, 'Bouncing Babies' is a celebration! You talk to people like Joy Division on a human level

and they're lost . . . we even chose our name because it's warm. It's a dig at the 'cold wave' of people like Siouxsie . . ."

The writer agrees and reflects that anybody who thinks otherwise concerning Teardrop needs their ears syringed. *This is pop*, maan! Take it to the mods and ram it up their fucking lambrettas, for this is the music of the eighties! Zoo kills them all with one flick of any of their classy, sassy 45's. This is the modern world! You believe it . . .

"There's such a history of music here . . . People still think that everything is still the Beatles. Like you go into a hotel on tour and they'll tell you, ohh we had *four lads* staying here once who came from Liverpool too, and I'll bet you couldn't guess who they were!"

"The Beatles haunt you everywhere in Liverpool," Mick agrees. "Let's go to Dana's, Dave," Julian says. The writer nods yes.

It's Friday night and I'm sitting at home listening to a Kid Jensen panel who are reviewing the week's singles.

"Yes, well we've already noticed on this evening's programme the, ah, number of, ah, small labels that are appearing on the music scene. Perhaps we should, ah, take this opportunity seeing we have someone as, ah, I suppose *knowledgeable* as Dave Dee, the A&R chief of WEA Records on the show to, ah, perhaps talk about this, ah . . . Dave?"

"Well Kid, this certainly has been the, uh, case over the past six months. What is happening is that you're getting a lot of little labels being made part of the big companies (like Sire and Radar in our case). I mean, I'm sure that in ten years time there's only gonna be say ten record companies in the entire world, and they're, uh, gonna be counting on the smaller labels they have to produce bands and artists from the roots, street level, which we're now, uh, cut off



EXECUTIVE SUITE: Zoo directors Dave Balfe and Bill Drummond

pics by paul slattery

from, people who are, uh, gonna listen to tapes bands give them off the street and find the artists for us to sign . . ."

Those words must have sent a chill round the offices of Zoo Records, for Zoo is the most essential private label of the moment, the most infantile and the brightest of that rich genre and therefore the most vulnerable and, in terms of bigger companies seeking a licensing deal over its riches, the most sought after of the kind. With a quartet of quite stunning single releases behind them, Zoo are about to reach the crux of their tiny lifespan: they must keep their identity but they need the greenbacks to continue and to develop.

It's an ostensibly uncomfortable situation, one of pressure and, as Zoo bosses Bill Drummond and Dave Balfe put it, business "wheelings and dealings". But the vibrance and enthusiasm for the future that The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen exude is spread right throughout the Zoo team.

Last Thursday I travelled to The Zoo (The Name, by the way) and apart from spending a gloriously mad day with the inimitable Teardrop, spent some time talking to the Balfe-Drummond partnership in their romantically titled Chicago Buildings office in the city's Whitechapel.

THREE MONTHS ago the Zoo office was a barren, purple rectangle with two or three cassette tapes strewn here and there. Today it's a much busier room with a desk, telephone and a whole pile of cassettes sitting on one table. The Echo And The Bunnymen single, the two Teardrop 45's and now a Balfe-Drummond release under the name of Lori And The Chameleons, the magical 'Touch', has seen things move quickly and dizzily. People are beginning to take notice of The Zoo, and with justification.

The label started out of the ashes of Big In Japan, ill-fated scousers with nowhere to go. Bill was the band's guitarist, Dave a late addition on bass. The idea for a record concern was Bill's germ. He'd done everything from off-shore fishing to being a stage designer at the National Theatre: "I'd always had the idea for something like The Zoo. My idea of a record label is based on the old Stax, soul label idea. My background is more into



TEARDROP JULIAN COPE explodes down local alley

ethnic music than Dave's."

Dave, meanwhile, had also been searching for something. He'd formed Dalek I Love You (recently signed to Vertigo) but was looking for "the main chance". Enter a collective savings of £400 and The Zoo was in business.

The refreshing point about the string of singles that began and emulated the Bunnymen's 'Pictures On The Wall' was that, unlike the great unwieldy mass of independent and DIY releases, the sound on Zoo singles was bizarrely up-front, un-muddy, and vigorously produced, very un-Rough Trade and very, very agreeable.

Dave, the man at the production desk on all Zoo singles, reflects: "I feel that all the English independents are sort of revelling in their ignorance . . . an independent record now means a trashy sound."

Of 'Touch', Dave says it's "okay" but he'd like to have had a Giorgio Moroder production on it. "I don't consider myself at all good," he muses, "It's just a question of getting the right things in the right places. Anybody with common sense could do it."

The strapping 6 foot 4 inches of Scots Drummond interrupts: "Yeah, but I think the word that sums The Zoo up is soul. Our records have got to have soul too, they can't be slick. Like, both Ian, the Bunnymen's singer and Julian of Teardrop are both into the expression of soul. Ian's the Frank Sinatra of

the nineties and Julian's voice is getting better all the time."

Drummond explains: "Dave and I know what we like in music, and Echo and Teardrop both have what we like but in different ways. It isn't what we'd do ourselves but it fits in with what we like."

The duo veritably glow with ideas and child-like excitement for the future. For the moment, though, their first major hurdle, the handing over of Echo and Teardrop on licensing deals to a major company, is approaching.

"At the moment," Dave reflects, "we'd like the perfect licensing deal. We might have to sign our two main bands to a major label so we'll have the bargaining power with The Zoo. We still want to manage the two bands, though, and always want them to be identified with The Zoo."

IN FACING major record companies Balfe and Drummond are well equipped with a hard, shrewd set of attitudes, qualities bequeathed from the years they spent struggling and passing under the inevitable rip-offs in their early unsuccessful band ventures.

Bill smiles, "Dave's got the attitude that you hate somebody first and then let them prove themselves. In a way I suppose people see him as Mr Bad and me as Mr Good . . . but we both know I'm the real crook." Balfe agrees: "I don't

mind people hating me. I'm much more trustworthy than Bill I suppose. I like playing games like Scrabble and Monopoly but (breaking into a broad, knowing smile) I like playing games with people best!"

I wonder what aims and plans are afoot once (as shall obviously soon be the case) Teardrop and Echo are signed to a major. Bill: "We call the label 'The Zoo' because we don't want to be just a record company. We want to do videos, films, magazines, anything that's creativity based. We've got these two sides to our characters, you see. One, as you've been told, is very practical but there's one that is very creative . . ."

Dave goes on: "We'd like to be a lot more futuristic. A few people are living in the past, the mods and the punks for instance, whereas we are into the pop music of the future . . ."

Dave tells me he's interested in getting work from graphic designers, artists, "Anybody who's got anything to offer. We're into complete power; if you believe in yourself sincerely, anything you do that doesn't give you more power is insincere, 'cos if you believe in yourself it's your duty to go out and get yourself as much power as you can get so that your talent can be fulfilled."

Dave and Bill's estimation of this 'talent' they seek is, however, a fastidious business. Already they receive hundreds of tapes and rough demos a week and these they consider on

"The Zoo cassette recorder' with interest, but have only found one band in these circumstances. The Xpellars from Yorkshire, who, true to Zoo's no nonsense tactics, will have a single out on the label very soon."

"Say out of every ten tapes we get, on average it's fairly reliable to say that six will be rama lama punk, three will be weird, Siouxsie like, one will be trashy pop rock, people who can play and write songs but who have no special talent. One out of 100 is the Xpellars, a band who can play, who have an individual style and who can write good songs. The problem is you often get a band who has say three out of the four qualities needed; once Bill and I thought that you could go and talk to that type of band and maybe tell them their problem, perhaps they were being pseud or 'faddy', whatever. Now we realise that's like trying to change somebody's character. It's not on really . . ."

So it's down to the weary process of searching and listening endlessly through scores of tapes while in Zoo's case, unlike many other small companies that come to mind, keeping a high standard of releases. In Teardrop and Echo's case, the Zoo selection process was determined by a mixture of luck and urgency more than any set standards. They now set Zoo's high standard of poppy flair combined with

CONTINUES PAGE 54



TEARDROP EXPLODES



ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

OH MAH soul! It's the only way to start your day — well, this week anyway. With 'Dirty Water' over your corn flakes courtesy of The Inmates.

Personally I've never found that breakfast cereals lived up to their adverts. They may fill a hole but they have yet to throw a golden halo of sunshine over my bleary mornings. However, mix them with that diamond R&B sound and I'd swear the mischievous Mr Kellogg had lobbed in a quantity of something far more stimulating than the traditional monosodium glutamate.

Because this is a record. No, must be more articulate than that after the big build-up for how bright I'm feeling — this Radar 45 is the most iridescent, alive British rhythm and blues sound I've heard since the dawn of the Rolling Stones way back when you were in nappies and I was scraping the fluff off my chin in hopes that I'd attained manhood.

The song is borrowed from the 'legendary' American group the Standells on whom I would deliver an illustrated lecture except that they're not legendary round our house. The Inmates have adjusted the words slightly so that the 'Dirty Water' in question becomes the Thames, and the fierce vocals tell you very little except that 'Oh London you're my home!' No philosophical breakthrough I admit.

But it *sounds* like paradise. Uplifting, inspiring, elevating... yes, exactly what the dreary morning service on the radio might give you if they really believed in good tidings. Two glass-cutting sharp guitars, a bass and drums striving to knock the wall down on you and a voice that will sand off your winkle if you don't keep well zipped up. (Credit producer Vic Maile too, and eagerly await the album).

AH SO. It was with some pleasure that I took the chance of talking to the guys, rare purveyors of good vibes in these straitened times. As anticipated they were not joylessly divided, not a "Do you really think that's a valid question?" amongst them.

With lead guitarist Peter Gunn in Italy getting married and ex-Vibrator John Edwards in transit towards the vacant drum stool I met singer Bill Hurley, bassman Ben Donnelly and guitarist/writer Tony Oliver at the home of their manager, Ron Wilson, near Archway.

One thing about them that came out immediately and kept the whole encounter

cuddly throughout was that they are genuine 24-carat musos who love what they're doing all right but, unlike many egocentred rockers, have affection to spill over for practically everyone else on the block too.

In fact it was very difficult to keep the topic of The Inmates at the heart of the discussion as they rambled into reminiscences about London's R&B brotherhood most of whom they have played with at some time, and blew the trumpet for Wilko (Pete: "He's one of the all-time great guitarists") and Dr. Feelgood (Ron:

LONDON PRIDE

PHIL SUTCLIFFE checks out THE INMATES and rediscovers the thrills of full-blooded r 'n' b

"People are saying they are 'there for the taking' now but that's such a load of bollocks").

Although The Inmates may seem an anachronism having launched an R&B group alongside the punk uprising they insist they have never been trapped in any Chess/Stax "purists corner".

"When I saw the Pistols down the 100 Club," said Pete, dropping the big one as it were, "I thought they were brilliant because what they were doing was totally new and right for the times. They were saying to their audience 'Why don't you go out and do what you want to do'. But people took it the wrong way, narrowed it down and copied them so much."

"We've pleased ourselves all along. We thought of ourselves as a working band and we weren't expecting any big deals. We like to play and we've done about 200 gigs in the last 18 months."

Ben (also basso profundo but with a Derbyshire inflection): "We decided we wouldn't give up our day jobs (warehouseman Ben, printer Bill, teacher Pete) unless we got a record contract. We aren't rock 'n' roll gypsies to run around in a Transit all the time. There are certain basic necessities which £5 a week won't pay for."

THEY DID give up those jobs two months ago, as did Ron Wilson, thus committing himself to a new phase in one of the more diverse careers to come out of the East End.

He makes no bones about having done time for lorry hijacking: "I only took stuff from big companies you know, not ordinary people." On his release he became active in PROP, the prisoners' organisation, and started arranging concerts inside, some of which featured Ben and Pete's

previous outfit, the Cannibals (as well as the Pistols, Tom Robinson and the Stranglers).

Once he became known as a fixer anyone with a good cause tended to wind up on his doorstep. So when The Inmates asked him to manage them they inherited the widest roster of benefit gigs I've ever encountered: the North Kensington Amenity Trust (which turned out to be a Christmas party for gypsy children), the Clapham Food Co-operative, the Young Socialists national rally (Ben: "We signed our first autographs ever — for two ten-year-olds from Barnsley"), the Garners Steak House workers strike fund, and Holloway prison (Ron: "We'll always do prisons as long as they're not using us as a control factor to ease off a real situation. That would be taking sides").

And all the while they remain determined that they're not 'political' because they just play for fun.

As you might expect Ron talks about 'entertainment' rather more than he talks

about 'art' — about a thousand to one ratio I'd guess — and that suits the band. They are the only group I've met who profess themselves to be thrilled by an audience not paying close attention to them.

Pete: "I'd like to see a move away from this close scrutiny of bands where everybody's a critic and busy noting 'That was a good solo' and 'The drum

sound's not very good.' I'd rather they didn't look at us. They should chat up girls and ask them to dance instead.

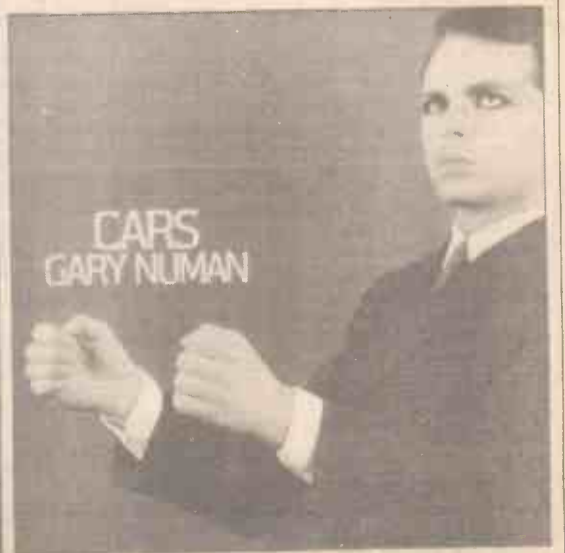
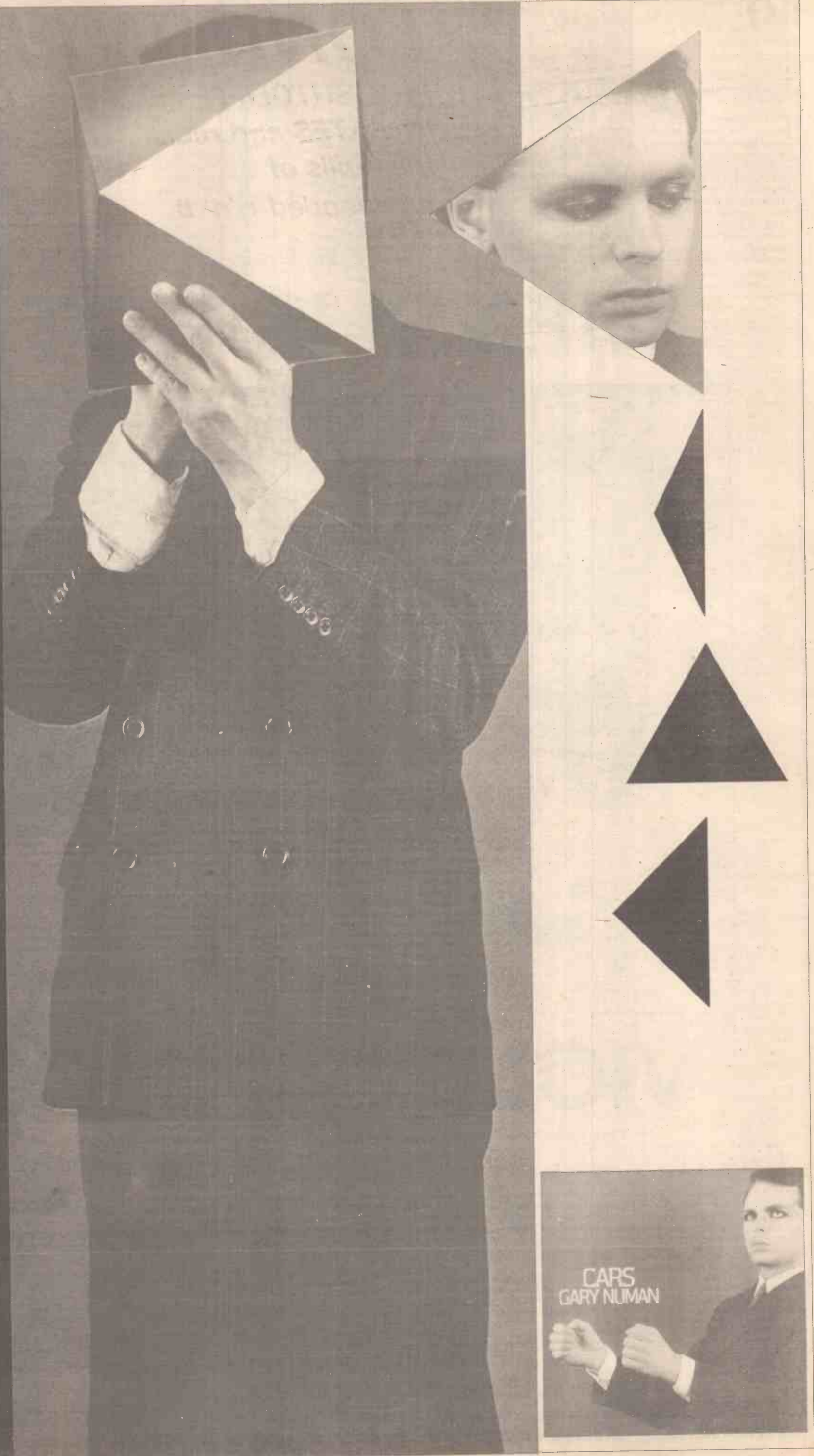
"Youth clubs are best for that sort of reaction but often we find people treat us not so differently from the megastar thing. Not exactly sitting cross-legged with glazed eyes but standing there and doing nothing, just watching us."



Pic by PAUL SLATTERY

GARY NUMAN

The new single "Cars" out now. BEG 23.
The new album "The Pleasure Principle" out Sept. 7. BEGA 10.



RECORD COMPANY offices reckon to be pretty hip places, seen everything you know, hang loose at all times, but when Mensi and Sticks careered into WEA to pick me up the press people stood stiff as capstans in a pinball machine while the two Upstarts cannoned from desk to desk, person to person, rattling up their score.

The single at 29, up 15 places. Jesus! The album at 25, up 27. Hell's teeth! Hug the receptionist, cuddle

Sticks without a questioning cloud on their horizon and settle down to watch once more their 'Top Of The Pops' debut on video highlighted by Dave Lee Travis' closing gesture of disbelief and apology to the family audience, pounding his skull at the impolite, manic intensity of what he and 12 million at home had just witnessed.

I supped up my cuppa and, with many another fond embrace for lucky passerby, we descended to the street and the Upstarts' van to drive out to their temporary lodgings in an ex-Purse flat at Hershams.

Across the road was the Marquee which drew Mensi

at least if you were going to be exposed in prominent places like rock concerts. He'd wanted to tie a Union Jack across his chest for 'Top Of The Pops' but been rightly persuaded that this was impolitic when the show gave no opportunity to explain himself.

Hershams. It's a quiet Thames-side suburb where, as Mensi put it, "You can spot the poor blokes because they only have Jaguars." He finds it a terrible work environment and the Upstarts plan to move into the thick of the city. I share Mensi's astonishment that the place could have produced Jimmy Pursey but the flat suggests

What's more and worse their career so far has been plagued by outbreaks of vile violence as you know. That's what has to be talked about first because if the Upstarts can't get a grip on it their future will be as tainted as their past.

But it is immediately obvious that the feeling of the band has been transformed by their split from former manager Keith Bell and his young cohorts. A tangible tension has gone. They are a happy bunch of lads now whereas before the band always seemed more or less as explosive and dangerous as their gang of close followers.

anyway increased to balance his own uncertainties and became ever more burdensome to the Upstarts until they reached flashpoint in Leeds as recounted variously from both points of view in previous issues.

And now Mensi can face up to the fact that it was his followers who caused the trouble that has left them banned from every gig north of Redcar and south of Edinburgh.

He admitted: "It was our so-called road crew started it all. The King Of The Kids' boys. I tried to ignore it, I looked for excuses, but I've had to face it. I made it worse myself by taking the

and defeated and that he must know it in his bones. Mensi: "I was nearly in tears afterwards because I felt the whole thing, everything I'd been going on about, was finished. The North-East audiences are the best you can get and I had them like *that* (*he held out his hand forming a firm but tender cup*) and then . . . A kid who got his nose broke came up to me after and he says 'Is this what it's about?' and I says 'Fuckin' right it isn't. And I'll tell you I'm never gonna play again.' But he says 'No don't do that, you gorra go on.'

"I'd jumped into that crowd and told them if they wanted to hit someone hit

MENSI IS NOT A



PIX: PAUL SLATTERY

MENSI relaxes in bed

VIOLENT PERSON

the publicity director's secretary, slap the passing black girl's bum.

"Hello toot!" Everyone in Upstart patter in 'toot' (rhyming with 'foot'), 'stoots' (likewise) or 'sankey', even the publicity director. He gleefully uses a lot of foul language when talking to them, as if it took him back to smoking in the school bogs with the prefects locked out, and tells them it's been agreed with their manager that morning that they should do another album before Christmas.

"Great!" say Mensi and

to reminisce about the previous night. The Ruts had invited him on stage for 'Babylon's Burning' and he'd been surrounded by admiring girls who wanted to kiss him and were not refused. "He went bright red mind," said Sticks, not doing too badly himself with his newly fluorescent barnet offset by his natural jet black beetle brows (if Denis Henley was a punk . . . ?)

On the tonsorial front Mensi plans to grow his hair because it had become impossible to remain a skinhead and not be mistaken for a young Nazi,

he possibly made out by creating an island for his imagination to live on.

The walls and ceilings are plastered with superhero comics, movie posters, pictures of the Beatles and Mayfair nudes. The atmosphere of the place is now the Upstarts' own though — the sweaty socks and rancid underwear smell of young bachelorhood.

MENTAL SQUEAL of brakes. The Upstarts are hilarious people to be with but their work is deadly serious. Frowning, snarling grim. That's by intent.

You've probably seen pictures of Keith holding the infamous pig's head aloft during 'Police Oppression': a mini-man-mountain, a self-confessed villain, he could also seem like a roguish uncle to the band. He was an alarming figure in some ways but, at a journalistic distance from events, I didn't dislike him. I've no doubt that he did help the Upstarts in many ways at the outset.

But I'm equally sure that he couldn't keep pace with their growth outside Shields and the element of threat and fear he always carried

me. I wanted to hit them for not taking any notice of us. But I didn't know the whole situation. The fact was none of the audience did want to fight. It was only the wankers with us who were attacking them.

The Upstarts' last gig in Newcastle was at the Canteen, a part of the University opened to the public. I wasn't there but I heard many accounts of it. Another debacle. Vicious fights all the way. Mensi, significantly it seemed to me, was pleading for peace, threatening to leave the stage if the violence didn't stop, going off, but coming back to finish the set. I felt he had been both betrayed

me. I wanted to hit them for not taking any notice of us. But I didn't know the whole situation. The fact was none of the audience did want to fight. It was only the wankers with us who were attacking them.

"When I got home I just walked up and down the John Read Road till four in the morning and I never went to bed, just sat up. I was pissed off."

Me: "And what those kids seemed to have no idea of was that they weren't only affecting the Upstarts' gigs. They'd closed that venue permanently for all bands."

"I'M SO ROMANTIC," HE SAYS. BUT PHIL SUTCLIFFE REMAINS CONVINCED THAT THE UPSTARTS CONSTITUTE AN EXPLOSIVE SITUATION

Mensi: "No, they were over the moon about that. Because then no other band could play and they thought they were on top."

IT'S NOT surprising that Mensi is angry now he's realised what was happening but I'm not sure that it's enough for him to put these incidents down to sheer thickness. That seems to beg all questions the way football writers do when they refer glibly to 'mindless violence' (inside every skull lurks some grey matter after all).

And Mensi himself used to lead kids into the sort of violence he now deplores when he ran with Sunderland's football gangs. I asked him to describe his background in more detail to see how he arrived at his present views.

Mensi: "When punk came along it really made me think. Not just about music but life in general. I mean I'd been pretty bright when I was younger and then I seemed to hit a mental block."

Me: "You passed your eleven-plus and went to grammar school didn't you?"

Mensi: "That's when I started to rebel and I went from bad to worse."

Me: "Why did that happen? Have you sorted it out in your own mind?"

Mensi: "The whole thing about grammar school. I wanted to destroy it. The teachers had so much authority and they showed how much authority they had. It really killed me y'naa' It comes back to 'show me respect and I'll give it'."

Me: "Did you get any pressure from your other friends who didn't pass?"

Mensi: "I remember the letter coming through and I was embarrassed. All me mates weren't going. Some of them turned against us... no they didn't, but they didn't understand why I wanted to go. I thought I'd give it a try but I really hated it. I had a war relationship with the teachers and the prefects. I did some really nasty things to people..."

Me: "Like what?"

Mensi: "The sixth formers who had been giving us a bit stick, reporting us to the teachers for different things, they put this aeroplane which had taken them a year to build on display at the school open day and I ripped the engine out and punched me hand through the fuselage and tore the wings off it; it really give me great pleasure."

"But I think they were to blame as much as I was because they made me feel so out of place. I wasn't the only working class kid there but the rest of them seemed to knuckle down. I wouldn't have lads a couple of years older than me telling me what to do. Walk this way, walk that way. In the end I got expelled. Farewell."

Me: "What happened then?"

Mensi: "I went to secondary school and it was much better. There was safebreaking classes (laughter). It was quite frequent you'd be sat in class and two coppers would burst in, say 'Come here you little bastard', and drag some kid out. Out of order! Stand in the corner smokin' with a couple of kids and one's saying to the other 'Burglary come off all right last night then?'. That was the patter y'naa'."

Sticks: "I enjoyed it all me, school. A laugh. I went to one in Sunderland which was supposed to be comprehensive but they still



STICKS relaxes in bed

kept it in two parts really and there was that friction between them. Always battles. I used to look forward to every lesson though because I didn't work just fucked about. Sometimes when I'm bored I'd like to go back to school. Maybe the whole lorra us just for a week. (That howl you hear in the distance is a headmaster screaming.)

OUR SPECIALITY was stealing lead but other kids used to come in with haversacks full of Regal and No. 6. Ten fags for 10p. Great. And there was this kid come in with a haversack, a briefcase and an Adidas bag full of this cookin' chocolate. Unbelievable. I was sick as a bastard rre. Aah."

Me: "Mensi, Gary Bushell wrote in his article on your Acklington jail gig 'Mensi is not a violent person'. I'm not sure he was right. What do you think?"

Mensi: "It's hard to describe. I'm not pushy but when I hoy a bluey... I don't know what I'm doing and I regret it afterwards... if I hit a kid ower the head with a bottle or done a

kid in. I can blow up in a minute and it'll be over in a minute."

Me: "Do you think you'll ever be able to get a grip on that part of you?"

Mensi: "Na, I'll never be able to control it."

It was coming here to me how sad it was that someone like Mensi, who appears to have all the qualifications, couldn't reach kids who are in many ways doubles for him except that they haven't discovered themselves as he has. I don't mean that punk rock should be used to suppress rebelliousness or lobotomise frustration. But it might inspire something more positive than self-destruction. Instead, I said, it often turned out to be reinforcing its own clichés of 'blank generation' and 'no future'. Mensi cut in...

Mensi: "There is a future. You can make a future for yourself. Never mind running with the pack. Think for yourself."

Me: "Do you mean that before punk you weren't thinking for yourself?"

Sticks: "None of us were. In Sunderland before the Sex Pistols came along it

'YOU CAN MAKE A FUTURE FOR YOURSELF. NEVER MIND RUNNING WITH THE PACK. THINK FOR YOURSELF' — MENSİ

was all gang warfare. After football matches all the north side waiting at the bridge the south side has to gan ower to get home and there's hell on.

BUT IT'S all changed. The kids I'm drinking with now I used to fight two years ago. All of us have become punks and that's the effect it's had. Especially up there."

Me: "Thinking of the effect of punk something you said a few minutes ago keeps coming back to me. About having the audience in the

palm of your hand. Having got them there what are you going to do with them?"

Mensi: "Give them some of my thoughts, what we've been talking about. I know the difference between right and wrong. If one of those thick kids can see it it's worthwhile."

Me: "No, you're oversimplifying. You've given me this gentle image of holding people in the palm of your hand but that could also be a position of power. It's almost God-like."

Mensi: "If you've got power the thing is not to abuse it. I hope I never do if I get in that position."

Me: "It's a big job to take on though isn't it. Because you don't just deal in la-la love. From 'Liddle Towers' onwards all your songs have been serious. So you've taken on an unusual amount of responsibility."

Mensi: "I haven't got the answers to everything but I think I've got a few."

Me: "So it'll be okay if you only sing about the things you're sure of?"

Mensi: "Yes."

Me: "I'm not sure you should be so sure. Take one of your songs, 'Student Power'. To me it's a song of prejudice. Put 'black' in the lyrics for 'student' and it could be a National Front racist song. As it is it does finger a group of people and say they're all bad."

Sticks: "Have you ever been refused entry to the Poly or the University?"

Me: "No."

Mensi: "Like most of my songs that was written when I was upset. It was my way of getting back at the students for not letting me into a Clash gig. Anyway they piss me off professing to know everything about everything. Like that 'Troops Out Of Ireland' demonstration we bumped into in Oxford Street last Sunday. They're walking along chanting 'Troops out' when I know for a fact that if the troops did get out there'd be civil war."

Me: "You 'know' that? Isn't it a matter of opinion?"

Mensi: "It's not opinion! Fuckin' hell man Phil, they're killing each other with the army there. What would they do if they were gone?"

Me: "Okay. There's no easy answers. But 'Student Power' is still a prejudice song and I think it's wrong."

It was agree-to-differ time. Political precision may not be the Upstarts' strong suit but they know where they stand on individual issues and they are quite unruffled by critical doubts that they can come up with another strong album's worth of material. Mensi's

**CONTINUES
NEXT PAGE**



MENSİ, STICKS and A.N. Other relax in bed

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

FROM PAGE 23

skull is steaming with ideas (anti-racism, anti-drugs, pro being true to yourself are the ones he mentioned).

TO BRING these to fruition they are to be locked in a studio for a week away from the city distractions which lure Mensi and Sticks at least, though Mond and Steve prefer to head home for their few free days — which is why they were non-attenders at this interview. Oh, which distractions? Mensi: "Anything I tell you about women is just to wind my girlfriend up. She can't adjust to me being down here y'naa. If I told you I'd been out with Queen Elizabeth she'd be on the phone to Buckingham Palace saying 'You leave him alone!' She believes everything she reads." Sticks: "But he's always falling in love."

Mensi: "It's true. You cannot take me out or I'll fall in love. I'm so romantic. And soft. People are always taking advantage of me. My lass plays war with me about it."

He's more eligible by the day of course as the Upstarts' records rise and he's trying to meet every new encounter with protective suspicion though, strangely with his background, it doesn't come easy to him.

Actually he's not unfamiliar with 'wealth' as during his three years down the pit he often made a hundred pounds in a week. The thought drew out some affectionate memories.

Mensi: "They're real hard men down there. Bokes who show you respect. I admired them. We had some great laughs too. Me and a little feller called Venice Hawes used to have

the place in uproar.

"You know there's a lot of rules down the pit that get broken the way things are now with productivity deals which mean you make more money for more coal. Well there was a certain under-manager we didn't like and we'd refused to do jobs for him because they were in breach of this and that rule. Sit down. 'Everybody out!' But the buggers would never come.

"We'd be forever working under protest and insisting they noted it officially so the deputy had to get his books out and record it, 'Mensforth worked under protest'.

"I did enjoy it. Except sometimes when you'd get a lonely job and you're down there in the dark with the fuckin' sea water pissing down the back of your neck and the dust up your nose so you cannot breathe it gi' me a lot of experience anyway."

We concluded with the Standard Punk Interview Question.

Me: "How are you coping" with being in this crazy position of speaking out for rebelliousness and being marketed by a big business?"

Mensi: "I'm still doing the same things, saying the same things, but I'm getting to a lot more people through WEA. So I don't think I joined them. They joined me. WEA's joined the revolution. Power to the people!"

Then we made a wonderful discovery. We played a bit of the tape back and calculated that if it represented Mensi's standard rate for saying 'fuck' and various declensions thereof he must have used it about 600 times in two hours.

Reverently we gazed out over Hershams and contemplated the infinite

SUNDAY MORNING NIGHTMARE: *Lost 3-0 at home to Preston, Conte down after fighting like a champ, head like a Ford's factory line, and not a decent 45 in the pile . . . It's desolation row in singleville, though consolation can be had in the purple heart shaped chartbound charge of Secret Affair and The Jam and the imminent mohair-camouflaged rock assaults of The Ruts and The Skids. Meanwhile I know John Peel will splice my mainbrace if I don't review the Quads single, but if I ain't got it I can't review it now Peelers, can I? Be reasonable. If it don't come tomorrow, myfanwies, I'm off to Wales with The Skids never to return rather than face the beardsmen's wrath.*

RON WOOD: 'Seven Days' (CBS). These days you can't help noticing how desperate the rock 'hipsters' seem to be to crawl up the degenerate arseholes of the millionaire rock dinosaurs with their pathetic waster-than-thou cocaine chic. But the whole New Barbarians fiasco just proves how insignificant and redundant they all are. Ronnie Wood smiles a lot an is thus slightly less disgusting than Keef, but here he wraps his insubstantial lungs wheezily round some

forgettable lyrics like a wimpier Zimmerman on crutches while the band strike up an easy-listening geriatric retreat of an early Seventies Stones formula: about as tough and biting as a Chelsea Pensioners tea party.

Yesterday's promises look pathetic in the cold light of '79 and too many people have been living on their reputations for far too long (watch out for the justification acrobatics surrounding the new Dylan God-squad bore while being equally wary of those who profess to live by amphetamines, alcohol and active protest' but never buy a round and protest from an armchair).

Ultimately the real sufferers in situations like this are the doublethink fans who justify every downward slide of their heroes and end up buried in a sea of vinyl so valueless that even the Steptoes wouldn't cart it away. The boy looked at Ronnie and threw up.

GARY NUMAN: 'Cars' (Beggars Banquet). In which the Horace Wimp of sci-fi rock proves once again that Bowie made nice wallpaper, 'cept the poor boy's so hopelessly contrived that I'm surprised all you sharp 'punks' ain't seen through him yet. The formula's so simple: blag some synthesisers, impersonate an

android, stare blankly as often as possible and sing in a distant (therefore 'meaningful') whine: 'Here in my car/I feel safest of all/I can lock all my doors/It's the only way to live'. Schucks and there was us thinking anarchy was the only way to be . . . The blank-wank generation know they'll never have the guts to try and change anything but what a rotten place the world is. Maybe if we all stare at the sky some nice spaceman will come down and change it for us. Actually Gary steals his lyrics from theoretical column of the *Exchange & Mart* and his pink Rolls is stuck in a traffic jam in a suburban cul-de-sac littered with the cast-offs of a side-tracked generation. Jimmy Pursey tells me this will be number one. (*Boy, that's really going out on a limb.* — Ed). He's probably right. He usually is.

NINA HAGEN: (TV Glotzer) (CBS). If beauty is skin deep young Nina was born inside out. She does make great comedy records though. Or rather she would if she didn't attach such a *donner und blitzen* seriousness to herself. As if a woman with a face like a bag of chisels covered in pretentious pie and mash make-up and — adding insult to injury — wearing punky rip-off schmutta, singing the Tubes

White Punks On Dope' in Double Deutch like some wretched refugee from Covent Garden Opera House over a completely pedestrian musical backing deserves anything more than several hearty guffaws and a swift kick up the khyber.

(Pardon me if I don't hold with the schiesskopf end of skinhead thinking that holds that all things Germanic, and 'specially those bits with Mr Hitler's approval, will save them and some nebulous concept called 'the Aryan Race'. Such a stress on skin colour puts you in the same bag as Maggie Thatcher, Jimmy Carter and the scabby fat cats laughing all the way to several Swiss banks. Or hadn't you thought of that? Never mind. Plenty of time for thinking in the camps football hooligans will get thrown into if the dismal divs who are pulling your strings ever get to power.

AUSTIN VAN DRIVER AND THE MORRISMEN: 'Salt And Vinegar' (Pye). They must be taking the piss! Hopeless mock-cockney novelty record with nursery rhyme piano aims to capture a portion of the Chas And Dave market but wouldn't last five seconds any where East of Aldgate. Don't this sort of michael-taking Tom Tit get on yer West Ham Reserves, John? It do mine. Kick 'em in the orchestras and bung em in the bleedin' daft and barmy, that's what I say (Knoworrimean, jack the 'lad, don't be piccadilly etc).

SCORPIONS: 'Love Drive' (Harvest); **RUDE KIDS:** 'Absolute Ruler' (Polydor). The Scorpions are one of the best HM bands around in these time-warping days (which is the equivalent fo saying Benny Hawkins is more convincingly acted than Meg Mortimer). Still they do manage to get the best of some old ideas here, belting along as much as HM bands ever do in 12 red vinyl inches packed solid with references to 'driving me crazy babe'. The Rude Kids however continue to plummet downwards from the

Singles



NINA HAGEN and GARY NUMAN



DAILY EXPRESS Friday July 27 1979

H* WILLIAM HICKEY

KEEPING TABS ON OUR ROYALS

King & Queen

☆ IT will be with some amazement that the QUEEN discovers she has been immortalised by negro blues singer B. B. KING. Ghetto-raised King, who has been in this country to sing at a music festival, has issued a new record called "Better Not Look Down," which contains an intriguing, though wholly imaginary meeting between them.

In the song, King fantasises the Queen drawing up alongside him in a dawn-lit London street on her return from a party

in her Rolls-Royce.

She says: "Aren't you B. B. King?" And the song continues: "Oh, B.B., sometimes it's so hard to pull things together. Could you tell me what you think I ought to do?" And I said: "Better not look down if you want to keep on flying."

An amused Buckingham Palace official person tells me: "So far as I can remember, the Queen has not met Mr King, and it is unlikely she has heard the record."

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'Better Not Look Down' the great new single from **B.B.KING**

MCA 515

MCA RECORDS



REVIEWED BY GARRY BUSHELL



ANGIE: Pete Townshend's pubescent protege

glorious 'Raggare Are A Bunch of Motherfuckers'. This is pure headbanging of the Motorhead metal kind. Where HM and 'punk' meet in a tuneless mismatch of safety pins and dandruff, and dead bikers hover over the Kings Road while all the criminals in their coats and their ties are free to drink martini and watch the sunrise. Or to put it another way has Arthur Negus heard these riffs? They might be worth a few bob.

ANGIE: 'Peppermint Lump' (Stiff). In which Stiff and Pete Townshend (producer) battle ferociously to prove which one of them is the most irrelevant. A classic case of child exploitation featuring 11 year old Sandy Robertson fantasy figure school girl Angie roped in to croon in a Gbh-on-the-earholes sub-Lena Zavaranni mish mash over a Townshend-esque tune (play the record at 33 rpm however and Angie sounds remarkably like Nico, she of the dark heart and velvet underwear - perhaps this means something). The only people who would possibly buy this crap are perverted snot-crusted old men in filthy gannex raincoats and embarrassingly distasteful sexual hang-ups. But then it's about time minorities were catered for.

DEVO: 'Secret Agent Man' (Virgin). Devo owe more to Joe

90 than Ray Chandler or Roscoe Moscow and plagiarise last decade's ideas in this tinny waste of time, making the Sixties palatable for those cretins who laugh at mod by the cunning device of dressing up their blags in empty, intellectually non-starter pretensions for would-be 'music critic' philosophers who'd believe the world was flat if you told em so in words of ten syllables or more. Recommended only to people who wear cheapo sun glasses in the Marquee.

INVADERS: 'Best Thing I Ever Did' (Polydor). Dick eye chavvy it's that mud town slosher with his producer's tifter on again. Sad to say however this ain't the best thing Invader-composer Sid Sidelnyk's ever done - that was 'Girl In Action', a great pop song that genuinely deserved to chart big. Compared to that this single is sadly ordinary - 'pleasant pop' that is instantly forgettable and definitely destined for Dunkirk-style repulsion from the sunny shores of chart land.

CIVE CULBERTSON: 'Time To Kill' (Logo). Charmless, harmless pop, featuring some nice ideas castrated at birth by a singular lack of convincing power or impact. Honestly The Chords piss all over this Logo re-issue of Culbertson's McCullough rated Rip-Off 45, which turns

out to be exactly right for daring Racey fans and Fall sycophants everywhere.

HERMAN BROOD AND HIS WILD ROMANCE: 'Saturday Night' (Ariola). Shameless, not to mention pointless, rip off of the Stones' recent disco borrowings (and thus suitable only for those sufferings from total milk of magnesia) from Second Hand Herman, a Dutch crutch with a clog down his Y-fronts and a reputation amongst those real evil *real men* who stalk down cowboy myths on Harley Davidsons. Can you imagine: Altamount chic meets disco chic down on the dance floor. Shake that dandruff! Rev that 750! Knife that Dj! (Boogie jogie oogie)

BARRACUDAS: 'I Want My Woody Back' (Cells Records). Lotsa sun for silver surfing USA' cept someone's half-inched Jeremy Gluck's 'woodie'. No, not his oaken dildo dear, but apparently a wooden car used to transport boards and bints beachwards. Sluggish harmonies lead into succesful surfing pastiche with great Richman-like talkover. 'Cept the whole thing needs an injection of onedoodreedor ramonarama power to be totally convincing to one such as I. Still, has a certain novelty charm and with airplay could be glide gracefully into the salty lower reaches of the Top Ten.

BARRON KNIGHTS: 'The Topical Song' (Epic). Remarkably unfunny petrol crisis lyrics set over the stunningly awful Supertramp's monotonous 'Logical Song'. Hard to imagine these are the same geezers who brought us the fine 'Taste Of Aggro' 45 with its superb 'dentist in Birmingham' Boney Knees piss-take and that awful Smurfy 'We're from Catford, ain't we, eh?' ribbing. Like The Clash, the Barron Knights have lost it. They need a tiger in the tank and a swift injection of finest DM serum administered to the rectum.

PANS PEOPLE: 'Club Lido' (GM). Pans People flash their navels and come on all Fry's Turkish Delight over a limp slice of Bakerama that's put to shame both musically and groin-grippingly by the far hornier Hot Gossip who would have called it 'Club Libido' (or maybe even 'Charlton Lido'). Guaranteed TV time, radio plays and popular press coverage, this is so frighteningly evil you need to be over 16 to legally hear it. But still a nice one to listen to when you're asleep.

VERMILLION AND THE ACES: 'The Letter' (Illegal). The most distressing example of public suicide since Hari-Kari. The worst thing Menace/The Aces ever did was to hitch up with old Vermin, the middle-aged leather queen (once rudely

referred to as 'Lemmy with tits') with her gormless greaser imagery. Here the fine men play at half speed, power and conviction that made their last incarnation so enjoyable. I'm gutted and am off to play 'GLC', now there is a single (cont 1978 - Ed).

HEADBOYS: 'The Shape Of Things To Come' (RSO). Pretentious pomp rock on the Bee Gees label with about as much life as Customs House Baptist Church on a Sunday morning. A real no way, no-go lulu come egg-laying bobo. If this is the shape of things to come I'm going back to

working at Lambeth Fire Station.

YACHTS: 'BOX 202' (Radar); DAZZLERS: 'Feeling Free' (Charisma). The ghost of '78's biggest business pisstake rears its ugly blackhead-laden head - and spews out some rank out of order bilge. The Yachts sink without trace with Ted Heath at the wheel in a gen-u-ine backward step towards Uriah Heep hysterics albeit with marshmallowy rather than metallic momentum. The most noteworthy thing about that is that Tommy ex-Ramone produces and thus succeeds in

making a total prat of himself. If this is powerful then Ronnie Kray is the Cookie Monster. Records like this just prove how inane the powerpop jibes at mod by sad old phonies are. And to save my soul I've just played the excellent new Lennon-esque Jam single which has more life than all the records reviewed today put together and beckons with open arms like the bright light at the end of a very dark tunnel.



REGGAE REVIEWED BY ERIC FULLER



GLEN 'BAGGA' FAGIN, Matumbi vocalist, about to become a household name

MATUMBI 'Point Of View'/'Pretender' (MR) In one fell stroke of inimitable quality Matumbi knock all their UK rivals straight back in the corner. I mean, this has to be the most inventive, original, stylish and engaging English reggae record for years.

'Point Of View' comes on like full bodied big band swing, easy and instantly sweet on the ear and as deserving of a place high up the national chart as Dennis Matumbi's 'Silly Games' ever was, streets ahead of the blandness of 'Bluebeat And Ska' and one for every pub jukebox in the country. 'Pretender' jabs out just as much hook but a spit more venom, a Bovell dubwise brainscrambler aimed (as it happens) at one recently popular label owner but lyrically general enough to serve as warning to tiresome self-seekers of any description. They could never make a record like this in Jamaica.

BARRINGTON LEVY 'Looking My Love' (Busy) JAH THOMAS 'Dance On The Corner' (Jah Guidance) There's always massive overkill being meted out on versions of at least one classic rhythm - last month it was Slim Smith's 'My Conversation', more currently Coxson Dodd's 'Real Rock' tune, brought to fresh attention by Junior Murvin and Joe Gibbs with 'Cool Out Son' and since visited by at least another six adaptations including a JA number one 'Nice Up The Dance'. These two have to be the best of all, Barrington Levy getting away from joke toasting to invest the fierce instrumental with some properly emotive and harrowing singing about women with the faces of angels and hearts like Jezebels. The Jah Thomas effort is a straight enough deejay cover on the much loved topic of livening up local dances, both sides featuring exceptionally explosive dub workouts that more than do

justice to Downbeat's 'Real Dub' original.

Barrington Levy also collared the field overall the 'I Thirst' trash in the 'My Conversation' stakes with his leisurely 'Callie Weed', and in company with Rod Taylor is a new singer to respect. Also vying for attention on the 'Real Rock' market is a blank label Winston Riley production on his Mummy label, featuring a striking horn-layered dub expedition but unfortunately lacking any detail of title or artist. Very mysterious.

LEROY SMART 'Pride And Ambition' (Dub Vendor) A couple of hours in the company of anyone with a reggae collection that goes back before 1975 should be enough to demonstrate that original cuts usually have the drop on more recent do-overs, a point comfortably made right here. One side has Leroy Smart's rare and sultry original 1972 recording for Gussie Clarke, dark, moody

and held in check by a rock-steady clucking guitar, kept scrupulously free of spurious arrangements with an early Big Youth toast tacked neatly on the end. Perfect. The '79 style cover on the top half lies under a scum of surface syndrums and bleeping electrorama, positively in keeping with disco-reggae demands but still a sad illustration of how great tunes get abused. Positively worth an investment for all that, and a particularly imaginative label debut.

SUGAR MINOTT 'Give Me Jah Jah' (Studio One) To indulge in a brief heresy, I prefer the version of this particular song on the 'Ghetto-Ology' album, but for collectable chic this four quids-worth offers an original vocal cut, a Jackie Mittoo wailing synthesiser instrumental and a side of the near-legendary and little heard toaster King Stitt. The people next door almost certainly won't have it.



PAN'S PEOPLE: nice when you're asleep

Sofa so good sighs home-loving
JUDY TZUKE. Hugh Fielder
 bites on a cushion



Pix by Ray Stevenson

HARD TIMES AND SOFT FURNISHING

THE LEERING, manic face of Mensi fades into the television-screen to be replaced by the hearthrug features of Dave Lee Travis. "And now for something completely different," he says with sparkling originality. "Here's the lovely Judy Tzuke with 'Stay With Me Till Dawn'."

And here we go again. Another flaxeh haired lady singing a smoochy ballad and gazing meaningfully into the *Top Of The Pops* camera, pleading with her man to stay around 'cos she really needs him. And around the country a million male egos preen themselves at the thought that what this chick on the box needs is their firm, authoritative personality to brighten up her life. She'll feel safe and secure with them.

Well fellas, I got news for you. Ms Tzuke feels perfectly safe and secure on her own. After eight years of searching she's finally got what she's been looking for: the chance to sing her songs in public. So far, having a hit single and an album in the Top Thirty seems incidental to her.

Corny and naive in this cynical day and age maybe. But she can't help that. So far she hasn't been hurt sharply enough by the music business or the media to put up her guard: Not even a recent fumbling attempt by the *Daily Star*, asking about her boyfriends and whether her bust (larger than the average) developed earlier than most girls, has damaged her frankness when talking to journalists.

So if it's a vulnerable shrinking violet you've marked Judy Tzuke down for in your imagination then forget it. "I don't consider myself a woman singer,"

she says. "The songs reflect my feelings and those of the guy I write the songs with, Mike Paxman. I don't think they're particularly feminine."

"I honestly believe that I haven't had any influences although if there's anybody I feel influenced by vocally it's Paul Rodgers. It's not so much the songs as the way he phrases them. Women just sing. They generally don't use their voices. I don't like women singers by and large."

SO SHE'S a bit peeved by all the comparisons that have been made since the release of her first album, 'Welcome To The Cruise'. The female contingent of Fleetwood Mac have frequently cropped up when discussing Judy's singing but she's not having any of it.

"Stevie Nicks has the most opposite voice to mine that I could imagine. Her voice is all vibrato and mine hasn't any. I can see a vague likeness to Christine McVie I suppose. It annoyed me at the beginning because I got compared to every girl singer there was. They don't do that with men."

Judy Tzuke's story is fairly simply told (Tzuke by the way is Polish which is where her father came from). "I just love singing. It's very boring I suppose but I really do. I'm not much good at anything else. I started writing songs at school; revolutionary songs like 'We're the revolution. We're gonna take over the world' and that sort of thing."

"When I was 15 my mother signed me to a contract which she thought was the best thing for me but in fact it turned out to be an advertising agency. They were taking me on as an experiment and the guy



who was supposed to be managing me went off to America for a week's holiday and didn't come back for two years. So I couldn't do anything.

"Around the same time I went to Rocket Records. I had two songs. I'd only written two proper songs then. They liked them and asked if I had any more. I lied and said I had about 20. So they asked me to go into the studio the following week and put eight of them down. I never went back because I was so embarrassed."

"I also went to Island a little later and they were interested and took me out to lunch but it never came to anything."

ever since. We went to Good Earth and had a single released called 'These Are The Laws' which never got any promotion so it died. We've done it again on the album and it still isn't right," she smiles.

"After that I got depressed and went down to stay with Paul Muggleton (her percussionist and back-up vocalist) and his wife down in Devon. I was ready to give up but Paul persuaded me to keep going and sent me back to Rocket. All the people were different second time around — I think Elton John was the only guy who was still there — and David Crocker, the managing director, signed me up. He's shown terrific faith in everything we've done and has come to every gig."

THE SUCCESS of the album means much more to her than having a hit single which is just the gilt on the gingerbread. And despite some faults I'd recommend the album to anyone over the single which is scarcely representative. It's one of only a couple of West Coast sounding songs. The others have much more flair and originality, notably the powerful title track, 'Welcome To The Cruise', the ephemeral but irresistible 'Sukarita', the ebullient 'Southern Smiles' and the remarkable 'For You' which was her first single last year and got loads of airplay but didn't quite make the charts. It's a stunning little vignette of multi-tracked interlocking harmonies with only a string quartet for company.

"I was just practising harmonies on the Revox one night and sang the 'Here they come again' line four or five times just to give me something to sing over. Only then did I start to think of the possibilities so I wrote another line going in the opposite direction. By the time I'd finished it was very late and my mum had gone to bed so I'd no idea whether it was any good or not."

But Mike was impressed and together they tidied the song up and recorded it. Their partnership has no fixed formula to it. Some songs, like 'Stay With Me Till Dawn', are collaborative efforts from start to finish but most are written by one and cleaned up by the other.

Without wanting to criticise either the album or its producer Judy concedes my own qualms that some of the tracks are overcooked. "We'll be looking for a sparer sound on the next album," she says. "My voice is quite OK on its own; it doesn't need any effects added to it. We want to co-produce the next album because everyone in the band is getting involved."

"I don't want to be too close to anything," she admits. "They can put me where they want but I know where I am; or at least I know where I'm not," she adds. "If I'm happy I just sit at home. If I'm unhappy I tend to go out."

After the interview there's talk of a trip down to Blaises or some such trendy nighterie.

"No thanks," says Judy, "I'm going home."

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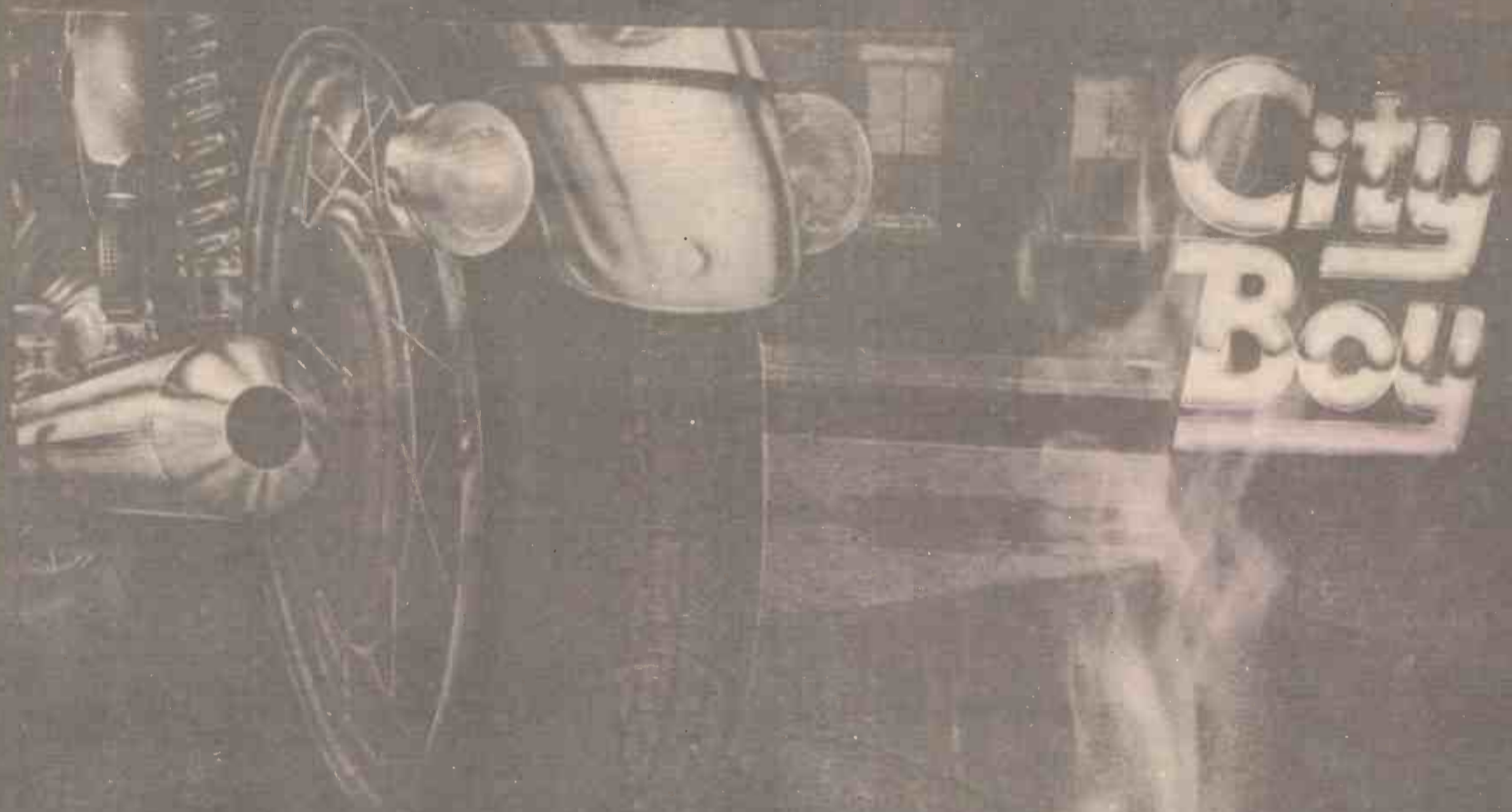
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THE PERILS OF CHRISTINE



PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE PICTURE ABOVE, THE PRETENDERS ARE DEPRESSED. MEETING PETE SILVERTON MAKES THINGS WORSE. AND CHALKIE DAVIES DOESN'T HELP MUCH, EITHER

WHAT IT'S basically down to is pressure."

Peter Farndon speaks slowly, his voice coloured with deliberation, exhaustion and a hint of bewilderment. The soft water vowels of his still distinct Hereford accent add bite to his new-found disillusionment with the ways of the world.

As he continues, the sympathetic side of me realises that I've caught him and the rest of The Pretenders at their lowest ebb, that one day when nothing seems worth it at all. The uncharitable metropolitan in me reckons he's sounding off like the archetypal country kid who's come to the big city and made the unsurprising discovery that the streets are paved with three card tricksters, not gold.

"All of a sudden it's hard to understand how come a year ago you were just bumming around and some geezer is going to give you £25 a week to rehearse and all that and you think 'Shit, I'm laughing'.

"And, before you know it — because there's only one way to do it: work really hard, up and down the motorway, in and out of the studio, in and out of the BBC, non-stop, one day off a week — the pressure builds up and builds up until you

think 'Shit, a year ago, I was just sitting around getting half as much money and getting twice as pissed, or whatever you're into' and you start thinking: 'Is it worth all that hassle?'"

FOR WHAT seemed like the tenth time that evening, the tannoy at Blackpool's Norbreck Castle Hotel (holidays for Scots and Ulstermen a speciality) blared into action with the same message: "Will Mr. Wayne Fontana please come to the reception desk where there is a phone call for him."

In between batting a little white ball across a table tennis table (I told you it was a holiday hotel), James Honeyman Scott and I wondered aloud if this series of calls for Mr. Fontana might not have something to do with the fact that the man who sat in the park all those years ago and is now wandering around the country with the vain hope of trying to whip up some enthusiasm for a Merseybeat revival was doing a show down the road apiece the following night.

(Much later in the night I met the bassist in Fontana's band. While he was attempting to convince me to persuade Chrissie Hynde to join in us in the bar, I noticed his badge. Home-made and constructed with admirable wit but scant tact, it announced him as part of the 'I Fowt E Woz Fuckin Dead Tour'.)

Still smiling over the thought that these days Wayne's forehead is probably higher than the Empire State building, Jimmy and I heard a middle-aged woman shouting "C'mon, get out". Imagining she was just hustling the couple of kids on the other side of the room to their beds, we ignored her till we heard "And you two . . . the fire alarm's gone off. You've got to get out of the building."

Normally, of course, being ejected temporarily from the hotel in the late evening would have been no sweat; the band could have just gone on to the gig early. But when a band stays at the Norbreck Castle, it plays at the Norbreck Castle and, one by one, The Pretenders had to join the pyjama-clad early-to-bedders, the screaming kids and the prospective audience for that night's gig on the windy hotel forecourt.

As we were then informed that it was in fact a bomb scare and the police would take half an hour to search the hotel, I realised that, in the confusion, I'd left my beer behind. I looked round at Jimmy, guessing that he of anyone would have had the sense to remember the liquid sustenance. I was of course right, only it was *my* pint of lager he'd brought with him — he'd already finished his.

**CONTINUES
CENTRE PAGES**



"I didn't know it was yours, Silly, honest. But you know I wouldn't miss something like that sitting around. In some fucking order."

How can you get angry at someone with such a crude but effective understanding of survival? Especially when it's James Honeyman Scott and you've just beaten him at table tennis.

GET BACK, you bastards." You didn't have to be able to see Chrissie Hynde's face to realise that she was fed up, frustrated that the first three or four rows of the crowd at the Norbreck Castle were making it impossible for the band to play with ease (flair and style were out of the question that night).

Not that it was their fault really, the shape of the Norbreck Nite Spot hall is such that it makes it inevitable that the front few rows will push forward, will knock over the mikes, force the band back to a close group round the drumkit, will drive Chrissie Hynde into losing her temper.

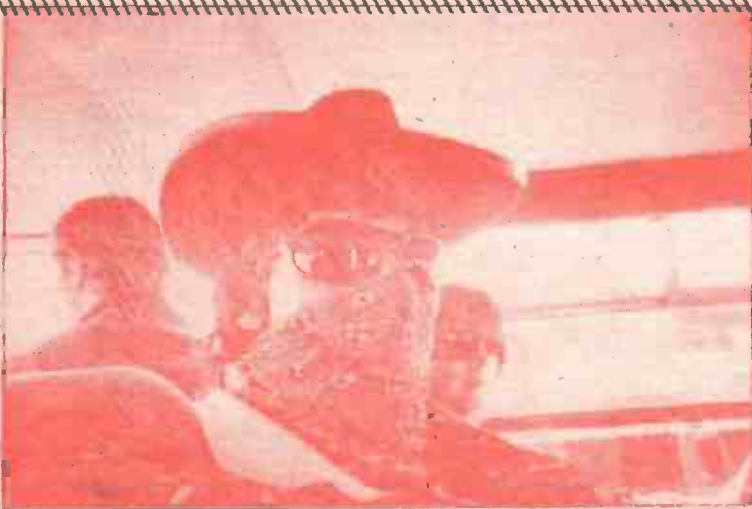
Presumably designed by someone with the aim of making life as difficult as possible for visiting rock and roll bands, it has an eight or so feet deep platform in front of the stage which is almost level with the stage but a good fifteen inches above the rest of the room. Which inevitably means that there's a big crush to get up front of the stage where you can actually see which inevitably means...

Acoustically, it means the sound roars like an uncaged lion at the front and whimpers like a dying dog at the back. A true gem for collectors of rock and roll horrors.

Unwilling to brave the throngs at the front, I hovered around the safety of the mixing desk where the only disadvantage was a brace of Skrewdrivers falling around in an advanced stage of alcohol and fascist dementia — I couldn't for the life of me understand why they'd come, maybe they thought Chrissie, having once hung around with biker gangs, would have absorbed a few of their attitudes on race — I never did find out; the tenth time they fell over a politely dressed courting couple on holiday and breathed a brewery down the girl's cleavage, they were helped to the door by two large men in black suits and latter-day Zapata moustaches.

In all, it wasn't a very happy night. The bomb scare meant they went onstage an hour and a half late. The sound brought a new meaning to the word ragged. And the audience gave the impression of having been scientifically selected as a cross-section of the 16-35 age group.

A small bondage hook of punks. The inevitable Bowie clones. Bedenimed 'lads'. An odd balding hippy. Drunken women in their mid-thirties, thinking they're Elsie Tanner but ending up just



sloppily drunk. Smooth reps in their late twenties — I don't know what the Northern equivalent of Take Six is otherwise I'd tell you where they bought their suits. And the rest of them just there because they're staying at the hotel and there's not much to do in Blackpool of a night after twelve if you don't have the money to fling handfuls of fivers on the roulette table at the casino.

Surprisingly, the crowd seemed to take the Pretenders to their hearts — they went so far as to demand an unrehearsed second encore and the waitress that Jimmy had tried to impress by calling nurse came and told me as she left that they'd been much better than she expected.

God knows what she'd thought they'd be like. On a scale of one to ten, I'd rate that night's performance around one and a half to two. None of the band were too knocked out with it either. I realised that when Jimmy, never one to miss an open bar, went straight to bed after the show. (I later discovered the band had given Chrissie a very hard time in the dressing room about her insulting the crowd. She defended herself by drinking almost a bottle of vodka. She too went for an early bed.)

Which was one of the constant paradoxes of life as it is lived on the rock and roll road. It'd been an easy day. Short drive from Liverpool. Afternoon on the funfair.

"No, you're not getting me on that big-dipper," Jimmy shouted as I nodded in agreement. "You don't realise what you're asking me to do. Me, a man who got bumped on the dodgems when he was five, bashed his head on the pole and ended up in hospital, threw up his lunch into his lap on the big-dipper and suffered the tunnel of love with Barbara Charone."

Everybody finally gets back into the van, stuffed with hot dogs, pop corn and candyfloss and topped with daft cowboy hats. On to the hotel. Check in. Swift soundcheck.

THE PERILS OF CHRISTIE

FROM PAGE 29



DINNER. MELON. Fish in a sauce that made Bird's Eye ads look enticing. Ice cream. "Sorry, we've got no chocolate, luv, will vanilla be alright?" Chrissie stares into her coffee and mumbles that two valium should be enough tonight, thank you, nurse. The waitress smiles and brings melted vanilla ice cream.

A post-dinner game of table tennis and on to the bomb scare.

A fairly relaxing day, all in all, which should have set them up nicely for the gig. The previous day, by way of contrast, they'd driven up to Liverpool from Portsmouth, a seven hour proof of the thesis that hell is a long journey in a VW bus with other people. And the gig was fine, the solos sparkled, the vocals blended, Chrissie looked arresting rather than stupid and frail in her jockey outfit, they did two encores which meant I got to hear them slide through 'Girl Don't Come' (and Chrissie doesn't sound like Sandie Shaw, she's just got the same haircut) and enough people danced to make it look like there were more than 50 of them scattered through Eric's.

In a logical world, I would have talked to the band after Eric's. Expecting them to be tired, I passed up the opportunity in favour of slotting in the formal interview some time in Blackpool, finally plumping for after the gig. With half the band passed out, in bed, well oiled, I settled for back in London when they'd finished the tour and when got a bit further with the album, maybe even hear a few finished mixes. Foolhardy youth that I am, I really expected that this time everything would run as smooth as Chrissie's racing silks.

Inevitably, another couple of ball-bearings had been lobbed beneath their feet. They were far tireder than they'd expected after the tour — just not used to rigour, these youths of today — and had found it extremely difficult to move straight into the studio with hardly a break and work on the potential successor to their two singles, both of

which deserved a financial acclaim they never received. And then things went disastrously off-course in the studio.

Then things don't seem to have always worked out for this lot all around. When Chrissie started working with Dave Hill and his Real Records, they were a lot of giggles up the sleeve. Chrissie had been around for years planning to get something together but never quite managing it and it began to look that, however talented she was as a songwriter, she'd always be let down by her lack of talent as an organiser.

Dave Hill had also signed up Johnny Thunders and Alex Chilton for his embryonic label, two other characters most noted for their lack of organisation (and in Chilton's case enough legal suits hanging round his neck to ground an albatross). It seemed obvious that Dave Hill was an idiot bent on destroying his still-born label in an orgy of bad decisions.

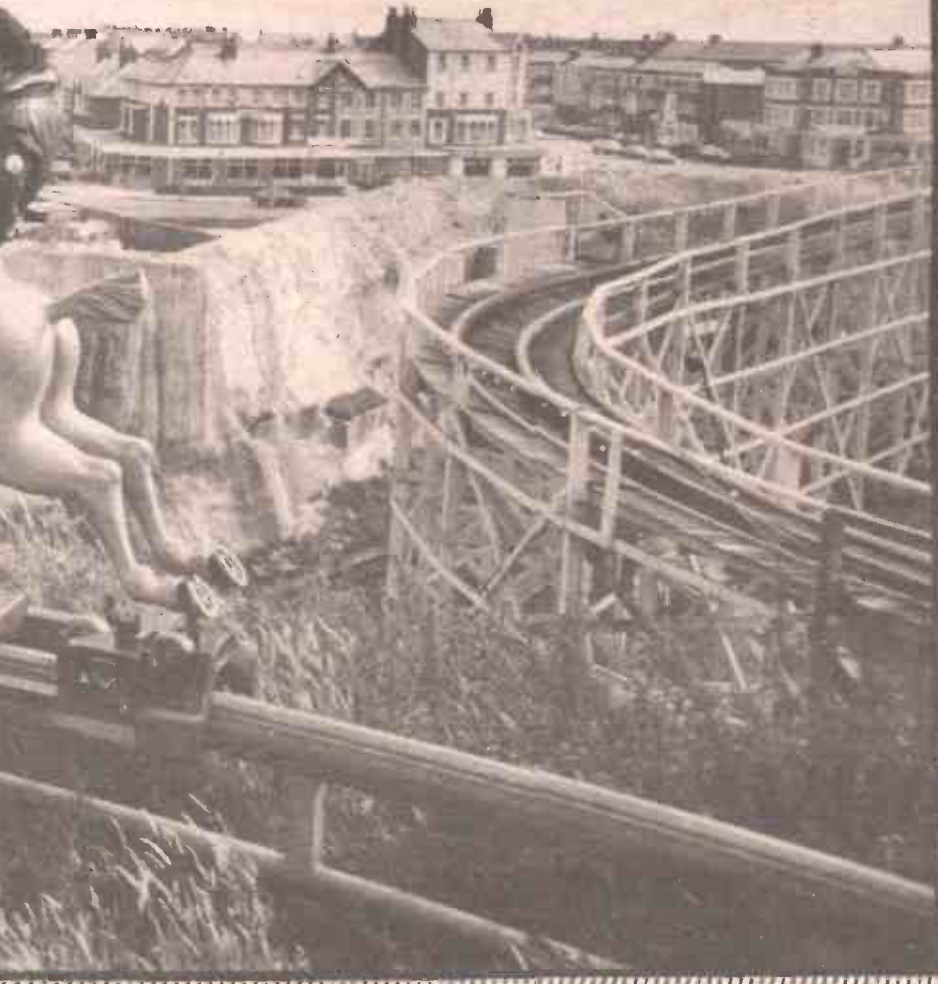
"Yeah, that was the worst six months of my life, starting that label," he confirmed. "That's why I got out of it and concentrated on managing this lot."

And of course then came 'Stop Your Sobbing'. But even that hadn't been without its problems. Both sides of the single were recorded in the October of '78 with Gerry Mackleduff on drums but it was only released in January this year by which time Martin Chambers had been moved in on drums and for one reason or another the band never quite got round to doing the quantity of live work they undoubtedly needed to.

"It's all very well being this week's thing in London but who's gonna care about that on a wet Tuesday night in Blackburn?"

FINALLY A meeting was arranged — at the soundcheck for a recording of 'In Concert' at the BBC studios in Lower Regent Street. All four of them looked like their brains were still scooting up and down the M6, locked into the blankness of a five hour drive between

VE



Blackpool and all points north but they dutifully trooped round to the pub to whisper into my Sony TC44.

Carefully placed behind soothing alcohol, they began to bemoan their experiences of the last couple of days in the studio.

As usual, James Honeyman Scott (what kind of name is that for a lead guitarist?) erupted into action. "The fucking toilet exploded upstairs in the studio and came pissing over the Tannoys, I kid you not. We were in the studio and looked through into the control room and it was Niagara over the Tannoys, I kid you not.

"And I'm fucked. Every day since I got back off tour I've thrown up."

I mentioned that I'd found their Lyceum show scrappy and depressing.

"We've only done 50 gigs and a lot of those have been at places which are really too big for a band that's only done 50 gigs," claimed Pête. "When you play to 2,500 people when you've only done 50 gigs you've either got to be incredibly experienced or very lucky."

"Or pissed," adds Jimmy.

Ignoring that view of life, Chrissie continued, "Ideally things would have been alright if we have been a band that had done all these kinds of gigs and things for a year before we did 'Sobbing' and then we'd have a live act but we just did one single and one or two gigs and had loads of publicity. We're not trying to be careful or anything. We just wanna do it right."

I wondered if she now felt they should have spent more time on the road between the two singles.

"I think that's probably a good idea."

Pete sighed. "With hindsight . . . je ne regrette rien."

Jimmy tucked into his large vodka "On the fucking fruit, I say. In some fucking order." and disappeared to spend the rest of the time talking to their sound engineer, Kieran.

When I'd arrived at the soundcheck, Chrissie was bitching about the loud-

mouthed American chick image that she felt had been foisted on her. But really that is a part of her, isn't it?

"The way I look at it is that most Americans do have big mouths and they probably are a lot more crass than, say, an English person and Americans are generally very, very forward. You stand at a bar and they'll ask you where you're from, are you married, where you live. They get right into the meat of it and most other people find that a little bit disturbing.

"(When I read about myself) I just think it looks so bad, reads so bad but maybe that's because I'm human. I can't watch a movie like a weepie or see a baby in a pram crying without it bringing tears to my eyes.

"When you've lived a bit and moved around a bit and you're usually on your own and especially if you're a chick, you're always getting hit on by people and you get an attitude after a while where you've gotta ask people 'What do you want?' right from the beginning so they don't intrude on you.

"I used to have lots of self-confidence just to get around town when it was just me and my own wits . . . yeah, that was the good old days. I love to walk into a pub where no-one knows me and I know no-one. You lose that freedom to just go and mingle . . .

"Any experience is better than no experience. If I was getting brutalised or whatever. . ."

HER VOICE trails off and later picks up the thread. "You don't really think about what you're getting yourself into. I had a guitar and I like to play guitar, I like to write songs and sing and I thought it'd be great to get into a band that might make it as a band and that's as far as it goes. So you keep doing it 'cos you don't fancy doing anything else. I wasn't doing it with any future in mind. I was just doing it 'cos I liked doing it and suddenly you're the next big thing and the whole excitement



'I don't save copies of our records or newsclippings. I don't revel in the product. I just like making it'

— **CHRISSIE HYNDE**

of doing it because you like doing it becomes all very focussed, dissected, analysed.

"You sit, in your room alone and you knock out a great riff and you can imagine how it'll sound and you're pretty excited about it but then the process of trying to get it across to the world by all the channels you have to go through, that's never been any fun.

"The excitement to me is much the same as, say, painting. I used to paint and to me the thrill was actually when I was doing it. Afterwards I didn't even want to keep it and, if someone else liked it, fine, if they didn't fine.

"I've got nothing else to say. My statement is in the action. My interest is in writing a song and playing it with the band and after that it's finished. I don't even save copies of the record and newsclippings. In other words I don't revel in the product. I just like making the product."

AS HEAVILY depressed as she was, Chrissie cheered up as soon as the tape machine switched off and the show was fine, even the audience who probably hoped they'd get tickets for Steeleye Span quite seemed to like it and the band proved that there's more than two good singles in them and that, if they do make 'Brass In Your Pocket' the next one, it could be the best so far. I left happy. Chrissie left to go drinking with Johnny Rotten.

Four days later, at Knebworth, I spotted Jimmy in the beer tent (where else) and asked him why he'd wandered off from the interview.

"Well, I was in an awful mood and I'd have only started slagging off the management or something."

Pushing the memory from his mind, he brightened up "What you having? On the fucking fruit, I say. In some fucking order."



**** Indispensable **** Worth buying *** Worth listening to ** Boring * Junk

Albums



Pic by Chris Walter

BOB DYLAN confers blessing on wayward readers

Rich man enters kingdom of heaven shock

BOB DYLAN 'Slow Train Coming' (CBS 86095)*****

SO WHAT do you need to know about 'Slow Train Coming'? Basically that Dylan has got religion. More specifically a dose of christianity that pervades his lyrical output from beginning to end. That much has already been hinted at in various snippets that have preceded the album's release.

The reasons for this conversion haven't yet been explained by Dylan and you're free to indulge in whatever amount of speculation you feel is appropriate. AJ Weberman is probably preparing his thesis on the subject right now and he's not alone. Relevant factors are likely to include Dylan's consistent preoccupation with the function and role of christianity throughout his recorded output — and he was worried about it as far back as 'With God On Our Side' — as well as more mundane topics as the break-up of his marriage and the slip-sliding-away of his California mansion.

On a musical level you might already know that Dylan recruited Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler on guitar and Pick Withers on drums when he

went down to Muscle Shoals Studios in Alabama to record the album. He also took with him Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett (producers of Dire Straits' 'Communique') to produce. Barry Beckett played keyboards and Tim Drummond played bass. There are some girly voices in the background from time to time (but not as frequently as on 'Street Legal') and the Muscle Shoals horn section put their collective oar in on occasions.

If the weighty symbolism of the cover — the back shows a photograph of either Blonde On Blonde Dylan or Joan Armatrading or John Cooper Clarke gazing wistfully into a sunset from a boat beside a crucifix-style mast, while the front is a drawing of the slow train a comin' down the newly built tracks with symbolic crucifixes in abundance — if this doesn't alert you to Dylan's new-found faith then the titles most certainly will. 'Gotta Serve Somebody', 'I Believe In You', 'Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking', 'God Gave Names To All The Animals' (!) and 'When He Returns' are the most virulent examples, but the reference is clear in every one.

Play the man. 'Gotta Serve Somebody' takes easy strides

with Beckett's keyboards balancing the lilting tempo of the Dire Straits duo. And straight away Dylan serves it on the line — 'It may be the devil or it may be the Lord/But you're gonna have to serve somebody'. It doesn't matter who or what. 'It may be rock and roll has you prancing on the stage/Money, drugs at your command, women in a cage'... 'You may call me Bobby or you may call me Zimmie... You're still gonna have to serve somebody.'

There's a distinct lack of verbal camouflage — a feature of the whole album — and Dylan's penchant for sharp rhyming couplets hasn't deserted him yet.

'Precious Angel' is the single which means it's among the catchiest tunes to be found on the album. It's reminiscent of the 'John Wesley Harding'/'New Morning' period. The sound is swelled by the horns during the chorus and the vocals have that one-take urgency that is Dylan's trade mark contrasting with the more carefully considered backing. And while his catchphrase 'Shine your light' is expansive enough, the verses leave no room for doubt and the whole song takes on a gospel-flavoured

'My Sweet Lord' atmosphere towards the end.

But you're still only being set up for the real punch. 'I Believe In You' is a simple, relatively unadorned hymn of faith. If you're feeling cynical you'll call it a slushy travesty of 'She Belongs To Me' but for all its nicely rounded corners and fluid clean solo from Mark Knopfler to settle you still further back into the cushions, you still have to contend with Dylan's rough-edged warblings that give it a sense of conviction. I only hope someone like Julie Rogers doesn't hear it and come up with a 'Wedding Song'-style treatment that would doubtless swirl around the Top Ten for months on end.

'Slow Train' (Dylanologists may prepare an index on the missing 'Coming') is a necessary broadening out of ideas around a lazy funky beat. Our hero plays the more familiar role of prophet of doom. Nothing too drastic you understand — the oil shortage and the unequal distribution of food around the world seem to have replaced Vietnam as the new battle cry.

Leaving the matrix number for analysis by Weberman's post-graduate students, we'll move to side two which starts

off in the same lyrical vein as side one left off. The instrumentals are pumped up to a riff that falls somewhere between the latter-day 'Maggies Farm' (a la 'Budokan') and an electric 'Hollis Brown'. It's the gutsiest track yet and the lyrics have a similar cutting edge at times — 'You can mislead a man/You can take a hold of his heart with your eye'.

Then it's back to the post 'Basement Tapes' phase for the light and springy 'Do Right To Me Baby (Do Unto Others)' which floats with all the bounce of 'If Not For You' and has the slow sting of 'Turn Turn Turn' (maybe it's time for Pete Seeger and Bob Dylan to make it up).

'When You Gonna Wake Up' has shades of Kooper/Stills' 'Season Of The Witch' from the immortal 'Super Session' about it with the Muscle Shoals horns adding some beef while Dylan waxes political — 'Karl Marx has you by the throat and Kissinger has you tied up in knots/When you gonna wake up?'. For your easy listening Dylan fan this one probably takes the biscuit.

The last two tracks are something of a trial for Dylan and his audience. 'Man Gave Names To All The Animals' is

lyrically as child-like and biblical as the name suggests, the words sitting on top of a reggae beat. 'When He Returns' is the final bare statement of faith — Dylan gently howls his 115th Psalm.

"Truth is an arrow, the path is narrow... He unleashes his power at an unknown hour" — with a voice that cracks and wavers on the high notes around a sincere bar room piano. I can see this one sticking in a good many gullets.

One thing's for sure. 'Slow Train Coming' is not the relaxed breather that 'Street Legal' was. You can argue the toss about Dylan's religious conversion until the cows come home but at least the man is being assertive once again. He's knocking on forty and mellowed out for certain but he's lost less than many kids half his age. He's cut the crap and the innuendo and got down to what for him are the basics right now.

But the religious element doesn't need to intrude more than you want to let it. After just a few plays every track except the last has registered positively for me. And I can't say that for more than half a dozen albums this year.

HUGH FIELDER

RANDY NEWMAN
'Born Again'
 (Warner Bros
 K56663)****

PICTURE RANDOLPH Newman on the set of *Executive Suite*, sitting behind The Chairman's desk with a window on the LA skyline and a truly kitsch painting behind him, an expensive lamp casting light on a golf ball and a toy sheep.

He is about to sign a document and he looks up first so we can see that his hair is green, his face is white and over each eye have been painted large green dollar signs. His nuclear family stare out of a picture frame on the desk and they too have dollar signs on their faces. This is the sleeve and there is a sticker that says, "May contain language that is offensive to children", and the record is called 'Born Again'. Hallelujah.

'It's Money That I Love' is sung by a man who agrees that money can't buy you love: "But it'll get you a half-pound of cocaine and a sixteen year old girl! And a great big long limousine on a hot September night! Now that may not be love but it is all right." Anyone out there on the side of morality who'd care to contest that assertion?

'The Story Of A Rock And Roll Band' is all about ELO. You may listen to this tune a hundred times, with its satiric orchestration, and you will still not know whether Randy Newman thinks ELO are a good pop group or a cancer on the lip of Western Civilisation. You will still laugh and you will laugh even more when you realise that it doesn't matter what he thinks. His songs do the thinking for him.

Both 'Pretty Boy' and 'Mr Sheep' are target songs, sung in the first person. (Though who that person is...?) They are both jibes, the first aimed at a stud from the Jersey shore who lands in Hollywood looking like John Travolta ("That dancing wop"); the commentator later calls him "a little prick". (This language will be offensive to radio programmers and children.) 'Mr Sheep' is any Reginald Perrin on the Southern Region and could be a repeat of Paul Weller's 'Mr Clean', except Newman gets you to loathe the attacker far more than the target.

What the critics of 'Good Old Boys' failed comprehensively to recognise (and never was a brilliant record so crassly misread) was that Randy Newman doesn't write straight first person narrative songs. Opinion songs. What Bob Dylan called "finger pointing songs". He creates dramatic entities. There is far more that he has in common with Harold Pinter

Is this man a Harold Pinter for the world of gay truckers and coked-up cradle snatchers?

(We think so)



Pic by Paul Cox/LFI

than he could ever have with Costello or Ray Davies. All he ever claimed was "Here it is, the way I heard it; there are no judgements I could possibly make that would make it any more real. If you look for judgements so eagerly why are you not making your own?"

So you may argue that 'They Just Got Married' is sick but not that it isn't true. Or you may point to the total lack of incident in 'William Brown' but then you can't say for sure that something must always happen in a song.

These are the small dramas but there is also farce. 'Half A Man' relates a meeting between an aged fat queen and a trucker. The trucker is about to maim the former

with a tire chain when he comes over all unnecessary and winds up bemoaning his fickle sexual orientation. "Half a man, I'm half a man, Holy Jesus, what a drag" he sings. It won't sit well with any dogma of liberation, of course, but it has the force of truth to it.

It's a patchy album. 'Ghosts', 'The Girls In My Life' and 'Pants' have all been done better before, at least the ideas have been employed in more telling fashion previously. Add to that the fact that the second side is shockingly short and you have an album which may be in the same league as 'Little Criminals' but isn't quite as strong as 'Good Old Boys'.

He certainly shows no sign

of wishing to capitalise on the incursions of profanity and the general concern with the dark, venal underside of matters suggests that 'Born Again' is a re-statement of his abhorrence of being dictated to by anyone or anything.

If you realise why 'Soap' is the best thing on TV, if you realise why Tony Hancock was far greater than W H Auden, if you know why Ian Dury will always mean worlds more than Genesis, then you know why Randy Newman is one of the true greats. Because you wouldn't catch him announcing that he wanted to make a Serious Record; because any art that is not funny is a travesty of real life.

DAVID HEPWORTH

THE GOOD MISSIONARIES
'Fire From Heaven'
 (Deptford Fun City
 Records DLP 04)* 1/2

ONE TRACK on 'Fire From Heaven' is called 'Bugger The Cat' and the rest sound like the moggie complaining. This is no mean achievement. It involved making guitars, whoopee flute, melodica, recorder, sax, organ and clarinet all resemble a feline fracas in a back alley.

I'm assured that Mark Perry is a good egg and past evidence points that way but that doesn't preclude him from making mistakes among which I think he will eventually list this album. Perhaps your view will depend on whether you believe the world will be a better place when we're all vibed in to Stockhausen (which I doubt). Anyone who liked the James White and the Blacks record I berated recently would find the Good Missionaries kindred spirits.

For example. The first track is 'Another Coke/The Body'. A guitar scrapes some weird noises while the drums and bass (generally a sort of reference point for normalcy) creep along below, rather like tension music in a comedy thriller. After a minute or two of this Perry, or maybe Dave George, yells 'I'm fed up with living' and goes on to describe the suicide of a friend in an adjacent room. The body's on the bearskin rug and there's blood on the cat (RSPCA members will be in the van of the legions who don't enjoy this album). He concludes 'I feel released!' just to make sure you're thoroughly 'shocked'. Now I suspect there's an element of ghoulish humour in this but that's hardly enough to offer in mitigation: really it's an atrocity.

For example. The title track. The rhythm section funks quietly again, a guitar squeals again. This time the voice rants 'When the dark comes I feel fire from heaven/We're eating away at each other like two maggots'. It grooves on unpleasantly until an atonal collapse signals the start of the next piece.

What's their game? If this is entertainment then so is having your gall bladder removed without an anaesthetic. If it's Art, if it's drama or poetry or philosophy or psychological primal scream therapy... then I can only protest that instead of purging any of the decade's burden of teen and twenties *Weltschmerz* they are only adding to it with their painful sounds.

The half-star above 'junk' is because they do show some imagination and the three and a half stars away from 'indispensable' are because they misapply it. The album, recorded live at various venues on the Pop Group tour, should sell for no more than £2.50 because, it says on the Press release, 'that's what the Good Missionaries were all about'. I'd be interested to hear them explaining how the attitudes behind their pricing policy related to their musical policy.

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
'The Fabulous Thunderbirds'
 (Takoma TAK 7068)

IT WILL not have escaped your attention that America is one beast of an extensive country. As far as it concerns rock and roll music this can be a beneficial matter as often as it is a gangrenous curse.

The beauty of it's magnitude lies basically in the fact that guys like Jimmy Vaughan, Kim Wilson, Keith Ferguson and Mike Buck can conceal themselves down in Texas (or wherever they happen to actually hie from) and trot out unassuming twelve bars in the minimum quantity of keys without either press or agency or management fetching up on their doorsteps and making with uncalled for advice about career direction and the beat of the street. They can even get to make a record, even if it is only for the Takoma label.

Taking the baldest first we find Kim Wilson, a somewhat less than frisky party who looks like nothing so much as a former Belmont, and he inflates the harmonica (passably) and croons (pleasingly). The other factor worthy of comment is a man called Jimmy Vaughan who is responsible for a dry and lyrical guitar after the manner of Peter Green, circa 'Mr Wonderful', or Freddie King, circa most anytime.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds could never be accused of over-ambition; their repertoire includes such whiskey fare as Slim Harpo's 'Scratch My Back' and Freddie Scott's 'Full Time Lover' and they rarely touch a strident chord when a sociable swing will fill the bill. They haven't tried to usurp George Thorogood's ascendancy in the ice-fingered slide business, concentrating merely on cutting a record which they won't be ashamed of in a few years time when they're back on the day job. But what's so bad about bar bands?

DAVID HEPWORTH

TELEPHONE BILL
'Pretty Slick Huh?'
Swamp (WAM
6798)**

I WAS hoping to use this album to point you in the general direction of Arhoolie Records, the home of all that's down home, and indeed Swamp, just to prove that active independent life exists beyond Stiff, and punk DIYs with silly promotional campaigns.

But after listening to it, I fear that this combo needs as many silly promotional campaigns as they can muster. The mainly self-penned songs are pedestrian, the playing adequate, the production stifling and the vocals are, at time, awful. Till the next time.

CHRIS RYAN

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633 - 6350p; 634 - 6360p; 635 - 6370p; 636 - 6380p; 637 - 6390p; 638 - 6400p; 639 - 6410p; 640 - 6420p; 641 - 6430p; 642 - 6440p; 643 - 6450p; 644 - 6460p; 645 - 6470p; 646 - 6480p; 647 - 6490p; 648 - 6500p; 649 - 6510p; 650 - 6520p; 651 - 6530p; 652 - 6540p; 653 - 6550p; 654 - 6560p; 655 - 6570p; 656 - 6580p; 657 - 6590p; 658 - 6600p; 659 - 6610p; 660 - 6620p; 661 - 6630p; 662 - 6640p; 663 - 6650p; 664 - 6660p; 665 - 6670p; 666 - 6680p; 667 - 6690p; 668 - 6700p; 669 - 6710p; 670 - 6720p; 671 - 6730p; 672 - 6740p; 673 - 6750p; 674 - 6760p; 675 - 6770p; 676 - 6780p; 677 - 6790p; 678 - 6800p; 679 - 6810p; 680 - 6820p; 681 - 6830p; 682 - 6840p; 683 - 6850p; 684 - 6860p; 685 - 6870p; 686 - 6880p; 687 - 6890p; 688 - 6900p; 689 - 6910p; 690 - 6920p; 691 - 6930p; 692 - 6940p; 693 - 6950p; 694 - 6960p; 695 - 6970p; 696 - 6980p; 697 - 6990p; 698 - 7000p; 699 - 7010p; 700 - 7020p; 701 - 7030p; 702 - 7040p; 703 - 7050p; 704 - 7060p; 705 - 7070p; 706 - 7080p; 707 - 7090p; 708 - 7100p; 709 - 7



Van is God (part 617)

VAN MORRISON
'Into The Music'
(Phonogram 9102
852)*****

DON'T SAY a word, don't speak, let's take this space and drift into the green, warm and frightening land of Van Morrison. Maybe you've never been here before, and in a way I'm talking to you. Perhaps Van Morrison to you is a name that evokes vague but firm notions of trash bof irrelevance, a chubby LA cowboy that can't quite get it up these days but who fools himself he still can.

Van Morrison has always been something special. He's always been far too far ahead of his critics, and he seems to get angry these days looking back at their static, confused exercises. A new Van Morrison album is in a way a reminder of how young rock and roll is and how desperate its situation often becomes. In the summer of '79 a Van Morrison album that is this good sheds light upon what's happening around it that is terrifying.

You can look at it two ways: the new wave has spilled over its energy and its fire, things you can still touch these days, but nobody, with the possible exception of Springsteen, has emerged for the past five years with the (again the word) special, all-embracing rock and roll spiritual transcendence of a Dylan, a Mitchell, a Reed or a Van Morrison. And if you think I'm talking about 'superstars' or 'an elite', you might as well stop reading this review here and now and go watch Jimmy Purtil on Jukebox Jury or play with your Ruts bootlegs. We're talking about even more than innovation or pure guts r'n'r rebellion (not that these things have anything to do with the above mentioned bozos, mind you), we're talking about what can perhaps best be termed as the closest any performer in the r'n'r circus has ever come to that numbed cliché, pure genius.

Morrison, more than any of the few others I've ruthlessly called to attention in this respect, moves me more than any other rock performer I can think of. The reason for this arch statement? He's the ultimate chameleon, he's never made two albums that sound the same, he has the ability of trading simple, cutting emotion directly and clearly through the rock medium, he remains fundamentally unaffected by fads or trends, he is his own master, his music contains pride, respect, complete authority, he uses environmental colouring like no other song writer has ever done, and more than anything

he touches something deeply personal and heartfelt in me.

Perhaps the latter aspect is the narrow terms of the childhood backgrounds we share (when some-one paints a portrait of your roots as vividly as Morrison does, it has a strong effect on you) but it's that element that leads on to many other indescribable, subliminal notions about Morrison.

Recent history of course has quietly separated itself from him. It's interesting to note that the new wave took its inspiration from the likes of the Velvet and the Stones rather than Morrison, the style feeding off sources of black protest rather than the more subtle, more literary and richer meaning of Morrison. That's not sad, it's merely inevitable, and maybe the day when Van's music shall be the roots of a changing, opinion-shifting 'movement' is yet to come.

In the meantime, again seemingly with a penchant for being separate and alone, while the mainstream of rock and roll is sliding into decline, Van Morrison appears to be going through something of a golden age. From the absorbing confusion of 'Veedon Fleece' and 'A Period Of Transition' has emerged first of all the refreshing but, in retrospect overly polished 'Wavelength' and, now, in tow we have 'Into The Music'.

I didn't like the album at all when I first heard it. It seemed too cosily similar to the previous album, too gentle by half in that respect. Over one weekend, however, it has grown on me remarkably, opening out most agreeably into a blossoming, rich album, full of scope, range and depth.

At the moment, and considering that by their very nature Morrison albums take months rather than days to sink in properly, you could observe that, in relation to 'Wavelength', 'Into The Music' is what 'Tupelo Honey' was to 'Band And Street Choir': like those albums, the songs here sound cleaner, less diffuse progressions from the preceding album's fundamental search for direction. The mood of the album is initially exuberant (the whole of the first side), dipping into thoughtful introspection for the greater part of the second side and ends as it began, with a stimulating celebration of life and being alive. In this sense it proves one of Morrison's most rounded, complete and ordered albums ever.

The opening fanfares are unashamedly uplifting. 'Bright Side Of The Road' sets the tone of chirpy, pastoral optimism that stretches vibrantly throughout the album. A violin lilt around in typical

up-paced Van fashion, the sound is, like the tone, clear and full. 'Full Force Gale' continues in the same vein, more specifically a Rock Song this time with driving guitars and rhythm section; "In the gentle evening breeze/By the whispering shady trees/I will find my sanctuary in the Lord."

Those lines set the pattern; spiritually flavoured (the number of references to Bibles and Him in this album is very apparent), rural, happy and optimistic. 'Steppin' Out Queen' is more delicately structured but contains a horn riff that sticks in your head in great fashion. 'Rolling Hills' leaves you in no doubt as to the major influences Morrison is conveying on this album. A country jig, the song skips along on the back of a simple fiddle line akin to the Bothy Band more than anything else.

Side 2 is slower, darker, more moody and more overtly spiritual in emphasis. 'And The Healing Has Begun' is, in many ways, the opus of the record, a anthem, brooding chunk of melody, reminiscent of 'Brand New Day' from the 'Moondance' album that is cut on two occasions into pieces of spoken/grunted words. 'Angeliou' the sides's opener, is a twisting repetitively atmospheric ballad, a typically mystical and floating song that seems to go nowhere but goes everywhere after a few listens.

The album closes with the ballad 'It's All In The Game' (yes, that one). A viola creaks over Morrison's earthy, raging but loving voice, and the tone of bitter tenderness is quite stunning. Again we realise that the song itself, in many ways, doesn't matter. Rather, it's the way Morrison uses and stretches the familiar melody and structure of the song to create a mood of hypnotic transcendence that counts. The remarkable performance shifts subtly into the closing 'You Know What They're Talking About', which as the title suggests, is a move from the subjective to the objective and has Morrison rapping out a critical assessment of the song he's just finished singing! The sudden realisation of what's going on is uncomfortable: it's Morrison suddenly walking out of the speakers and telling you what he thinks of that standard, the great love ballad.

And that's a fittingly brilliant close to an album that I'll be playing for months to come. It's an excellent starting-point too for anyone interested in digging deeper into the Morrison collection. I remember somebody once said of Joni Mitchell's 'Blue' that it was an album you'd be proud to own for the rest of your life. I think you could safely say the same about 'Into The Music'.

DAVE McCULLOUGH



DAVID JOHANSEN: a trier



ROCKY SHARPE & CO: too slick by half

Join the amateurs (please)

ROCKY SHARPE AND THE REPLAYS
'Rama Lala'
(Chiswick CWK 3010)**

BIT OLD maybe but they certainly look the part on the sleeve almost. Cerise jackets with black lapels and shoulder pads, pale pink shirts, black trousers, red slim-jim ties and two pairs of dark bins between the four of them. Very Italian. Very street corner symphony. Very doo-wop.

Pity the inside sleeve tells another tale — all the clothes come from the same shop as the very trousers sticking under this typewriter, 'Johnsons, the modern outfitters'. Pity they look like dads (and one mum) rather than lads (and one Spanish Harlem rose) and have four o'clock shadows and double chins.

Doo-wop, in case you didn't know, is stupid songs about girlfriends and cars and, at its best, goes something like this: 'Oop shoop de doop bamalama dooda dooda dada dum dum doobie oobie woobie shoop shoop bam bam bam'. Lyrics reduced to mere noise, meaning conveyed through gibberish.

It's such a fundamentally inane and naive style of music that any attempt — it seems to me — to update it for a modern audience is doomed to slide into a slough of perfection — every note here is perfect where the Five Satins 'In The Still Of The Night' sounds like at least one of the group has only the vaguest idea of the key. What was once urban now becomes merely urbane — even the arrangement of 'Return To Sender' backs away from the lascivious forced desperation of the original to fetch up a sanitised, painless approach that could be filed not too far from Doris Day's 'Move Over Darling'.

As always seems to happen when professionals tackle an amateur music, their abilities run totally counter to the spirit of the original. Imagine 'Never Mind The Bollocks' played by the Who and you've got an idea of Rocky and Co's method of approach.

PETE SILVERTON

CURTIS MAYFIELD
'Heartbeat'
(RSO RSS4)**
'Superfly'
(RSO RSS5)*****

'HEARTBEAT' HITS you with all the impact of a damp fart. You know what it is so you move as quickly as possible in the opposite direction.

People who like soul should hopefully have better taste than to go apeshit over this effort. It is fifth rate. Though the production sounds OK, the songs are warm and wet and wimpy. As a companion accurately remarked, it's the sort of music to be played in a cheap Chinese restaurant while you're eating your suspicious-looking fried lice.

On the other hand, 'Superfly' makes me feel so old. It makes me think that Curtis has degenerated with age. A hot re-release from the film made way back in '72 when I was only 12! Tracks from the film. Both instrumentals and songs that you might remember. If you're too young to, then this is well worth buying to be reminded that there was life before disco.

And it doesn't sound at all dated. How much of today's chart garbage will stand up for itself in '86? Quality lasts and 'Superfly' simply sounds classy and smooth. The far-away rhythm and chinky chords blend with Curtis's voice to work wonders of nostalgia.

It just sounds very good. That's all.

ROBBI MILLAR

DAVID JOHANSEN
'In Style'
(Blue Sky Import)*½**

CHECK THE sleeve and slit the shrink-wrapping open. All black and white, David Jo in a white suit and shirt open to the waist, smiling, sticking his finger in his ear, crossing his arms like an oriental martial art expert, wind machine blowing his air nicely away from his face revealing a forehead about the size of a small football court. Inside David Jo looking moody in full face close-up backed with the album details hand-lettered in chic punk style around a street snap of David doing his best French street cruiser pose — Alain Delon with longer hair.

Bung it on the Pioneer PL 12D. And oh my gawd, I've just realised what it meant on the sleeve by Orchestra arranged and conducted by Mick Ronson and David Johansen. 'Melody' sounds like Mott the Hoople gone symphonic. And it's all downhill from there. Lank, uninvolved vocals, and fussy, messy backings. By the end of the first play I was left wondering just what had happened to David Johansen's funky but chic approach. How could someone possibly make such an awful record?

A day later I finally summon up the energy to replay the damn thing and ten seconds into 'Melody' I'm singing along, realising that this is a real life potential hit single, that David Jo's finally found a way out of the Stones strut and thrash that he sounded like he was sinking into on the live promo album that Blue Sky put out in the States.

Plunge on and see that, although there's nothing else in the class of 'Melody', although the vocals are mixed so high they often cease to have any relation to the music, although at least one track could be entered for the Eurovision song contest, Johansen is at least trying to do more than rest on the laurels of the Dolls. Okay, so it's probably aimed at the major airplay market with its polished finish and chic but funky cover but who can blame him going after the masses — it never did any harm to Blondie's music.

You can hardly expect perfection from a man that thinks it's cool to turn up the cuffs of his jacket, now can you?

PETE SILVERTON

Reasons to be quitting (1)

PAT TRAVERS BAND '... Live! Go For What You Know' (Polydor 2383 540)**½

HAD PAT Travers appeared on the music scene about five years earlier than he did, there's a fair chance his albums would now be shippin' platinum and he'd be cultivatin' a comfortable pot belly, livin' the good life and, on his one visit to the UK every year or two, fillin' the Odeon Hammersmith five nights in a row.

But he didn't and his brand of music, which hasn't changed substantially since he first tried to make it in England, ensures that he appeals to an ever decreasing minority. I used to like what he did a lot but tastes moved on, I moved on and, well, he didn't. A more apt title than 'Go For What You Know' there couldn't be.

Okay, he's been 'true to his music' but where has that got

him? He can make a livin' in the States where rip-roarin' rockin' 'n' rollin' will still guarantee full houses at major venues, especially down south where this album was recorded, but as far as the rest of us are concerned, I mean, who needs it?

PT and his band — Mars Cowling on bass, Pat Thrall on second guitar and Tommy Aldridge on drums — are accomplished musicians and capable, as this album demonstrates with live versions of old favourites like 'Gettin' Betta' and 'Makin' Magic', of deliverin' a fiery performance in the old tradition. And there lies the key.

It is the old tradition. If only it were a little crasser, a little more disgustin'ly over the top, they could have been Geoff Barton's favourite band, but it's too late now, in this country at any rate. I used to think differently but, hell, anyone can change his mind.

TONY MITCHELL

Reasons to be quitting (2)

JAMES BROWN 'The Original Disco Man' (Polydor 2391 412)**

BACK IN the dim distant past during my youth, I was under the impression that solar rays shone out of James Brown's back passage.

In those days life's most pressing problem was getting together some tricky footwork to use down Ronnie Scott's and Crackers, especially if James Brown, The Fatback Band or Kool and The Gang had a new import out that week. Old JB though was the most reliable, records like 'Sex Machine', 'Hey America', 'Get On The Good Foot', 'The Payback' and 'Papa Don't Take No Mess' always ensured a packed floor and an ultra energetic bout of dancing.

Times have to change and the Godfather of Soul's never ending riff soon became obsolete when it had to compete with the likes of The O'Jays, People's Choice and later Brass Construction. In recent years Brown has been pushed right out of the runnings, despite some near misses like 'Get Up Offa That Thing'. Instead of giving up gracefully the old boy still insists on making fresh assaults on the ears and feet of the ever suffering public, desperate for a slice of today's lucrative disco cake.

Up until now JB's attempts at adapting to the modern world have verged on pathetic — I mean, last year at his Hammersmith Odeon show I was actually feeling embarrassed for the poor old sod. In this last ditch effort to win the hearts of dancers raised on an exotic diet of Chic and Moroder, the deposed Godfather has enlisted the help of Brad Shapiro, a name to conjure with in black music circles if nowhere else, to handle the production and hopefully rejuvenate the Soul Brother Number One's tired sound.

Shapiro has been fairly successful in this thankless task. Musically this has got to be Brown's most interesting offering of the past five years, but the trouble is that the appeal of Mr Dynamite's vocal gymnastics has long since fizzled out. One track, 'It's Too Funky In Here', is really excellent, but this is due almost entirely to Shapiro's arrangement. In fact, it would be even better if it was someone other than JB singing it. The Emperor of Soul is up a dead end street of 'get downs' with the frequent use of tortured screams to disguise the severe lack of sensible lyrics.

'The Original Disco Man' is a brave attempt at modernisation, but it fails because James Brown's time has been and gone and as we move closer towards the eighties I see less and less chance of it ever returning. There's a lot to be said for quitting while you're still on top.

DAVID HENDLEY



Pic by Alan Johnson

JAMES BROWN: not so hot



THE RADIATORS: Irishmen stand alone

Pic by Chris Gabrin

Kleptomania is no bad thing (sometimes)

THE RADIATORS 'Ghost Town' (Chiswick CWK 3003)****

THERE IS some fun going forward. The Radiators first shot, the now nearly two year-old 'TV Tube Heart' was a child of its (1977) time: angry, stripped down pogomanoeuvreable and, both at the time and perhaps even more so in retrospect, not particularly adventurous.

The clime of the times was interpreted and perpetrated; if the record was shallow, then so was the bulk of everything that was going down around it. There was a lot of media consciousness, as the title implied, and it was possibly a little overdone. Now, as in the winter of 1977, 'TV Tube Heart' comes across as no more or less than an accurate but not over-inspired piece of mainstream UK punk, exactly the kind of record a bunch of reasonably competent,

averagely I.Q'd geezers might turn out in response to the prevailing atmosphere and concerns of its era.

The Rads still come over as bright sparks in August '79, and kleptomania remains a part of their arsenal, no mistake. First listenings will inevitably find your ears wagging their equivalent of a knowing look. Wasn't that piano part last heard on a Stones' single? And here's Ruan O'Lochlainn doing a more than creditable Bowie on sax. Ah, yes, The Beach Boys — good, weren't they?

But then pastiche is what pop music's all about, right? And wrong. Derivation and tribute are inevitable bed-fellows, in rock 'n' roll as in the movies, painting, poetry, clothes design, what have you. Here, as anywhere else, it's really a question of how much enjoyment one derives from spotting the cribs, or, conversely, how distracting the cribs are. It's the Nick Lowe/Boombtown Rats/Elvis

Costello/practically every other fellow syndrome.

I like it, I like it, I like the way the Beach Boys pastiche ('They're Looting In The Town') contains a Bowie sax cameo, the placing of the bop-she-bop Showaddywaddy-style 'Johnny Jukebox' smack dab in the middle of the more serious items on the record's first side. And so on. Sometimes, as on the Lizzy lift over Clash percussions that distinguish 'Songs Of The Faithful Departed' on first hearings, it's impossible to tell if there's a tongue in Phillip Chevron's cheek or if he's a cheeky booger plain and simple, particularly with a text containing such wry twists as "a terrible beauty is torn", a verbal bastardisation of Yeats (W.B., not Paula).

Producer Tony Visconti contributes a typically apt balance between trickery and truth, solid in the rhythmic and other skeleton areas, appropriate in mood and feel

when the music suggests Various Artists (I haven't mentioned T. Rex, 10cc or The Beatles yet), and subtly cosmetic where a touch of audio pancake's needed — mainly in the treatment of vocal parts, the Radiators least developed talent.

Significantly perhaps, the record's stand-out cut is Chevron's 'Kitty Ricketts', first heard live and on disc as part of the group's continuing liaison with cabaret (as in Brecht/Weil) artiste Agnes Bernelle. You couldn't call 'Kitty Ricketts' original on any level. But you could call it a great pop record, a boisterous bierkeller knees-up that's beautifully perverted by some striking lyrics and an over-the-top vocal delivery into something that's undeniably and irresistibly OYRISH.

I think it'll be a massive hit. And when you go to 'Ghost Town' as a result, you'll find lots of big and little pleasures waiting there.

GIOVANNI DADOMO

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Street To Street: A Liverpool Album' (Open Eye OE 501)****

JOHN PEEL, may I paraphrase you? "This is the album to lay the ghost of Merseybeat forever," and I know what the chubby balding one means.

'Street To Street' is a record of stops, starts, twists, bends, ideas and big, big plans. In a way I suppose it's the first sizeable evidence of the renaissance that has been quietly taking place in the music scene of Liverpool. This album sparks and shines throughout with the sort of incipient imaginativeness and innovation that has this year come to the surface on a series of shapely, loving Zoo singles: it testifies if anything to the value of much of the as yet neglected background to that scene.

'Street To Street' is in a way a celebration of the natural passion of unconscious crazy first steps into the r'n'r beat. It's not rounded (heaven forbid, hearing this little gemstone in the sterile wake of the new Dylan opus), it's essentially a 'worthwhile collector's item', but an exuberant one at that.

Echo And The Bunnymen (to begin with the final of the twelve tracks) are one of this year's most exciting bands. Here they are represented by 'Monkies', a

shuffling, slight but cute piece of (what sounds like) early experimentation into the band's presently thick pop sound. 'Monkies' is the most coherent and vigorous song on offer, but the rest have their merits.

Big In Japan's 'Match Of The Day', is a twangy Shadows pastiche. An instrumental, it hints at the sort of inventiveness that co-ordinator Bill Drummond is these days transferring into administration, rather than the making of records. The track makes us want to hear more of this mystery group, now sadly defunct.

The ID, I'm reliably informed, are an early mutation of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark and their 'Julia's Song' is a drifting, hypnotic piece of melody that proves a more substantial item than their current Big Hit, the vapid 'Electricity' single.

'194 Radio City' is the work of, among others, former Big In Japaner Ian Broudie, former Slitsman Budgie and Bill Drummond's Zoo partner Dave Balfe, who tugs the whole thing along with a fine, eerie keyboards line. The beat is reggae-esque but the aura is decidedly tongue-in-cheek. One of those 'concepts', then, pals?

Modern Eon's 'Beached Down/80's Sixties' is on the more metallic side of the Mersey consciousness, and it sounds as

starkly bleak as its titles would suggest. Actively Minimal and (Tony Mitchell's favourite this one) Dead Trout, the latter a studenty collaboration, are probably the works of a seriously insane group of people. They are, uh, interesting.

The second side, apart from nestling the mighty Bunnymen's goodie, settles most impressively on Tontrix's 'Screen Love', a yinky yonky folk song (gosh!) and Fun's 'I Heard You Call My Name', which manages to soak itself in Roxy and Iggy mouthwashes at the same time while coming out at the end as a low key X-Ray Spex rip-off. 'I Don't Want To Go Bald' by the Moderates is, again, an ode on the very precipice of lunacy, making Wild Willy Wotsisname sound like Perry Como.

A good album, then. A nice venture all round boys. When they bring the white vans and strait-jackets I'll be right down there with you, going yo yo yo.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

CRAZY CAVAN 'Red Hot 'N' Rockabilly' (Charly CR30174)****

LET'S FACE it, the lifestyles of punk superstars like Pursey, Jones, and Cook, etc. are rapidly

becoming even more tedious than the exploits of those aging tax exiles they set out to replace. Isn't it time for an infusion of some guts? Right, kick out that meek'n'mild mod renewal into touch and grab a knuckledusterful of red hot rockabilly.

A swift introduction to a long lasting meaningful relationship should come via this best of compilation from Crazy, one of Britain's leading country rock exponents.

Culled from Rhythm Rockers' three albums, it's a perfect slice of that particular brand of southpaw boogie which employs the emphatic R&B beat socked out with a C&W feel.

Swingin' to the rhythm, boppin' to the beat, these guys mean business from the work jive. Guitarist Lydon Needs, who shares songwriting duties here along with leader Cavan, reproduces the staccato playing so essential to this musical format. Graham Price (bass) and Mike Coffey (drums) are suitably unobtrusive.

Meanwhile Crazy himself turns in some stunning vocals. A hiccup here, a glotal stop there, true Fifties singing to a tee; Pleading in 'Sweet Baby Jean', raw and shouting on 'Teddy Jive' and leg shakin' his way through 'Stompin' Shoes'.

CHRIS RYAN

o n t h e r o a d



Pic: Ross Hallin

The Who's wholesome Wembley wheatgerm

The Who/The Stranglers/AC/DC/ Nils Lofgren Wembley

THE SCENE backstage at the spécial 'guests' reception hall at Wembley was like something lifted out of Robert Altman's *A Wedding*. You walked up a plush, purple canopied stairway that led into what looked like a derelict art gallery, where Tequila Sunrises tinkled and red-waistcoated barstaff stoically held back the deluge of after shave and satined 'Thin Lizzy Summer Tour 1876' bomber jackets that clamoured for more juice.

The Sweeney types on the door checked ID's and held back ogling voyeurs and lusty autograph hunters' with automaton inscrutability. At the bar a fatman sipped scotch and spoke into a walkie talkie, trying to impress: "Pfuh, pfuh, one-two, one-two, testing. Charlie, this is Freddy at the west bar... come in Charlie..." Charlie, it seemed, wasn't there.

In his partner's absence, the walkie talkie man followed us secretly to the special 'guests' buffet next door. While we tucked into some kind of singularly unhealthy looking chicken salad and marvelled at the tastelessness of most of these Rock Music Business

People's clothes, he sniffed at the food on offer in search of some devilish poisons and hurried up and down the hall with the inconspicuousness of a charging rhino.

Outside in the dim portals of Wembley stadium, far away from the slow motion, very English urbanity of smiling 'guests', frantic faces sought out their territory for the day, stumbling to a halt every now and then to maybe roll a tatty joint or swig from a faithful whisky bottle, and then staggering onwards in search of some idyllic non-existent vantage point where they could rest and wait and try and stay conscious enough to at least hear The Who.

For it was clearly The Who and solely The Who that the vast majority of customers had come to see. This was no 'package' deal; the three other bands on show were definitely in most of the semi-functioning, half-aware minds pure tinsel, at best mere adornment for The Greatness Of The Who.

And at that time in the day who was to say they were wrong? To us, the uninitiated, The Who were a possible treat; it is clear, after all, that for the most part the much publicised, media seeped side of The Who is irrelevant. In this sense, of course, 'Tommy' is the worst offender, this most bombastic and excruciating of rock excesses, along with the early seventies Elton John Squad's

blunting of the blades of those first, furious Who songs, setting The Who into the *Observer* Colour Supplement, thoughtful, family, wholesome rock star stakes, while it is patently clear that it's in parts of 'Who's Next', 'Quadrophrenia' and 'Who By Numbers' that the band's real, undiluted value lies.

Now, with the sad but somehow inevitable and almost purging loss of Keith Moon, it seemed as if the band could well be ready for the business again, perhaps some final, reactivating swansongs of attack and guts. What was there to lose but a false, thickening skin of bland submission that had built up over the years?

The handfuls (only handfuls I'm afraid) of mods, the legions of denim scruffs and others obviously felt the same as they killed the hours catching the support acts.

The inexplicably first on the bill Nils Lofgren did no harm in their eyes, but there again, it was impossible for anyone with less than telescopic vision to be overly impressed by what was going on on stage. For all we knew (and we did strain our eyes from the supposed vantage point of the lofty 'guests' enclosure, tee hee) that dot in the distance could have been Spizz Oil, Judy Tzuke or Little Bob Story. Thing is, the dot was singing songs from the new Nils Lofgren album so I

suppose the thesis that it indeed was young Nils and band on stage is a safe one. And very good he was too, if a trifle inaudible as well as invisible for the greater part of the set.

The response from the crowd was non-committally healthy, as if they respected Lofgren for being American and that was it. Personally, I was still working out how I could best give a critical account of what was going on, considering that conditions meant that it was like reviewing a gig at the Lyceum while standing at Charing Cross tube station. The whole thing was disarming.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

THEY MAY never be exactly fashionable but AC/DC are in serious danger of becoming one of the world's great rock bands. For illustration I'll just describe the fourth song in their set, a wonderful rendering of 'Bad Boy Boogie'.

As if he thought matters had been a little tame to date (they hadn't) Angus opened the number by sprinting across stage, flinging himself on the floor and flailing himself round in circles all the while playing a beserk solo. OK, we were listening. Then AC/DC played the most inspiring hard and heavy you could imagine, so strong, so satisfying I'd even call it moving — the shivers and pricking of the scalp it gave me were the same symptoms of

internal ecstasy I get from Joan Armatrading's music and pardon me if that sounds crazy but it's factual and unaccountable to me too.

The outstanding features were Bon's much developed vocals, the awesome tone of the Young guitars when in tandem (they reminded me of Southside Johnny's horns) and the intense authority of the rhythm section, Malcolm, Cliff Williams and Phil Rudd who are clearly committed life, soul and sinew to every beat.

They sustained this high through 'She's Got The Jack' and 'Highway To Hell' until half way through 'Whole Lotta Rosie' they were unmanned by a farcical technical hitch. To wit the entire PA was extinguished at a stroke and unbeknown to the band, still deluged in on-stage sound from monitors and back-line. Looking very silly they carried on screaming and stomping to themselves and must have been amazed to see the previously joyful crowd slow hand-clapping.

Anyway, when normal service was resumed Angus and Bon went walkabout on the terraces with the radio guitar and they encored by demand with 'You Want Blood' which said it all for this earthy, honest, superb band.

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

IT SEEMED the final straw that The Stranglers, a band who had only a few years ago

represented so much in the New Wave's battle against symbols of sterile smuggerly such as Wembley, should now be parading themselves in this very place like shameful captives spreading propaganda over the radio.

They were walking the plank of the big ship that until recently they had shaken with broadsides of assured, mature wit and clownishness, could I take it?

The answer is yes, I took the spectacle and loved it and came away thrilling to The Stranglers' performance. Perhaps it was a case of suddenly seeing the band in a light that I'd never before discovered (or perhaps never wanted to discover) but they impressed me in a way that suggests that I'm pleased for the changes they have made and the places they are headed to. You can call me a traitor (you punky types are so dedicated in your alternative shells, aren't you?), a Judas, a liar, but in the summer of '79 The Stranglers fit Wembley like the proverbial glove.

After all, what do you do? Do you call yourselves The Buzzcocks (sorry, it's BBBuzzcocks these days, isn't it?), Gen X or Magazine and head for the golden hills of rolling shame, or do you try

CONTINUES
PAGE 38



Pic: Ross Hallin

WHO LASERS



Pic: Ross Hallin

ANGUS GOES walkabout



Pic: Ross Hallin

A STRANGLER and scaffolding



Pic: Paul Centy

NILS LOFGREN

THE WHO

FROM PAGE 37

something a little harder? The Stranglers have at least tried something different. At Wembley The Stranglers proved that they are irrelevant to what they once were and vital to what they are now, here, at this minute. They have cast their punky skin and are presenting themselves as The Stranglers, a band interested in moving on, in true adventuring and not living on the laurels of mythical times past. Their set was ambitious, exciting and consisted of seven new songs from their forthcoming album, three from the last (their best) LP and only two songs, 'Bring On The Nubiles' and 'Down In The Sewer', from an earlier period.

Even with 'Nubiles' and 'Sewer', however, it was clear that the band are now firmly bedded in darker, more atmosphere-conscious material than their New Wave styled, black humour period. The new songs, 'Nuclear Device', 'The Raven', 'Shah Shah A Go Go' and in particular the excellent 'Dead Loss Angeles' and 'Baroque Bordello' have the familiar Stranglers ingredients of basic pop and rock traits, but the stress is now on achieving a deeper, richer sound with Dave Greenfield's keyboards often setting out on ambitious but urgent runs. The result was a brilliantly paced, often delicately low-key set of light and shade.

The Stranglers' surprise if anything helped along my enthusiasm to see The Who and at just after eight o'clock the chance came as Wembley's lights subtly replaced the clarity of the dying day. Woosh! Four tiny figures, much waving, grunted microphone welcomings, an inexorable light show and the opening tremours of 'Substitute'. The signs are hopeful, the band seem eager and are revelling in the ancient but revived vigour of the opening flourish of old songs. 'Can't Explain' follows, the chorus subtly but meticulously stretched a little in structure, just enough to imbalance the singalongheads in the crowd, Daltrey whirling his mike, Townshend windmilling like a prize gladiator. 'Baba O'Reilly' is next, the tapes squirting and farting in the right places and so on into the growing gloom and the gradual predominance of the circus light show and the lunatic lasers that start and seem to never end again with the fluff of 'See Me Feel Me'.

No, it wasn't just me. Faces fell as the calculated show of showbiz success went on and on and on. The set was coldbloodedly draped round the easy rapture of the oldie singles, the wishful, terribly mercenary emphasis upon the more, shall we say, overtly de rigueur sections of 'Quadrophrenia' ('This is from the film etc) and, perhaps most alarming of all, the self-conscious look-over-Townshend's shoulder at the breathtaking abyss of the last album as if to prove that they aren't all that bad. If 'The Music Must Change' is anything to go by (an absurdly contradictory waffle) then they most certainly are!

It was this notion of the set consisting of A Formula that was the most fundamentally irritating aspect of all. The inclusions of Daltrey's harp playing (did he really expect to generate a little bluesy soul in that place?) and the easy, affable on stage presentation seemed mere illusions to let you know you were 'in on a good time'. There was never the slightest hint of any true soul or feeling or emotion or genuine care for their audience throughout the set (give them a tap on the head, so to speak, with a laser and they'll be happy) the space between the audience and the band was only given the impression of being filled, and it was gladly taken.

Outside on the 'guest' veranda I saw the walkie talkie man later. He was still speaking to his invisible machine. I think he was trying to contact Pete Townshend: somebody must have escaped.

DAVE McCULLOUGH



PURPLE HEARTS: impressive music muscle

Pic: Gus Stewart

Your side of heaven

Purple Hearts/Secret Affair/Back To Zero Torquay

THE WORD is out, we're gonna shake and shout and if all you gotta do is pout and spout pious, groundless platitudes about mod being Big Biz hype then you get out of this page now and go flout your ignorance elsewhere.

Ahh, you can scream and holler till you're blue in the boat but the only way to convince people is by delivering the goods and that's exactly what this cool, clean blast of fresh air called the March Of The Mods is doing.

Young Ones Birmingham

THE FAT, mid-pop rocking sound put out with such guileless charm by the Young Ones is far less obviously crafted, less shapely, and altogether shaggier than it was a year ago — perversely enough they have become infinitely more palatable as a result.

As an accidental consequence of minimal attendance (25 faces are easily lost in Barbarellas' gloom) this new and rather engaging sloppiness is less cause for silly smiling than if one justifies it as natural progression (albeit of an unusual kind) towards a vogue so desirable a few years ago, when all was loose, cheeky, and 'swashbuckling'.

But this is downhome — the ill-matched togs, the ageing hairstyles, the tasteless patterned guitar — the inept attitude may be forgiven in return for the undeniably snappy tunes which occasionally surface.

'I Fell In Love Last Night', 'Keep Your Views To Yourself', and 'Give Me The Money' have sterling pace, swooping choruses, and are chock full of Richard Bull's teenage guitar solos; it's on this apparently simple but effusive level that the Young Ones modestly succeed, and they should attempt to shorten the spaces between such isolated peaks.

Otherwise you can just giggle at the clowning, with

Three bands, three of the best bands within the Renewal's confines, are taking their music out of the Smoke to a sceptical, if interested country, and tonight some 500 of the curious turn up at the Town Hall, several decked out in token mod outfits.

And I get the same sort of tingle that you get when you take your first girl friend home to mum for the first time. Are they gonna hit it off or throw the cutlery at each other...?

No sweat, sweets, only the dead or the hopelessly hip (ha) could resist the sheer dance attack of the Affair... but I leap events. Back To Zero are the support band and hence perpetually kick things off while the co-headliners juggle their running orders.

And sadly, tonight, BTZ's set

Bull and bassist John Hollodai sliding down each other's backs, or pinch-faced singer Paul Louis scampering round incessantly like a gerbil on sulphate, his pleas for convulsive dancing doomed to fall on shy feet...

Inspiration sags — that's your description (since this band are unassuming, offer nothing nouveau — no more is needed surely?). The Young Ones are not a fashionable band, the obligation on your part isn't too great. Positioned in that thankless apogee from rock's thriving nucleus (so it seems), they stand only for hard work and dogged perseverance, and the mystery of their continued dedication is fortunately not one I have to solve.

STEPHEN GORDON

The Records Music Machine

NOTHING IS going to remove from my mind the notion that The Records are, conceptually at the very least, one of the finest musical groups on the planet, that they are much, much more than the superannated power pop purveyors that some clods have been happy to paint them as, that they are already forging music of astonishing maturity and range within relatively conventional and economic formats, that they are fully capable of taking whole worlds of past and present pop and filtering them through their own peculiarly melancholy muse, that they reach

is sabotaged by an outrageously tinny sound mix reducing their clear, individual style to a samey mess demanding tremendous concentration to discern their undoubted merit. But I can promise unconvinced Torquay types they are worthy of your further attention.

Their own numbers, penned by Barney Rubble lookalike guitarist Sam Burnett, include an alarming number of gems, rightly categorised by the Maximum Speed trio as 'catchy, melodic yet moody'. So infectious energised pop like the vigorous soon-come single 'Your Side Of Heaven' and its harder sibling 'Back To Back' proudly rub shoulders until their best number, the slower but immaculate 'Modern Boys'.

Their cover of 'Glad All Over' was dullsville and pointless but

the parts most bands are incapable of locating.

Truth to tell, and The Records will confess readily, live presentation has never exactly been their forte. The fact that they write such sophisticated, ambitious tunes has not helped (there's not a lot you can do wrong with most current so-called songs).

But they've recently improved considerably, amping up the keyboard content (currently with the help of Mike Taylor, an ex-Roy Hill sideman) and concentrating a unison attack that comes through on Huw Gower's loving reshaping of Spirit's '1984', soaring from a base of pure muscle and force. Similarly, 'All Messed Up And Ready To Go', 'Teenarama' and 'Affection Rejected' are handed over by way of a streamlined overdrive which raises your spirits so high they're in severe danger of floating out the top of your skull.

In addition to the embarrassment of riches on 'Shades In Bed', they can casually exhibit enough intensely wonderful new songs to allay any fears that they might have shot their bolt. Along with 'The Man With The Girlproof Heart' and 'Vamp', they hit a high with 'Make The Same Mistakes', a classic that came over with a cohesion and conviction which belied the fact that it was only a few days old. By the time you read this The Records will be in America and I fully intend to sulk till they come back.

DAVID HEPWORTH

a fine 'Land Of A Thousand Dances' more than compensated and rightly earned them an encore... Give these boys a decent sound mix and they're magic (more details next week).

Secret Affair came next and I doubt if there's much more I can say about them. They are the best, the most mature, most proficient and most enjoyable band in the movement and probably the best dance band in the country which is why they soon get every living personoid shaking their bustles (only the NME could call them 'fast, young, smart and anthemic' and make it sound like an insult).

They're so good that as the encore repeat of the titanic 'Time For Action' echoes round my ears I just can't imagine how the Purple Hearts could possibly follow them, yet somehow the atmosphere of friendly competition on the tour is sharpening everyone up and the Hearts played the finest set I've ever seen them do.

From the minute they power into 'Steppin' Stone' you can tell tonight's gonna be one hell of a tight showcase for their afterpunk punch: well-rounded, pogo-promoting rock built on

their impressive music muscle and embellished by Rob Manton's cocky cockney holler and jumping jack stage antics.

The other cover, pre-Bowie Bowie's 'Can't Help Thinking About Me', is beefy attacking rock with some handsome guitar chords from Mr Stebbing and powerful drumming from Gary Sparks.

And the new numbers, especially 'Something You Can't Have', are excellent but it's the old faithfuls that prove conclusively that the Hearts have got that elusive something. There's the crisp rocker 'Frustration' with that immortal chorus: 'I get frustration I wear it like a suit/But the jacket fits too tightly and there's le-e-ead inside my boots'; the fine plea for individuality of 'Jimmy', the souly bars and Jolt-like crushing chorus of 'I Can't Stay Here' and best of all the single and raucous anthem, 'Millions Like Us'.

And if the tour carries on this good, this united, this impressive, then there just might be... Back To Zero, Purple Hearts and Secret Affair. Reasons to be cheerful, parts one, two, three.

GARRY BUSHELL

Free Festival Deeply Vale

THE ATMOSPHERE at the 1979 Deeply Vale Free Festival was surprisingly warm and friendly (give or take the odd mean-looking motor cyclist).

The fact that the festival survived at all was a minor miracle. Intense legal battles and a completely devastated bill failed to prevent the event taking place. Hardly any music worth mentioning was played during the weekend period. Nevertheless, everyone seemed to be full of the good time spirit.

Were you ripped of at Knebworth? Do you enjoy paying large amounts of money to see a washed out lazy dinosaur band named Zeppelin finally get off its diabolical backside to perform one lousy gig? The people of the Deeply Vale Festival can neither be called fools or punters. They were the event.

But a good band does help and at 9.15 on Sunday evening the unlikely Victim from Belfast supplied us with the goods. Victim only moved to Manchester a week before the gig and already suffered the theft of most of their equipment. But, with undampened spirits and unfamiliar gear (loaned from V2), they managed to transform a rather dodgy looking gig into a complete and utter success.

Their music bears all the trade marks of the wave of recent Ulster rock. Harder than The Undertones, softer than Stiff Little Fingers, they lie somewhere inbetween. The missing link? The songs roll along with ease, catchy and coy they tend to stick in the mind. Aggressive but sensitive pop music that tells a great deal about the life they have left across the sea. They offer no solutions, their music merely reports on the frustrations of their teenage life. That's rock'n'roll.

Onstage Victim are almost relaxing to watch. They stroll around the mikes in a casual and perhaps slightly nervous manner. They look almost apologetic although there is certainly no need to. The complete opposite to the pathetic arrogant attitude of, say, Slaughter And The Dogs. (Mentioned because Victim's music stems from the same Bowie background as the rabid crew's).

Most of Victim's song titles are misleading and hackneyed. 'Junior Criminals', 'Trademark World' and 'I Need You' may all sound like the songtitles of a junior league punk band from Grimsby but in fact the songs are as startlingly inventive as The Undertones' singles (slight sarcasm).

But Deeply Vale warmed to the Victim brand of 'pressure pop' as indeed will most of their forthcoming UK audiences. A band of the future? Maybe, but for the moment I can't put it better than this: simply, Victim are great fun.

MICK MIDDLES

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THE LOVABLY deranged Wayne Barrett

Uptown top cranking

Slaughter And The Dogs Retford

GREAT NEWS, sports fans: Slaughter And The Dogs are back. Back from the dead, and obviously determined to re-establish themselves as one of Britain's hottest don't-give-a-shit punk rock 'n' roll combos. It's been about a year since they last played live, and the rest seems to have done 'em good. 'Cos tonight's set, at Retford's fab Porterhouse Club, was a wildly enjoyable display of untrammelled energy. Ahh, nostalgia.

They've acquired a new drummer in the interim, namely Phil Roland, formerly a member

of Mike Rossi's short-lived Studio Sweethearts project. Otherwise the line-up is still the same as before — Rossi himself on lead guitar, Howard 'Zip' Bates on bass, and the charismatic (read 'deranged') Wayne Barrett on verbals.

The set was a comprehensive mixture of old and new material. The vintage stuff included 'Runaway', 'The Bitch', 'Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone?', and 'Johnny T', alias 'Johnny B. Goode' with different words. Also included was a fiery rendition of 'Cranked Up Really High', the A-side of their debut single, which was re-released by Rabid a while ago, complete with a photo of the Dogs themselves in full glam rock regalia on the label. I still rate 'Cranked Up' as

one of the most vital of all New Wave singles. Really a marvellously trashy and endearing effort.

The oldies were given new drive and impetus by Roland's drumming; the newies all featured the same basic Slaughter riffs garnished over with Mike Rossi's sparkling metallic wah wah progressions. The titles included 'You're Not Right', 'What's Wrong, Boy?', 'It's All Over Now' and 'Hell In New York', alias 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' with different words.

Not the most devastatingly original bunch of songs, but then, the Dogs never did go a bundle on innovative techniques or intellectual concepts. They were always just a set of barmy buggers, primarily concerned with living out their own

personal flash-rock superstar fantasies. And their music was always made up of one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration. Rossi himself insists that the band are 'really progressing' these days, but basically they're the same as they always were, and personally I'm not complaining.

Gosh, I even went backstage to meet Slaughter for the very first time (Pete Scott the shameless groupie). They divided their time between banging some girl in an adjacent room, slagging The Fall, and singing the praises of Dave McCullough ('Great bloke, great bloke'). Yeah, it's a happening world and Slaughter and the Dogs are a happening band.

PETE SCOTT

Ponder's End Loftus

WHEN THE punk revival comes and the kids nostalgically recollect the good ol' 'gobbin' days of yore, it could easily come as a shock to the next generation's rock oracles that non-vogue late-seventies HM dealers like Ponder's End actually had to struggle to get by.

To be sure, the times have no respect for the good guys, and with high blood pressure already the premier A&R syndrome it was kind of predictable that these boys got a comprehensive snubbing when they recently hawked their tapes round the streets of London. An old-fashioned HM combo with a dumper name (and the geographical misfortune to come from Wakefield, Worksop and Bradford), Ponder's formed in

late '78 and they've been looking back ever since.

At the capacious, well-appointed West Road Club, they nevertheless gave further credence to the thesis that HM is always going to be the lowest common denominator genre for the vast majority of the uncommitted — and especially so in table-bound, 'girlfriend-totin' scenarios such as this.

It was perhaps to be expected that the sure-fire

(brilliantly executed) cabaret covers like 'Hotel California' and 'Cold As Ice' came thick and fast (the band later reassured me that this prostitution of their talents was an expedient answer to what they deemed 'the punters' expectations'), but originals such as 'Gimme Money', 'The Gambler' and 'Can't Fool Me' showed what could be done with courage and conviction.

Dressed in sport-orientated American leisurewear, mainmen John Parr (lead guitar/vocal/plectrum stunts) and Geoff Lyth (lead guitar/vocal/keyboards) took turns to solo on larynx and axe — neither one of them Joe Walsh, though they fooled most of the people most of the time — while Tony Kampf (bass) and Mick Brady (drums) weighed in with a Purple-style wall-of-sound.

The Frampton voice box

Big cat's big let down

The Def Leppard backlash starts here (What, already? — Ed.)

Def Leppard Newcastle

THE SECTION of the Mayfair's balcony that's screened off for use by the mixer and his lighting lads resembles the tube at five o'clock. Friends, mums and dads, friends' mums and dads; everyone's gathered together to share in their boys' glory. A six (not five) figure deal with Phonogram, tours with Sammy Hagar and maybe Ian Gillan. It's all systems go for Def Leppard.

I'm here, as much as anything, to see what it is that they've got that elevates them above dozens of other similar young heavies up and down the country. If I was hoping for some sort of great insight it didn't come.

Joe Elliott is an OK singer and when bassist Rick Savage comes in as well it gets quite good. Elliott makes the standard full-lunged bellows, lets out some Plant-y 'woah, woahs' to a phantom steed and yells "Is everybody fella'n' alright" at regular intervals. He moves acceptably, backwards

and forwards and sometimes side to side (reminding me a bit of Les McKeown actually). He claps and whirls the mike, but there's no real conviction. Nothing that says "Watch me! I'm something special!", the way that the better new frontmen like Dave Smith of Zorro or Bob Smeton of White Heat do have.

Maybe it's because at average age 18 the band aren't musically mature. They're tight enough, so they must work a lot, but there's still an obvious lack of experience. Like, it's pretty clear that Leppard have only twelve numbers rehearsed up and ready to go. Eleven for the main set and one for the encore. So when, as in this case, they are called back for a second encore it's got to be one of the previous twelve again. Touches like that sort the men from the boys.

Clothes-wise, it's archetypal HM satin and spangles. And even though the band favour yellow and black prints, in keeping with the 'Leppard' part of their name, it all comes over as being rather indenti-flash. 'Dressy-up'.

Musically they've got very much the same problem. I've got no kinship with the form but I can tell yer Rush from yer Zep and yer Quo from yer AC/DC and to me, as yet, Leppard don't have their own sound. They make the noise but it isn't yet their noise. When they do their Lizzy covers, it comes out like Lizzy. When they do their own songs, every twist and turn fits into a well-ploughed furrow.

Heavy metal is known as anything but innovative, but I was hoping for some freshness at least. Instead, numbers that start off slow and soulful and build up to a chugga beat alternate with numbers that do the opposite. The guitar break, a drum solo and the regulation pseudo-cosmic lyrics. I, and you, have heard it dozens of times before. As, I'm sure, have the band.

Sorry to be a damp squib lads, but do you really need all the cliches? The bricks and mortar are there. All that's needed is an architect and some new plans.

IAN RAVENDALE

and the Police simplicity of composition betrayed the band's influences good and bad, and Lyth's uncomfortable (yet supremely effective) switches to keys demonstrated their shortcomings manpower-wise (read this freebie as a serious ad), but there was no mistaking the positivity of the audience reaction with or without the assistance of alcohol — although a few bevies probably helped.

Currently Big In Guernsey, Ponder's End possibly lack the kind of identity that one more original-thinking muso could contribute, but lest their rough ride in the UK gets too tough, I'd advise these sensitive hard rock stalwarts to keep on trucking at least until the New Wave pan-out era.

Either that, or, if impatience prevails, to Go West (at least 6,000 miles).

DES MOINES

IQ Zero Manchester

IQ ZERO have in the last nine months earned the distinction of being my most hated band on the local circuit. The clever-dick schoolboy scientist image has always left me with a feeling of intense boredom. So intense in fact, that it had become almost a masochistic delight to visit their live gigs. IQ Zero have always managed to cause violently mixed crowd reactions. You either love 'em or you hate 'em.

But it must be admitted that the band have improved enormously since the beginning of the year. Their songs have progressed in league with the band's musicianship. A crisper, tighter sound has been achieved although it still helps to be a fan of the Godawful Devo. Quivering jerk music for unstable speedfreaks.

At times IQ Zero display a talent for producing an uncanny catchiness that surely points the way for the future songs. The trouble is that they often ruin a good song with their annoying and totally unnecessary musical silliness. They often are caught trying to be far too clever and the simplicity of the music is turned into a mess of squiggly noise.

Still (and before that creep from Blackburn writes another silly hate letter) IQ Zero seem to be heading in the right direction and it's encouraging to see the band finally climb out of those hideous boiler suits and forgetting the old 'IQ Zero and the master race' crap.

The highlights of this set must be the just released 'Insects' single which clearly shows the band's potential and the corny but cute 'IQ Rejects', a song that's ugly, dumb, trite and immensely enjoyable.

A patchy but encouraging evening. A good band is finally emerging although the sci-fi overtones are about as con-

vincing as a Maggie Thatcher election speech. Let's just say, interesting.

MICK MIDDLES

Squeeze/Yachts Lyceum

COOL FOR cats? In last night's Lyceum, it was cool for neither cats, pigs nor humans. It was steaming. The PA was so odd that all the bands sounded like they were singing through a haze of rice pudding. All in all, problems.

First band on were The Favourites. Well, that's what it said on their dressing-room door. I wasn't there to see them, and neither were any of the people that I asked.

Following on came The Yachts. Now I think this band is the purest form of Power Pop. The only successful band of its type. They survived last night, despite their silly contrasting shirts and ties, and their clean-cut image. They survived very well.

And they played a set of poppy originals; lively and sparkling. Universal appeal. Yet, with the addition of an electronic organ (new since I last saw them), they were a stronger, heavier group. If you asked me which bits I like, I'd say 'Mantovani's Hits', 'Don't Call Us' and 'Yachting Types'. The crowd seemed to like it all.

Yachts ended with a version of '24 Hours To Tulsa' that would make Gene Pitney squeal with horror, and for a fleeting moment they seemed to be rounding up their set in typical Stones aggression. But no. They peacefully vacated the stage to more applause than I thought they'd get, and we waited for Squeeze.

Squeeze. Never seen them before. Bit of an unknown quantity. No-one quite sure what to expect. Rock, pop or 12 different versions of 'Up The Junction'? I still don't know what it really was. 'Cos of the sound problems, tunes were distorted and lyrics were incoherent. Frustrating.

Apart from that, Squeeze went down well with the Lyceum crowd. Great. They were loud and cheeky, confident Londoners each one. Zapping along in a true rock 'n' roll powerhouse style.

The new single 'Slap And Tickle', old favourites 'Cool For Cats' and 'Up The Junction'. Ear-catchers like 'Goodbye Girl' and 'It's So Dirty'. All would have been superb if only we could have heard them properly.

The keyboards rescued the event while a harp gave some sparkling effects. Fun stage show. Complaints? At times too much going on to watch all at once. Slight chaos reminiscent of Showaddywaddy.

And so to bed. With memories of all the leaping, pulsating punters clustered around the dance floor. Loving Squeeze. Thinking Squeeze. Being Squeeze. Squeeze are hot cats, if you ask me.

ROBBI MILLAR



DEF LEPPARD: they make the noise, but it's not yet their noise

Pic: Gary Leighton



Life can be fun in the Bozo Zone

Eddie And The Hot Rods Music Machine

I FELT a very old twenty-two years of age at the Music Machine on Friday. That was the most striking impression felt on this, the ragged, inglorious, untrumpeted return of the chameleonesque Hot Rods. Other feelings were nostalgic for the most part, happily unreal and inverted, ringing strangely true of the rock and roll reality that turns a hot success story on its head and drags it back into the Bozo Zone, doing it all over again like there was no tomorrow.

The Hot Rods were always separate. Not separate by design, but separate 'cos they always had schemes, plans, maps of where they wanted to go, pipedreams that invariably wafted away as such. By accident the band held on to a tremendous identity, flares, hair, guitar breaks and musical expansion all the way.

Always the nagging Zimbabwes of the New Wave, in the years '76 and '77 more than any other band the Hot Rods gave lethargic, brave new rock and roll world kids a burning, vivid feeling of what rock music sounded like at its live, most climactic peaks.

And then two years spin past, a whole genre of bands trading on the Hot Rods' essential spirit have glimmered and been burnt away, and the Hot Rods are back on the scene and standing proudly before a mere handful of people stagefront, who bravely and solely chant the fabled 'Hot Rodzz, Hot Rodzz!' fanfare.

At the core nothing has changed much in the band. The Dave Higgs infected r'n'b soul machine is still there, pumping hot and fast round smooth, shapely speedways. Paul Gray is still a gifted bassplayer, Nichols a fierce and adept drummer, Barrie Masters a livewire frontman. No, it is the steady emergence of Graeme

Douglas that has outwardly affected the band.

Opening with 'Take It Or Leave It' the set was centred round the second and third albums. The nods in the direction of the earlier material were clearly cursory ones. As a result, it is Douglas who is on stage the overwhelming focus point; the spotlights highlight his pained (from where I was standing all but) inaudible solos, the song structures vividly stress his dynamo role in the band's recent material, you're left in no doubt concerning Douglas's importance.

In this one sense the Hot Rods have become a one man band, and the opening Music Machine gig emphasised if anything that it is a role that doesn't befit their essential spirit of wasted, breathless, wreckless r'n'r abandon. The balances tipped towards Douglas all the time when there shouldn't be balances at all. For me, the Hot Rods are about cohesive (and I don't mean cohesive in the sense that Douglas and Higgs swap tasty licks now and then) collective, uniform white electric heat: there shouldn't be any time or room for strangled, rasping solo work. Maybe a calm spreading of writing chores is needed, I don't know. Whatever, the band need a second 'Do Anything You Wanna Do' boost, and I can't see it coming in the present, Douglas dominated state of affairs.

For all that the MM gig was a rough, enjoyable night. The band seemed relaxed and in good spirits, and it was refreshing hearing songs as fast, crafted and mature as 'Quit This Town', 'I Might Be Lying' and 'Way It Used To Be'. They meant something to me a long time ago and I left the gig with memories in my head, feeling, yes, a little old but young enough to hope for some semblance of a future for the Hot Rods.

Something tells me they deserve it.
DAVE McCULLOUGH

cluding a daft rip-off of 'White Christmas', where they even managed to go wrong. Security Risk mopped up all the scraps of atmosphere that

could be found in the dire confines of the Nashville.

In the past few months, ever since I saw them supporting the UK Subs at the Music

Machine, Security Risk have grown up. Developed into their own image with their own songs and special sound.

On stage, a cheerful camaraderie. Direct contact with their fans. And always a lot of nerve and cheek, particularly from singer Jan Parker, that carries everything through.

ROBBI MILLAR

The 45's Newcastle

I'VE SPENT many an idle moment debating with myself where pop music would have gone in the Seventies if it'd been combos like The Searchers, Gerry And The Pacemakers and The Dave Clark Five who'd survived the Sixties as forces to be reckoned with instead of the Stones and The Who. I never managed to come up with an answer until I discovered The 45's.

They aren't power poppers and are too scruffy to be mods, this year's variant on last year's theme. What The 45's are is a beat group in the way that perhaps only The Records could also claim to be.

For a start The 45's don't beat around the bush as much. The Birch boys would probably love to do a Beatles here and a Hollies there but don't for credibility reasons. No such qualms with this lot. I

have reservations about their version of 'Look Through Any Window' (guitarist John Warren is no Tony Hicks) but the 1979 renderings of 'Bend Me, Shape Me', 'You Can't Do That' and 'Fun, Fun, Fun' are just that.

Number one heroes are Manfred Mann, but the band don't content themselves with tossing in a manny classic. Nope, they write their own. 'Couldn't Believe A Word', the debut single on Chopper, could easily have been a Manfred hit 12 years ago. 'Cosmopolitan Man' has a MM title, but a Dave Clark sound, while 'Lonesome Lane' would have scored for a balladeer like Gene Pitney (if Chrissie Hynde can be Sandie Shaw, someone's entitled to be Gene Pitney).

Other songs say hi to more recent developments like reggae, but the Sixties predominate. Phil Johnstone dashes off the (very) occasional jazz keyboard but is obviously happiest with staccato pipe organ. The only real concession to trends is Jamie Woods' oomphy bass but The Forties aren't about to do a Feelgoods simply to slot themselves into a ready-made audience.

Every time one of those 'Swinging London' films turns up on TV on a Friday Night I always check the credits to see if 'Group in Discotheque Scene' ever reads '45's'. They haven't yet but I'm going to keep on looking.

IAN RAVENDALE

The Buzzards/ Security Risk Nashville

"AVE YER got a 10p so as I can get in mate?" Punks striking fear into the local inhabitants of West Kensington. Green hair, pink hair, no hair. Nashville boarded up after arson attacks. Anticipation in the chilly evening air. Black leather queues.

Inside, The Buzzards. I pitied them. Faced with bad sound, intervals of aggression and an audience that was clearly only there for the support group, they'd mentally had the shit kicked out of them before they ever reached the stage. So they didn't play too well. It didn't help.

But I was interested, though I'll have to see The Buzzards live again to pass fair judgment. This just records the gig.

Some good, some bad. The poppy idiocy of 'Saturday Nights Under The Plastic Palm Trees' (where is this 'heaven' on Seven Sisters Road?). The tongue-in-cheek piss-take of 'I Don't Wanna Go To Art School'. And the punky power of the new single 'We Make A Noise'. Hard-hitting drums from Kevin Steptoe. Careful posing by lead man, Geoff Dean.

The problem is obvious. Do The Buzzards develop to please themselves? Or do they play commercial records to please their record company? Or should they revert to '77 to please the audience? They must find an answer soon, and after seeing them, I think it'll be worthwhile.

That support group called Security Risk have a lot to answer for. You know, it's not good manners to blow the main act off the stage. But they did and who's complaining? In twelve numbers, in-



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HERON SUZUKI



the getaway bike

WAX FAK

A column for connoisseurs
of vinyl esoterica, collated
by Prof. Barry Lazell, 78 (rpm)

BOND AT A PREMIUM

TONY CHAPMAN of King's Lynn asks if there are any albums still available by Graham Bond, the influential R&B musician of the Sixties who never really made it commercially and died under a tube train a few years ago.

Unfortunately, because Bond's music never meant a lot in commercial terms, there was not the demand to keep much of it in the catalogues. The only still-available album I know of almost certainly doesn't show Bond at his best; it's 'The Beginning Of Jazz-Rock' on Charly CR 300017. I don't have the album, but judging by the material the title is almost certainly a misnomer. Tracks are mostly traditional blues/R&B workouts: 'Wade In The Water'/'Big Boss Man'/'Early In The Morning'/'Person To Person'/'Spanish Blues'/'Intro By Dick Jordan'/'First Time I Met The Blues'/'Stormy Monday'/'Train Time'/'What'd I Say'

The album was compiled from Giorgio Gomelski's collection of tapes by the artists with whom he had been associated during the Sixties; the same source gave Charly rather lacklustre albums by Soft Machine, Julie Driscoll And Brian Auger, and the recently reissued 'Five Live Yardbirds' album, amongst others. I haven't investigated the possibility of further Graham Bond tracks on 60's compilations — any that exist may well be a better monument to the man in the long run.

TAKE YOUR PIC

A PICTURE disc query also from Tommy Love of Blackhill, Glasgow: "I heard that pic discs are not of the same sound quality as their ordinary black vinyl equivalents. Is this the case?"

All I can say is yes in some cases and no in others. American picture albums — particularly the promo-only releases which started the whole craze off in 1977 and the early commercial examples last year — have the picture stamped onto the vinyl rather crudely (by disc technology standards) and the net effect is of depositing a load of debris in the grooves, which hardly does wonders for the subtle sound reproduction qualities of same. If you by a U.S. picture album, it will almost certainly be labelled: 'Warning: this may not match the sound quality of the conventional pressing', or something



THE LATE Graham Bond and his wife Dihan in a scene of domestic bliss

along those lines. Fair warning; you pay your money and take your chance, because the defect in quality is certainly variable from copy to copy of the same record.

British pic discs, developed slightly more recently after considerably more scientific research (largely by the Damont company in London), are generally a different matter. They are specifically designed so that the picture should mar the sound reproductive quality as infinitesimally as possible and generally, from the examples I have come across, these efforts have paid off. I've come across no complaints about Lightning's series of pic disc oldies singles, my picture copy of The Cars' 'My Best Friend's Girl' plays perfectly and some other recent British efforts by the likes of Tycoon, Nick Straker and Charlie (both 45 and LP in the latter case) perform equally well.

It may be unfashionable in 1979's twilight of Empire, but the moral to follow here seems to be 'buy British'.

EAST ENDERS

THE RECENT request in this column for information on the Far East Family Band predictably brought in a fund of expert knowledge. Thanks to those who wrote, and particularly Keith O'Brien of Stafford, who offers the following summary of the band and their music:

"A group called the Far Out Band split up to become Chronicle (of whom more later) and the Far East Family Band. The latter's recordings are: 'Too Many People' (which I've never seen); 'The Cave Down To Earth' (Japanese release on Mu Land CD 7139-M) 1975; 'Nipponjin' (Japanese Mu

Land LQ 7013-M; also German Vertigo 6370 850) 1975-6; 'Parallel World' (Japanese Mu Land LQ 7002-M) 1976 (I have two copies of 'Parallel World'; each has a completely different sleeve); 'Tenkujin' (Japanese Mu Land LX 7029-M; also U.S. All Ears FE 11479) 1977.

"I can't understand the Japanese sleeve writing, but to the best of my knowledge, the band's line-ups are as follows: 'The Cave': Fumio Miyashita, Akira Itoh, Hirohito Fukushima, Kazuki Ohumra and Kitaro; 'Nipponjin': similar, but with Joe Burkard replacing Kazuki Ohumra. 'Parallel World': similar to above; 'Tenkujin': Fumio Miyashita (vocals, acoustic and electric guitars, synthesisers, mellotron — you name it; he plays it!), Hirochito Fukushima (electric guitar, koto, vocals), Yujin Harada (drums, percussion), Akira Fukakusa (bass). The band contracted to a quartet for this album.

"'Nipponjin' is actually a remix of parts of the first and second albums, plus English vocals. The latter are certainly beneficial, while the remix by Klaus Schulz is amazing. About two-thirds of 'The Cave Down To Earth' reappears on 'Nipponjin'.

"Fumio Miyashita is the founder of the F.E.F.B. and its mentor; he apparently moved to America and he and the band seem to gig there often. In 1978, Fumio was backed by Jeff Taylor, Jon Luttrell and Jay Lindsay (who now feature in a band called Cross). I've also heard that Fumio uses session musicians now, but I'm not sure about this. The F.E.F.B.'s latest gig was (I think) in Los Angeles on May 12 of this year. It's said that back in their live days in Japan (around 1975) they have drawn crowds of 100,000.

"Heavily involved with Fumio in the USA is Anthony Harrison, president of All Ears records, a

small progressive label in Los Angeles which releases the F.E.F.B.'s material in the States. Harrison is at present supplying acts for Fumio to produce prior to launching them at the Japanese market. The band themselves have two new albums due; one being a live set recorded at American performances and the other a studio set to be titled 'Child's Intention'.

"Some notes on Far East Family Band 'offshoots': Chronicle, featuring Kei Ishikawa and Osamu Takeda from the original Far Out Band, had an album in 1977 titled 'Like A Message From The Stars' (U.S. All Ears CH 11477). Kitaro, who has played on three F.E.F.B. albums, also had two LPs of his own issued in Japan — 'Ten Kai Astral Trip' and 'From The Full Moon'. Both are real solo efforts where he plays virtually every instrument. Kitaro was one of Fumio Miyashita's synthesiser students.

"Also of relevance is 'The Pillary' by Jason Martz And The Neoteric Orchestra (U.S. All Ears AE 11480); Martz has played and also recorded recently with the F.E.F.B.

"To make a point about Klaus Schulze, who was mentioned in the original enquiry about the band, it's worth noting that he was only involved with the 'Nipponjin' and 'Parallel World' albums and no others.

"Finally, most of the albums I've mentioned can be obtained directly from the All Ears label in the States, who supply Japanese imports as well as their own stuff. The address is: All Ears Records, 7033 Sunset Boulevard (Suite 322), Hollywood, California 90028, USA. Send them a couple of IRCs and they should be able to help with details and prices. (Note that I'm not connected with them in any way!)"

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1st Porterhouse East Retford

Eight pages of new axes to grind. Edited by Tony Mitchell

GOOD AS GOLD

SHERGOLD MARATHON SIX STRING bass RRP £258.53 inc VAT LUDICROUSLY LOW priced, the Shergold six-string Marathon bass is a revolutionary instrument. Although there have been six string-basses before (Fender being first with their Bass 6 in 1964 I seem to remember) the concept has previously

met with stubborn resistance from bass players who found the Fender models unbalanced. With the Fender Bass 6 a common complaint was that the volume output from the treble strings just didn't balance that of the bass strings. The instrument was not a sales success and the company discontinued it.

Working closely with Picato (who make excellent bass strings, it should be said), the Shergold team of Jack Golder and Norman Houlder have now devised an instrument which seems to answer all the earlier criticisms of six string basses.

As with all Shergold basses the medium-scale Marathon six-string is a highly functional beast. It offers a single, humbucking pick-up with a coil tap for twin coil, single coil and out of phase settings. The neck is solid, high quality Canadian Rock Maple and is fretted to a standard which is unsurpassed by any other manufacturer. The nut is brass, the machines are Schallers and the bridge follows a vaguely Fender-ish pattern by offering a single (brass) saddle per string with adjustment for intonation and individual string height.

My sample came with the usual Shergold action which is about the lowest imaginable. Intonation was perfect and the neck was bang-on, dead straight. The body was of the usual Marathon wood, Yellow Mahogany, which is quite light but very resonant. There are two pots, one volume and one tone, and the small metal coil tap switch. The pick-up offers two pole pieces per string, all of which are adjustable.

It might be thought that a six

string bass needed a very wide neck to make it playable. Thanks to the choice of string gauge, however, the Shergold has ideal string spacing for a six string bass, giving a neck which measures about 6cm at the twelfth fret. This is certainly, wider than most basses but doesn't feel at all uncomfortable, so shallow is its cross-section and so slick the Maple to the touch.

The difficulty with reviewing an instrument like this is knowing whether to treat it as a bass, a guitar, or something in between. I feel that it really has to be regarded as a new development in its own right and as such, demands a fairly low standard of skill to master, although it will reward a higher standard of playing handsomely. I found it better to play with a pick, simply because I often use a pick with bass anyway, and also because the string spacing doesn't allow you to get your fingers in between them all that easily. With more time, however, it may be possible to develop a new technique of finger picking, rather akin to the way in which lead guitar players finger pick, in which case the lightning fast action and well proportioned neck could provide a very interesting combination.

Another option, of course, is tuning. You can regard this instrument as just a guitar an octave lower (which I found the best way to use it) or you can play about with the top two strings and take them up or down to provide some very interesting variations. As I'm used to playing conventionally tuned six strings as well as bass, I found conventional EADBE tuning the best although it is, perhaps, a little disconcerting to have to make the fret change on the top two strings when playing bass runs right across the neck. Anyone

used to guitar as well as bass should have no trouble accommodating that mental jump, however.

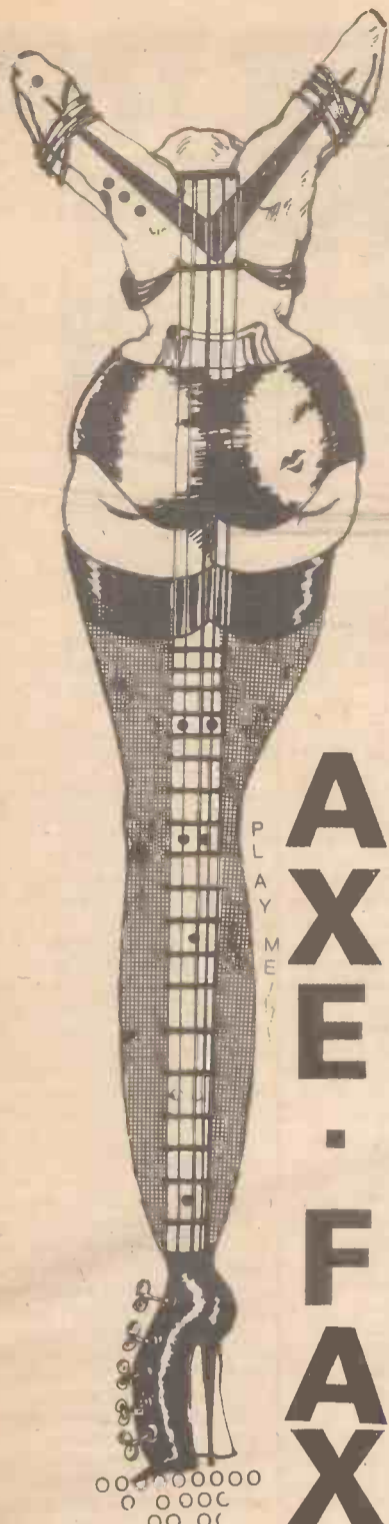
Chords are very easy to hold down. Even fairly complex clustered chords are possible once you get past the fifth fret and, providing you use your little finger, you can get some very interesting sounds and totally new dimensions of bass playing if you can manage acoustic-style finger picking.

Inevitably bass guitars have problems with a bass E being subjectively quieter than a top G and a decent speaker and amp — perhaps with a graphic — would be needed to smooth out the differences between the top and bottom strings here.

On the sample I tried (and bearing in mind that I'm getting used to the on-board equalisation battery powered basses these days, like everyone else) the range of the tone pot wasn't too good. I found it better to swing between the single coil and double coil settings of the coil tap to make tonal changes, or even to use the tone controls of my amp.

I really do hope that a Shergold Marathon six lands in the hands of a future master of the instrument. Someone who can open up the possibilities of six-string bass playing to the rest of the world and make the six string bass a force to be reckoned with. I also hope that strings for the instrument become widely available so that we don't have to buy a dozen sets at a time to avoid running out. To me the Shergold Marathon six string bass seemed a revelation. An excellently made instrument with enormous potential for a skilled player — and at a price which makes it seem like Shergold are running a charity organisation!

GARY COOPER



MARATHON 6: revelation

A SIMPLE SUCCESS STORY

WESTBURY STANDARD RRP £135 inc VAT

WHEN I first had a gander at this new low-priced Westbury at Rose-Morris's offices just before the Olympia show, I reckoned it was a pretty fair bet that it was going to catch a few competitors with their trousers down. From the feel and look of the instrument alone — without the advantage of an amp to plug it into — it seemed likely that its performance as an electric would be satisfyingly hot. And it was.

With its shiny black body and slightly asymmetrical double cutaways, it looks a bit like an old Guilds and sounds — with its twin DiMarzio pick-ups — like a new Gibson.

The body is fairly light but this doesn't stop the instrument from delivering a more-than-adequate degree of sustain once you whack it into overload. The pick-ups are very powerful and produce a pleasingly gritty tonality just right for raunchy lead work.

Electrics consist of the standard twin volume and twin tone pots plus a pick-up selector located in the Les Paul position. The neck is smooth and fast and access to the 22nd fret is easy. Jumbo frets, a

glued neck and rosewood fingerwork tend to give the axe a Gibsonish feel and the Tunomatic-type bridge and separate tailpiece help to reinforce that image.

Machines are lightweight Schaller types which seem adequate for the job and the strap buttons are of the usual type although the forward one is located rather unconventionally behind the upper horn.

This is a simple, clean looking instrument, well built, with an

original design and a simple, dirty sound.

As such the Westbury can be seen as the spearhead of the new new wave of Japanese instruments. First they copied. Then they put that knowledge to good use by bringing out mid-priced originals which undercut American instruments of comparable quality. Now, with the trend increasingly away from copies but with the demand for cheap guitars still there, they're doing good originals at the price they were

doing copies for before.

Yep: with the Standard, the manufacturers of Westbury guitars have soared in my estimation. Their early attempts at mid-priced originals fell a little short of the competition, I felt, but now with this axe they offer an ideal first rock'n'roll guitar for someone who realises the value of a little originality from the word go. Here's another guitar that certainly can't be faulted at the price.

TONY MITCHELL

Gibson

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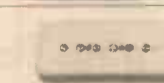
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WESTBURY: unbeatable value.

AXE-FAX

SALUTE THE AXIS POWER

PETER COOK AXIS RRP £386.40 inc VAT BRITISH HANDMADE guitars are alive and well; sufficient evidence of this can be found in West London guitar builder Peter Cook's new production model, the Axis.

From a distance the Axis six-string is a fairly conventional instrument; it has a regular two-

sided headstock, a slim long neck and a double cutaway body reminiscent of the Dan Armstrong shape and of Peter's own previous Ned Callan line.

But conventional it ain't. Beneath the tastefully finished body with its all-metal controls lurks the magic of active electronics. The Axis is the first lead guitar I've tested where the active electronics provide parametric equalisation — a feature found on Alembic basses and in some newer amplifiers (eg Lab series) but rare if not unique in electric six strings.

The circuitry has been designed on the failsafe principle; should the electronics play up, you can switch them out completely and use the instrument as a regular guitar. So let's put the 'goodies' aside for a few paragraphs and check-out the conventional side of the Axis first.

Now Peter Cook is no parvenu who just happened to reckon he could put together a better axe than Gibson. He's been part of various British guitar-building concerns for many years and is probably best known in his own right for the work he's done for John Entwistle — building, repairing and generally 'doing up' the man's basses.

His experience in this field shines through with the Axis. The model I tried was a combination of Brazilian mahogany for the neck, Utilis mahogany for the body and Rosewood for the fingerboard, with an unusual but attractive high gloss green sunburst finish. (An all-rosewood model is available at £575.)

The instrument has a thick, heavy body which balances the long neck both visually and mass-for-mass. The fingerboard has a 25 1/2 inch (ie Fender) scale length but with 22 frets, these being of the low, fat type usually associated with dreamlike actions. The action



AXIS with Traynor amp: a unique design.

on this guitar is no disappointment either; it's obviously the product of someone who understands what a rock'n'roll guitar should feel like.

Machines on this model are big, smooth-turning Schallers, and a brass topnut is fitted. At the other end of the fingerboard is a low profile, glued neck/body joint which, in combination with the cutaways, gives good access to the top fret. Despite its slimness, the neck has a good firm feel to it and was, in contrast with many more expensive guitars, practically impossible to bend.

The body is contoured for armrest comfort and, when slung on a strap, perches aggressively in the most comfortable playing position (ie with the neck up slightly). Strings feed through the back of the body and over the Badass one-piece neck/tailpiece with its Fender-type, individually adjustable saddles. Two strap buttons are fitted to the bottom of the guitar so it will balance when stood on end — a neat touch, this.

Now to the electronics. The pick-ups fitted to the Axis are made by Peter's partner and, with their large surface area and all-embracing smooth black covers, are reminiscent of those designed for the Les Paul Recording model. This is not completely surprising since these pick-ups are of lower than usual impedance (as are the LPR's), in this case so they'll match the active circuitry.

Treated as a normal guitar, this instrument offers master volume and two tone controls with big Telecaster-type knurled knobs and Tele layout, plus three-way pick-up selector and phase switch. These facilities alone could endear you to the guitar. If you go for the 'dry' kind of humbucking sound with bags of sustain.

Switching in the low noise active circuitry brings with it another world altogether. The bass pick-up tone control becomes a frequency sweep control and the treble becomes a peak and notch control. Using them in conjunction it is possible to recreate practically any guitar sound you can think of, from the thin ringing tones of a miked-up acoustic through the ring modulator effects beloved of Hendrix to the throaty growl of a vintage Les Paul.

The sweep control produces an effect not unlike a wah-wah pedal when twisted at speed so it is even possible to 'voice' each note by hammering-on with the left hand and flicking the knob with your right. When stationary, it boosts a small frequency band just like a stationary wah-wah does, and can thus greatly increase the usable tonal range of the instrument.

The main disadvantage is that in the active mode these two controls are very sensitive, which highlights the importance of a visible graduation system for accurate control positioning. Unfortunately no such graduations are provided, which, in my opinion, limits the use of the electronics for live work, since guitarists don't usually have time to fiddle about looking for the right spots when they're in the throes of a live performance.

As a studio instrument, I see the Axis as having practically unlimited potential. As a stage guitar — something it certainly looks and feels the part for — it would take some getting used to, not just in the graduation department, but also with regard to the control layout. The big Telecaster knobs almost mask the two small toggle switches for phase and parametric, which means quick-changes from passive to active or in-phase to out-of-phase can be a bit of a hit'n'miss affair until you're really familiar with the instrument.

However, at under £400, it undoubtedly does well enough in the value-for-money stakes to make these criticisms much less important than they might be if the Axis sold at twice the price. Peter Cook thus deserves due recognition for advancing the art of the guitar builder and — with his modest production of four instruments a week — managing to do it at a price that competes with the better Japanese originals now flooding the market.

TONY MITCHELL

OVER THE MOON

KAWAI MOONSAULT RRP about £550 inc VAT

BELIEVING I was getting one of the lower priced Kawais from Rosetti to review in this feature, I was very pleasantly surprised to discover this bizarre looking axe on opening the case. It created a lot of interest at Olympia and was sold before I even got hold of it to review, necessitating a quick overnight check-out job. But then what are we professionals for? (Good question — Ed).

Apart from producing a unique guitar shape which has inestimable pose value, Kawai take the honours for another first. They're the first Japanese manufacturers, as far as I'm aware, to produce a limited edition instrument. Gibson have been doing it for decades, having recognised the obvious advantages, but not even Yamaha, as far as I know, have yet pursued this prestigious course.

But to set your minds at rest before going any further, the Moonsault (what a ghastly name — no wonder everyone calls it the 'Half Moon') is not just an expensive gimmick. As a guitar it functions as well as any of the Kawais I've tried, which is very well indeed.

The body and neck are apparently maple but the guitar is remarkably light, allegedly because of the body size and the fact that a fair portion of it has been gouged out to accommodate the active electronics which are a feature of the design. Rosetti's Wally Evans puts the weight at about the same as a Flying V.

Apart from the striking shape, the Moonsault scores highly on finish. It sports a deep blue 'reverse sunburst' (moonburst?) spray job — dark in the centre and lighter

towards the edges — which is so highly polished that the body looks like glass. I'm glad somebody apart from Rickenbacker has recognised the attractiveness of blue finishes at last.

The body and neck are bound in white plastic and in addition the top edges of the body are decorated with genuine mother-of-pearl in what must have been a very expensive and time-consuming operation.

More inlay work is to be found on the fingerboard and headstock. The neck position markers are a series of moons, starting with a new moon shape at the 21st fret and rising to a full moon, at the first. Very classy. Further, a crescent moon and stars are to be found inset in the black headstock below the Kawai logo, a feature which I believe led someone to speculate that the guitar was made in Turkey!

Heavy, smooth Grover machines are fitted and at the other end of the fingerboard we find two Mighty Mite Vintage pick-ups and a Leo Quan-type bridge/tailpiece. The rosewood fingerboard sports 22 frets and the test sample had a good action. The neck joins the body between the 17th and 19th frets, causing no top-fret access problems.

To the rear of the small perspex scratchplate sit the controls — 'normal' volume control, pre-amp volume control and single tone control. Below these in a line are the Gibson-type pick-up selector and four other switches for pre-amp, overdrive, coil-tap and phase respectively.

Treated as an ordinary instrument, the Moonsault offers good sustain for its bodyweight and a good range of tones via the coil-tap and phase switches. Switching the pre-amp in gives an amount of extra gain dependent on the setting of the pre-amp volume pot, so it is, for example, possible to go from a 'natural' overload sound for rhythm to an over-overload sound for leads at the flick of a switch.

The 'overdrive' switch controls a built-in distortion circuit which has a very nice sound, especially when fed through, say, a flanger, but this facility didn't actually work exactly as I'd like it to. Reason: overdrive only works when you switch in the pre-amp, but with the pre-amp on, when you switch in the overdrive, there is a noticeable drop in level which is obviously undesirable. A quick look inside revealed that the overdrive circuit is sealed so there's no chance of just altering a preset, therefore this is something that Kawai should sort out 'at source'.

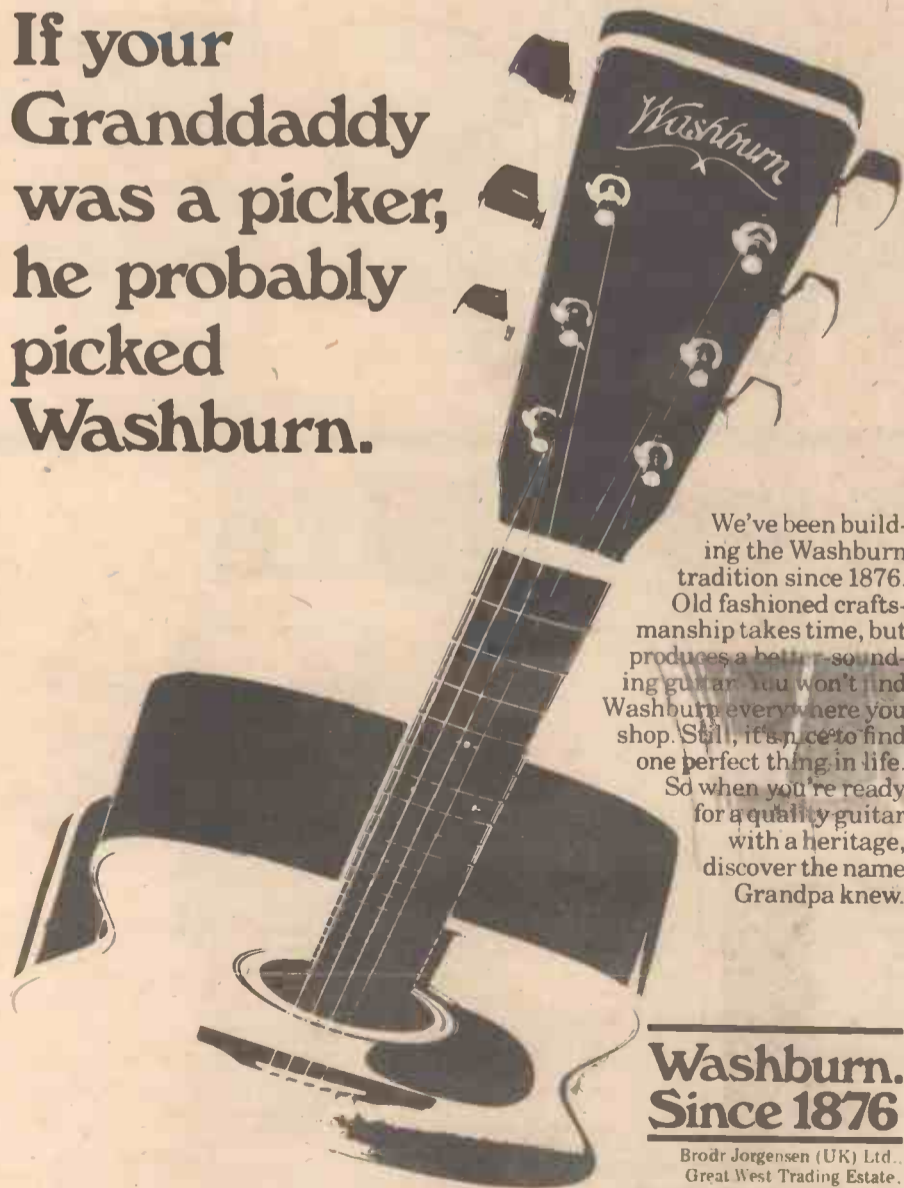
This aside, however, the Moonsault is highly recommended to anyone who's got £550 to spend on a pretty unique instrument. Ideal for posing on TOTP and such, it will no doubt appeal to the legions of congenial show-offs who front rock-bands on both sides of the Atlantic. It's an extremely well made instrument and, all things considered, hardly overpriced at £550. Why not be the first on your block to succumb to moon madness?

TONY MITCHELL



MOONSAULT: worth its weight in pose value.

If your Granddaddy was a picker, he probably picked Washburn.

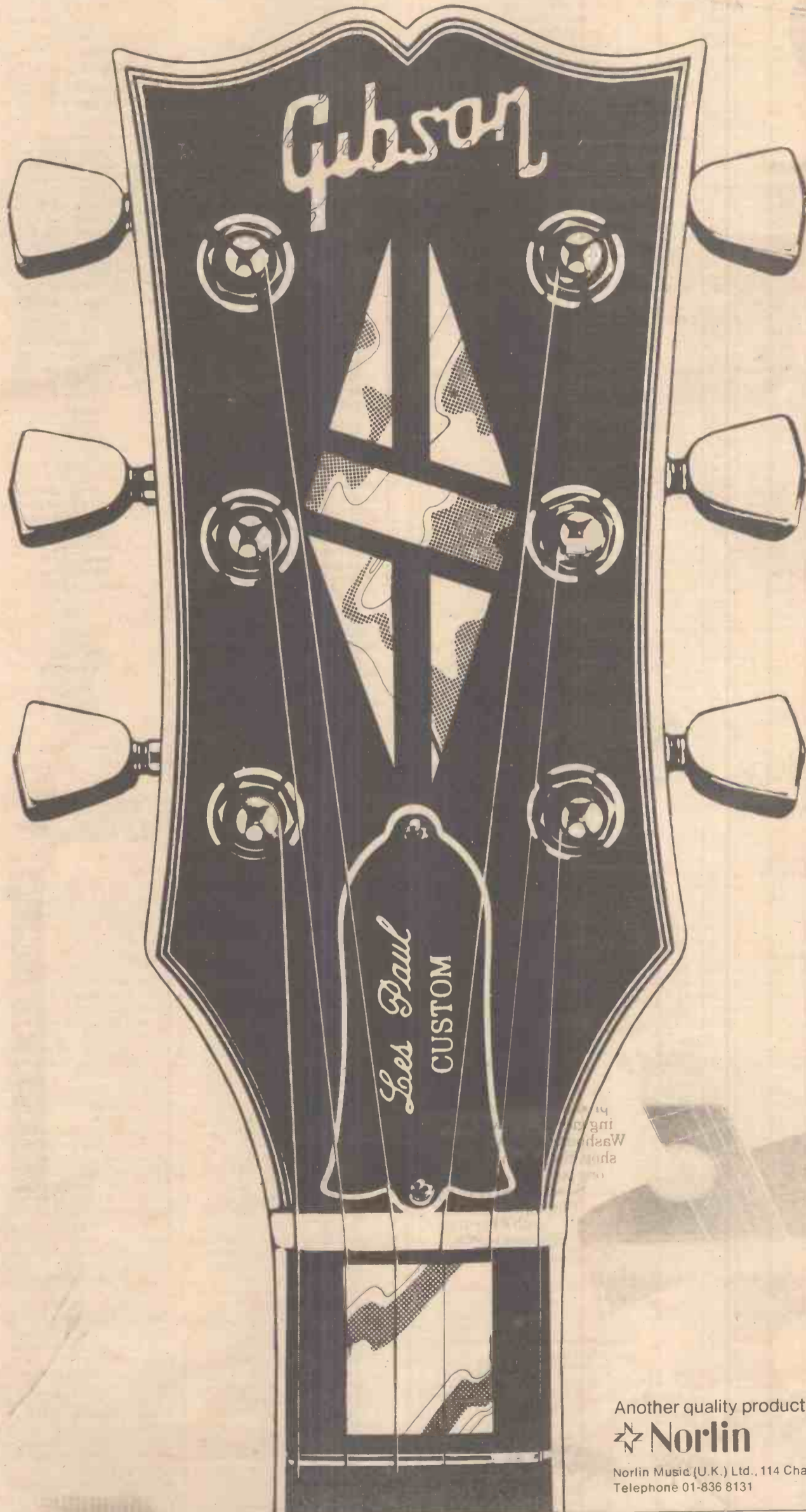


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AXE-FAX

GIBSON RD ARTIST bass RRP £560 inc VAT ALTHOUGH GIBSON have had the RD Artist bass on the market for a while now it seems as if the instrument is a bit of a slow mover. Other manufacturers have introduced new instruments since the RD appeared which have gained immediate acceptance from players, but how many RD bass-players can you think of? Having had one on loan from Norlin for a few days I think I may have found some of the reasons for this.

The RD Artist bass is something of a challenge to someone brought up on conventional instruments. Its shape and overall design blend the unconventional with the familiar. It incorporates some novel ideas in electronics which are the result of Gibson's collaboration with Robert Moog, and thus it makes sense to look at the guitar in two distinct sections, firstly in terms of its construction and its success or otherwise as a guitar, and then in the electronics area.

Starting with the mechanical aspects, the RD is a solid maple instrument which flies in the face of current bass practice by having a joined, rather than all in one, neck. There is, despite what some manufacturers claim, insufficient evidence to suggest that straight-through necks are inherently any better than glued ones so I didn't mind this at all.

The RD Bass offers 20 frets on an 876 mm scale. The neck is narrower at the twelfth fret than many many designs, making fast runs played high easy and comfortable. Fretting is with Gibson's wide fretwire and had been carried out to

GROWTH POTENTIAL

their usual standards. Machines are of the open-backed type and mine worked very fluidly. Even though I prefer Rosewood or Ebony fingerboards and the RD I tried had a Maple neck, I found it very easy to play and very rewarding.

The body on the RD was also Maple, and fairly thick Maple at that. An attempt has been made by Gibson's design department to contour the back to accommodate your ribs when the instrument is played seated but this is, in my view, not all that successful. The way the back contour is designed throws the far end of the neck too far away from your body, meaning that you have to really stretch your arm to make the bottom frets. To get the neck in the right position I found myself ignoring the natural contours and digging the bass into my ribs. I suspect that a re-think here would help a lot.

Played standing up, the instrument is a lot more comfortable. The bridge design is unusual for a Gibson, not in terms of its metalwork but in the way that the strings run through the back of the body itself. This feature certainly helps sustain, which, even unaided by the active equalisation is high.

From an adjustment point of view, the instrument is easy to set for intonation, each string having a separate saddle with intonation movement. However the string height can only be set by moving the whole bridge up or down using the two thumbwheels at either end of it. Being fussy about such things I prefer to be able to set each string on its own. Surely there must be a compromise between the Gibson system (which gives better sustain) and the Fender type which offers full adjustment.

The action on my review sample was fairly high for my tastes and as there was just a shade of fret buzz in places this didn't bode too well for any attempts to lower it.

So, mechanically, the RD is a bit of a mixed bag. The neck is not too wide, very fast in fact, and the instrument is well put together. But for someone used to Fenders it might seem a little unwieldy and the body contours didn't seem quite right to me.

I took quite a while getting used to the electronics too. The Artist offers twin humbuckers connected to two volume pots, two active tone filters which centre at zero and offer genuine bass cut and boost and treble cut and boost, a pick-up selector and another three position switch which supplies on-board compression and expansion, the centre notch being 'off'.

The natural sound of the bass is fantastic. Even without the use of the tone filter circuits the instrument is immediately alive and warm and responsive, offering a vibrancy which surpasses almost any other instrument I've tried. Roll off some treble either by increasing the bass boost or cutting the treble and you've got a hard banging bass which should shake walls within a couple of miles radius. Whack up the treble and you're in the Telecaster league — the guitar,

not the bass! Being a twin pickup bass the RD Artist offers more tone than anything else I can think of and has such a rewarding natural sound that it must sound absolutely fantastic on record.

The effects which really threw me, though, were the expansion and compression. My first trial of the instrument was a good straight-ahead thrash, no trying to be clever. With compression this just doesn't work at all and I thought at first that Gibson had included a piece of unnecessary circuitry. What compression does is smooth out all your natural attack. However hard you pick, the sound comes out at the same level, which is actually a bloody frustrating feeling for someone who plays with a wide variation of attacking strength.

Over a period of a few days, however, I found one way to use this effect was to play very quietly and use the natural swell of the compression circuit as a

deliberate musical effect. Used creatively this can sound like you're using a foot pedal volume control, or even like a backwards-playing tape at times!

The expansion side of the three-position switch is a subtle effect indeed. If compression is supposed to hold back your natural picking variations then expansion is equally supposed to increase the differences. In my case it seemed to make very little difference at all.

My only serious criticism of the electronics on this instrument is that they are a little noisy at times — especially the switches on my sample which were of the large toggle variety rather than the small studio mixer type, which I prefer. These switches offered quite a bit of rubbery resistance and tended to crackle when moved — not something I'd like to hear on stage when opening a number quietly with one effect and wanting to change

silently to another. Over the course of a few days my opinions about the Gibson RD Artist bass changed dramatically. At first I didn't like the fairly chunky feel it had and I didn't see the point of the electronics. Now I've got used to the feel and have fallen in love with the sound potential of this instrument. 'Artist' is, in fact, the right name for it. It encourages experimentation but it's fairly slow to grow on you. Perhaps Gibson should re-think the shape of the instrument and make a lighter version for throwing around on stage with greater ease because the current version is a bit unwieldy.

Unlike Tony Mitchell, who experienced love at first sight with the RD Artist six-string, I find that the bass's appearance lacks immediate appeal, which may be why people don't pull out their cheque books after a half hour trial in a shop. Give an RD Artist Bass a weekend though, and you'll want one. It's perhaps the most creative tool that I've yet come across and though I'd like a lighter more manoeuvrable version to use on stage, for recording, I

doubt if even an Alembic would be better. At £560 including VAT, a case and a five year guarantee it has to be a very good buy indeed.

GARY COOPER

HYBRID WITH CLASS

ARIA YS350 RRP £169.30 inc VAT and case THE NEW YS350 from Aria is an original design for the price of a reasonable copy and what's more it manages pretty successfully to incorporate features that enable you to use it as an alternative to either Gibson- or Fender-type guitars.

Now lots of guitars, including several Aria models, offer as standard a pair of humbucking pick-ups with a coil-tap switch which can be used to convert the instrument from the full-bodied dual coil sound to the thinner single coil mode. But this axe goes one step further in that between the two tappable humbuckers is a third, single coil pick-up set at an angle just like the middle pick-up of a Strat.

So when you switch from humbucker to single coil mode with the guitar's coil-tap, you also switch in this third pick-up which provides, as you might expect, a slightly more authentic range of Strat effects than you can ever produce with just two pick-ups.

Used in either mode, the pick-ups are powerful and the instrument offers plenty of biting sustain and a general quality of sound which you can hardly argue about at this price.

Construction of the guitar features a bolt-on maple neck and rosewood fingerboard combination which is very reminiscent of old Strats and Teles, although the neck itself is perhaps slightly fatter than the standard Fender neck. The all-black body is heavy and good-looking, with a symmetrical cutaway shape which manages to ring yet another change on the basic double-cutaway platform. So you can't call the instrument a direct copy of anything although it has some features recognisable in other guitars.

Machines fitted to the two-sided headstock are a little spindly but do the job perfectly well. The other piece of string hardware — the bridge-tailpiece — is set low in the black plastic scratchplate which runs along the centre section of the body. Strings feed through from the rear. The bridge features six saddles individually adjustable for height and intonation and the pick-ups themselves resemble the old-style Gibson humbuckers with plain chrome covers and six adjustable pole-pieces per unit.

Volume and tone control operation is straightforward but I wasn't too keen on the positioning of the pick-up selector which is located slightly off-centre on the scratchplate behind the bridge. It was difficult to use, but simply difficult to 'find' in a hurry for someone who is more used to the switch positions which Gibson usually favour and other makers copy. If you didn't know any different it would be fine, but old habits die hard etc etc. Not a major criticism.

In fact this is another one of those guitars which is very difficult to fault for the price. Aria instruments have built an enviable reputation in the short time they've been on the market and though this is very much at the budget end of their 'original' range, it is nevertheless a worthy example of their craftsmanship.

The YS350 has a solid, reliable feel to it which, combined with the versatility of the pick-up system, make it a highly recommended first original instrument for anyone who either isn't sure whether he prefers the basic Gibson or Fender approach to design, or simply hankers after a share of both worlds at a reasonable price.

TONY MITCHELL



LEFT to right: Gibson RD Artist Bass; Gibson Explorer 2; Aria YS350

MARK OF GENIUS

GIBSON EXPLORER 2 RRP £632 inc VAT and case

MY LOVE affair with the Gibson Explorer was the next stage in a creeping disease which I contracted after owning a Firebird V for a couple of years. I can't remember who I first saw using one — perhaps it was Eric Clapton — but I remember getting really turned on to them after having the chance to play an Explorer-shaped Hamer Standard a couple of summers ago.

Then along came Rick Nielsen and the rest, Gibson reissued the instrument in 1976 and I finally bought a 1976 model in America this year just as it was being superseded by the new 1979 Mark 2 version which is on test here.

In a future issue I'll tell all about the kind of treatment you can expect from our wonderful British Customs people when you bring a guitar in from the States. But for the present, I'll restrict myself to using my own Explorer to compare the new and the old.

Anybody got a '58 model for the definitive test?

The old design suffers from two main faults. First of all, the pick-ups are a bit average and, with the kind of wood used (Koa, I believe), sustain is okay but not exactly brilliant. Secondly, although it's a very posey axe (the main reason most people

want one), the original design is a bit clumsy to use, mostly because the right forearm rubs against the rather angular top edge of the body as you play.

The new model eradicates both of these problems, as well as offering at least one additional feature well worth having.

The body is made from a walnut/maple/walnut sandwich with a high gloss finish. The problem with the angular edge has been removed by shimming some wood off both sides to the rear of the guitar's waist, presenting a nicely contoured surface to the forearm and also, as a bonus, displaying to good effect the maple 'filling' of the sandwich I mentioned earlier.

The neck is also walnut and maple with an ebony fingerboard. Fretting is of the usual Gibson jumbo variety and even on my test sample, which had been given a fair old bashing during the trade show and was not specially set up for review purposes, the action was low and fast. The neck felt a shade slimmer than the original's slightly fat article but this could have been an illusion caused by different materials and finish.

Machines are gold plated Schallers but the traditional Tunomatic bridge and separate tailpiece has been replaced on the Mark 2 by the superb TP6 fine tuning tailpiece. It was interesting to note that a week's solid use had been sufficient to wear down the anodised black finish of the miniature tuning wheels of the TP6 to a dull grey. This small detail doesn't detract from the guitar's appearance but it does give prospective

purchasers an idea of how much use a guitar fitted with a TP6 has had (unless people start respraying the wheels black, of course!)

As for the sustain of the instrument, this has been improved greatly by the use of open-type Dirty Fingers humbuckers with their higher output and better treble response, although I must add that the basic, undistorted tone of the guitar, even with brand new strings in place of Gibson's telephone cables, does not match the mellowness of the Les Paul models.

The Explorer 2 is very much a demonstrative lead guitarist's instrument — a guitar for someone who loves distortion, who the Dirty Fingers pick-ups provide heaps of. It is simple to operate — with just two volume pots and one tone control plus the usual three-way pick-up selector — and, for me has an appearance which characterises exactly the sound it creates best. It's a real axe.

At £632 including a case, the Explorer 2 is a bit more costly than, say, a Les Paul Standard, and at this kind of price it's not easy to make a judgment about its value for money. The recommended price has already benefitted by Gibson reductions averaging about 7 per cent across the range but even so, it's hardly a bargain. Fortunately for Gibson, people who buy their guitars are not looking for bargains, they're looking for something else altogether. And whatever it is, I reckon the Explorer 2 has got it.

TONY MITCHELL

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Birds of a feather

WASHBURN FALCON
RRP £301.56 inc VAT
HERE'S A real rock'n'roll guitar which is practically impossible to fault, as I quickly discovered as soon as I took it out of its case, slung a strap on it and plugged it in.

The body has the double cutaway shape which is extremely popular among Japanese manufacturers of mid-priced electrics (Washburns are American-designed but made in Japan) but a closer look reveals some distinctive features not found elsewhere.

The two 'horns' are much slimmer than on most guitars of this type — in fact about as slim as they could be without throwing the thing out of visual balance. At the same time the body is much thicker — at least as thick as a Les Paul if not a little more — but where it joins the neck at the back there is a substantial bevel which makes for easy access to the top fret.

The neck is of straight-through design comprising a sandwich of rock maple and rosewood while the body is solid ash with carved rosewood top (maple top is also available). Fingerboard is bound ebony with 22 jumbo frets.

Machines are 'Washburn' Schaller type and brass has been used for the top nut and bridge saddles. The bridge is a chunky, nicely rounded affair with strings feeding through from the back of the body. The test sample had a good action and the bridge provided plenty of scope for further adjustment.

The pick-ups, which might appear on first sight to be DiMarzios, are Washburn's own Power Sustain models with 'dual sound' capability.

Bearing this in mind, the absence of an obvious coil tap switch is soon explained when you mess around with the controls. 'Coil disconnect switches' (as Washburn call them) are built into the two volume controls. Pull them up and you switch from humbucking to single-coil sound. Simple and effective.

I'm tempted to say this is actually the best way to provide coil taps. Firstly it doesn't clutter up the body with extra controls which always look impressive but tend to get in the way, and secondly it does allow you to tap both pick-ups independently. You could, for example, use the pick-up selector to switch from single-coil bass pick-up to twin-coil neck pick-up or vice versa or any combination thereof.

As to the sound of the guitar, well the woods used, in combination with the pick-ups, give a nice toppy overdrive quality or, at lower output levels, a good range of tones from mellow to biting treble. The coil-taps don't make as much difference as they do on, say, the Yamaha SF range, but I think this may be because the basic character of the guitar is quite 'toppy'. They're certainly worth having just the same.

There really is little else that needs to be said about the Falcon, save to comment on the high standard of finish and overall attractiveness of the instrument. It's another one of those guitars that just looks right, feels right and sounds right immediately.

TONY MITCHELL

WASHBURN VULTURE
bass RRP £245 inc VAT
THIS BASS is one of the new wave of Japanese instruments which have come along to replace previous copies. Washburn are an American company who have now switched their production to a Japanese source and as they supposedly have a long tradition of making acoustic instruments, it isn't unreasonable to expect them to come up with something decent in the electric department.

In many ways they have. The Washburn Vulture is very

handsome with typical straight-through neck of what I think is mahogany with a thin strip at the back where the truss rod has been inserted. The fingerboard is a beautiful sample of rosewood. The neck is plastic bound. I wouldn't like to say what the body is made of; I think it's walnut although the label which imports Brodr-Jorgensen attached to my sample calls it 'Black Grain Sunburst'. Either way it is a fantastically resonant guitar with bags of natural sustain.

The sustain is enhanced by the use of a brass nut and a very solid brass bridge. It is also helped by the fact that the strings pass straight through the back where the ball ends are retained by large brass rings fixed to the instrument's back.

The bridge on this pre-production model is actually a

bit high; each string has its own brass saddle and the saddles ride on a solid brass plate. The front-to-back intonation adjustment is provided by an allen screw which pierces each saddle and is very heavily spring loaded. To adjust the height of each saddle you have a further two allen screws per saddle which permit up and down movements.

However, Brodr Jorgensen tell us that the bridge will be lowered on production models.

Finishing off the technical details, the bass has high quality open-backed machines and the body is plastic bound to match the neck. There is also a superb cut-out at the back of the body to let your hand in for high-up runs.

The pick-up fitted is of the Precision split type with just

plain volume and tone pots. But despite being fairly spartan in the facilities department, the Washburn's sound is really alive and flexible. Output from the pick-up is very high and the tone pot really does allow you to span the full range between high attacking treble and low muffled bass.

Fitted with roundwound strings the Vulture is ideally suited to that modern Pastorius/Clarke sound. The action also suits this type of playing and I must conclude that it has been designed directly for that market, as it also has a 24-fret neck and that extra back contouring.

The sustain is about the best I can remember from a conventional bass and the instrument is also one of the most attractive I've come across in a very long while. And with the promised lower bridge, then I really think that this bass can take on almost anything that is currently on the market at this price.

GARY COOPER



FROM LEFT: Washburn Vulture, WM1 KDM-1, Washburn Falcon, WM1 KMBD-3

TOP OF THE WOPS

WMI KMBD-3 RRP £99
inc VAT

MANUFACTURED IN Italy — not a country I'd normally associate with good electric guitars — the WMI Bass with DiMarzio pick-ups supplied for this review really has me floored. Previous experience with Kay basses has taught me to be rather wary of them but this one, supplied by British Music Strings shortly after the Trade Fair, bears out the confidence in it shown by the importers.

An obvious copy of a Precision in general appearance, the KMBD-3 does differ from many copies in this (and considerably higher) price ranges by having a very good neck. Quite often, copy Precisions carry to ludicrous extents Leo Fender's natural proclivity for making wide necked basses, a situation which in some cases (the Hondo/DiMarzio bass for example) calls for banana length fingers for any runs played across the strings above the twelfth fret. On this the neck is rather more like that fitted to a Fender Jazz in width, although it is still, arguably, a little on the thick side to be called truly 'fast'. Nevertheless, in terms of speed it is certainly faster than most other copies I've tried and considerably

faster than even some genuine Fenders I've come across.

The fretting was up to a high standard (especially bearing in mind the low price) and my sample had a straight neck and a reasonable action.

Action, as with all Fender type basses, was very easy to adjust, the strings riding on individual saddles with intonation setting via a single screw and two more screws (one at either end of each saddle) going up or down to set each string perfectly. Whatever the theoretical disadvantages of this arrangement from a sustain point of view it certainly provides for excellent variety of choice.

Machines fitted were of an undisclosed make and were generally pretty good. The nut was plastic and a bit of an abortion. If I were to own one of these basses I'd probably have this plastic one taken off and a good bone or brass one fitted in its place. Other metalwork includes the usual redundant chrome plate over the pick-up (which has to be removed to facilitate yer Stanley Clarke twangs) and another over the bridge which gets in the way of plectrum work.

The choice of DiMarzio pick-ups is a prudent one and British Music Strings must be congratulated in getting this axe on the market at under £100 with a split DiMarzio Precision-type unit fitted. The power from my sample was so high that I had to turn the guitar down so that it didn't overdrive

my practice amp and it was really nice to have that bit of extra poke on board so that, on stage, you could just turn the guitar's volume up to run into overdrive. In fact the power output of this DiMarzio was so high that I wondered whether some other copy basses I've tried which purport to use the same pick-up actually have been of the same design at all.

If the power was there so was the tone. I couldn't put my hand on my heart and say that it sounded like a '55 Fender but it did have an excellent range, from a dry hard bass to a really guttural treble.

I wouldn't like to guess what woods the Kay bass is made of; the body might be ash and the neck could be ash too with a different wood grafted onto the top for a fingerboard. Frankly at these prices it doesn't really matter what woods are used as long as they don't warp and I see no reason why these should.

It's hard to criticise the basic design of this instrument because to do so would be to attack the most popular design of bass there's ever been. I have got reservations about paying £250 for a genuine Fender when there are so many good Japanese basses around for far less money (or with more sounds for the same price) but I have no reservations whatsoever about paying £99 for one of these. For someone who isn't blessed with having large hands or is changing over from guitar to bass the choice of a Jazz type neck is of a more sensible one than that of a

Precision. I don't know whether British Music Strings did that by accident or deliberately but it was a wise move.

Ten out of ten for its sound and ten out of ten for its value for money. Whatever earlier WMI basses might have been like, this one is the best Precision copy I've seen for this, or even a great deal more, money!

GARY COOPER

WMI KDM-1 RRP £109
inc VAT
THIS STRATOCASTER replica is as different from the previous WMI attempt to copy the famous Fender as chalk is from cheese. It's good.

And what will make it most attractive to most potential customers is that for just over £100, it boasts three genuine DiMarzio pick-ups which would cost you around £90 to buy separately!

However, DiMarzios are not a universal panacea for all the ills of guitar construction; putting them on a lousy instrument will just mean you've got a louder lousy instrument. But putting them on a reasonably well made guitar such as the KDM 1 is can make all the difference in the world.

Looking at the construction details, we find that this instrument is a reasonably accurate replica which differs in

some small points, to wit the type of machines fitted, the headstock (which is a little oversize, probably due to the size of the machines), the black dot markers (which are also a little oversize) and the tremelo arm which is a one-piece unit lacking the white plastic tip.

Speaking to UK distributor British Music Strings I discovered that changes to the head and dot marker sizes are already in hand in the Italian factory where the guitars are made, and that they're also correcting the radii on some of the edges (a detail I hadn't even noticed, I confess). So all in all, by the time this guitar hits the shops, it'll be as close as you can get to the real thing, if not closer!

I mean, the neck body joint is a better fit than on most genuine Strats I've encountered and the output from the pick-ups undoubtedly exceeds that of the original. On my test sample the action could have done with some adjustment but the guitar was pinched straight from the Trade Fair and didn't have the advantage of a good set-up beforehand. I got the impression that a better action could be achieved without too many problems.

The body and neck are made in a maple-like wood which is heavy but not quite as attractive as Canadian hardrock. The 'maple' fingerboard has a slightly dry feel to it, not as smooth as, say, a Shergold maple fingerboard, but then I generally prefer rosewood anyway so no varnished fingerboard meets with 100 per cent approval from me (although Shergold rates 99).

These points aside, how does the axe perform? Well here we come to the main facet of the guitar which is likely to either endear it to people or put them right off. It doesn't sound like a Strat at all. The combination of the wood and pick-ups used

gives it just the sound DiMarzio describe in naming their pick-ups 'Fat Strat'. It is much bassier and capable of producing humbucking-type overload even on the treble pick-up.

To get it sounding anything like a Strat, I wound all the bass and middle off my amp and had the treble and treble boost on maximum. Still that true Strat tinniness evaded me. Dire Straits copyists be warned! But what this instrument would produce with no coaxing at all was the full bodied sound that many Strat players use various effects units to achieve. I suppose you could call it the Robin Trower sound for the sake of argument.

As regards the functioning of the various bits 'n' pieces, the tremelo unit exhibited the usual stiffness which is easily cured by ripping out all but one of the springs. It works, anyway, opening up the possibility of multi octave glides and other, more violent expression that no other tremelo system has ever achieved.

The volume controls and two tone pots do their jobs adequately but the pick-up selector is of the old, three position type which requires a precarious balancing act to get it to sit between positions for the out-of phase settings. As it happens the out-of-phase sounds on this bassier instrument are not different enough from the in phase ones to make this much to worry about, but anyone who did want this facility could easily buy a new Fender replacement five-way switch.

At £109 the KDM 1 is good value for money for anyone who fancies a Strat with a beefed up sound and is a definite step in the right direction for British Music Strings.

TONY MITCHELL



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AXE-FAUX

ON THE BALL...

can still get the Hofner 'Beatle' Violin Bass at around £200 and their model 185 is pretty much what the 'Professional' type of the early sixties used to be.

But things have been changing at the top end of their range. The S7B could take on most Japanese or American instruments and giving them a run for their money.

With a solid mahogany body and mahogany neck, the S7B looks vaguely Gibson-like. The neck is glued but exceptionally well contoured around the back at the join so that access to high frets is particularly easy. The machines are Schallers and very smooth and easy to operate. The nut is brass, as is the bridge. Frets are wide and well set into the rosewood fingerboard.

Although, unlike the Gibson RD Artist for example, the strings on the S7B don't pass through the back of the body, the resonance of mahogany is so high and the brass nut so good that sustain was there by the minute-full. This was further enhanced by the use of strings which looked like Superwounds.

Playability of the Hofner was absolutely first rate. Although the neck is slightly wider at the twelfth fret than an RD Artist it doesn't feel quite as fat.

In common with the Gibson, which I can't help comparing it to, the Hofner features a bridge design offering no individual string height adjustment. I don't particularly like this idea,

especially as my sample had a fairly high action and the bridge was screwed fairly low down. To get it much lower might have meant a change in the nut but I'm always after silly actions so perhaps it's not too important a point.

Fitted with just one twin coil pick-up, the S7B is pretty simple to use. It has one effective tone pot, one volume and three switches. These are a phase/twin/single coil switch, an 'acoustic filter' and 'bass booster'. Although these sound a bit grotty in their terminology they actually work very well. The pickup features 16 Alnico (exposed) magnets, that's four pole pieces per string. The range of tones is wide especially considering that this is a one pick-up bass.

I couldn't quite make out what aspect of the equalisation was active although there is definitely a small battery on-board which, I suspect, powers the three position acoustic filter switch (a mini-toggle type) and the bass boost switch. Unlike the RD, access to the battery would necessitate removing seven tiny screws to expose the innards and I feel that Hofner should make battery replacement a little easier than it is at present.

Another improvement would be to ditch the recessed jack socket which prevents the use of side entry jacks, which I tend to prefer to the more normal straight type. A final minor fault on my sample was that the acoustic filter switch was very slightly 'live' and crackled a bit when touched. Nevertheless the range of tones provided is fine. Out-of-phase sounded a bit too



HOFNER S7B: listed

weedy for me to use but with the bass boost on even that brightened up a lot.

The coil selector switch (which has a round rubber cover which constantly spins as

you flick the switch and hence feels like it may have come unscrewed although it hasn't — it's made like that) can give a guttural Fender growl or a fatter Gibson-type sound. The acoustic filter switch worked like a 'Q' filter and gave some very odd but pleasant added sounds.

Overall I like the Hofner S7B bass very much indeed. It has its faults and it isn't all that cheap. It is, however, a very usable bass. It sits better on the lap than the RD Artist and is a lot lighter, the sort of long scale instrument that you could chuck about on stage quite happily without feeling that you were carrying a lead weight around your neck. The whole instrument feels fast and fluid and, for me, would seem to

indicate that someone at Hofner's factory in Bubenreuth, West Germany, is well on the ball and, as I said earlier, capable of taking most other guitar makers on at their own game. If they could sort out that bridge and if I were in the market for a modern bass capable of playing a wide variety of music I would have the Hofner S7B high on my list of axes worth thinking about.

In addition to making themselves a very nice bass, Hofner also offer a very good aluminium flight case for this bass at about £80. Like Tony Mitchell I rather suspect the durability of the case fastenings, but it's a very nice case for the price.

GARY COOPER

...OR NOT, AS THE CASE MAY BE

HOFNER S5PA RRP £300.79 inc VAT

HOFNER GUITARS have been available through UK distributor Barratts of Manchester for a couple of years, but the company has made little effort to get any of its instruments reviewed, despite the fact that they are 'original' designs, reasonably priced and therefore supposedly competitive with the many mid-priced Japanese originals on the market. A chat at Olympia, however, got us the new S5PA to try out.

The S5PA is visually a cross between the Ovation Preacher/Viper models and the Gibson Paul, the latter because it reflects the G-Plan finish chosen for that guitar. Some may consider that such a matt finish shows off the all-mahogany construction of the guitar to best effect, but personally I can't get away from the feeling that last week it was part of that dining suite I saw in the window of Chiesmans.

Anyway, furnishing matters aside, the Hofner is quite an interesting instrument in that an attempt has been made to incorporate some distinctive features without resorting to pure gimmickry.

The two-sided head has Schaller machines and the 24-fret (two octave) fingerboard looks like rosewood. The fingerboard introduces one of Hofner's innovations — a type of fretting which I've never come across before. The fretwire used is very fine and low but practically unradiused, which means the fingers encounter a series of rather sharp edges as runs etc are played. Because the frets are low set, these edges don't actually do any damage but they do create the feeling of a less-than-smooth action.

Cross-section of the neck is Gibson-ish in character and the glued neck-body join would do credit to Gibson or any other top manufacturer. The joint is so well executed that it's possible to believe the guitar has been carved out of one solid piece of wood. Yes, the woodwork aspect of this guitar is nothing short of immaculate.

Hofner have designed their own bridges, strap-buttons and jack socket rather than opting for standard patterns. The strap buttons are mushroom-headed and have a nice 'engineered' look to them, but both the bridge and jack socket are problematic.

The bridge/tailpiece features six individually adjustable spring-loaded saddles with Gibson-type height adjustment, but unfortunately these saddles abound with sharp edges which are unkind to one's plucking hand, if you know what I mean. I suspect also that the sharp string angle across these saddles would do little to promote string life.

As for the jack-socket, well this is a recessed unit which gives some protection to your jack plug (a good idea) but which also prevents you from using flat-headed or side-entry jacks which a lot of guitarists like.

From the jack input it's only a small jump to the electronics,



HOFNER S5PA: strange

which in the Hofner S5PA's case are active. You might not think so from the simple control layout — one volume pot, two tones and a three-way pick-up selector switch — but inside this guitar is a very powerful little pre-amp.

The only problem is that the pre-amp is switched in all the time, so you don't have the advantage of being able to just switch to 'boost' for a lead solo or whatever. This also means there is no simple way of assessing the basic, unaided performance of the exposed-type pick-ups which look quite powerful. At a guess, I'd say '5' on the Hofner's volume control corresponds to full pick-up output, so on '10' you've got a lot of extra gain.

Mind you, at 10 the noise from the circuitry is quite noticeable — another argument for having the pre-amp switchable.

The tone controls work in a most unusual way, in that both of them affect both pick-ups. In the time available to test the instrument I couldn't really figure out whether one was supposed to cut/boost bass and the other to cut/boost treble or whether they simply acted independently on each coil of the pick-up in use, because the effect of using either of them seemed to be just about the same. However I did like the way the knobs sat completely flush on the guitar body — a triumph for precision engineering!

All in all, then, I didn't find the S5PA to be an immediately endearing instrument. Some of the ideas are good, and the engineering capability is obviously there, but the guitar in its current form has faults which it simply isn't necessary to tolerate when there are many more refined instruments for about £300 on the market.

TONY MITCHELL

Straight from the heart of rock & roll



TAL SOUND



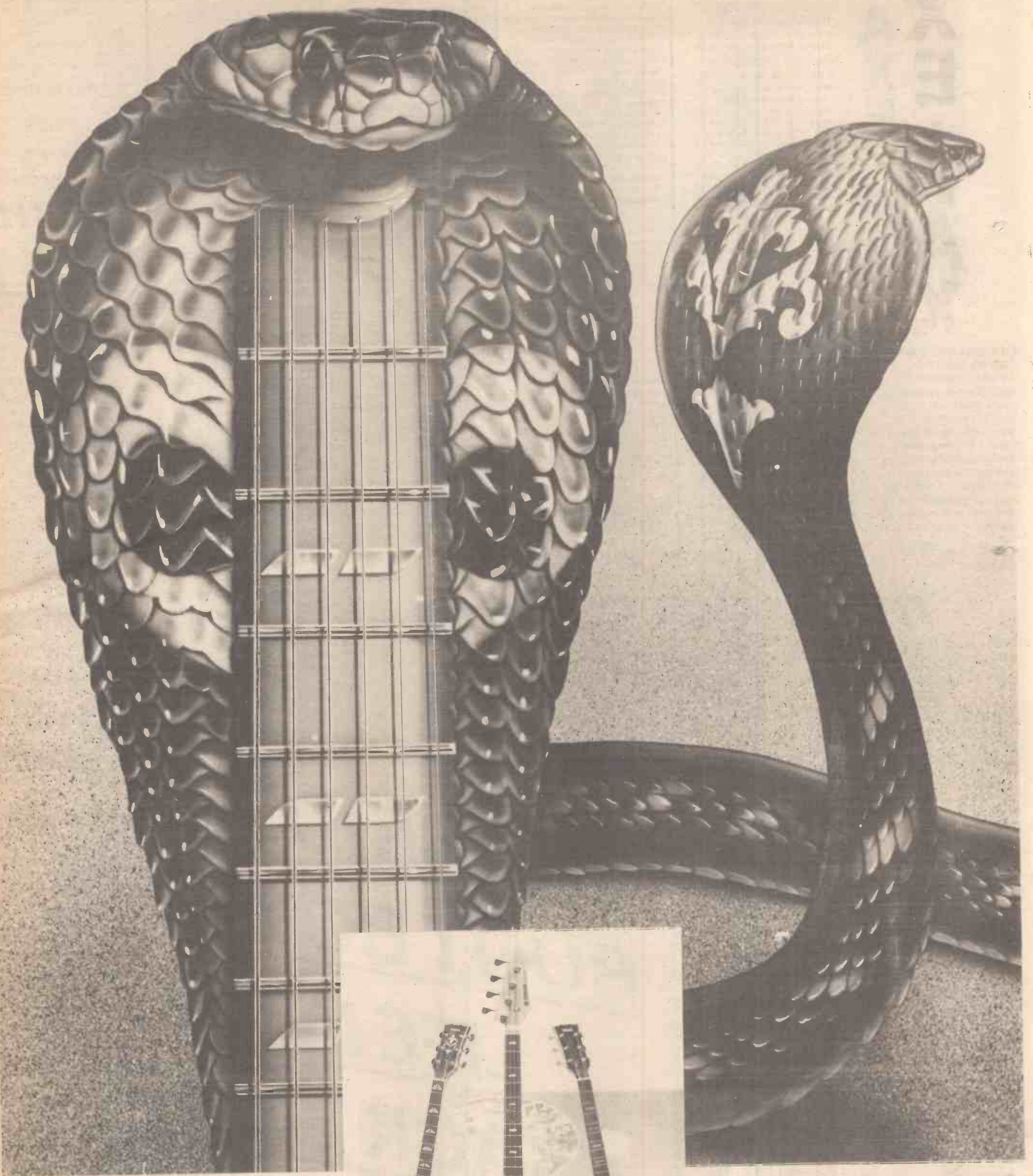
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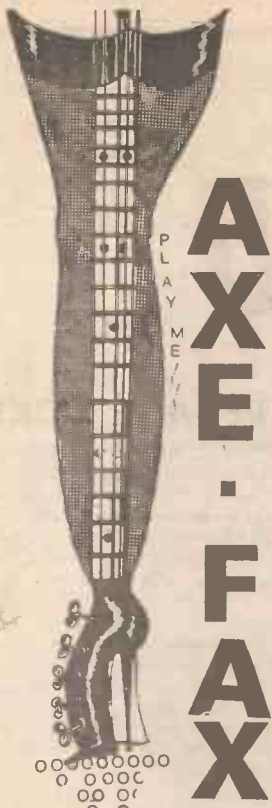
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AXE
FAX

The SC1200 thus signifies the beginning of a new direction in Yamaha solid electric design — a guitar which, if previous models were competing in the Gibson market, must surely be seen as a challenge to the rival Fender instruments (although as you'll soon see, there ain't really that much competition).

It was launched at the Frankfurt Trade Fair this year but Yamaha in the UK weren't too keen to push it at first. Reason: they thought it looked so much like a Stratocaster that everyone would think it was just a Strat copy. On the other hand, the Strat-ish shape of this axe does convey perfectly the intensions of the manufacturer as regards the instrument's performance, so my advice to Yamaha on this aspect is: don't be too quick to change it. After all, it only takes the briefest closer look to establish that this guitar and the Stratocaster have little in common except a very general design concept.

The concept in question is that of a three-pick up instrument with single coil pick-ups rather than the more usual humbuckers, and with switching that enables you to use said pick-ups in various in- and out-of-phase combinations.

The pick-ups employed are three powerful bar-type single coil units which feed via three small steel toggle switches to the single tone and volume controls. These switches are described by Yamaha as 'first pick-up on/off and two phase switches'. That sounds pretty straightforward until you realise that each of the phase switches has three positions which means, with the on/off switch, that there are in fact 18 different switch combinations (one of which is 'everything

off'). So I sat down and tried to figure out which switches did what and ended up drawing up a complicated table which revealed that some of the combinations sounded exactly the same while others, although operating the same pick-ups, quite obviously offered reverse phasing.

The actual quality of sound from the instrument was nothing short of stunning. I think Yamaha must make the brightest pick-ups going — even their humbuckers with coil-taps knock spots off most other pick-up types I've encountered. And with the out-of-phase settings it is possible to achieve all the classic Fender tones with the added bite of a superior pick-up design.

Of course the construction of the guitar must contribute to this and as usual, Yamaha score top marks for woodwork.

The 1200 features an alder/maple/mahogany body construction with a straight through neck of maple and mahogany and an ebony fingerboard. Scale length is the same as a Strat, ie 25 1/2 inches, but playability is far, far superior. Sustain is doubtless increased by the set neck and, unlike the average Strat, the action doesn't take any getting used to because it's low and fast from the start.

The bridge/tailpiece is set low in the centre section and features individual saddles adjustable for height and intonation. Strings feed from the rear, culminating in smoothly operating Yamaha machines set along one edge of the attractive asymmetrical headstock. Apart from the sandwich construction of the neck/centre section and the neat little cruciform position

markers on the fingerboard, the instrument is devoid of decoration, giving it a low key but extremely expensive look.

The body is a little slimmer than a Strat's and perhaps a shade lighter. It balances perfectly and fits comfortably against the player, featuring as it does a bevelled top to accommodate the picking arm.

It's a dream to play and quite honestly makes Fenders seem very ordinary guitars. But then, I hear you ask, why shouldn't it when it costs almost £450 and you can pick up a new Strat on discount for little more than £250?

Well let's put it this way. There used to be two basic ways of improving on a run-of-the-mill Stratocaster. 1) You could hunt high and low for a pre-CBS model with rosewood fingerboard, for which you could expect to pay £500 or more at current prices.

Or 2) you could buy custom parts from Might Mite or DiMarzio and make your own 'red hot' Strat. Cost: around £500. But now here's a third way of improving on a Strat, and it will only cost you £445. Put that way, it doesn't seem so bad, does it? And if you can't afford the 1200, there are always the cheaper SC1000 and 800 models which use less expensive woods and detachable necks with the same pick-ups and electrics.

There are, however, two design points which I think Yamaha should look at way before they consider any changes to the shape.

Firstly, they should consider simplifying the selector switch arrangement. A Strat does very well with one five-position switch and if Yamaha eliminated one of their three position toggles, they'd still be

offering six pick-up combinations to the Strat's five. And six must surely be enough for the purposes, especially if they discard the combination which switches all the pick-ups off. You should never be able to 'switch off' like this because if you can, there's always the change of flicking to what you think are the correct settings for your all time killer solo and finding yourself with nought but an embarrassing silence and an audience that will think you've

been miming! Secondly, why not introduce a model with a Strat-type tremelo unit? Far from being passé, such an item can greatly increase the range of sounds you can produce from a guitar. Those would be my personal improvements, anyway, but the SC1200 is still an eminently usable axe without them — once you get used to those damn toggle switches! How does 99 out of 100 sound?

TONY MITCHELL

YAMAHA SC1200 RRP £445 inc VAT
YAMAHA HAVE established an enviable reputation on the strength of their superlative SC2000 guitar, its less expensive sister machines and themore recently introduced SF range. Up until now, though, the company has chosen to tread what you might call the Gibson path as regards sound, looks and overall construction.

THESE LOOK FAMILIAR

HONDO HD740WH RRP £110 inc VAT and HONDO HD910AB RRP £115 inc VAT.

HERE ARE two more low-priced guitars boasting DiMarzio pick-ups on familiar shaped bodies. The HD740WH is of course identifiable as a Les Paul replica while the HD910AB is strongly reminiscent of a Stratocaster though with a completely different hardware arrangement.

Taking the 740 first, our test sample featured a white finish with black trim (a 'rich wine' finish is available on the otherwise identical W1 model) and a detachable mahogany neck. The fingerboard has an ebony look to it with pearloid block markers and fat, if a little high, frets.

Although the instrument is described as a solid electric guitar, the body is light enough to raise suspicions about it containing a certain amount of air. Certainly this could explain the tendency of the instrument to feedback high trebles when wound up with distortion.

There's no doubt that the DiMarzio pick-ups give this axe a raunchier performance although they do little to improve the tone when the guitar is used without distortion. The machines are a bit wimpy and might have been responsible for a noted tendency to detune (or it might have been the strings).

The neck, while being cheaply fitted, felt quite slim and fast although the strings

had a tendency to grate on the frets with use of vibrato. A bit of polishing could probably resolve this problem.

As a copy, this guitar is not in the Aria class but it is pretty cheap and it does have DiMarzio pick-ups which, as the makers know only too well, gives any guitar a certain charisma. If you really want a Les Paul type instrument for around £100, I guess you could do worse than buy this Hondo.

The Strat type guitar — the HD910AB — is not a direct copy and in fact is very much a hybrid instrument. It has a bolt-on 'maple' neck with the familiar Strat headstock, 21 frets and 25 1/2 inch scale length. It has a Strat-ish body which is considerably thinner than the Fender and an unusual reddish stained finish that Hondo call 'antique brown'.

But in place of the usual Strat pick-up arrangement, this guitar has two DiMarzio humbuckers mounted in brass surrounds. Controls follow the Gibson arrangement of two volumes, two tones and a three-way selector. The bridge is brass too, but rather than being a Strat or Gibson type, is actually most reminiscent of a Telecaster design, with six barrel-shaped saddles mounted on long adjusting screws with little grub screws for individual height adjustment.

The machines are not brass, however, and again suffer from a certain wimpiness which might again have explained the guitar's tendency to detune when strings were bent.

The characteristic sound is quite un-Fenderlike — a fairly bassy tone which benefitted considerably from being used with overdrive but lacked top. Even the treble pick-up lacked

bite, a fact which seems less surprising when you realise that it is positioned about an inch and a half in front of the bridge — perhaps as some (misguided) compromise on Strat pick-up positioning.

For what it's worth, this guitar can be considered more of an 'original' design than the

other Hondo and at £115, again with DiMarzios, you could do worse.

To be honest though, if you can afford another £20 or £25, you'd be better advised to go for the Westbury Standard which is an altogether classier instrument.

TONY MITCHELL

THE SKIDS

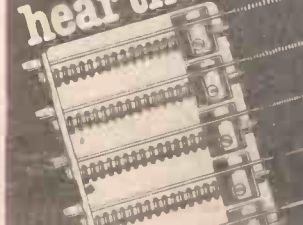
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Ripped off? Hassled? SUSANNE GARRETT to the rescue...

f a i r d e a l

LAMB STEW

AS A great Genesis fan, I'm forced to complain about the change of packaging for the 'Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' album which I bought recently. My inner sleeve is a plain one — not printed with lyrics like the originals.

When I asked the shop about this, they said they could do nothing about it. Could you force Charisma Records to see the light again and give people Peter Gabriel's excellent lyrics on every copy? — J. Henderson, Chester Le Street.

ACCORDING to Charisma, there's been no change of policy over the 'Lamb' innards. Everyone who buys a copy of the album should still have the same lyrical inner-sleeve as in the past. You (and who knows how many others?) were simply unlucky and happened to buy a copy rushed to the retailers minus the added extra, when stocks of printed sleeves temporarily ran out at the Phonodisc pressing plant. Which means? A massed metaphorical kick where it hurts for the quality controllers and the powers who control them.

For your copy of the lyrics you deserve, write, stating where and when you bought the album, to Customer Relations, Clyde Works, Walthamstow Avenue, London E4 8S2.

COME CLEAN

OVER two months ago, I acquired a Vac-O-Rec record cleaning machine. It worked really well until I dropped it, dislodging either the brushes or the spindle which revolves the disc.

After this accident, parts of records, particularly singles, were not being cleaned so well. I returned the machine to the manufacturer, VOR International, Unit 16F, Randles Road, Knowsley Industrial Estate, Knowsley, Merseyside, explaining the problem, together with the original sales slip to prove it was still under warranty.

That was well over a month ago — and I'm getting anxious. Has it got lost in the post? It's a pretty expensive item to lose — costing £21.00 — Henry Sobkowski, London

FEAR not. Your cosmic cleaning equipment eventually arrived safely in the hands of its makers, despite delayed orbital routing courtesy of the slow GPO, on August 4. Just in time for the annual two-week VOR holiday junket!

The factory returned to work this week and your costly cleaning implement, which comes with a 12-month guarantee covering the hazards of fair wear and tear, will be repaired and with you by the time you read this column. Any necessary reconstruction will be effected free of charge.

Owners of the pricey but dynamic Vac-O-Rec, which incorporates a cleansing triumvirate, the vacuum, brush and anti-static system, can return their cleaners to the factory address for repair after the guarantee expires, but will be billed for spare parts and labour. Within the warranty period, you're not covered by the guarantee if you dare to contravene the instructions carried with every unit and open up the equipment, thus destroying the anti-static mechanism inside.

KEY KRISIS

NOT LONG ago I bought a copy of a guitar tutor, complete with record, 'Lead Guitar' by Harvey Vinson, imported into this country from America. I know what the record is supposed to sound like, as I'd already borrowed a copy from a friend. On mine, I realised there was something wrong as soon as I started jam-



BLUE OYSTER CULT

Pic by Michael Putland

AGENTS OF MISFORTUNE

ON JULY 27 I picked up Blue Oyster Cult's 'Mirrors' in the Middlesbrough branch of Boots. I was afraid local shops wouldn't have the album as it was its first day of release. Now I see all Boots stores have been offering the album at 85p less than I paid for it — a policy which started just a week afterwards.

If Boots are going to reduce prices... why can't they do it at once? I still have the receipt. Is there anything I can do about this? — Mick Coulson, South Fens, Hartlepool

LIKE any other retailer offering a special price promotion, Boots are obliged, in law, to have an item on sale for a certain number of days before it's advertised and sold at a discount from the original selling price. Otherwise, any "money-off" offer just isn't honest or valid.

Any dealer who, for example, buys in stock for a summer sale can be prosecuted under Section 11 of the Trades Descriptions Act if these goods are not genuinely reduced items. If this is happening in your area, contact your nearest Trading Standards Department with full details.

'Mirrors', just one item in the Boots promotional drive, was on sale for three days after it arrived in the shop before 85p was knocked off the recommended retail album price and 35p from the cassette in all branches throughout the land.

Boots, like any other retailer, are free to dictate their own prices and are in no way obliged to refund customers who bought 'Mirrors' (or any other record cassette) before the start of a promotional offer, but do have "a little sympathy" for

your experience. Consequently they're sending you a £1.00 gift voucher as a goodwill gesture.

Globe-trotting Pete Brennan of Stockport, already suffering warpage withdrawal symptoms from a past encounter with no less than three copies of 'Spectres' before finding a flat one, bought a horrifically dished version of 'Mirrors' on a recent day-trip to Liverpool, but is unable to envisage paying more rail-fare to return his duffo copy to the shop. What now?

If you're buying records, checking for scratches, warpage and other defects in the shop itself is a crucial precaution to take. Avoid records stacked casually slant-fashion in racks; warpage can happen at any stage in record storage.

To return for refund or replacement, first go to the dealer — it's their responsibility to replace. Ring the shop where you bought the record and suggest a postal exchange. It's possible that this approach may fall on deaf ears. If so, package your record carefully and return to Customer Services, CBS Records, 85 Barlby Road, Ladbroke Grove, London W10.

Are BOC lyrics still available from the American address printed on 'Agents Of Fortune', asks M. P. Wilson of Manchester, noting that the address for Oyster's literary lines is only printed on the import version of 'Spectres'?

Has the service been withdrawn from overseas fans? CBS in the UK are unsure. But, we feel that as you bought the album, at import price to boot, you deserve the perks. Write, enclosing two international reply coupons, and ask for your just deserts.

ing along.

Even though all the exercises in the book are in the key of G, and the record label says "blues in G", they were actually in the key of A.

As the record shop were I bought my tutor didn't have a record player to test out whether other copies were OK, I accepted a refund — but I'd rather have the tutor.

Are there any complete beginners around who have what may be the wrong record with their set and haven't noticed? Where can I buy the correct version? — Steve Jones, (who? — Ed) Withington, Manchester.

MUSIC Sales Ltd, who import Vinson's 'Lead Guitar' instructor from Wise Publications, their own label in the States, have no more complaints to report. Does this mean that any other record mix-ups just haven't been noticed by dealers and enthusiasts alike? Or was your bizarre experience just an isolated instance? We'd advise any retailers with guitar know-how to check out their stocks, just in case they're unwittingly sending customers on the road to musical disaster.

Meanwhile, bona fide copies of Vinson's tutor (as it should be) can be ordered direct from Mail Order Department, Music Sales Ltd, Newmarket Road, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, price £3.95 plus an extra 50p postage and packing.

For details of a comprehensive range of rock guitar, classical guitar, drum, organ and many more tutors send a large stamped addressed envelope to the above address.



YOUR chance to spot yourself at Knebworth

Pic by Simon Fowler

KNEBWORTH — THE BEAT GOES ON

ANY chance of buying Knebworth merchandise after the event? I didn't take enough money along with me on the day. Please print details.

Can you tell me anything about the forged tickets which were around? — John Heath, London

LARGE T-shirts only are available from Top Billing, 11 Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford Street, London W1, along with posters, badges, visors and hats. Send s.a.e. or consult your Knebworth programmes for full price lists. At the time of going to press, the availability of post Knebworth programmes is not known, but watch this space for further details.

As for the forgeries, seen only at the first Knebworth on August 4th, Stevenage police recovered several copies, which they describe as "fairly good" reproductions of the original

tickets. Differences between them and the official tickets were in the relative thickness of the paper used and the badly mocked up perforation down the middle of the fakes. Four people approached in the Kent area have been questioned on the subject, but no charges have been made.

Both Hertfordshire and the Metropolitan Police are currently investigating the theft of 5,000 tickets with numbers ranging from E15001 to E2000 from the London offices of promoter Frederick Bannister before the second Knebworth festival, August 11. Only 59 have so far been recovered. These were bought mainly by foreign tourists through registered ticket kiosk outlets in London. Anyone with information to offer should contact any Metropolitan police station or Stevenage police on Stevenage 2323.

TEENAGE KICKS

BEING an After The Fire fan, I went to see them at the Nashville in London a couple of weeks ago. However, I was extremely marked when, after paying a hefty tube fare plus my quid entrance fee, a bouncer told me I wasn't 18 and, after returning my money, asked me to leave.

If I'd been aware that entry was open to 18's and over only, I wouldn't have bothered going. Seeing this fact wasn't advertised outside the venue, or in the Press, how was I to know? I couldn't see them at the Music Machine in late July either, knowing, as I'm only 15, that I wouldn't be allowed in anyway. Why is this? Surely not because there are bars on the premises, when I'm old enough to walk into any pub I like? Where do I stand a chance of being allowed in? — Mick Bradshaw, Morden

AS FAR as the laws of the land go, between the ages of 14 and 18 you can go into any part of a licensed premises, including bars, and buy or be bought a soft drink, either alone or with someone aged 18 or over, as long as the licensee will let you. The final decision rests with the publican or club owner. At 18, you're free to buy and drink alcohol, of course.

John Gleason, manager of the Nashville, licensed as a pub with a late extension until midnight, explains his interpretation of a policy applicable to all pub and club venues, who are, ironically enough, providing the kind of live music which often appeals to a younger audience.

"Any 16 year old can legally come into the Nashville provided he or she doesn't drink and is with a person aged 18 or over. But we don't encourage it," he said.

Mick Parker of the Music Machine also stresses that under-18's are strictly not welcome unless accompanied by an older person.

Police swoops on pub and club licensed premises are regular. The Nashville itself has had several visits over the past few months.

The Venue has held shows during the afternoon on a couple of occasions in the past, but admits that these are infrequent. The Nashville seems to have rejected the idea as it would involve too much administrative hassle.

In the provinces, Eric's club at Liverpool has been taking the lead in providing "dry" matinee performances with major bands, soft drinks only on sale, for over a year now. These are well attended, often by older people who have trains to catch back to Wales or Bristol. Manchester Factory, now under new management, is planning to cater for the age-group who miss out most if there's enough response. Anyone interested is invited to write to Richard Goldstraw, The Factory, Russells, Royce Road, Manchester.

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ROCKY HORRORSCOPE

by Norton Ferris

wallpapering the bedroom with *Sounds* front covers or just putting down rolls of plastic grass in the living room to give it that open-air festival look, you'll certainly be feeling that your four walls have come to look a bit boring lately. Get ready to meet some strange but interesting people on Monday (parents back from holidays?).

CANCER (22nd June-22nd July): Suddenly the streets are full of Cancerians. Leaving your favourite comfy armchair unwanted and alone in front of the TV screen, it looks like you'll be heading out for the highlife on Saturday. Maybe to the Elvis Presley World One Convention at Westminster, since Cancerians are such nostalgia freaks. Hmmm... maybe not. Make sure you've got enough money to last you through right through the Bank Holiday weekend — you could find yourself running short by Sunday evening otherwise. If you've been aware of an increasing problem involved with the way you earn your money (more and more people putting their jewellery under lock and key these days) then you could find the answer coming to you in a flash of inspiration on Monday.

LEO (23rd July-23rd August): Your credit-card could come in for a bad time on Saturday when you'll be in spending mood with an eye on luxury and good living (so whose dolé are you collecting, apart from your own?) Whether you've finally got fed up with missing the football on TV when you're out at the pub, and decide to take the plunge and invest in a video recorder — or whether you decide to buy a few gallons of liquid gold and go for a drive in the car, you won't be counting the cost then. Whether you buy anything electronic or not, watch out on Sunday for dangerous faulty wiring on your equipment. You don't want to end up in hospital suffering from shock, now do you? Any other time maybe, but Monday's a Bank Holiday, so don't waste it.

VIRGO (24th August-23rd September): You're going to be waking up on Saturday full of the joys of life, happy, optimistic and with an irrepresible fun-loving drive. Venus and the Sun in conjunction will be having a numbing effect then blotting out all the hassles and agonies of this weary world and inspiring you to let go and actually enjoy yourself. Unlikely though that now may seem,

just wait till Saturday and see for yourself. Don't be too rash on Sunday — you'll be in an impulsive mood then and might blurt out something you could regret later (like "My Round"). You could uncover some interesting info on Monday from someone at home about your own social scene — could come in useful later on.

LIBRA (24th September-23rd October): You're going to be an extra nice person to be with on Saturday. You'll be feeling in a 'helping others' type of mood, genuinely more concerned with other people's welfare than with your own. (Benevolence? Sounds more like raving lunacy to me!) But on Sunday there's a risk that people may try to take advantage of your good nature in a materialistic way, so don't let your generosity run wild then or you could end up permanently out of pocket. One way or the other, by Sunday evening you should have a closer understanding of the way a friend's mind works (but there are laws against practising brain surgery without a licence, you know!).

SCORPIO (24th October-22nd November): If you're going to be in a big crowd on Saturday (and where better than the Reading Rock Festival — you shouldn't have too much elbow room there!), it's likely you'll meet someone of the opposite sex who turns out to be a little bit special (so if you're already knocking around with someone, leave them behind, or lose them in the crowd). You could be quite amazed at just how much you are both on the same wavelength. You aren't naturally the most diplomatic of people, but on Sunday, a bit of discretion would be a good thing. (Don't let on you bought Cliff's 'We Don't Talk Any More', and *no-one* need know anything about it.)

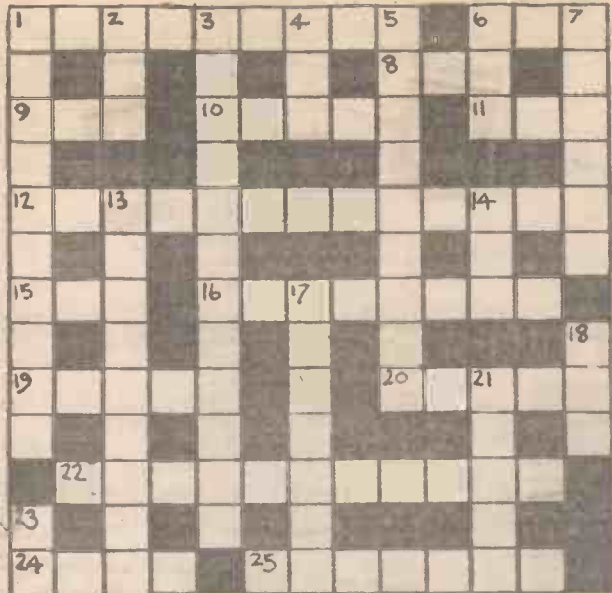
SAGITTARIUS (23rd November-21st December): Anything where you can mix business with pleasure on Saturday is bound to turn out well (so why not ring up *Sounds* editor and see if you can cover the Reading Rock Festival for next week's issue?). Sagittarians directly concerned with the music business should have a profitable but especially enjoyable day. Leave Sunday open, though — unexpected problems (headliner Peter Gabriel backing out *too?*) could throw any plans you make into disarray. But stick with friends then rather than doing things on your own and you should be

able to make the best of any unforeseeable hitches. Be ready to be approached on Bank Holiday Monday with some imaginative project — show interest and you could get yourself actively involved in it.

CAPRICORN (22nd December-20th January): You're in an idealistic frame of mind on Saturday, ready to believe in the most optimistic view of things (dangerous situation for a normally so down-to-earth Capricorn). Keep your feet on the ground and don't let yourself get too carried away by what others say, especially if *romance* is involved, however enjoyable it may be to be swept along on the crest of a wave of Utopianism. OK to take advantage of it at the time, but be prepared for your reasons to be cheerful to fade later. You'll be feeling creative on Monday, particularly if you're a writer or musician. But don't force your ideas — inspiration should materialise in your weary brain without too much effort.

AQUARIUS (21st January-19th February): Great Bank Holiday weekend. On Saturday a powerful Venus influence should ensure a harmonious but action-packed time. If you're down at Reading, even a lack of Lizzy won't stop you smiling all day. Be careful on Sunday not to jump to conclusions from any gossip that you may hear going round. Whatever it may be, you won't have heard both sides of the story, count on it, so don't react too quickly. On Monday, a friend could reveal all to you in a surprising way (probably sunbathing on Brighton beach). Listen closely to what they may confide in you — it'll be coming from the soul (man!).

PISCES (20th February-20th March): Your popularity comes in for an extra boost over the Bank Holiday weekend. You'll be feeling more self confident of yourself generally and it'll show through to others — especially the opposite sex. Make sure you don't overplay your role on Sunday though, otherwise you could lose some of the natural goodwill you generated on Saturday. Monday's your best day of the week (well, it's the best day of most people's week being a Bank Holiday) — you'll be in talkative, confidence-inspiring, good vibes-creating type of mood. So don't spend the whole of the day slumped down in front of the sport on TV — get out and do a tour of your friends at their homes. You'll certainly be made welcome (and probably get to see most of the sport there anyway).



CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. U.F.O. in the dark (6.3)
6. see 19
8. Steely L.P. (3)
9. Edwardian Nugent (3)
10. Johnny, the juke box drop our (5)
11. Literally a knock out band (1.1.1)
12. Roxy's addictive hit (4.2.3.4)
15. Beach Boys gave us three doses (3)
16. and 23. Basic demand from 7 from '67 (4.2.2.2)
19. 6 ac. and 18. Devo question (3.2.3.3)
20. Cochran/Floyd/Money (5)
22. D. Clarke Five beat boom classic (4.3.4)
24. Direction of Eden's jig a jig (4)
25. Brinsley person (3.4)

DOWN

1. Time loved their hero (6.4)
2. Who only knows about Brian Wilson? (3)
3. They took us to the river (7.5)
4. Ancient man for N. Young (3)
5. and 21. Fruity sorcerers (9.5)
7. Reg Presley's 60's punks (6)
13. Martha's girls who danced classically in the street (9)
14. Scabies pet (3)
17. Flavour of Fudge (7)
18. see 19
21. see 5
23. see 16

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Merton Parkas 8. Cow 10. Respectable 12. Kasenatz Katz 16. Ode 18. Wow 19. Mumps 21. Friday's Angels 22. Juke 23. Bette 24. RCA 26. Les 27. Don 28. As
DOWN: 1. Mark Knopfler 2. Roses 3. One 4. Pete Townshend 5. Rab 6. Ace 7. So 9. We 11. Oz 13. New Values 14. Kim 15. Tom Petty 17. Eric 20. Sisters 23. Ben 25. Al

ARIES (21st March-20th April): The Sun conjoining Venus in Virgo will put you in the mood for some physical regeneration on Saturday. With the football season only just started, most Arien turf-trampers won't be feeling they have the stamina to last till half-time yet, so it'll be a good time to get into some local disco that bit longer. Monday should be a particularly happy day. Well, *all* Bank Holidays are particularly happy days for the workers of this land (so where does that leave *you?*), but Neptune's warm influence should make it an even more enjoyable and rewarding time, especially if you plan to spend the whole day out on a trip somewhere (away trip to sunny Iran?)

TAURUS (21st April-21st May): Here it is. The bit you've all been waiting for. Are we to believe that it is the merest coincidence that the 1900th anniversary of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius is this Friday, *the very self same day* that lusty, virile Venus bursts into the most salacious area of your solar chart? Well, yes... the two are totally unrelated — but what more fitting a day for the romance rejuvenating rays of Venus to start impinging upon your innermost drives and motivations? And with the Great Sun itself coming into conjunction with Venus to rule most of the Bank Holiday weekend, if you can't get *some* kind of easy action going for yourself, you must be a *real* wimp.

GEMINI (22nd May-21st June): What's this, a much-travelled person of the world, Gemini? Planning to stay at home for most of the weekend? Bored with the prospect of yet another rock festival — 'specially if it's at Reading? Well, that's of order and aestheticism at home might supercede the appeal even of Peter Gabriel on Sunday. Whether you're gonna be into

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A LINK HOUSE PUBLICATION

ROCK ALMANAC



THE BEATLES, accosted by some long-haired Eastern flower-seller — and it all happened 12 years ago on Sunday

Saturday August 25
1933 Wayne Shorter born in New Jersey
1978 The Reading festival stars Sham 69, TRB, Patti Smith, Lindisfarne and the Thames Valley drug squad.

Sunday August 26
1967 The Beatles go to meet the Maharishi in North Wales.
1970 Isle Of Wight Pop Festival begins.
1963 10cc make their first live appearance on the Isle Of Man.
1974 The Osmonds' 'Love Me For A Reason' reaches No 1 in Britain. In America it's Paul Anka and Odia Coates' 'You're Having My Baby'.

Monday August 27
1949 Simon Kirke born.
1956 Glen Matlock born.
1965 Dylan's 'Highway 61 Revisited' released in America.
1967 Brian Epstein found dead at his home.

Tuesday August 28
1951 Wayne Osmond born.
1969 Mary McCormack, daughter of Paul and Linda, born.
1978 Television split up.

Wednesday August 29
1920 Charles "Bird" Parker born.
1958 George Harrison joins The Quarrymen skiffle group, which includes Lennon and McCartney.
1959 Craig Douglas tops the

British chart with 'Only Sixteen'.
1966 The Beatles give their final live show in San Francisco.

Thursday August 30
1968 Release of 'Hey Jude', first Beatles record on the Apple label.
1969 'From Elvis In Memphis' is top of the album chart.

Friday August 31
1945 Van Morrison born in Belfast.
1969 Bob Dylan appears at the Isle Of Wight Festival and is paid £38,000. Zager and Evans reach No 1 in Britain with 'In The Year 2525'.

DAVE LAING

Compiled by SUSANNE GARRETT

step p i n' o u t

The information here is correct at time of going to press but may be subject to change. Please check with the venue concerned.
A square denotes a gig of special interest or importance (even if it's only good for a laugh or posing).

THURSDAY AUGUST 23

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021 643 9413), The Sinceros
BIRMINGHAM, Romeo And Juliets (021 643 6696), JALN Band
BLACKBURN, Baileys (662662), Rokotto
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), Sliits
BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), The Lilletes
BRISTOL, Trinity Hall, Old Market (551544), The Spics/Stingrays/Revelation Rockers (RAR)
CHELtenham, Robins Nest, Wild Boys/Riot Act
DERBY, Ajanta (32906), The Invaders
DUNFERMLINE, Glen Lounge, Mafia
EASTLEIGH, Crown Inn (613627), The Disco Students
GLASGOW, Apollo (041 332 9221), The Commodores/The Emotions
GLASGOW, Lincoln Inn, Snapshots
GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Kelvinators
GOSPORT, John Peel (281893), Voltz
HAYES, Adam And Eve (01-573 1045), Scissor Fits
HORNCHURCH, The Bull (42125), Zorro
ILFORD, The Cranbrook, Jerry The Ferret
LEEDS, Fan Club, Branningans (663252), Echo And The Bunnymen/Teardrop Explodes
LEICESTER, RAF North Luffenham, Souled Out
LIVERPOOL, Erics (051 236 7881), Toyah
LIVERPOOL, Mona Hotel, The Jetsons
LONDON, Albany, Deptford (01-692 0765), The Executives/Void/Top Hat/Teapot
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Tour De Force/The Monitors
LONDON, Canada Villa Youth Club, Mill Hill, The Wimps
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Zaine Griff
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Revelation
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), Lonesome Nomore
LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), News Flash
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Punishment Of Luxury
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Classix Nouveaux/The Opposition
LONDON, Oval House, Kensington (01-582 7680), 'Babble' (Kevin Coyne/Dagmar Krause)
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Agony Column
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Matchbox
LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham (01-472 0377), Cathedral
LONDON, The Trafalgar, Shepherds Bush (01-749 5005), Direction
LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), Nils Lofgren
LONDON, White Hart, Acton, The Mods/The Name/The Teenbeats
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Spare Parts/Sad Among Strangers
MANCHESTER, Pembroke Hall, Walkden (061 790 4584), TCOJ
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Newton Park Hotel (662010), Nato
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Red House, Hot Snax
NORWICH, Cronwells (612909), Joe Brown And The Bruvvers
OXFORD, Corn Dolly (44761), Hollywood Wires
OXFORD, The Coven, Opens Road, Discontinued Lines/Blind Jellyfish
PRESTON, Romeo And Juliets, Liquid Gold
READING, Target, Butts Centre (585887), The Injections
REDRUTH, London (215591), The Fans
SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), Starjets
SOUTHAMPTON, Old Mill, Holbury, Thieves Like Us
STOCKTON, The Teessider, Major Accident

FUN IN THE OPEN-AIR



Pic by John Cox



Pic by Robert Ellis



Pic by Chris Horler



Pic by Chris Walker

READING Rock '79 brightens up the Bank Holiday weekend with an impressive mix of both British and Transatlantic talent. The Police top the bill for the first time on Friday, with a line-up including The Tourists, Punishment Of Luxury and special guests Motorhead. Saturday's Lizzy-less line-up includes Steve Hackett, Inner Circle, Gillan, Bram Tchaikovsky, The Movies, Root Boy Slim And The Sex Change Band, The Yachts and American import Cheap Trick. The new-style Peter Gabriel headlines Sunday, with appearances from Whitesnake, The Members, The Ramones, Molly Hatchet and many more. Tickets available on the gate as usual — price £4.50 (Friday), £5.50 (Saturday and Sunday).

LONDON, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, Cross/Poison Girls/Epileptics
LONDON, Cubies, Paddington, Tribesman
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Cleaners/Mark Andrews And The Gents
LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (0-485 9006), Bram Tchaikovsky/Sussex
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham (01-385 0526), Ricky Cool And The Icebergs
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Blues Band
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), The Dazzlers
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Zaine Griff
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Pressure Shocks/Roaring 80's
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Members/The Decorators
LONDON, Newlands, Stuart Road, Peckham, Red Tape
LONDON, Oval House, Kensington (01-582 7680), 'Babble' (Kevin Coyne/Dagmar Krause)
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Iron Maiden
LONDON, Royal Albert, New Cross Road, Deptford, Rubber Johnny
LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham (01-472 0377), Jerry The Ferret
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham (01-874 4128), Stage Fright
LONDON, Upstairs At Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Brimstone
LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), Chas And Dave
LONDON, White Hart, Tottenham, Matchbox
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Bombshell
MANCHESTER, Factory, Russells, Royce Road (061 226 6821), Local Operator
MANCHESTER, Fun House, Borch Street, The Fall/The Liggers/Glass Animals
MANCHESTER, Valentines, Barlow Moor Road (061 881 3320), The Foundations
NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54381), Writz
OXFORD, Caribbean Club (45139), English Subtitles
PORTHSLAND, Social Club, Lip Service
PRESTON, Romeo And Juliets, Liquid Gold
READING, Festival, The Police/The Tourists/Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/The Cure/Doll By Doll/Punishment Of Luxury/Jags/Bite The Pillow/Motorhead (3.00am-11.00pm)
RETFORD, Porterhouse (704981), The Invaders
SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse (06204), Straight 8/Ray Sundholm Band/The Dazzlers
SOUTHEND, Minerva (714691), Yakety Yak
STOKE, Trentham Gardens (657341), The Kidda Band
STROUD, Subscription Rooms (6321), Cygnus
SUNDERLAND, Boilermakers, Tarot
SWANSEA, Hafod Inn (53617), Venom
WARWICK, Red Lion, Leviathan
WATCH ON DURNE, Memorial Hall, Saxon
WATFORD, Red Lion (29208), Hollywood Wires
WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Secret Affair/Purple Hearts/Back To Zero

BIRMINGHAM Cannon Hill Park, Steel Pulse/Ricky Cool And The Icebergs/Coventry Specials (BRMB concert)
BIRMINGHAM, Romeo And Juliets (021-643 6696), JALN Band
BIRMINGHAM, WRC Hopwood, Brooklyn
BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad Arts Centre (56333), Mad Chateaux
BLACKBURN, Baileys (662662), Rokotto
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), Salford Jets
BRACKNELL, Bridge House (25396), Hollywood Wires
BRIGHTON, Polytechnic, Grand Parade, Disco Students
BRIGHTON, The Clarence, Airport
BRIGHTON, Vault, Resources Centre, Smeggy And The Cheesy Bits
BRISTOL, Granary (28272), Lew Lewis' Reformer
BRISTOL, Turntable Club, Cygnus
BURTON ON TRENT, Galaxy, The Quads
CARDIFF, Grassroots, Charles Street (31700), Pettes
CARLISLE, Twisted Wheel (20335), Another Pretty Face
CASTLEFORD, Trades Club, Tarot
CHESTER, Arts Center, Echo And The Bunnymen/Teardrop Explodes
COLCHESTER, Embassy Suite (5910), Matchbox
DERRY, Temple More Sports Complex, The Undertones/The Clash/Shake/The Damned/The Radiators/The Moondogs
DONCASTER, Mona Club, The Diks
DORCHESTER, Tavern (5737), Scissor Fits
DUDLEY, JB's (53597), Ricky Cool And The Icebergs
DUNDEE, Barracuda Club (29373), TCOJ
EXETER, Devon County Showground, Phantom Orchestra/Available Jelly/Friends Roadshow/Nigel Mazlin-Jones
FALKIRK, Maggie, Snapshots
FOLKSTONE, Leas Cliffe Hall (53193), Local Operator
HALIFAX, Good Mood, Crown Street (68905), The Invaders
ILFORD, Cranbrook, Raised On Robbery
IPSWICH, Royal William (53385), Zorro
LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Geno Washington
LEIGH, Last Shift, Heath Lane (bottom of Plank Lane), Hot Ice/The Units/Armageddon/Gog/Visual Aids/Steroid Kiddies (Leigh Festival — midday onwards)
LEYSWOWN, (Isle of Sheppey), New Island Hotel, Leysdown Road, The Delegates
LINCOLN, RAF Swinderby, Strange Days
LONDON, Albany, Deptford (01-692 0765), Splodgenessabounds
LONDON, Black Bull, Lewisham (01-690 1026), Rockhouse
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), The Trendies
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Dog Watch/Flexible Dustbins
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Stone/The Small Hours
LONDON, Green Man, Plumstead (01-854 0873), Lammagyre
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Rico
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), Bombshell
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Teenbeats
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), The Sinceros/The Photos
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Toyah/Tour De Force

LONDON, Oval House, Kennington (01-582 7680), 'Babble' (Kevin Coyne/Dagmar Krause)
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), The Realists/The Atoms
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Froggy
LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham (01-472 0377), Iron Maiden
LONDON, Swan, Hammersmith (01-748 1043), First Aid
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham (01-874 4128), The Cannibals
LONDON, Upstairs At Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Brimstone
LONDON, Wellington, Waterloo (01-928 6083), Squire
LONDON, Wembley Arena (01-902 1234), The Commodores/The Emotions
LUTON, Kingsway Tavern (52347), Gina And The Rockin' Rebels
MANCHESTER, Factory, Russells, Royce Road (061-226 6821), Straight 8/Ray Sundholm Band/The Dazzlers
MANCHESTER, Valentines, Barlow Moor Road (061-881 3320), The Foundations
MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady (812121), Chairman Of The Board
MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden (241995), The Accelerators
MILTON KEYNES, College of Education, Wolverton, The Dials/Special FX/Peace Of Crecy
NORMANTON, Liberal Club, The Bombers
OXFORD, Oranges And Lemons (42660), English Subtitles
PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall (24355), The Ramones
PORT STEWART, Spuds, Xdreamysts
PRESTON, Romeo And Juliets, Liquid Gold
READING, Festival, Inner Circle/Cheap Trick/Steve Hackett/Gillan/Bram Tchaikovsky/The Movies/Root Boy Slim And The Sex Change Band/The Yachts/Fame (midday-11.00pm)
REDRUTH, London Inn (215591), Lip Service
RETFORD, Porterhouse (704981), The Original Mirrors
ROSS-ON-WYE, Barrel Inn, Exhibit A
ST ALBANS, City Hall (64511), Eddie And The Hot Rods
ST ERME, (Near Truro), Ennis Farm, Carol Grimes' Sweet FA/The Buzzards/The Young Ones/Anaconda/Mickey Finn Band/Brainiac Five/Lip Service/Parking Lot/The Fans
SOUTHALL, Hamborough Tavern, The Injections
STUBBINGTON, Hammond Hall, Voltz
SUNDERLAND, Old Twentynine, Proles/Little Brother Forbes
WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Starjets/Spitfire
WEYMOUTH, Cellar Vino, Thieves Like Us

SUNDAY AUGUST 26

BALLOCH, Ben Lomond Hotel (Johnstone 24114), Chou Pahrot
BEXHILL, De La Warr Pavilion (21202), George Melly And John Chiltern's Feetwarmers
BIRMINGHAM, Red Lion, Shirley (021-744 1030), The Crack
BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad (56333), Tracks (lunchtime)
BOURNEMOUTH, Pinecliffe (426312), Thieves Like Us
BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26636), Rokotto
BRIGHTON, Buccaneer (606906), Fan Club
BURNLEY, Bankhall Miners Club, City Limits
CARLISLE, Border Terrier (22725), Lies All Lies
CARLISLE, Tiffany's, (36930), Geno Washington
DARLINGTON, South Park Grandstand, Sabrejets/Roxoff/Eastside Torpedoes/Ray Stubbs (afternoon)
DOVER, Elvington Institute, The Record Players
DUMFRIES, Stagecoach (Collin 605), The Accelerators
EDINBURGH, Astoria (031-661 1662), Head/Rudge
EXETER, Devon County Showground, NoFoMo/Friends Roadshow/Available Jelly
EDINBURGH, Astoria (031-661 1662), Head/Rudge
GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Monolog
GODALMING, Railway Hotel, Disco Students
GRAVESEND, Prince of Wales, Rednite
GRAVESEND, Red Lion (66127), Zorro
HEREFORD, Market Tavern, Exhibit A
KENDAL, Brewery Arts Centre (25133), Roaring Jelly/Strawhead/Battlesfield Band/Martin Simpson
KENDAL, Town Hall (23649), Tom Brown's Band/Strawhead
LEEDS, Florde Grene (623470), The Invaders
LEIGH, Last Shift, Heath Lane (bottom of Plank Lane), Supercharge/Inertia/The Risk/Sister Ray/Cool Hands/Kama Sutra (Leigh Festival — midday onwards)
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Tennis Shoes
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), RDB
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Gordon Smith/Bernie Pallo/Chris Yulden/Hammy Howell/Jona Lewie And The OT's (British Blues Night)
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham (01-385 0526), News Flash
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Red Beans And Rice
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), The Piranhas
LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand (01-836 3715), Secret Affair/Madness/Purple Hearts/The Selector/Back To Zero
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Psychedelic Furs
LONDON, Q Club, Praed Street, Paddington (01-723 5274), High Flames
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Famous Players
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham (01-874 4128), Live Wire
LONDON, Wembley Arena (01-902 1234), The Commodores/The Emotions
OXFORD, Marlborough Head, Earthworks
PAISLEY, TUC Club, Orr Square, Little Tony And The Tennessee Rebels
PLYMOUTH, Breakwater Inn, Lip Service
PONTEFRAC, Moorhorpe Empire, Tarot
READING, Festival, Peter Gabriel/Whitesnake/Ramones/Climax Blues Band/The Tourists/Zaine Griff/Speed-O-Meters/The Members/Wild Horses/Molly Hatchet (midday-11.00pm)
TORQUAY, Pelican Inn (22842), The Fans

FRIDAY AUGUST 24

AYR, Darlington Hotel (68275), TCOJ
BALLOCH, Ben Lomond Hotel (Johnstone 24114), Snapshots
BANSTEAD, Ridgemoor Hall, Small Wonders
BASILDON, Double Six (20140), Geneva
BASINGSTOKE, Magnams, Thieves Like Us
BICESTER, Nowhere Club, The Bears
BIRMINGHAM, Imperial Hotel (021 643 6751), Rough Mix
BIRMINGHAM, Romeo And Juliets (021 643 6696), JALN Band
BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad (56333), Sanity Clause
BLACKBURN, Baileys (662662), Rokotto
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), Galaxy
BRANDON, RAF Lakenheath, Sheer Elegance
BRIGHTON, Hanbury Arms, Disco Students
BRIGHTON, Lewes Road Inn, Lewes Road, Little Tony And The Tennessee Rebels
BURNTISLAND, Orchedia Hotel, Strutz
CARDIFF, Grass Roots, Charles Street (31700), Reptile Cancer
CANNOCK, Moonraker, The Quads
CHELMSFORD, City Tavern, Football Club (412601), The Pack
DORCHESTER, Tavern (5737), Scissor Fits
DUDLEY, JB's (53597), Starjets
FARNHAM, Village Hall, Crowtham, Flying Saucers
GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Mafia
HASTINGS, Carlisle Ocean Bar, The Lambrettas
KENDAL, Brewery Arts Centre (25133), Gary And Vera Aspey/Wilf Darlington/Bernard Wrigley/Strawhead/Tony Kelly/Mountain Road
KINGSTON, Masons Arms, Exhibit A
KIRKLEVINGTON, Country Club (Eaglescliffe 780093), The Piranhas
LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Geno Washington
LIVERPOOL, Erics (051 236 7881), Madness
LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4590), Baby Patrol/The Barracudas/57 Men/The Number Ones/The Prime Movers/The Passengers
LONDON, Albany, Deptford (01-692 0765), Stesko Dolly
LONDON, Black Bull, Lewisham (01-690 1026), The Rhythm Hawks
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), News Flash

SATURDAY AUGUST 25

ACCRINGTON, Oakhill Park, Oxym (free festival)

marquee

90 Wardour St. W.1. 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7.00 PM - 11 PM.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

THUR 23rd AUG (Adm £1.50)
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

MON 27th AUG (Adm £2.00)
THE PIRATES
Plus guests & Joe Lung

FRI 24th AUG (Adm £1.00)
ZAINE GRIFF
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

TUE 28th AUG (Adm £1.00)
INTERVIEW
Live Wire & Joe Lung

SAT 25th AUG (Adm £1.00)
THE TEENBEATS
Plus Scooter & Joe Lung

WED 29th AUG (Adm £1.50)
CHELSEA
TheWimps & Jerry Floyd

SUN 26th August
CLOSED FOR READING FESTIVAL

THUR 30th & FRI 31st (Adm £1.25)
LEW LEWIS'S REFORMERS
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

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NINA HAGEN BAND

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TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
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DISCOTHEQUE WARDOUR ST W1

Heavy Rock Every Wednesday
with DJ Andy King
WEDNESDAY 29th AUGUST
ANGEL WITCH
Admission 90p. 8-12.30

NOTRE DAME HALL
LEICESTER SQUARE WC1

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REVILOS

PLUS Another Pretty Face

THURSDAY 6th SEPTEMBER 7.30pm

TICKETS £2.00. AVAILABLE BY POST FROM OUTLAW 86/87 WIMPOLE ST. W.1. OR FROM TICKET MACHINE,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE

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THE ONLY ONES
TOYAH
PSYCHEDELIC FURS

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SQUIRE + THE FIXATIONS + THE NAME
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Thursday 23rd August
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"you've got to 'ave it"

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CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MARRINGTON, CRESCENT TUBE, N.W.1.

Wednesday 22nd
THE YOUNG ONES
plus Zorro
Admission £1.20

Thursday 23rd
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
plus The Opposition
Admission £1.70

Friday 24th
PRESSURE SHOCKS
plus Roaring 80's
Admission £2.20

Saturday 25th
SINCERO'S
plus Photo's
Admission £2.20

Monday 27th
PIRANHA'S
plus The Bats
plus Between Pictures
Admission £1.70

Tuesday 28th
LITTLE BO BITCH
plus Security Risk
Admission £1.20

Wednesday 29th
STRAIGHT 8
plus Dazzlers
plus Roysundholme Band
Admission £1.20

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

THEATRE ROYAL - DURY LANE
LONDON WC2

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BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

zoo games

from page 19

stylish originality themselves: "Echo and Teardrop have this gypsy spirit where nothing really matters and Bill and I have to distill the business-like attitude into them, by for instance, telling them to tighten up and be professional on stage," Dave explains.

Neither Bill or Dave feel any particular alignment with what could be loosely described as a 'growing Liverpool scene'. Rather, they dread the thought of becoming 'The Next Big City Fad'. Dave: "Speaking unpretentiously, I think Liverpool is going to become the 'hip thing for 1980' and I just hope that that attitude doesn't make people think that what Teardrop and Echo are doing is shallow or part of a fad."

The bands themselves reflect this refusal to be dogged with a 'New

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND SECRET AFFAIR MADNESS PURPLE HEARTS THE SELECTOR BACK TO ZERO

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

SUNDAY 26th AUGUST at 6-30

TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

PORTERHOUSE CLUB,
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.

Friday August 24th
THE INVADERS

Saturday August 25th
THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS

PANIC PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
A BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY MOD SPECTACULAR!! WITH

SECRET AFFAIR - THE PURPLE HEARTS
+
BACK TO ZERO + SQUIRE + MOD DJ

Monday 27th August
at The Paddocks, Long Road, Canvey Island
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Adm. £1.75 7pm Trains: Fenchurch St. to Benfleet. Buses 3, 3a, 5, 27, 151 from Southend
Benfleet & Basildon - Cars A13

steppin' out

Bandwagon Heavy Metal Soundhouse
Kingsbury Circle NW9
(Nearest Tube Kingsbury on the Jubilee Line)

DELIVERS THE POWER

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays
each week with
DJ Neal Kay & the famous Soundhouse Sound System. 50p - Tues, Thurs, Sundays. 70p B49
Saturday Open 8pm

turd' written on his forehead in brown crayon. His wife had done it while he was asleep and he didn't know it was there! That's him all over, you know, loveable."

Mick: "Dave Balfe is the ultimate bastard. He's really into direct action. This is him: he found out there was this flat for sale so he sent a letter to the estate agent telling him he'd moved in and please could he tell him how much the rent cost. He'd moved in before the landlord even knew it was for sale!"

"We had a single out after two gigs. That's what Zoo are all about..." Julian reflects.

Over a week later the writer sits in his luxurious *Sounds* office and reads a letter. It's from Bill Drummond. It ends, "When Mac (of the Bunmen) walks down the street you know he is a star. That's another thing. The Zoo doesn't mind stars. As long as they are real stars."

The writer nods yes.

This feature is dedicated to Andy Courtney.

Merseybeat' tag. "I think we'd all move to London or New York tomorrow if the opportunity arose," Bill admits.

"WE GET really stupid sometimes," Julian Cope stirs his coffee with a gorilla's eye for etiquette, the coffee spills over the table, and the waitress sighs her disapproval.

"I mean, we get to points in the set where we know a certain song, one we really like, like 'Ha Ha I'm Drowning' is coming up, so we rush through the songs inbetween in a frantic hurry just to get to it! It feels really exciting when you can see that everybody is waiting to play this song!"

The writer asks about the Balfe-Drummond team. What are they really like?

Julian: "Bill is a loveable, blundering idiot. I remember we went to his place one day and he answered the door with the words 'I am a

steppin' out

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

WEST CORNFORTH, Cornforth United Club, Tygers Of Pan Tang
WINDSOR, Picnic, Scissor Fits
YEOVIL, Ham Hill Free Festival, Here And Now/The Mob/Zounds

MONDAY AUGUST 27

BARNSELY, Birdcage, The News
BIRMINGHAM, Drakes Drum, The Quads
BIRMINGHAM, Gay Towers Ballroom, Black Gorilla
BIRMINGHAM, Thursday's Club, Tradition
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), TCOJ
BRADFORD, Princeville (78845), The Invaders
BRIGHTON, Top Rank Suite (25895), Great Brighton Beach Party (2.00 pm to midnight - disco extravaganza)
BRISTOL, Trinity Hall, Trinity Road (551544), Here And Now/The Pop Group/Mob
BURNLEY, Clarion Club, Accrington Road, Armed Forces/The Hamsters
CANVEY ISLAND, The Paddocks, London Road, Secret Affair/Purple Hearts/Back To Zero
CHESHAM, Open Air Festival, Lowndes Park, Weapon/Crossfire/Panther 45/The Beez
EDINBURGH, Astoria (031 661 1662), Head/Ridge
EDINBURGH, Tiffany's (031 556 6292), Merton Parkas/Another Pretty Face
GRANGEMOUTH, Town Hall, All This And More
HALIFAX, Cleopatras, The Accelerators
LEICESTER, Scamps (28484), Wendy Tunes
LEIGH, Last Shift, Heath Lane, (bottom of Plank Lane), Joy Division/Certain Ratio/The Distractions/Teardrop Explodes/Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Echo And The Bunnymen (Leigh Festival midday onwards)
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Boyce Band
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Beggar
LONDON, Cornet Of Horse, Lavender Hill, Clapham, CSA Rock 'N' Roll Band
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham (01-385 0526), 64 Spoons
LONDON, Half Moon, Lower Richmond Road, Putney, Echo Mountain Band
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Flowers
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), News Flash
LONDON, Leyton Youth Centre, Essex County Ground, Leyton High Road (01-555 5248), The Buzzards/Amba/Tour De Force/Maibuye Singers (Campaign Against Racism)
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Pirates
LONDON, Maunkberry's, Jermyn Street (01-499 4623), The Stiletos
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), The Piranhas/The Bats/Between Pictures

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Shake/Plats
LONDON, Royalty Theatre, Southgate (01-886 4112), Hank Mizell/The Rockin' Shades/Johnny Storm/Crazy Cavan And The Rhythm Rockers/Mystery Train/Wild Wax Roadshow
LONDON, Upstairs At Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Unfit To Plead
LONDON, Wembley Arena (01-902 1234), The Commodores/The Emotions
OXFORD, Oxpens, English Subtitles
READING, Cherry's Wine Bar, Romantix
ST AUSTELL, New Cornish Riviera, Carlyon Bay (812725), Joe Brown And The Bruvvers
SLOUGH, Cat Balou Club, Robert And The Remoulds
SOUTHEND, Minerva (714691), Crazy Cavan And The Rhythm Rockers (also Southgate Royalty)
SOUTHEND, Zero 6, The Bears
WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Straight 8/Ray Sundholm/The Dazzlers
WIGAN, Casino Club (43501), Matchbox
WINDSOR, Picnic, Scissor Fits

TUESDAY AUGUST 28

BISHOPS STORTOFRD, Triad (56333), Dials/Scissor Fits
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), TCOJ (Early show - 6.00pm-10.00pm)
DERBY, Bell Hotel (43701), Shattered Dolls
EDINBURGH, Aquarius (031-229 6697), Ducktail
EDINBURGH, Astoria (031-661 1662), Gordon Cruikshanks Quintet/Free Sample
EXETER, Routes (58615), The Fans/Footsbarn
GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Trax
GREAT CHESTERFORD, Station Rest, George Melly And John Chiltern's Feetwarmers
KEIGHLEY, Kings Head, The Accelerators
LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Geno Washington
LEYSDOWN, (Isle of Sheppey), New Island Hotel, Leysdown Road, Hank Mizell
LONDON, Billy's, Dean Street (01-437 3111), Unfit To Plead
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Soulyard
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Cowboys International
LONDON, Golden Lion, Solihull (01-385 3942), The Crack
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham (01-385 0526), Squire
LONDON, 101 Club, St Johns Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), Local Operator
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Interview
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Little Bo Bitch
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Starjets/Original Mirrors
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), The Cleaners
LONDON, Saxon Tavern, Catford (01-698 3293), Cathedral

LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park (01-478 0660), Jerry The Ferret
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham (01-874 4128), The Fixations
LONDON, Upstairs At Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Panther
MANCHESTER, Factory, Russells, Royce Road (061-226 6821), The Damned/Nightmares In War
NORWICH, Cromwells (612909), Writz
OLDHAM, Tower Club (061-624 5491), Here And Now/Wilful Damage/Danny And The Dressmakers
POOLE, Arts Centre (70521), The Ramones
SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), Secret Affair/Purple Hearts/Back To Zero
SWINDON, Brunel Rooms (31384), Katz
YORK, De Grey Rooms (54042), The Name

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 29

BARNSELY, Civic Hall (203232), Secret Affair/Purple Hearts/Back To Zero
BIRMINGHAM, Golden Lion, Solihull (021-704 9969), The Privates
BOURNEMOUTH, Stateside Centre, Glenfern Avenue (26636), Siouxsie And The Banshees/The Cure
BRIGHTON, Buccaneer (606906), Voltz
BRISTOL, Storehouse (behind Bunch Of Grapes), Vice Squad/Review
EDINBURGH, Astoria (031-661 1662), Bill Kyle Sextet/Free Sample
EDINBURGH, Odeon (031-667 3805), Rickie Lee Jones/Sandiego
GLASGOW, Kelvingrove Park, Snapshots
GUILDFORD, Wooden Bridge (72708), Romantix
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head (21758), Merton Parkas

HULL, Romeo And Juliets (24000), The Foundations
LEAMINGTON, Crown Hotel, Black Gorilla
LONDON, Cock Tavern, Fulham, Trimmer And Jenkins
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Tribesman
LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), The Kidda Band
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Obvious
LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), Tich Turner's Roaring 80's
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Chelsea/The Wimps
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Straight 8/Ray Sundholm/The Dazzlers
LONDON, Nelsons, Wimbledon Football Club, Live Wire
LONDON, Pied Bull, Islington (01-837 3218), The Fixations
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Soulyard
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Froggy
LONDON, St Helier, Carshalton (01-642 2896), Hank Mizell
LONDON, Upstairs At Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Slender Hooks
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Thieves Like Us
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Madisons (24910), TCOJ
NEWPORT, Stowaway (50978), The Invaders
OXFORD, Red Lion, Earthworks
PORTURUSH, Chesters, X-dreamysts
ROTHERHAM, Towpath, Swinton, Tarot
SHEFFIELD, Romeo And Juliets (21227), High Flames
SHREWSBURY, Cascade Club, Shake
STAFFORD, Bingley Hall (47111), The Commodores/The Emotions
TORQUAY, 400 Club (28103), Rokotto
WHITLEY BAY, Mingles Club, Tygers Of Pan Tang



Pic by Chris Howler

SIUXSIE And The Banshees warm up for their UK autumn tour, the first stage of a worldwide trek taking in America, Japan and Australia, at Bournemouth Stateside Centre (Wednesday). Support on the 25-dater comes from The Cure.

ROSCOE THE BARBARIAN

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?
"A DORK IN THE BLACK FOREST!!"
EPISODE TWENTYONE

WELL!! HOW D'YA LIKE DAT!!

LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR YOU TO COME AND DELIVER US FROM THE AWFUL DRAGON...

SEE YONDER IS YOUR MAGIC SWORD "SCORNBINGER"

UH-HUH! NO MISTAKE, BUDDY!! NOW ARE YOU GONNA HAUL MY ASS OUTTA THIS STONE, OR AINCHA??

UH, BOSS... I HATE TA INTERRUPT...

HA! MY HUSBAND, THE TRANS-VESTITE!! I MIGHTA KNOWN!! AN' I GUESS YER HOPIN THAT YA GONNA MAKE THE DRAGON BUST A GUT LAUGHIN' ATCHA, RIGHT??

JUST MY CRUMMY LUCK! I GUESS THE BUDGET DIDNT STRETCH TO GETTIN' A REAL MAN TO RESCUE ME! HELL, ROSCOE, WHATTAYA WEARIN?? YA LOOK LIKE A NEWYAWK FAGGOT!!

UH, LISSEN, I CAN EXPLAIN... THESE AIN'T MY CLOTHES... I GOTTEM FROM THIS GIRL, SEE, AN'...

UH, WATCHA LOOKIN AT ME LIKE THAT FER? I TOLDTA BOUT THE OUTFIT...

UH, JEEZUS... HI, MAXINE...

ROScoe!!

OH YEAH! THE FRAIL I GOTTS TA RESCUE! O.K LADY, YER WORRIES ARE OVER!! I'VE COME TO...

AHH, WHUT THA HECK!! I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN TO LOSE... UH, SAY, DID I HEAR THAT BROAD WID DA PIGTAILS MENTION A DRAGON??

NAH!! SHE'S A YUGOSLAV... IT'S KINDA DIFFICULT T'MAKE OUT WHAT SHE'S SAYIN'. SHE PROBABOLLY MEANT "DRAG QUEEN" OR SOMETHIN... SAY!! LOOK AHEAD, TIED TO THAT TREE...

A FOREST SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...

GAW-DAMMIT, "SPARK-PLUG" OL' BOY!! CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER?? WE BIN TRYIN' TO GET OUTTA THIS HERE FOREST FOR HOURS!!

...WHAT THE HELL??

SUDDENLY I SEEM TO BE HAVIN' A BEATIFIC VISION!! OR A POPULAR MIS-CONCEPTION OR SUMTHIN!!

HOLY NED!!

"IN FACT I'M STARTIN' TO GET THA IMPRESSION I'D BE BETTER OFF WALKING!"... I GROWLED...

"ROScoe MOSCOW!! THIS IS AUNT LENE, THE GOOD WITCH SPEAKING!! WELCOME O CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY!!"

TAKE IT, AND SEEK YE THE DAMSEL THAT IS ENCHAINED SOME HALF A LEAGUE HENCE...

...TO BE CONTINUED ©1979 by CURT WINDSOR VILE.

Personal

PARTNERS AND PEN-FRIENDS. 500 names; 450 photographs; 100 pages only £5. Send stamp for illustrated brochure. Dovelinc A15, P O Box 100, Howards Heath, Sussex

PENFRIENDS HOME and abroad SAE Triple Club, 7 Home Park Stoke, Plymouth, Devon

SUZIE CROMPTON you moved before I replied, please write again. Mike BM-7136 London WC1 V6

SHY MALE 20 West Yorkshire seeks attractive female into pop disco for friendship and outings. Box No 8087

LOONEY PUNKETTE seeks looney punk for laughs and a great time. Photo appreciated, London area. Box No 8086

LONELY SINCERE male 24, quite shy, interests art, cinema, countryside, all rock, seeks quite gentle loving lady 18-25 non smoker with similar interests to write/meet for lasting relationship. Cleveland area genuine replies please Box No 8089

LEATHER LOVING Guy 28 wishes to contact like minded chicks. Write Mike BM 7136 London WC1V 6XX

ALDRIDGE/EADBANGER sends greetings to the mad Harry's and the Delves Daredevils

ALDRIDGE/EADBANGER returning from holiday. Will see Delves Daredevils and Mad Harry's in the Watering trough next week

SINCERE GUY 22 like to write meet girl 16+ for friendship maybe romance all letters answered photo appreciated. Box No 8116

REZILLOS/SIXYIES fanatic seeks pen pals. Box Number 8113

GIRL SEEKS Guy 19-24 Glasgow area. Photo appreciated Box No. 8112

PUNKETTE WANTS Manchester Punk Box No. 8111

BOWIE FAN male 20 seeks German female Bowie fan 18+ for penfriend please write Lance Box No. 8110

BORED FELLA NOT VERY GOOD LOOKING INTO PUNK FED UP with living at home wants to leave and get a decent flat needs female to go with all letters answered. Plus phone number. Box No. 8109

GIRL PUNK wants to write to Punks, skins. Box No. 8108

TWO ROCK freaks 19, seek two similar females in the North Manchester/Bury area, into Floyd, Genesis, Yes, Hillage, camping etc. Contact Neil Flat 7, 5 Ash Tree Road, Crumpsall, Manchester 8.

FREE WORLDWIDE PEN-FRIENDS details - SAE please HBO/Services, 45 Sandringham Road, Norwich, Norfolk. NOR 86G

A.N.U.S. - A.N.U.S. - Rah - Rah - Raah. Singed The Andrex Cysters

"OPPOSITE SEX, -partners found!!!" It's free at I*N*T*E*R*D*A*T*E! Rush letters describing yourselves + S.A.E. to - Box No. 8123, Sounds, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

TWO GUYS 27 and 23 into Music Cinema Books Seek two girls for fun friendship and take it from there Box Number 8121

GIRL SEEKS extroverts. Posers, Lover Boys. (Ordinary guys?) With money for fun, larks etc. (punks without money coz you're best!) Cash... er photos appreciated (though unnecessary) Sally. Box No. 8122

BORED PUNK seeks pretty (vacant) punkette (around 15-16) for gigs and a good time, photo if possible, London area (North) Box No 8082

ARE YOU SEEKING occultists, witches, groups, etc.? Long standing service, all areas, Stamp to: Baraka Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT

GAY SWITCHBOARD 24 hour phone service for homosexuals. Information, advice, and entertainments guide on 01-837 7324

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends, introduction to opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/SOU North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3GS

FELLA N. Herts 24 unattached into rock seeks female friendship and concerts. Box no 7997

HEIGHTS Kate Bush British sleeve £15.00. New Rose Stiff Damned £4.50

REZILLOS original Baby pic. Numbered £5.00. Roberts Stiff pic £5.50. Move Something Else EP pic Both mint offers i'm free Who promo copy offers. Happy Xmas British Green vinyl pic £6.00

NASTY green vinyl pic 999 £6.00 Costello Alison Zero original Stiff pic £9.00 each Blitzkrieg bop Ramones, autographed pic £6.00 Silly thing misprint £5.00 Cars Lets Go pic disco £7.00 Heart of Glass Blondie clear vinyl £5.00 SAE swops Adam Begg, 1 Wester Drylaw Place, Edinburgh 4

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PINK PARKER (mint £15) 0437 5704

PIC DISC S cars girl, needed, go. Tubeway Army. Damned demo phone Reading 25308

COSTELLO RARITIES Phone Tony Upminster 20767

RENTA CASSETTE. cassette lending library, free lifetime membership, write immediately for details and catalogue number from: Renta Cassette, PO Box 3, Wareham, Dorset

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RARE DYLAN, Stones, Springsteen, Bowie tapes SAE 6 Castle Street, Dromore, County Down NI

STRANGLERS Live X-Certs Japanese import offers Phone 0760 337183

IGGY POP, 'Radio Interview' Album. SAE 17 Richard Avenue, Wivenhoe, Essex

DYLAN, UNRELEASED promotional single. SAE 17 Richard Avenue, Wivenhoe, Essex

PULSEBEAT (CLEAR) £9. Dayglo (orange), Homicide (Green), Rabbit 5", Stranglers Tits, Members (Clear), 55 each. Dave Goodman (red) £9. Understones kick (original) £3, 19 St. Andrews Crescent, Hindley, Wigan

FAUST CLEAR vinyl offers 28 Weprehall Crescent, Connahsqur, Clwyd

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LEEDS



Photo by Brad Elterman

GENE SIMMONS (right) and Brooke Shields

I NEVER liked 'Kiss' much, but the recent Deaf Barton's report (Sounds August 11) has changed my mind. I would go anywhere, pay anything, to see Gene Simmons stick his 'enormous proboscis' out of his mouth. After all, this has got to be what rock is all about. — Joe Boswell, Cwmbran, Gwent.

POINTLESS PEOPLE

I AM writing to object to Dave McCullough's articles for your paper. In a recent interview with the Joy Division his attitude to the band and to the North in general stank. People happen to live in Stockport, it's not just a backdrop for self-important music writers

to spout out rubbish about the state of music in 1979. So spare us and Joy Division, Dave, and stick to doing fifth rate Jam ripoffs from London and the South (mods), and Irish dance bands. Geoff Barton and Savage Pencil are still good. — Tim, North of Watford.

THE LAST WORD

LOOKING AT the front cover of *Sounds* it's difficult to believe that the biggest music event of the year had actually happened. Your article about Knebworth made me wonder who's got bigger ego problems — Led Zeppelin or David Hepworth. The challenge Jimmy Page talked of is obviously to do with the slagging off they know they will get from the press afterwards, however they perform.

It's difficult to know where to attack your article, it's so full of contradiction. However we could be all day discussing that. You make out the audience consisted of purely heavy metal hippies still wearing faded denims and beads. I'm sure you will obviously feel that any comments made by one of those number are of no value as such besotted fans can't be objective. This just isn't so. You will always have those types but most rock audiences have now grown up. You're too busy coming out with the same old cliches to notice.

We're no longer easily satisfied. In my teens every

rock concert left me in the clouds, but Saturday was the first time I've been there in five years — including my last visit to Knebworth to see the Stones. Whilst it's unfashionable amongst musical intellectuals in the press to like what Zeppelin are now doing, the Stones can be boring and old hat and still receive accolades from the press. You're in the same rut you accuse Knebworth fans of being in. Too busy being patronising and clever to sit back and enjoy the music.

If you weren't there, the Stones were pretty boring in '76 and kept us waiting for hours. It was Lynyrd Skynyrd and 10cc who made that day.

This year I was musically most interested in Todd Rundgren and Southside Johnny. Having recently seen the deterioration in yet another rock band in Thin Lizzy who played with an appalling PA and went over the top on their last tour, I wasn't expecting too much from Zeppelin. Fortunately they surprised me. OK, there were a few rough edges, mostly from Jimmy Page — who wouldn't after the lay-off they've had, but overall they were magnificent.

I'm not too bothered what you conceited cynics have to say or the wrongs of Led Zeppelin being unfaithful to their fans. Sitting in an audience of over 200,000 people with such an atmosphere of warmth and excitement was a wonderful feeling. Maybe one day you'll allow yourself the same pleasure. — Colette Brady, Fishponds, Bristol.

NEVER

OVERHEARD IN the Yellow Carvel — two long haired blokes chatting away to each other about hair lengths, when back came a reply — "I don't know, long hair just grows on you!"

Is this a shock discovery of the century? — Arfa Kneecap, somewhere crawling the Royal Mile, Edinburgh.

IT'S A CRIME

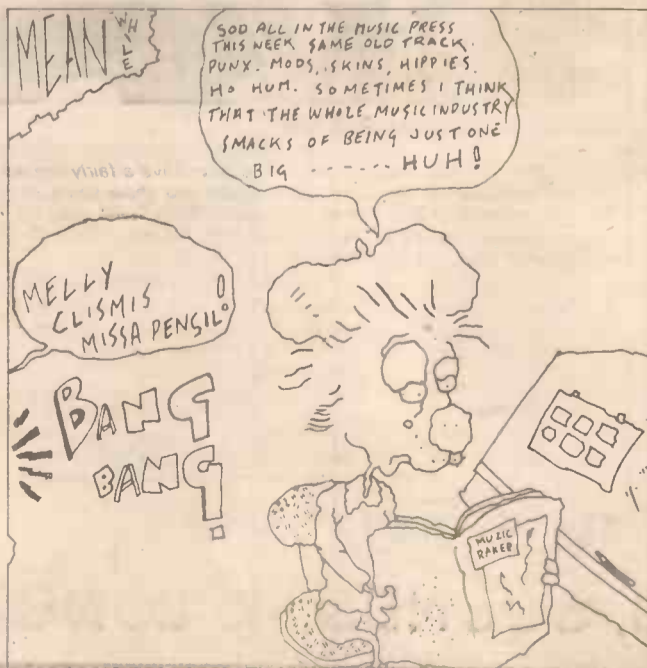
THANKS FOR a great paper but I have got to complain about the treatment handed out to the excellent Crooks by those three baboons responsible for *Maximum Speed*. Slagging the Crooks, Chords and the Merton Parkas is trendy is

it? So all you mods, don't go to see these bands if you're not sharp. Goffa resembles a beaver. Kev, Leyton Mods.

REGARDING THE letter (August 11) titled 'Wally', what a cretinous prat the 'long haired heavy metal freak, Enfield, Middx' is who wrote in to complain about 'schoolkids with their ear'oles showing' who call themselves heavy metal fans. That plebian is the type that likes to classify all music listeners by the way that they dress. His idea of a *serious* heavy metal freak is probably a person with long hair, that wears a t-shirt, leather jacket and jeans (preferably with patches — gives yer street credibility, don't y'know). What the hell has the way you dress got to do with listening to music?

That's all that I wanted to say. So now I'll just dye my hair green and red, stick a safety pin through my ear, put on my leather jacket and PVC straights and take a stroll down to the harp recital at the town hall. — The Laughing Gnome, Hounslow, Middx.

ROCK N' ROLL ZOO



T E R R S

WACKY WACKERS

MR BUSHELL, who do you think you are, you cockney idiot? With regard to your article on Mod 11/8/79 you state that Northern mods wear wide flares and Stranglers regalia. Living in Liverpool I consider myself, and so do my pals, as being scouse mods. Liverpool is situated in the North of England so therefore we are Northern mods and no-one in Liverpool wears flares. Nobody in Liverpool has worn flares for a good four years. Yet you maintain that we have "come round of late"

To put the record straight people in Liverpool are extremely trendy and have been wearing Fred Perry's, loafers, drainpipes and fastening the top button of their shirts for years. In Merseyside there are a number of scooter clubs like Cloud Nine, Phase 2, White City and Glitter Mods who have been wearing Parkas and drainpipes for years.

As for your 'supposedly' mod music it is on the whole shitty. The best group out of the lot is the Merton Parkas, although Secret Affair and the Chords do one or two passable numbers. As for that star of stage and screen, Grant Fleming, he is a renowned West Ham prat, and that person from Dagenham who gets his lip tattooed must be one head case.

The Northern Wollyback* scooter clubs that do wear flares and go to Wigan Casino are more original than you cockney wimps and they will still consider themselves mods after you cockneys have progressed into hippies, beatniks and psychedelia because they were mods before Anarchy came out.

Your article made us (namely the Park End at Everton, the Rad End of Liverpool and the Birkenhead and Liverpool Scooter Clubs) very angry. — The Scouse Mods.

*A woolyback is someone who wasn't born in Liverpool.

ARF-ARTED

WITH REFERENCE to the article concerning the Manchester bands, and the 'so called scene' happening in Manchester, I was disgusted when reading about the 'arty farty' new wave, electronic type bands that are apparently the top bands in Manchester. For me the three top bands, The Trend, The Out and Pure Product were not mentioned. It is a shame, in my opinion that good, hard working, entertaining and mostly underpaid bands often have to take second place to pretentious acts that are always in the public eye.

Bands with the ability to appeal to the complete emotional spectrum of their audiences and who work hard to entertain their

audience are shadowed by the crappy Factory scene etc.

As for the 'scene' happening in Manchester you've only got the 'super hip' Band On The Wall which is a meeting place for every kind of poseur in Manchester, and The Factory which only appeals to a narrow minded 'music loving' audience.

I would suggest that next time you are writing an article such as this, you should spend more time around the local scene instead of hanging around the hip, well known, over-publicised place in the city centre, when there is a wealth of FRESH talent in the suburbs. — I. M. Irate, Manchester Suburbs.

MOD MISERY

I AM not a particular Sixties or mod music freak but after getting pissed off with punk I thought I'd like to become a mod. But my mod friends made me puke. They inferred that to become a mod you have to spend £30 on a suit and £12 on a Parka then have all the right records and practically have a certificate signed by Paul Weller.

And now there's this article practically written by the wankers of *Maximum Speed*. Well MS tried to be the gospel of mod but I've never known such narrow-minded big-heads in my life. All the 'hip' groups, the Chords, Purple Hearts and Back to Zero hate the Merton Parkas just because the Parkas have got the talent and have released an excellent single.

The groups on the Bridge House LP just play the same old tuneless punk but without the drive and energy that made punk succeed. I thought that Sixties music was tuneful and a bit poppy, not this wimpy punk that the hip bands play. My mate is now a mindless zombie who reads *Maximum Speed* three times a day and cannot think for himself. I was going to become a mod 'cos I like the fashion but I have obviously failed my entrance exam. Long live the Merton Parkas and all the talented mod bands. Up Yours to *Maximum Speed*. — Q. Cook, Reigate, Surrey.

BEAKS OUT

WITH REF to letters about Norbreck bouncers turning away Fleetwood kids in training shoes.

I must point out that the management were making an effort to bring some decent bands to a gig-wise depressed area. All the crew have to suffer for the agency over-reacting, having already cancelled the Specials. So will the agency lift this pointless action and will the Buzzards keep their beaks out. — Three Imaginary Boys, South Shore Crew.

PRETTY BOY OF THE WEEK



THE VERY lovely Peter Perrett

I AM writing to you on behalf of me, and maybe a friend. On scanning over a few backdated Sounds I found pictures which had been printed due to personal requests by the readers. Such pictures being D. Harry (beauty as she is), Joan Jett (perhaps not quite so conventionally beautiful) and some girl from Harrogate Girls College. But on finding pictures of the 'Dreamboat of the Week' I felt quite ill. I don't care about scrappy HM males (puke, puke). The aforementioned personally nominated pictures were of a very low standard.

Cast aside all this jitter. The point for which I am striving is us 'new' girlies (me supposedly being one) deserve an 'up-to-date' collection or gallery of beautiful new-wavish males ie Bob Geldof, Gary Numan, Dave Jaymes (Buzzards).

I would like to be the first person to nominate a male in this quest by females/female (me) in the great exploitation of the male form. My first nomination is the darling of all darlings, the most beautiful of them all, Peter Perrett, frontman of the Only Ones. — A. Jerk.

PS If you do as I ask I will love you forever.

TOKEN WOMAN OF THE WEEK



THE VERY lovely Vi Squad

WHEN IS this going to stop? You now have a fairly regular 'Dreamboat of the week' spot, where you show some unremarkable long haired tosser, and not a week goes by without a picture of Niagara and before it was Debbie Harry, and now you're saying it is going to be Honey Bane.

You lot glorify sexism, especially Garry Bushell, who is worthless anyway, and Alan Lewis. Sounds is meant to be a music paper not a stroke mag. It is no wonder that women are raped, abused, taken for granted, the way they are depicted everywhere, even comix with supposedly progressive ideas like yours. Don't you know that sexism is like racism against women? And we all hate the NF don't we... Please print a pic of Vi Squad, you hypocritical prats, because she's not 17, and she doesn't wear two piece mini and bra sets, and I admire her, and the Poison Girls' music a lot. — Me Behave.

PS I pity Robbi Millar working among you lot.

DRUNK OF THE WEEK



COULD YOU please, please, please (am I getting anywhere?) print a photo of Liam L'Estrange of the Starjets for Dreamboat of the Week as a souvenir (?) of a kiss in the dark at Eric's t'other Saturday? — A Sounds devotee, the Hills of Somerset.

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