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SOUNDS

DO THE TELEVISION

ONE STEP FORWARD

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TELEVISION PIC: KATE SIMON

Gerry Rafferty: city to city

GERRY RAFFERTY goes out on his first solo tour following the release of his 'City To City' album recently by United Artists.

Rafferty, a member of the highly acclaimed Stealers Wheel, is now rehearsing a touring band, which includes Tommy Ayres keyboards, Gary Taylor bass, Raphael Ravenscroft saxophone and Liam Genochy drums.

Dates for the tour, which is being promoted by Ed Bicknell for NEMS, are: Dunstable Queensway Hall June 1, Derby Assembly Rooms 3,

Croydon Fairfield Halls 3, Edinburgh Odeon 5, Glasgow City Hall 6, Newcastle City Hall 8, Sheffield City Hall 9, Manchester Apollo 10, London Theatre Royal 11, Birmingham Hippodrome 12, Bristol Colston Hall 14.

Tickets are £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50 everywhere except London, where they are £3.00, £2.50 and £2.00, and they go on sale this weekend.

A new single from Rafferty's album, called 'Whatever's Written In Your Heart', will be released to coincide with the tour.

Groovies shake some action



FLAMIN' GROOVIES

With the radio on

MCA RECORDS are releasing a double album soundtrack album 'FM' on April 28, featuring several major US rock acts.

Featured artists include Steely Dan (with the unreleased title track), Bob Seger, Steve Miller, Foreigner, Doobie Bros, Tom Petty, Joe Walsh, Queen, Eagles, Boz Scaggs, Boston, Linda Ronstadt, Billy Joel and Dan Fogelberg.

The film is a story about a behind-the-scenes peep at a US rock station.

Mickey Jupp back-tracks

'THE LEGEND OF MICKEY JUPP', a compilation featuring the best of the famed Southend axeman, is released by Stiff on April 28 containing 15 tracks, and retails for a reasonable £2.99.

New singles on Stiff are IAN DURY's 'What A Waste' on April 14, and ERNIE GRAHAM's 'Romeo' on April 21.

Solo Bothy

THE BOTHY BAND's fiddle player, Kevin Burke, has a solo album released on Rockburgh Records, 'If The Cap Fits', on April 21.

Produced by Donal Lunny, the album includes contributions from Lunny on bouzouki, Paul Brady mandolin/piano, Peter Browne flute/pipes, Jackie Daly accordion.

Derek and Clive cleaned up

PETER COOK and DUDLEY MOORE have an album called 'The Clean Tapes' released by Cube Records this week. It contains excerpts from 'Not Only But Also', and 'Bedazzled'.

Solo Wallis

LARRY WALLIS is to release a solo album on Stiff. Former Pink Fairy guitarist and Stiff mainman, his LP is tentatively titled 'For All The Family', but release is not expected before November.



Brand X join Knebworth bill

BRAND X have been added to the bill of this year's Knebworth Festival, which is topped by Genesis and Jefferson Starship.

The band now has a new line-up with Chuck Bergi (formerly with Al DiMeola's band) replacing Kenwood Dennard on drums and Peter Robinson replacing Robin Lumley on keyboards.

The rest of the band comprises John Goodsall on guitar, Percy Jones bass and Morris Pert percussion.

Lumley will continue to produce the band but feels that his additional production commitments rule him out of remaining with the band, who are now keen to start touring and recording on a full-time basis. Lumley is also producing a new band, Warhorse, formed by Clive Bunker and Jack Lancaster, and is discussing a film adaptation of his 'Peter And The Wolf' album released last year.

The new Brand X line-up will start work at once on a new album, which will be released later in the summer. They are also due to play several other open-air festivals in Europe, America and Japan.

Classical gas

JOHN WILLIAMS (the classical guitarist not the multi-millionaire film score composer) releases his first 'contemporary' album for four years this week on Electric Records.

Titled 'Travelling', it includes Barry Morgan on drums, Herbie Flowers bass and Francis Monkman keyboards. The album was arranged and produced by Stanley Myers.

Cannes opener

THE ANIMATED film, 'The Oriental Nightfish', directed by Ian Emes and based on a Linda McCartney composition with Wings, has been selected as an entry for this year's Cannes Film Festival.

In addition, 'Hands Across The Water', a softback book of photographs of Wings' American tour will be published by Paper Tiger on April 14, price £3.25.



STEVE HACKETT

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES make their first British tour for nearly two years when they play an extensive series of dates in May and June.

The tour follows the release of the Groovies' new album, titled 'Flamin' Groovies Now', by Sire on April 14. Among the twelve tracks are the Byrds' 'Feel A Whole Lot Better' — which is released as a single on the same date.

The European tour starts with concerts in France, Belgium and Holland before the band arrive in England and play Newcastle (venue to be confirmed) on May 10, followed by Glasgow Satellite City 11, Aberdeen University 12, Dundee Technical College 13, St Andrews University 14, Edinburgh Tiffanys 15, Leicester University 16, Manchester Rafter's 18 and 19, Sheffield University 20, Leeds Fford Green Hotel 21, Liverpool Eric's 22, Birmingham Barbarellas 23, Swansea Circles 25, Uxbridge Brunel University 26, Colchester Essex University 27, Bournemouth Village Bowl (to be confirmed) 28, Bristol Locarno 30, Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (to be confirmed) June 1, Cambridge Corn Exchange 2, Aylesbury Friars 3, Croydon Greyhound 4, Cardiff Top Rank 6, Brighton Top Rank 7, Plymouth Metro 8, Swindon Brunel Rooms 9, Oxford College of Further Education 10, London Roundhouse 11. There are a few dates still to be added.

Clamp down on chart 'riggers'

FOLLOWING RECENT revelations in the national press about chart "rigging", the British Phonograph Industry stated this week that they would continue using the BMRB charts.

The present diary system will be further extended and additional security checks implemented.

Jack Fothergill, BRMB's chairman commented: "The new system and security checks will ensure that the charts are even more difficult to 'manipulate' than they may have been in the past."

Hackett solo LP

STEVE HACKETT releases his first solo album since leaving Genesis last autumn. Called 'Please Don't Touch' it's released by Charisma on April 14.

The album features 10 tracks written and produced by Hackett and also includes contributions from Richie Havens, Steve Walsh and Phil Ehart of Kansas, Chester Thompson, and 'Necam' (a computer).

Hackett plays all guitars and shares the vocals with Havens, Walsh and Randy Crawford. He plays keyboards together with Dave Lebolt, John Acock and John Hackett, and percussion with Thompson, Ehart, James Bradley and Havens. Tom Fowler plays bass, John Hackett plays flute piccolos and bass pedals, Graham Smith plays violin and Hugh Malloy plays cello.

The complete track listing is 'Narnia' (based on the children's book 'The Lion The Witch And The Unicorn' by C. S. Lewis), 'Carry On Up The Vicarage' (a tribute to Agatha Christie), 'Racing In A', 'Kim', 'How Can I?', 'Hoping Love Will Last', 'Land Of A Thousand Autumns', 'Please Don't Touch', 'The Voice Of Necam', 'Icarus Ascending'.

This is Hackett's second album, following 'Voyage Of The Acolyte' which was released in the autumn of 1975. There are no plans for him to take a band out on the road at present.



AUTOMATICS

Automatic men

THE AUTOMATICS, a new band formed late last year, have signed to Island Records and have their debut single, 'Walking With The Radio (On)', released on April 7.

The band, who earlier supported The Vibrators on their UK tour, comprise (left to right on pic): Ricky Rocket drums/keyboards, David Philp vocals/guitar, Wally Pierce guitar/vocals, Bobby Collins bass/vocals.

Current dates include: London Marquee April 7, Hope and Anchor 11, Marquee 21.

Devo switch record deal

DEVO, who were reported as signing to Warner Brothers two weeks ago, have now signed to Virgin.

A statement issued by Virgin last week announced that the band had been signed to a five-year worldwide contract except America.

Virgin boss Richard Branson said the deal was completed in Los Angeles and that all members of the band had signed the contract. Tapes of the band's debut album, which they recorded in Berlin recently with David Bowie and Eno producing, arrived at Virgin's offices last week but no release date has been set yet.

The cost of the recording was paid for by Eno so that the band would not have to seek record company aid before signing a deal.

The competition among record companies for Devo was fierce with six firms involved at one time, but it was finally narrowed down to just Virgin and Warner Brothers.

Warner Brothers were saying nothing last week beyond a statement that they were taking legal advice. However, SOUNDS understands that Warners signed a deal with the band's management company but that Devo have not yet signed a deal with the management company.

Meanwhile, away from the squabbles, Stiff records release the second of their Devo singles this week. It's the band's own version of '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction'.

CHARLIE RICH, former Sun label country/rock star, has signed to United Artists and is working on his debut album for the label with producer Larry Butler.

Rabid reunion

RABID RECORDS, the Manchester based label, celebrate a year in business with a special gig at Manchester Polytechnic on April 15 featuring SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS, JOHN COOPER CLARKE plus recent signings GYRO, ED BANGER and JILTED JOHN.

They are also releasing Gyro's 'Central Detention Centre' and Jilted John's 'Going Steady' singles.

Country life

COWPIE RECORDS, a British country based label formed by British pedal steel player B. J. Cole, have signed a three-year licensing deal with United Artists.

Three albums are to be released on the new label, first of which will be Nancy Pepper's with musicians including the following: Chas Hodges, piano, Steve Simpson guitar, Graham Preskett fiddle, Richie Bull bass and Mickey Burt drums.

B. J. Cole said: "I believe that many British musicians have something to say and create in music which is not a copy of American country. This is not a matter of individual artists alone: not one-offs, not flashes-in-the-pan. It is a matter of a whole British scene and sound. A British music with a country base."

Bleach Boys

THE BLEACH BOYS' first single is being released on Tramp Records, titled 'Chloroform'.

The record is available for 75p from 5 Harkness Way, Hitchin, Herts SG4 0QH or for a fraction less at their innumerable performances.

FROM MA RABBIT

Radio Stars

NEW SINGLE OUT NOW

ON *Chiswick* RECORDS

NS 36



**THIS AD
EXPLOITS
RABBITS**

Clash gun charges

Following an incident at their Camden Town studios, Rehearsal Rehearsals, two of the Clash were arrested last Thursday evening and are currently out on bail. Paul Simonon and Nicky Headon were arrested, along with the Zig Zag writer, Robin Crocker (also known as Robin Banks) and two friends Paul and Peter Barnacle, by a police squad.

It is believed that the police were called by the Railway Police (the main Euston line runs directly past the back of Rehearsal Rehearsals). All five were taken to the local police station where they were charged with criminal damage, the substance of the charge being that they are alleged to have shot three racing pigeons with air guns. Apart from Crocker, they were later allowed out on bail.

Appearing at Clerkenwell Magistrates Court the following morning, all concerned were rather surprised that the police initially opposed bail and asked that all five be remanded in custody until May 10.

The magistrate allowed them out on bail set at £500, however, and a surety of £1,000 per person with the proviso that they report daily to their local police station.

Although this means that half of the Clash will be reporting to the police daily, it will not interfere in any way with their current activities and plans. They still intend to begin work at Island Studios on April 27 on their second album with Sandy Pearlman producing and the only gig they're likely to do is one with the Tom Robinson Band and Sham 69.



BLUE OYSTER CULT

Oyster Cult back for more

BLUE OYSTER CULT will play a second series of British dates following their previously announced tour at the end of this month.

Such has been the demand for tickets that the band will return to Britain at the end of May following their European tour for six more concerts.

They start at Liverpool Empire May 30 and then play Edinburgh Odeon 31, Newcastle City Hall June 1, Leicester De Montfort Hall (moved from the original date

on April 26) 2, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 3, London Hammersmith Odeon 4.

This makes three London concerts and two Newcastle concerts for the group who will be bringing with them what is claimed to be the most extensive laser show ever presented.

First Joy

BAND OF JOY, the Midlands band whose former members included Led Zep's John Bonham and Robert Plant, release their debut LP for Polydor this week. They support Manfred Mann's Earth Band on their UK tour.

Darts: major tour

Anti Nazi fest.

TOM ROBINSON, STEEL PULSE and X-RAY SPEX will be appearing at a carnival organised by the Anti-Nazi League in conjunction with Rock Against Racism in London on April 30.

The carnival consists of a rally in Trafalgar Square at 11am to be followed by a march to Victoria Park in Hackney where the bands will be performing during the afternoon.

Raw material

RAW RECORDS are planning two London concerts later this month and in May featuring bands on their label.

The first will be the 'Raw Rockabilly Rave-Up' which will probably be held at the 100 Club featuring the RIOT ROCKERS, DANNY WILD and THE WILD CATS and MATCHBOX, all of whom have recent singles released by Raw.

The second will be 'Raw Records First Anniversary Indoor Festival' at a venue still to be finalised and will feature the DOWNLINERS SECT, THE UNWANTED, THE KILLJOYS, THE SOFT BOYS, SOME CHICKEN and LOCKJAW.

Cafe open

SAD CAFE launch their second RCA album with a London concert on April 12 at the Lyceum, a day before the LP, 'Misplaced Ideals', is released.

Further tour dates for the band are: Bradford St George's Hall April 30, Newcastle City Hall May 1, Southport Theatre 2, Oxford New Theatre 3, Croydon Fairfield Hall 4, Sheffield City Hall 5.

SHOWADDYWADDY play the Bristol Colston Hall on April 17, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 22, and Preston Guildhall 23.

Vibrator buzzes off

THE VIBRATORS have lost guitarist John Ellis just as their single, 'Automatic Lover', has got to within gobbling distance of the Top Thirty and their second album, 'V2', has been released by CBS.

No real reason has been forthcoming for the split. He told SOUNDS that he was giving up the fortune amassed from royalties (£15.65) and applying for a job as a grave digger with the local council. His desire for a solo career might also have something to do with it.



JOHN ELLIS

'Loudman' jilted

TWO MEMBERS of TED NUGENT'S band have quit to form their own band.

Guitarist Derek St Holmes and Rob Grainge have joined forces with former Montrose/Sammy Hagar drummer Denny Carmassi to form an as yet un-named group.

Having been in Nugent's band for four years, they played their last gig with the Detroit axemen at California Jam on March 18.

They have signed to Warner Brothers and are recording with producer Jack Douglas prior to their first U.S. tour.

See Jaws on page 12 for the full scam.

Stiffwick gig

MANCHESTER IS host to the next Stiff/Chiswick talent search at Rafter's on April 14 with six bands appearing. It is hoped that local new wave poet John Cooper Clarke will do the honours as compere.

The following Stiff Test/Chiswick Challenge will be held in Dublin, followed by a grand finale all-winners show in London to complete the enterprising venture.

CAPITOL RECORDS are to launch a new label, Tower, to cater for simultaneous US/UK release of their soul, r'n'b and jazz roster.

Gladiators debut

THE GLADIATORS make their first ever British tour following the release of their latest album, 'Proverbial Reggae', on Virgin's Front Line label.

The band will play Brighton Top Rank April 19, London 100 Club 20, Harlesden Roxy Theatre 21, Liverpool Eric's 24, Manchester Elizabethan Rooms 26, Birmingham Rebeccas 27, West Runton Pavilion 28, Redcar Coatham Bowl 29, Edinburgh Ital Club 30.

More Styx

STYX have added two more dates to their May tour of Britain making five dates in all. They now play Liverpool Empire May 13 and Sheffield Top Rank 14.

Support band on all the British dates are the Roy Hill Band.

Palladium festival scrapped

'THE GOLDEN Festival of Stars', a series of concerts at London's prestigious Palladium featuring names such as The Carpenters, Barry White, Diana Ross and Gladys Knight and the Pips, has been scrapped.

Sponsored by the travel firm Townsend Thoreson, tickets would only have been available by buying a return trip to the Continent with any remaining tickets going on public sale this month. The company have now cancelled the shows due to 'unforeseen difficulties'.

There are no immediate plans to bring the featured artists over on other UK dates as yet.

Swarbrick on fiddle again

DAVE SWARBRICK, demon fiddler of Fairport fame, is to go on the road with a band of friends for a tour during April.

Dates are Reading Hexagon Theatre April 7, Croydon Fairfield Hall 9, Malvern Festival Theatre 10, Bristol Colston Hall 12, Sunderland Empire 19, London Rainbow 21, Cardiff New Theatre 23.

Accompanying Dave will be members of Fairport Convention and other musical accomplices from other bands in his career.

Gloria gigs

GLORIA MUNDI finish off their current 'Fight Back' tour with extra dates at Leeds Roots Club April 6 and Nottingham Sandpiper 7, before going into the studio to cut their first album for RCA. It will be called 'I, Individual' and following its release in June the band will undertake another British tour.



STARJETS

Jets take off

STAR JETS, fast emerging pop band from Belfast, are to play a series of London club dates during April.

They have a Friday night residency at Hammersmith Red Cow April 7, 14, 21, 28, and Wednesday at Covent Garden Rock Garden 12, 19, 26 plus a date at the Marquee on the 22nd.

The band are as yet unsigned.

Kursaal's solo flight

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH, lead singer with the grounded Kursaal Flyers, has started a solo career with CBS, the group's former label.

He has a single, 'Mixed Up Shook Up Girl' (a Willie De Ville song produced by Mike Batt) for release this month.

Other members of the former Flyers have formed bands and are playing sessions, while Graeme Douglas, who quit the band before they broke up and joined the Hot Rods, is still officially signed to CBS, even though he has worked with the Rods for several months now.

Further tour dates for the band are: Bradford St George's Hall April 30, Newcastle City Hall May 1, Southport Theatre 2, Oxford New Theatre 3, Croydon Fairfield Hall 4, Sheffield City Hall 5.

Chelsea mark three

CHELSEA announce a new line-up this week, their third reshuffle since they formed two years ago.

Lead by vocalist Gene October, the only other member from the previous line-up is guitarist James Stevenson. New members are Dave Martin, guitar and co-writer with Gene, Geoff Myles on bass and Steve J. Jones on drums.

Their London debut is on April 11 at the 100 Club, and they hope

to be touring in May and signing a record deal shortly.

Carly album

CARLY SIMON has a new album, 'Boys In The Trees', out on April 7 comprising 11 tracks, nine co-written by her, and produced by Arif Mardin. Collaborators on the LP include James Taylor, Arif Mardin and Doobie Brother Michael McDonald.



London Town just one of the fourteen tracks from
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TOUR NEWS/DATES

MARSEILLE

MARSEILLE start a series of club and college dates this month including Fulham Golden Lion April 6, Birmingham Barbarellas 7, Liverpool Eric's 11, Chester Radio City 12, Hatfield Polytechnic 14, Newbridge Institute 16, Swansea Circles 17, Liverpool Polytechnic 21, Manchester Rafters 22.

BLACK SLATE

BLACK SLATE have additional tour dates at Birmingham Rebeccas April 7, London Music Machine 12, Hull Tiffany's 17, Brighton Top Rank 19, London Nashville 20 and 21, Preston Polytechnic 28, Leicester University 29.

BRITISH LIONS

BRITISH LIONS have dates at Middlesbrough Rock Garden April 7, Rochdale RocRock Club 8, Redcar Coatham Bowl 9, Liverpool Eric's 10, Bristol Locarno 11, Plymouth Woods 12, Penzance Gardens 13, London Music Machine 14, and Birmingham Barbarellas 17 before going out with AC/DC as special guests at the end of the month.



GIRLSCHOOL

GIRLSCHOOL

GIRLSCHOOL, an all-girl band (surprise surprise), have dates at Tiverton Hotel April 15, Shipley Yeadon Peacock Inn 17, Sutton In Ashfield Golden Diamond 18, Lincoln A.J.'s Club 19, Torquay 400 Club 20, Cardiff College of Education 21, Bolton Institute of Technology 22, Melksham Assembly Hall 28, Barrow Maxims May 11, Manchester Rafters 13, Bingley College 18, Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute 19, Falkirk Manique 20, Cirencester Royal Agricultural College 26.

RUDI AND THE RUSSIANS

RUDI AND THE RUSSIANS, a Welsh band who claim to play 'contemporary new wave', support the Wilko Johnson Band at Cardiff Top Rank on April 11 and support X-Ray Spex at the same venue on the 18.

TOM WATKINS

TOM WATKINS has dates lined up at Chelmsford Rock Club April 7, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 10, Camden Brecknock 11, Birmingham Polytechnic 14, London Rock Garden 15, Camden Brecknock 19, Watford College of Technology 21, London Dingwalls 22, Kensington Nashville 25, Camden Brecknock 26, Southgate Technical College 28.

BERNIE TORME

BERNIE TORME have lined up a touring schedule with gigs at Brighton New Regent April 7, Liverpool Eric's 13, Nottingham Sandpipers 14, London Marquee 17, Bristol Tiffany's 20, London Marquee May 2, Doncaster Outlook 4, Harrogate PG's 6, Newbridge Institute 7, Swansea Circles 8, Newport Stowaways 10, Port Talbot Troubadour 11, Plymouth Metro 12, London Marquee 16, Middlesbrough Rock Garden 20, Whitley Bay Rex 21, Hartlepool Carlton Club 22, Islington Hope and Anchor 23, Nottingham Sandpipers 26, London Rock Garden 28. More dates will be announced shortly.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS

DOCTORS OF MADNESS, with new Doctor Dave Vanian, add the following dates to their tour: Doncaster Outlook April 17, Leeds F Club 18, Birmingham Barbarellas 19, Middlesbrough Rock Garden 20, Sheffield Top Rank 23.

GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES

GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES have lined up dates at Luton Royal April 7, Swindon Brunel Rooms 11, Milton Keynes College 12, Dudley JB's 14, Wolverhampton Lafayette 16, Nottingham Shipley Boat 17, Warrington College 19. They have a new single released by Big Bear called 'Only Death Is Fatal'.

MUSCLES

MUSCLES play Newcastle Polytechnic April 7, Burton on Trent Eves 10, Barton Stacey Bumpers 13, Northampton Nene College 14, Sheffield Limit 15 and 16, Norwich Cromwells 27, Reading Technical College 29.

MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

THE MIDNITE FOLLIES play a return gig at London's 100 Club on April 7.

Stranglers on the prowl

THE STRANGLERS will be playing a major British tour to follow the release of their third album by United Artists on May 12.

Dates for the tour are still being finalised, but it will be a mixture of club and concert hall venues and will include two major London concerts. The complete tour schedule, which is being set up by Harvey Goldsmith and the Albion Agency, should be announced within two or three

weeks.

The tour, which comes after a series of 'secret' dates earlier this year, is the second stage of what amounts to a world tour by the band. They are currently on the road in America and also have concerts lined up in Canada, Scandinavia, Iceland, Holland, Belgium, France, West Germany, Spain, Italy and Yugoslavia.

The Stranglers' third album — titled 'Black And White' — was recorded earlier this year

with Martin Rushent

producing. The tracks include several compositions aired by the band on their 'secret' tour, such as 'Death And Night And Blood', 'Tank', 'Hey' and 'Nice And Sleazy', the band's new single which will be issued on April 24.

Only Ones on TV

THE ONLY ONES, whose debut CBS single, 'Another Girl, Another Planet', is released on April 21, have been added as support to Television's April tour dates.

Glover album

ROGER GLOVER's solo album, 'Elements', which he started two years ago but was distracted from by various production projects, is now completed and will be rush-released by Polydor on April 14.

The album, which consists of four movements representing each of the elements, has been produced by Martin Birch (who produces Rainbow) and includes contributions from Micky Leesoune keyboards (ex Rainbow and Ian Gillan Band), Simon Phillips drums, Graham Preske violin, Ronnie Aspery saxophone and flute, and the Munich Philharmonic string section.

Edelman concerts

RANDY EDELMAN is to appear in Britain for a week in April. The American singer/songwriter is to play concerts and make TV appearances.

Concert dates fixed are Croydon Fairfield Hall April 16, Poole Arts Centre 21, London Theatre Royal 23. Support band for the dates are Manchester's Oscar.

TV appearances include *Our Show* and radio's *Open House*.

Pulsating

STEEL PULSE, currently recording their album 'Handsworth', are to headline at London Roundhouse on April 23.



JANE AIRE

Akronites ahoy

JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERS have signed to Stiff for a long term contract, and have a single 'Yankee Wheels' out on April 7.

The six-piece band come from Akron, Ohio, and like fellow Akronites can't wait to get away from the industrial wastelands.

The band are fronted by Jane Aire, who we're informed has a range from tenor to mezzo, with Pietro Nardini guitar/keyboards, Chris Butler bass, Galen Studebaker drums, Emily Ruth violin/vocals, Francois De Chancy guitars/keyboards.



GRUPPO SPORTIVO

Rock and rolling Dutchmen

GRUPPO SPORTIVO, a Dutch rock band, have signed to CBS in Britain and will be touring here in May, when their first album is released here.

They currently have a single 'Rock And Roll' and their debut LP 'Ten Mistakes' in the Dutch charts.



sounds

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THE DEBUT ALBUM

Generation



Dutchmen

MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

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Reggae Chart

SINGLES

- 1 PEACE AND LOVE IN THE GHETTO, Johnny Clarke, 3rd World TW78
 - 2 IS THIS LOVE, Bob Marley, Island WIP642
 - 3 LET'S GET STARTED, Te-Track, Hawkeye HE006
 - 4 CONSCIOUS MAN, Jolly Brothers, Magnum GUN1002
 - 5 THE DAY WILL COME, Sadiouans, Neville King NK6
 - 6 TURN ME LOOSE, Meditations, 3rd World TW75
 - 7 NEW STAR, Tapper Zukie, New Star NS1
 - 8 WHITE BELLY CAT, Jah Lion, PN PNS002
 - 9 STICKS MAN, Black Slate, Slate KG005
 - 10 MICKEY MOUSE (CRABLOUSE), Dillinger, Jamaica Sound JS906
- 12" DISCO 45s
- 1 EMOTIONS, 15, 16 & 17, DEB DEB003
 - 2 WAITING IN THE PARK, Chantells/Jah Berry, Phase One
 - 3 HOW CAN I LEAVE YOU, Dennis Brown/Prince Mohammed, Joe Gibbs
 - 4 B/W NATIONAL, Burning Spear, Spear
 - 5 DRY UP YOUR TEARS, Bold One/Clint Eastwood, Nots
 - 6 LOVE WON'T COME EASY/FAMINE, Junior Delgado, DEB
 - 7 BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, Prophets/Trinity, Grove Music GMDM1
 - 8 CHOOSE ME/ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER, Matumbi, Serious Business SBD004
 - 9 LOVE AND HARMONY, Fred Locks/Brigadier Gerry, Revelations FRN375
 - 10 NATIONAL FRONT/I A SUFFERER, Sufferer Sound, Tempus TEMP2

ALBUMS

- 1 WAKE UP, Meditations, 3rd World TWS929
- 2 STAND UP FOR YOUR JUDGEMENT, Mighty Diamonds, Channel One
- 3 THREE-PIECE CHICKEN AND CHIPS, Ranking Trevor/Trinity, Cha Cha CHALP001
- 4 Y U LEARN, Matumbi, Rama RMLP006
- 5 AFRICAN DUB CHAPTER 3, Joe Gibbs and the Professionals, Joe Gibbs
- 6 DELIVER ME FROM MY ENEMIES, Vivian Jackson, Grove Music GMLP001
- 7 27'S CLASH, Culture, Lightning LIP1
- 8 FORWARD ON TO ZION, Abyssinians, Different GET100
- 9 MR ISAACS, Gregory Isaacs, Micron
- 10 LOTS OF LOVE AND I, Bob Andy, Highnote

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Telephone: 01-636 5708

Rock 'n' Roll Chart

- 1 30 ROCKABILLY BOOGIE, Johnny Burnette, MCA
- 2 5 WILD DOGS OF KENTUCKY, Nervous Norvus, London
- 3 1 SAINTS ROCK & ROLL, Bill Haley, MCA
- 4 2 TORE UP, Ray Campi, Rollin Rock
- 5 18 DRAGSTER, Johnny Fortune, Sonet
- 6 21 BLUE SUEDE SHOES, Carl Perkins, Charly
- 7 3 GO AWAY HOUND DOG, Cliff Johnson, CBS
- 8 19 BOOZE IT, Ray Campi, Rollin Rock
- 9 9 RUDI'S ROCK, Bill Haley, MCA
- 10 10 ONE MORE CHANCE, Whirlwind, Chiswick
- 11 6 RED CADILLAC AND A BLACK MOUSTACHE, Warren Smith, Charly
- 12 7 YOU MOSTEST GIRL, Shakin' Stevens, Dynamo
- 13 11 PUT YOUR CAT CLOTHES ON, Carl Perkins, Charly
- 14 22 WASH MACHINE BOOGIE, Echo Valley Boys, Island (Import)
- 15 4 REET PETITE, Jackie Wilson, Brunswick
- 16 28 ROCK ON ROUND THE WORLD, Carl Perkins, Jet
- 17 14 MIDNIGHTER, The Champs, London
- 18 13 LATCH ON, Ron Hargrave, MGM
- 19 8 BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN, Bill Haley, Coral
- 20 — YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY THE COVER, Bo Diddley, Checker
- 21 — CAST IRON ARM, Peanuts Wilson, MCA
- 22 20 COME BACK MY LOVE, The Darts, Magnet
- 23 — HARD TOP RACE, Merrill Moore, Capitol
- 24 24 TWENTY FLIGHT ROCK, Eddie Cochran, UA
- 25 26 FORTY DAYS, Ronnie Hawkins, Pye
- 26 23 BABY LET'S PLAY HOUSE, Buddy Holly, Coral
- 27 — REDHEADED WOMAN, Sonny Burgess, Charly
- 28 17 THE FOOL, Robert Gordon, Private Stock
- 29 12 TEARDROP, Santa & Johnny, Eric (Import)
- 30 16 TRANSFUSION, Nervous Norvus, London

Compiled by the Wild Wax roadshow, Flat 4, Block 36, Dabshill Lane, Northolt, Middlesex.

Sounds Playlist

Geoff Barton
LIVE, Foghat, Bearsville
PINK FLAG, Wire, Harvest
INFINITY, Journey, Columbia

David Brown
PROMISED LAND, Johnnie Allan, Oval/Stiff
MESS AROUND, Professor Longhair, Harvest
LOVE AND A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, The Flies, EMI

Hugh Fielder
... AND THEN THERE WERE THREE... Genesis, Charisma
ZARAGON, John Miles, Decca
WATCH, Manfred Mann's Earth Band, Bronze

Dave Fudger
STREET HASSLE, Lou Reed, Arista
GREY SCALE, David Cunningham Piano Recordings
THAT'S ALL FOLKS, Mal Blanc, Capitol

Vivien Goldman
BAKER STREET, Gerry Rafferty, United Artists
JUST MY IMAGINATION, 15, 16 & 17, DEB 12"
FAMINE, Junior Delgado, DEB 12"

David Lewis (no relation)
EASTER, Patti Smith, Arista
ADVENTURE, Television, Elektra
SATISFACTION, Devo, Stiff

Donna McAllister
JESUS OF COOL, Nick Lowe, Radar
LITTLE GAMES, The Yardbirds, Columbia
DUKE ELLINGTON, WEA 'That's Jazz' Collection

Tony Mitchell
EASTER, Patti Smith, Arista
IN COLOR, Cheap Trick, CBS
PLASTIC LETTERS, Blondie, Chrysalis

Pete Silvertown
LEGENDARY ARTISTS, Eddie Cochran, UA
DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS, Graham Parker, Phonogram
YACHTLESS, Tyla Gang, Beserkely

VINYL SCORE

British Albums

- 1 1 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Buddy Holly & The Crickets, MCA
- 2 2 THE ALBUM, Abba, Epic
- 3 3 THE KICK INSIDE, Kate Bush, EMI
- 4 19 KAYA, Bob Marley & The Wailers, Island
- 5 4 THIS YEAR MODEL, Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Radar
- 6 — 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Nat King Cole, Capitol



- 7 8 CITY TO CITY, Gerry Rafferty, United Artists
- 8 7 25 THUMPING GREAT HITS, Dave Clark Five, Polydor
- 9 9 FONZIES FAVOURITES, Various, Warwick
- 10 5 REFLECTIONS, Andy Williams, CBS
- 11 6 OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 12 12 RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros.
- 13 11 BOOGIE NIGHTS, Various, Ronco
- 14 10 PLASTIC LETTERS, Blondie, Chrysalis
- 15 14 VARIATIONS, Andrew Lloyd Webber, MCA
- 16 17 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Various, RSO
- 17 20 PASTICHE, Manhattan Transfer, Atlantic
- 18 44 BEST FRIENDS, Cleo Laine/John Williams, RCA
- 19 51 ANYTIME ANYWHERE, Rita Coolidge, A&M
- 20 13 THE SOUND OF BREAD, Bread, Elektra
- 21 27 DARTS, Darts, Magnet
- 22 29 ARRIVAL, Abba, Epic
- 23 22 ALL 'N' ALL Earth Wind & Fire, CBS
- 24 16 DISCO STARS, Various, K-Tel
- 25 33 THE STRANGER, Billy Joel, CBS
- 26 24 NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES, Ian Dury, Stiff
- 27 21 GREATEST HITS, Abba, Epic
- 28 18 FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE, Rod Stewart, Riva
- 29 15 ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN, Buzzcocks, United Artists
- 30 28 EXODUS, Bob Marley & The Wailers, Island
- 31 23 THE JESUS OF COOL, Nick Lowe, Radar
- 32 25 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, Epic
- 33 49 THE MUPPET SHOW VOL. 2, The Muppets, Pye
- 34 — PENNIES FROM HEAVEN, Various, World Records
- 35 25 = WATERMARK, Art Garfunkel, CBS
- 36 34 GREATEST HITS, Donna Summer, GTO
- 37 30 IN FULL BLOOM, Rose Royce, Warner Bros
- 38 = 37 CYCLONE, Tangerine Dream, Virgin
- 38 = 42 MOONFLOWER, Santana, CBS
- 40 31 FLEETWOOD MAC, Fleetwood Mac, Reprise
- 41 32 FEELINGS, Various, K-Tel
- 42 — GENERATION X, Generation X, Chrysalis
- 43 42 ZARGON, John Miles, Decca
- 44 53 THE FLORAL DANCE, Brighthouse & Rastrick Band, Logo
- 45 48 A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 46 47 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Diana Ross & The Supremes, Motown
- 47 58 LIVE AT TREORCHY, Max Boyce, One Up
- 48 — NEWS OF THE WORLD, Queen, EMI
- 49 — MARY O'HARA AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, Mary O'Hara, Chrysalis
- 50 41 BACCARA, Baccara, RCA
- 51 — BLACK JOY, Various, Ronco
- 52 — 30 GREATEST, Gladys Knight & The Pips, K-Tel
- 53 36 STIFFS LIVE STIFFS, Various, Stiff
- 54 35 THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971-75, The Eagles, Asylum
- 55 — STAR WARS, Soundtrack-London Symphony Orchestra, 20th Century
- 56 54 THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS, The Beatles, Parlophone
- 57 39 THE BEST OF TAVARES, Tavares, Capitol
- 58 — 20 CLASSIC HITS, The Platters, Mercury
- 59 50 DISCO FEVER, Various, K-Tel
- 60 — EVERY 1'S A WINNER, Hot Chocolate, Rak

Compiled by BMRB/Music Week

British Singles

- 1 1 WUTHERING HEIGHTS, Kate Bush, EMI
 - 2 2 DENIS, Blondie, Chrysalis
 - 3 4 BAKER STREET, Gerry Rafferty, United Artists
 - 4 3 MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS, Brian & Michael, Pye
 - 5 5 I CAN'T STAND RAIN, Eruption, Atlantic
 - 6 16 ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY, Andy Cameron, Klub
 - 7 10 I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS, Nick Lowe, Radar
 - 8 7 COME BACK MY LOVE, Darts, Magnet
 - 9 13 IS THIS LOVE, Bob Marley & The Wailers, Island
 - 10 20 IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE, Suzi Quatro, Rak
 - 11 12 EMOTIONS, Samantha Sang, Private Stock
 - 12 6 WISHING ON A STAR, Rose Royce, Warner Bros
 - 13 14 EVERY 1'S A WINNER, Hot Chocolate, Rak
 - 14 25 I WONDER WHY, Showaddywaddy, Arista
 - 15 8 TAKE A CHANCE ON ME, Abba, Epic
 - 16 15 FANTASY, Earth Wind & Fire, CBS
-
- 17 26 CHELSEA, Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Stiff
 - 18 22 FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME, Genesis, Charisma
 - 19 9 STAYIN' ALIVE, Bee Gees, RSO
 - 20 24 WALK IN LOVE, Manhattan Transfer, Atlantic
 - 21 18 WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE, Real Thing, Pye
 - 22 19 RUMOUR HAS IT, Donna Summer, Casablanca
 - 23 11 MR BLUE SKY, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
 - 24 17 LILAC WINE, Elkie Brooks, A&M
 - 25 — NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY, Andrew Gold, Asylum
 - 26 30 SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH, Dan Hill, 20th Century
 - 27 — TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE, Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams, CBS
 - 28 28 I'LL GO WHERE YOUR MUSIC TAKES ME, Tina Charles, CBS
 - 29 — THE GHOST OF LOVE, Tavares, Capitol
 - 30 — MORE LIKE THE MOVIES, Dr Hook, Capitol

Compiled by BMRB/Music Week

US Albums

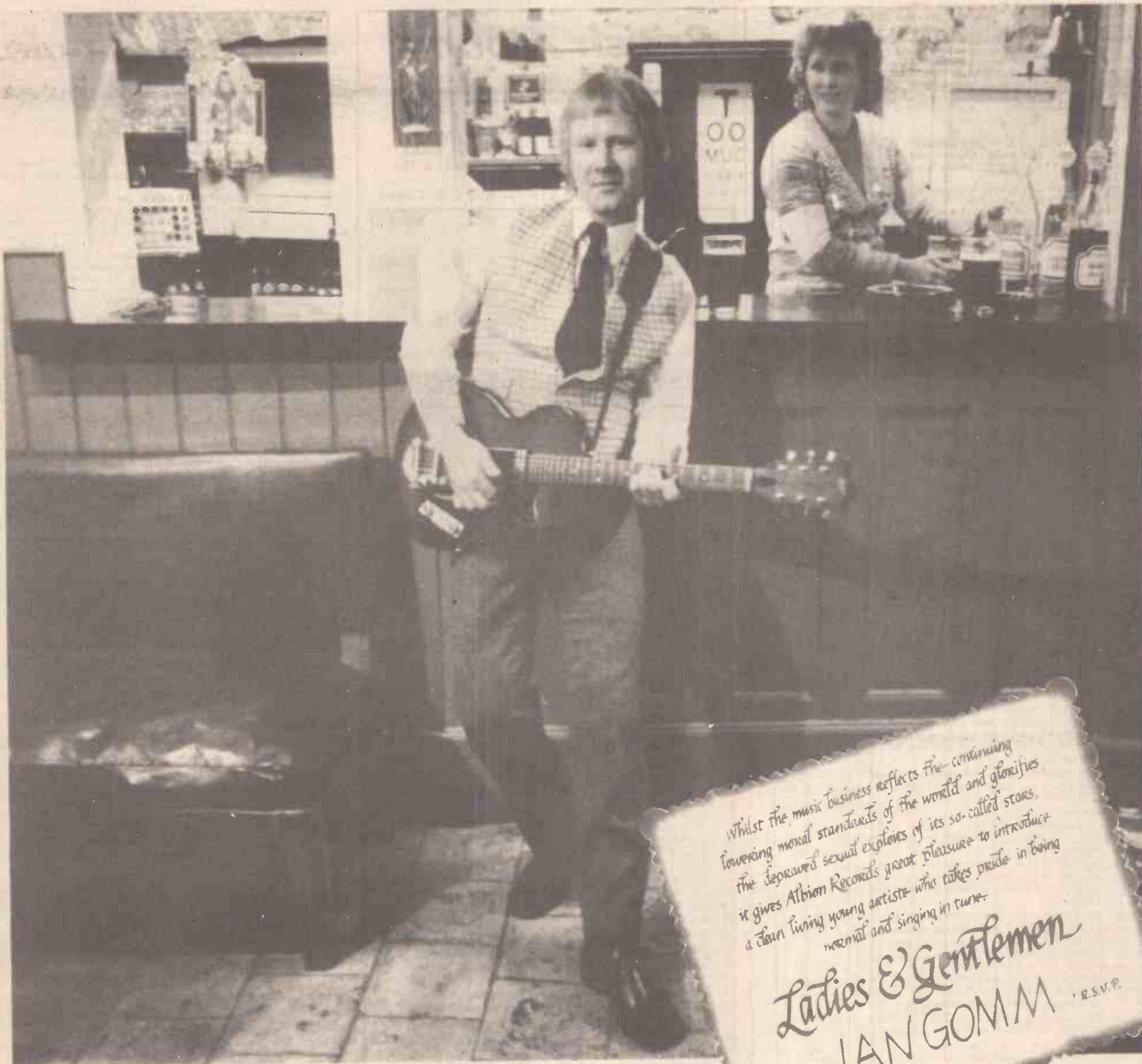
- 1 1 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER; Soundtrack, RSO
- 2 3 SLOWHAND, Eric Clapton, RSO
- 3 2 THE STRANGER, Billy Joel, Columbia
- 4 6 EVEN NOW, Barry Manilow, Arista
- 5 5 AJA, Steely Dan, ABC
- 6 7 WEEKEND IN LA, George Benson, Warner Bros
- 7 4 RUNNING ON EMPTY, Jackson Browne, Asylum
- 8 10 POINT OF KNOW RETURN, Kansas, Kirshner
- 9 8 NEWS OF THE WORLD, Queen, Elektra
- 10 9 THE GRAND ILLUSION, Styx, A&M
- 11 19 EARTH, Jefferson Starship, Grunt
- 12 13 WAYLON & WILLIE, Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson, RCA
- 13 16 BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT, Roberta Flack, Atlantic
- 14 15 FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros
- 15 12 ALL 'N' ALL, Earth, Wind & Fire, Columbia
- 16 18 DOUBLE LIVE GONZO, Ted Nugent, Epic
- 17 17 THANKFUL, Natalie Cole, Capitol
- 18 14 RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros
- 19 20 STREET PLAYER, Rufus/Chaka Khan, ABC
- 20 23 BOOTSY? PLAYER OF THE YEAR, Bootsy's Rubber Band, Warner Bros
- 21 21 FUNKETELECHY Vs THE PLACEBO SYNDROME, Parliament, Casablanca
- 22 24 HERE AT LAST... LIVE, Bee Gees, RSO
- 23 26 FRENCH KISS, Bob Welch, Capitol
- 24 25 FEELS SO GOOD, Chuck Mangione, A&M
- 25 30 FLOWING RIVERS, Andy Gibb, RSO
- 26 27 WATERMARK, Art Garfunkel, Columbia
- 27 28 GOLDEN TIME OF DAY, Maze featuring Frankie Beverly, Capitol
- 28 — WAITING FOR COLUMBUS, Little Feat, Warner Bros
- 29 29 LONGER FUSE, Dan Hill, 20th Century
- 30 — STARGARD, MCA

Compiled by Billboard

US Singles

- 1 1 NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees, RSO
- 2 2 STAYIN' ALIVE, Bee Gees, RSO
- 3 4 LAY DOWN SALLY, Eric Clapton, RSO
- 4 5 CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU, Barry Manilow, Arista
- 5 3 EMOTION, Samantha Sang, Private Stock
- 6 9 IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, Yvonne Elliman, RSO
- 7 7 I GO CRAZY, Paul Davis, Bang
- 8 6 LOVE IS THICKER THAN WATER, Andy Gibb, RSO
- 9 10 THUNDER ISLAND, Jay Ferguson, Asylum
- 10 12 DUST IN THE WIND, Kansas, Kirshner
- 11 15 JACK & JILL, Raydio, Arista
- 12 16 OUR LOVE, Natalie Cole, Capitol
- 13 14 FALLING, LeBlanc & Carr, Big Tree
- 14 18 WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE, England Dan & John Ford Coley, Big Tree
- 15 28 THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU, Roberta Flack, Atlantic
- 16 11 JUST THE WAY YOU ARE, Billy Joel, Columbia
- 17 19 EBONY EYES, Bob Welch, Capitol
- 18 20 RUNNIN' ON EMPTY, Jackson Browne, Asylum
- 19 21 ALWAYS & FOREVER, Heatwave, Epic
- 20 22 GOODBYE GIRL, David Gates, Elektra
- 21 23 WHICH WAY IS UP, Stargard, MCA
- 22 24 FLASHLIGHT, Parliament, Casablanca
- 23 25 SWEET TALKING WOMAN, Electric Light Orchestra, United Artists
- 24 26 BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT, Gene Cotton, Ariola America
- 25 27 LADY LOVE, Lou Rawls, Philadelphia International
- 26 30 SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH, Dan Hill, 20th Century
- 27 8 THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND, Andrew Gold, Asylum
- 28 29 HOT LEGS, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros
- 29 — FEELS SO GOOD, Chuck Mangione, A&M
- 30 — COUNT ON ME, Jefferson Starship, RCA

Compiled by Billboard



Whilst the music business reflects the continuing lowering moral standards of the world and glorifies the depraved sexual exploits of its so-called stars, it gives Albion Records great pleasure to introduce a clean tuning young artiste who takes pride in being normal and singing in tune.

Ladies & Gentlemen
IAN GOMM *R.S.V.P.

IAN GOMM

COME ON B/W **DARKEST NIGHT**



*Rocking Son of a Viking Princess

ION1

JAWS

THIS WEEKS DEBBIE HARRY PICTURES

(For reader A Lewis on holiday in Ruislip)



DEBBIE HARRY might have a lovely pair of thighs but not even her winsome charm could convince New York City's finest to lend them a patrol car for the photo on the cover of 'Plastic Letters'. So a person who shall remain nameless 'borrowed' one for the afternoon photo session. Students of criminology and methods of police detection in New York might like to know that when the car was returned a few hours later undamaged in any way no-one even noticed it had been missing.

ROCK AND ROLL ARMY: The harridan of art rock, Patti Smith, did not enamour herself of the photographers at her weekend gigs at the Rainbow. After being sweetness and light by posing for them (and not the crowd), she starting weighing in with a bit of the old ultra. Saturday she thumped all and sundry with a walking stick. Sunday she kicked poor Paul Slattery so hard that he's still got a bruise on his shoulder the size of a football field. Gus Stewart got the same treatment only not so bad. Her actions remind us of her remark that she's a real little Hitler in her band. Who died for your sins, Patti?

Meanwhile at the lig at the Rock Garden on Sunday, the white wine and the chilli flowed freely while the yenta herself performed impromptu-wise with a clutch of reggae musicians. Most present ignored the horrid noise and lammed over to the bar where all kinds of War and Peace scenes broke out (Jane Suck has the scars to prove it, Ray Stevenson has the bad memories). Faces present included Phil Lynott, the new look Doctors of Madness and a very amorous Gaye Advert. (Jane Suck has the sore lips to prove it.)

P.S. John Towe's left the Adverts and they're now looking for a new drummer.

KINGSTON HOTLINE: Those wonderful loonies at Berserkley Records would like to apologise to anyone who went along to Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday to see the Rubinoos and Greg Kihn but didn't cop one of the free official bootlegs as promised. They underestimated demand (i.e. more people turned up than they expected). If you want one send your ticket stub to Berserkley at 87 Kingston Hill, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey. If you lost the ticket, write to them telling them about the gig in a way that'll prove you were there. Here's a tip for all you cheats. Berserkley press officer Eugene looked resplendant in a silver lame suit with day-glo pink trim. He was the one playing at being emcee. Bob Harris was the one who tried to announce the Rubinoos but couldn't be heard for the shouts of "Go back to sleep".

THE TUBES were confused to hear that they were supposed to bring a whole new show over here for their upcoming tour. Point of fact, they've been too busy to get that new show together. They have got *some* new numbers in the show, however. Notably, 'Terroist', a spoof on Patti Hearst, 'The Pimp' and 'Slip My Disco'. They also claim they've revised most of the songs from the 'What Do You Want From Live' set.

ACROSS THE POND: Fleetwood Mac are reported to be playing Moscow in the not too distant future. Apparently the Eagles turned the gig down when they heard they couldn't get high in the land of the free. So what's wrong with vodka, huh? ... speaking of the Eagles, there are plans for the production of a film based on their album, 'Desperado'. The album will be the soundtrack (sounds like an easy way to make more money, if you ask us) and the script will centre around the theme of ... wait for it ... cowboys ... Alice Cooper, now off the booze and on a solid diet of bad TV and rounds of golf, is going back on the road in April. It's his first tour of the States in a whole year ... rumours persist that Ian Hunter's new band — what *did* happen to the Overnight Angels? — will include Corky Laing and Steve Hunter. Meanwhile his old sidekicks, now masquerading as the British Lions, are getting very

heavy airplay on their album in the States. As to what that says about America, we can only plonk down a ruddy great question mark.

ASWAD fans make sure you catch 'Runaround', the kids quiz programme on ITV this April 4th, wherein the long-lost British reggae heroes perform ...

POLL AWARDS NOT RIGGED? HORROR SHOCKAAA: Not quite everybody turned up at the Black Echoes Music Awards for British reggae last week. The basic premise was wrong — in a spurious attempt to give the event some 'class', the awards were held in a big, crumbling cinema in Stoke Newington. They shoulda held it at the 100 Club or the 4 Aces, somewhere you could dance, so remember next time ... but the event had its moments. Notably 15, 16 & 17, Battersea's answer to a teenage Diana Ross/Supremes who sang all their latest hit singles and got the best reception till Matumbi came onstage. Matumbi had won virtually every award except for the Top Ranking Award for a Jamaican musician, obviously, which went to Dennis 'The Mastersinger' Brown and was presented by Vivien Redgreen and Goldmann. Several dire rumours of rigged votes rumbled round the building, largely due to the fact that Matumbi won every award, and Steel Pulse, Cimarrons,

Reggae Regular, Black Slate, Rico, etc, etc were all conspicuous by their absence. Aswad came second in lots of categories, although they haven't played or released records for a year ... Matumbi sounded fantastic, but as the interminable Drums Of Rasta stayed onstage for what seemed like four hours, they were cut short by the manager switching off the power.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN MORNINGTON CRESCENT: The Clash have been in the wars lately (see News Pages) and thus it was all the more ironic that walking out of the Music Machine, Mick Jones (looking not unlike Keith Richard in his glitzy heyday) was caught short by the boys in blue. He was carrying a can of film (featuring a German punk movie) and the officers held him under suspicion of looking suspicious until Mike, the Music Machine's manager came and told 'em Micky's a clean-living punk-rockaaaa. 'Ello, 'ello, 'ello, what's going on here? (hope it makes a good song, anyway, Mick ...)

THE BEAT OF THE TERRACES: In a kamikaze attempt to introduce some real live football hollignism aggro to the American game, New York fans of the Philadelphia Furys hired a train to take them to their team's first game against the

Washington Diplomats. Naturally, as the Furys are owned by such luminaries as Peter Frampton, Rick Wakeman and Paul Simon, the train was packed with more stars than there are in heaven (to paraphrase a little old MGM publicity blurb). Amongst the luminaries demonstrating to the colonials the correct way to nick lightbulbs, chuck toilet rolls and slash seats were Eric Clapton, Andrew Gibb and Lassie ... (no sorry, that was meant to read Peter Frampton). Taking lessons from the English contingent were Bruce Springsteen, James Taylor and Carly Simon. Out on the park and involved in the side issue of the game were old time football heroes Peter Osgood and Johnny Giles. Does this mean that we can expect a football street opera from El Springgola?

HOLD THE FRONT PAGE: The Spotty Dogs manager rang us to import the vital information that the Spotty Dogs have not split up. They've in fact got a residency at the Roxy on Monday nights and have a single coming out on their own Acne label, not on Stiff as was previously rumoured. On second thoughts, don't hold the front page.

YOU COULDN'T SEE THE JOIN: As you probably noticed if you scanned the popular press over the weekend, Elton John has got hisself a new barnet. As seen

in a preview of a short promo film for his new single 'Ego', gone are the days of the blond wisps and in comes the cropped Devil's Island look. Our verdict on the new hirsute Elton was that it was smashing and all that but he'll have to train his eyebrows — they look like they're trying to run away from his face. Nonetheless, our Elt obviously still ain't too confident about his hair graft — he turned up for the reception in a cap.

THE YOUNG BUCKS had two saxophones half-inched at one of their recent Newcastle gigs. Anyone finding them, call Val on (01) 486-8166.

EAT IT: We've been thinkin' and thinkin', but whichever way up, it looks pretty damn arbitrary to us. We know Costello's suited by the bitterness of lemon and tartar sauce but why/how a slice of cheese transforms a puny ol' Rodney Bingenheimer into a strapping young Sex Pistol remains a mystery. There's a certain rationale behind 'Devo' ('nuts and chips in a bowl') but Iggy? Fresh fruit salad??

EXPLORATIONS: What have Eric Clapton, Rick Derringer and our messenger Alan got in common? Well, apart from all being decidedly ugly they all own original Gibson Explorers. Weird shaped guitars from way back in 1958, only 38 were ever made until, that is, they reintroduced them last year. Our messenger realised he had a valuable axe but he didn't realise just how valuable till he got talking to our 'Blowing Up' man, Tony Mitchell. Now he's seen the light of flashing pound note signs, he's decided he might be open to offers (large ones, mind) for the coveted axe. He's promised us he'll give us a lift in his Rolls.

EX-SOUNDSER Chas De Whalley had his car broken into over the weekend by some kids (*God bless 'em, eh, Chas?*) They nicked his notebooks and address books not to mention a bunch of cassettes. He ain't worried about the cassettes but he'll offer a small reward (knowing Chas' behaviour in the pub, it'll be very small) for the return of the books. Phone him on (01) 734-8181, ext. 27.

THIS WEEK'S BIG TANG: Promoter Adrian Hopkins returning from the Tanagerine Dream gig in Liverpool, he spotted the Tangs manager in his Range Rover. So, trying to look flash like these promoters do, he thrust five hundred quid straight into the Rover. Imagine the surprise on Paul McCartney's face — for it was he in the car — at receiving five hundred smackers. There were also extraordinary scenes at the last Tangs gig at the Odeon. Their road crew suffering under the effects of terminal road fever, decided to take over the set, by throwing bangers during the quiet bits and coming on stage in animal costumes in the encore. Not to mention physically attacking the band while they were engrossed in

CONTINUES P 12



JAPAN



ADOLESCENT SEX

A new album out now on **ARIOLA/HANSA**

JAWS

FROM PAGE 10

intricate solos as is their wont and slamming cream cakes into their face. Quiet-spoken Al Clark, Virgin Records press officer commented.

First London Evening News column Ad Lib, Andy Mackay, former Roxy music saxperson, is off to China to, and we quote, "seek

DINNERS			
Van Halen 10 oz. grilled Delmonico steak (as you like it), salad and french fries	\$3.75		
Elvis Costello Fish and Chips: three battered Icelandic fish fillets, french fries, lemon, tartar sauce	\$3.50		
SANDWICHES			
Rodney Bingenheimer Hamburger and french fries	\$1.50		
Sex Pistol Cheeseburger and french fries	\$1.75		
Blondie Cheeseburger with bacon and french fries	\$2.00		
Kim Fowley Bacon, lettuce and tomato	\$1.25		
Johnny Rotten Grilled cheese	\$1.00		
Ramone Hot dog and french fries	\$1.00		
SNACKS			
Phast Phreddie French fries	\$1.60		
Iggy Pop Fresh fruit salad	\$2.00		
Devo Nuts and chips in a bowl	\$1.25		
Runaways Large green salad with lettuce, tomato and choice of dressing	\$1.25		
DRINKS			
Cocktails	\$1.75		
Exotic Drinks	\$2.25		
Beers: Coors/Bud	\$1.50		
Lowenbrau	\$1.75		
Soft Drinks	\$1.00		
WINES			
Rosé	Chablis	Burgundy	
By the Glass			\$1.75
Half Carafe			\$4.50
Full Carafe			\$7.50

All prices include sales tax.

Whisky

8901 Sunset Boulevard Los Angeles, California 90069

WHAT'S NEW DEPARTMENT: The Whisky's new 'Celebrity Menu' has provided good reading — and lot's of junk food for its patrons. Would you order a Kim Fowley and a Runaways?

And we thought edible undies was the latest thing! The Whisky seems to be saying that Iggy's a fruit — and Devo — nuts!

The Whisky told your intrepid reporter that new menu items will include:—

THE BABYS . . . Gerber mashed peas and carrots

THE ANDY GIBB . . . Young sprouts & shrimp on toasted vinyl and

THE BOB DYLAN . . . sour grapes.

"This is the first stage of the Tangs transformation. They are becoming less dreamy and more tangeriney, bringing with that the inherent acidic assertiveness of the citrus fruit".

inspiration for his first solo album." Er, what about his 'In Search Of Eddie Riff' long player of sometime back then? Being first isn't always being right is it?

AD LIB, AD HOC, AD NAUSEAM . . . According to the 'Where You Read It

NICHOLAS PARSON'S/TELEVISION PERSONALITIES (Of John Peel column fame) would like

SATAN'S RATS

NEW SINGLE
YOU MAKE ME SICK

IT'S STUFF LIKE THIS THAT GIVES RATS A BAD NAME



it to be known that their wildly acclaimed (it says here), single '14th Floor', can be got for 80p by post (payable to Daniel J. Treacy) at Flat 26, 355 Kings Road Chelsea, London SW3.

BRIAN ROBERTSON, Roger Chapman, Boz Burrell, Henry McCulloch and Jimmy Bain have been in the studio futzing around. Only the Lord knows if anything productive will come of it all, but it's an interesting potpourri of people.

BRITISH LIONS have been banned from Liverpool radio for cursing on the air. Seems they were doing an after gig live interview, stupid time for an interview with everyone pissed and all that anyway, but now Liverpool Radio won't even play the bleedin' album.

WE HEARD that Dolly Parton had an accident the other day which landed her with two black eyes . . . she hiccupped. (*Groan, How DOES this stuff get into Jaws? — Ed.*)

Ted Nugent and Alice Cooper are both writing material for Rick Derringer's forthcoming Blue Sky album. Release date is as yet unknown, but Mike Chapman is producing.

CORRECTION CITY I: due to a sub-editing error, last week's feature on the Angelic Upstarts said that the Home Secretary had just sanctioned an enquiry into the Liddle Towers case which was wrong. In fact, Phil Sutcliffe's copy originally said Mr Merlyn Rees has consistently refused appeals for such an enquiry from the

Towers campaign, although the Northumbria Police Authority has just agreed, after more than two years, to? call for a public enquiry.

CORRECTION CITY II: The rhythm section of the Living Dead at their Speakeasy gig was not Hot Rods as mentioned in JAWS last week, but the Only Ones. And Henry Pole (?) was on bass as well as Sid. So there. The following week ex-Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook took honours.

PROMOTERS, IT CAN BE DONE. Despite the complicated ticket arrangements, tickets for David Bowie's British tour in March have been handled with remarkable efficiency by MAM. Some punters actually got their tickets by return of

post and nearly all who applied have now got their tickets. There's actually a few left for Bingley Hall and Earls Court Thursday and Friday £4.00 and £3.00) if you didn't wake up in time.

THE WASPS have got bootleg paranoia, even before they've signed a record company deal. Just before Christmas band manager Adrian Miller's Lamborghini Espada containing four freshly mixed tracks from the band was stolen from outside the Maison Rouge studios.

The car was never recovered and the band are now hearing rumours of bootlegs changing hands on the club circuit. They reckon on this seriously hindering their chances of 'the big break' when they sign to a major label next month. We reckon it just enhances their reputation.

CONTINUES
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14



Holmes and where his heart is

PICTURE THE scene, if you will: a couple of years past, the Ted Nugent Band's recently appointed British publicity/promotions man, anxious to catch his first glimpse of the Gonzo in action, ambles into a pre-concert soundcheck. Onstage are the sidemen, Derek St. Holmes (guitar/Vocals), Rob Grange (bass) and Cliff Davies (drums), but Teddy himself grabs himself a seat to watch, for the time being, the back-up players going through the motions.

But, as it turns out, 'go through the motions' this three piece do not. Rather, they kick ass with energy, enthusiasm and — yeah — brilliance, that the onlooker is left wondering, "If his band are so good, what the hell does Nugent do?"

Of course, by now, we all know what TN does. But, as that little scenario suggests, his wildman antics largely stifled a mighty fine rock 'n' roll outfit. It was inevitable that the split should come.

"We just decided to go our own separate ways," reveals Derek St Holmes, speaking in his home in Atlanta, Georgia. "Although I enjoyed it while lasted, any thoughts you have about furthering your own career while you're in the Ted Nugent band must be strictly limited. Of course, that's not to say that I didn't get a lot out of it . . . it's just that it's all come to a pleasant end."

To regular SOUNDS readers, this parting of the ways will doubtless come as no shock — as I revealed in my review of the 'Gonzo Live' album, a break up has been in the offing for some little time; indeed St. Holmes claims that "we'd been planning it since the last European tour".

What I was surprised to hear, however, was that bassist Rob Grange — a long-time Nugent band stalwart — is joining St. Holmes in his departure from the fold. Also in the band is Denny Carmassi on drums (ex-Montrose and

Sammy Hagar band) and at the moment all three are on the lookout for a guitarist/keyboards player who can also handle backup vocals.

The California Jam II, of which you'll find a review later on in this issue, marked the last live appearance of the old Nugent band — and, as you may have gathered, it wasn't exactly the smoothest running of affairs, with Nugent only just returning back in time from big game hunting in Africa to make an appearance. "There were a lot of pressures," says St. Holmes, "but we managed to pull it together in the end."

The St. Holmes band have already worked out a deal with Warner Brothers. They go into the studio May 1 to record an album, after which it's out on the US road again. Although it's a little early to say, St. Holmes reckons that they'll be over to play in Britain "after the first two American tours". The music he describes as "pretty much hard rock — but we're going to lay back and slip some subtleties in there as well, there's not going to be much of your endless guitar thrashing. A kind of updated Free, I suppose."

But meanwhile, what of Ted Nugent himself? "He's got two new guys already, and they're rehearsing down in Miami at the moment."

Anyone we know? "I doubt it, they're both straight out of bars I think. The bass player's called John, the guitarist Charlie . . . but that's about all I can tell you, I can't remember their surnames, I'm afraid."

"Teddy'll be alright I'm sure, he'll keep going with very little difficulty. We're going for longevity, however — I plan to keep this band together for 10 years."

Neither Nugent nor St. Holmes are ever short on confidence, so let's hope that the two factions do succeed and that it isn't a case of 'Death by misadventure/A case of overkill'.

GEOFF BARTON



GENESIS

...and then there were three...



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Marketed by Charisma Records

JAWS

FROM PAGE 12

HANDS UP all you who spotted Dave Swarbrick (who?) on Westward TV's programme on Thomas Hardy — 'A Man Who Noticed Things' — last week? Dave, the fiery fiddler with Fairport Convention for many a year, played the part of Hardy's father and was seen fiddling away in the company of Dorset folkies The Yetties. Swarb is becoming a bit stereotyped in Hardy country, he also played the part of a fiddler in the film of Hardy's 'Far From The Madding Crowd'.

recently, there was mucho vandalism and stuff ... Nicky Beat of the Weirdos was drumming for the band and got heckled by Tom Waits, which resulted in Mr Waits getting whacked in the mouth by Mr Beat. The cops were called, but everyone had (naturally enough) departed by the time they arrived.

NOW THAT Sniffin Glue is defunct, Tony D's 'Ripped & Torn' is forging ahead to become the premier UK fanzine, despite *Melody Maker's* claim that this subculture is fading fast. Latest ish with snazzy red/black cover had to be reprinted after only one week on the stands.

WHEN The Bags (LA punk band) played the Troubador

LET IT ROT



FOUR FABS FAIL TO FULFILL

THE BIGGEST RUMOURS of a Beatles re-union since the Americans invented Klaatu. The biggest national sensation of pop nostalgia since the Americans staged "Beatlemania". The highest ratings for all the networks' TV news programmes that gravely bore the headlines: Beatles Back Together Again For A Benefit Concert To Save The Whales. Old photos of the Fab Four were dug out, newscasters divulged their fond memories of the lovable mop-tops. To cap it all — NBC were showing 'The Rutles' on the television. And yet, rumours, made respectable by the network and newspapers, claimed that, John, Paul, George and Ringo were billed to appear at a two-day benefit festival-cum-concert at the Los Angeles Coliseum on May 27th and 28th along with other stars to raise money for Friends Of The Earth, and in particular for Project Interspeak, a group dedicated to saving the ocean and cetacea (collective name for whales, dolphins and porpoises) particularly at risk. The festival, billed by the group as a "multi-media event" would be telecast live by satellite to America, Europe and Japan, televised, movie-ised, recorded for radio and made into an album. The only question seemed to be, would the ex-Beatles be playing together on stage?

The following day, Project Interspeak held a press conference to tell the press that it was all a hoax — or, if not all, then all that most people were interested in was a hoax. In a very embarrassing harangue with the press Interspeak confirmed that no-one had actually been contracted to appear. Not only that, George Harrison, apparently had no intention of showing up. The only stars to put in appearance were singer Tanya Tucker and Twiggy, who did little more than pose for the camera with her old man. But no Beatles.

Other celebrities mentioned as 'possibly or probably' appearing were: Ronnie Wood, Yes, Nilsson, Chakha Khan, Rufus, Captain & Tennille, José Feliciano, Neil Young, Kansas, Fleetwood Mac, Country Joe; actors Marlon Brando, Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, along with Rod Stewart, Tanya Tucker, Twiggy, George Harrison, Paul and Wings, Eric Clapton and Ringo.

Yes are supposedly releasing a single about the plight of the whales and donating the proceeds to the project and Jeff Lynne is said to be writing a song about the whales right now. But still, none of these people were confirmed, leading to a particularly nasty outburst from the manager of the Coliseum, the site of the venue, who said — no stars, no Coliseum.

Managers and agents of the celebrities were phoned and asked to comment. All said that their clients were feeling more than a bit put out by the advanced publicity; most hadn't planned to attend. There was a 'no' from John Lennon, a 'no' from Paul McCartney (who regretted he couldn't attend, though he was really fond of whales) no word from George Harrison. Ringo Starr said he would possibly appear as an Emcee but wouldn't perform. Rod Stewart said he might appear if all the others did. A no from Eric Clapton. No from Neil Young. Probably not from Fleetwood Mac and no comment from the others.

And we still don't know who the Walrus was. —Sylvie Simmons. (The Walrus was Paul, dummy — Ed.)

VIBRATORS 2

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THE WOMAN FROM MAYHEM



FASCINATION AND COLDNESS are potent ingredients for creating a Frankenstein monster rock 'n' roll band. It's easy to be inspired by something you don't understand. Today was a perfect day for inspiration — cold and overcast — just the kind of day for a Martian invasion or the end of the world. No

one expects bad things to happen on nice days.

Toyah is the kind of person that is inspired by such chill considerations. She constantly searches for new ideas, new meanings — she sees herself as the new priestess of supernatural music.

She is clad in layers of black, topped by a flash of yellow, red, pink hair. Her eyes are sinister in tribal futuristic make-up. Her complexion is pale and her past stormy. She does smile, she even laughs but you would feel uneasy alone with her in her rehearsal rooms on

a dark night. Her studio is a depressing warehouse set opposite a coffin factory down a sleazy side road. Up the creaky iron steps, through the old wooden door.

The figures on the stage are misty behind the net curtains and a solitary black box lies centrally in the floor space. It isn't until you get closer that you realise that the black box is a coffin. Apparently it is an accident coffin for remains of decapitated human bodies in after severe motor accidents. In fact Toyah and her sect nicked it from an accident scene and had the gruesome task of washing the

TOYAH! TOYAH! TOYAH! NO, THIS IS NOT A TV SPY SPOOF BUT YOUR INTRODUCTION TO A PRINCESS OF DARKNESS PRODUCING 'INTELLECTO-MORBID' ROCK MUSIC WITH A DASH OF SCIENCE FICTION FROM A COFFIN

BY NIC EGAN

C O N T I N U E S N E X T P A G E



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TOYAH

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE



of the vocals and visuals and the rest of the band take care of the music. Cave Robins plays drums, Jole Bogen lead guitar, Pete Bush keyboards and John plays bass—

“With me, all my emotions are charged through being visually exciting. It comes out of me straight to the audience. With the band it is channelled through them and instead of progressing out into the audience it channels its way through their hands into their instruments.”

TOYAH USES the deliberately banal band image as a foil for her on stage antics. She has a big ego and admits to wanting the audience to look at her and not the group — who all look like Kraftwerks ‘Showroom Dummies’, Deeked out in C&A threads they hold no charisma except through their instruments — “We’re musically wierd” — She doesn’t acknowledge any musical influences, but is quick to stress her inspirations — science fiction and other bizarre stimuli.

“I’m totally obsessed with the supernatural.” Her songs delve into the popular world of surrealism and fantasy; — “We have a song about a love affair between a human and an alienoid. They both fly away and move totally out of this Universe. His Universe is totally freaked — too much technology — and my Universe is just on the verge of taking the first steps of where his is. We can’t contact each other, but we have this emotion of pain. The troubles of our past. History is the only contact we have.”

There’s no comparison at all with high energy punk

music; Toyah is concerned about being audible, enjoys using echoes and is particularly fascinated with different ways of using vocals. “There’s so much you can do with your vocal chords that hasn’t been done — I’d like to get a whole language going.”

“We did this gig in a Synagogue where I did a Jewish hymn. There were a few punks there who just couldn’t accept it.”

A couple of big names are tied up with Toyah’s plans but she is reluctant to let on, and equally reluctant to give away the name of the record company who are financing her ‘Mayhem’ project — “I can’t say yet cos nothing’s definite” — but there are definitely a few surprises in store for the summer months, particularly in London. The record company cash is helping her build up her visual fantasy.

Visual contact is crucial to Toyah’s music. This is nothing new, bands like Genesis and Alice Cooper have experimented with on stage theatrics for years. The danger here is that people might only accept the visual side — a problem which bugged the Tubes for a long while. The moral being: you really need a classy bunch of musicians before you can start clowning around the stage. Toyah accepts this, has total faith in her band, and a tremendous respect for their musical abilities. The fact that they have no image is perhaps the ideal way of winning the best of both worlds.

The reason Toyah has created ‘Mayhem’ is to experiment with every medium available — “It’s a place to create.” Very soon

‘Mayhem’ will be exposed as a style/theatrics centre for other bands’ use as well. I have a lot of faith in what she’s doing and it would be a tragedy for her to fail. New things are always exciting, different things even more so.

What will she do if she fails? —

“It hasn’t got to be accepted.” — which negates any pressure, if she means it. Toyah has no interest in becoming part of an ‘arty’ scene, something she holds against the people involved with the Sex Pistols: —

“I wanna get away from those people, cos they’ve become destructive they’ve taken a step down. They haven’t progressed.”

Toyah hopes a wide range of people will come and watch her but she could alienate a lot of people by her intellect-morbid approach. Eno could have been a lot bigger — Patti Smith too — but people who weren’t ‘arty’ or ‘intelligent’ felt restricted. Patti is now resolving that by being musically more accessible. It’s hard for me to judge too far because I haven’t seen Toyah in action (only in Jubilee) but she certainly doesn’t want to create some new hip fashion, she wants to constantly move on, something that David Bowie has successfully proved, and he still manages to remain popular.

PUNK ROCK kicked bands like the Stones in the teeth because they’d become old and ‘samey’ but Bowie remained just as popular amongst punks even though his album, ‘Heroes’ was the other end of the scale to bands like the Drones. Toyah respects Bowie a great deal for this and lots of comparisons can be drawn between the two — notably the ‘Mayhem’ centre, which has obvious links to the ‘Arts Lab’ Bowie set up in Beckenham in the late 60’s/early 70’s. Also her desire to keep moving.

“I have to change all the time, otherwise I get bored with myself — every two months I grow a new skin. I don’t want to be part of a new trend, that’s when we’ll change, when it becomes trendy.” She names William Burroughs as reading material (who doesn’t?). Also, like Bowie, she is interested in playing theatrical roles away from rock ‘n’ roll, (I’ve already mentioned how, hopefully, her new film is a vampire horror spectacular).

She wants to experiment with separating rock ‘n’ roll from theatre as well as combining the two. “We have films showing behind us at the moment. What I’d like to do is have the band on film behind us then the band there personally — doing something else. That way they’re fighting what’s on the screen.”

Immediate plans for Toyah include a single sometime and a couple of TV appearances, one for ‘Pebble Mill’ and the other for a new pop programme. After that a few gigs and then a raid on London — “There’ll be plenty of warning when that takes place.” — What sort of venues would she like to play. “The Music Machine — yeah — somewhere like that.” I’ve no doubt when all this happens we’ll be hearing a lot more about this girl. In the meantime if you haven’t seen ‘Jubilee’ go along and see it. There’s no doubt that Toyah is the star of that film and maybe it’ll help you decide whether you wanna be around when Toyah get moving.



blood away when they got it home. It creates an uneasy atmosphere in the studio, aptly named — ‘Mayhem’.

Don’t be put off too much by Toyah’s morbidity because although to date she has portrayed herself as something of a psychotic (‘Jubilee’ and a BBC TV play called ‘Glitter’) she really is friendly and sometimes even funny.

Toyah’s past is what you might expect — a rebellious girl with absolute self-confidence. She was chucked out of public school, her friends were members of the ‘Double Zero’ Hell’s Angels Chapter. She was discovered dancing on a table in a bar — “I was a real show off” — and asked to appear in a TV play, she did cabaret in a club and finally joined the National Theatre.

She is a conscious eccentric — “I took over when I was twelve” — and she has all the hallmarks of becoming — for want of a better word — a star. You’d expect someone who has taken all the right (?) paths in life (public school, drama, opera etc.) to be an angelic little Miss Goody Goody. However, she’s cynical, but still appreciative of her life and her parents.

She still scowls about the robots at the National Theatre. The nobodies who are treated like dirt, the ‘in

between’ members who lick the feet of the big names. Toyah was never a part of that, and she was despised by the old master himself — Sir John Gielgud. The friction between the two of them mounted into a spectacular climax:

“I was having a race in one of the corridors with a friend in these wheelchairs. I was going backwards and I went right into his bollocks — he never forgave me for that.”

They never forgave her either for taking the part of Mad in Derek Jarman’s ‘Jubilee’. Toyah’s portrayal of Mad is excellent; a girl with no feelings and no emotions — “To survive in that world she had to become amazingly tough and vicious, but she didn’t want to — she had to try all the time.” You never know whether to feel sympathy for Mad or whether to despise her.

Though Toyah received little in cash for her part in the film, she is grateful for the amount of doors it has opened. She’s already been offered a part in a new vampire film.

One scene in ‘Jubilee’ is set in the confines of the Buckingham Palace Recording Studio where behind the screen Toyah is bouncing around in a clown’s suit to a punkish tune.

Does that bear any resemblance to the band we’re interested in now?

“No! totally different. We’re much more complicated.” In the film the group were called the Maneaters but in real life they’re simply ‘Toyah’. Toyah, naturally, takes care

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WHATEVER you may think of the many reincarnations of Deep Purple, no one can deny that David Coverdale was tailor-made for the job as their final lead vocalist. The by-now legendary 'boutique salesman makes good' story has faded to make way for an experienced singer with lot of front. Even when I saw Coverdale on his first dates with Purple, he had an animalistic presence, raw but brutal. Offstage, he's a highly personable guy, who after years of living in various countries still retains a thick Northern accent, which whether it's psychological or not makes you believe he still remains unaffected.

Since resigning from the ranks of Purple, Coverdale has released two solo albums, the latest being 'Northwinds', and now after months of "fighting politics" he has finally put a band together — Whitesnake featuring David Dowell (drums), Brian Johnston (keyboards), Neil Murray (bass), Bernie Marsden (guitar) and Micky Moody (guitar).

On seeing Whitesnake in rehearsals you immediately suss a natural chemistry in the make-up of the band, and they all look as if they actually enjoy what they're doing. They're not stiff like yer regular dead parrots who look as if they've been nailed on their perches. And they don't pose like those pompous shop-floor dummies who grimace and gyrate at every chord change and incessantly pout to the point of implosion.

Sure Coverdale has a highly sexual charisma — he could develop into a prettier alternative for Bob Seger, vocally there are similarities. But as I said before, the band have a lot to offer; for a start the combination of Marsden and Moody is threatening enough — if you cast aside or at least acknowledge your bias towards platform boots, dry ice and spurting blood, it would have a lot of you denim-clad head bangers in heavy metal ecstacy. And though I couldn't put Coverdale anywhere near the top in the vocalist section of the popularity poll, I certainly would give him foive for showmanship.

So anyway, the two of us were seated in EMI's MoR office furnished with a bottle of brandy, already mildly lubricated (I hadn't seen the man since Purple's disastrous fiasco at Wembley) so the conversation naturally enough began with: What Have You Been Up To?

"Fighting politics. When I quit Purple I was exhausted emotionally just wiped out. I'd been writing bits and pieces."

Your stint with Purple must have exposed you to every aspect of the music business in a short amount of time.

"It was very unusual actually because it was very insular, they were a closed shop. I came into it and I just copied the rest. It was probably the best experience I had, apart from the first time I did it with a woman, and it probably had some of the worst experiences I could ever imagine to happen . . . it was a total experience."

Was it difficult to retain the necessary ego to carry on?

"Actually that's a very good question, let me try and give you a good answer. I've never doubted my capabilities as a performer or an artist, otherwise I'd have never had the balls to get up there in the first place. Purple was just a amazing introduction to that, when you've been through all that singing salesman rubbish. Don't get me wrong, I'm very chuffed with those roots, I was proud about those roots."

But they made you look more naive than you were?

"Well, it was a publicist's dream, Cinderella and all that, which it wasn't. It wasn't an Opportunity Knocks-type situation — if I didn't have the goods I wouldn't have got the gig. But I proved it as well throughout the time I was with Purple, there was no one shouting

Confessions of an ex-singing salesman



DAVID COVERDALE

DAVID COVERDALE GIVES PETE MAKOWSKI A POST-PURPLE UPDATE AND WHITESNAKE GUIDE



WHITESNAKE (l-r) Bernie Marsden, Micky Moody, David Dowell, Coverdale, Neil Murray, Brian Johnston.

'get off Coverdale!', and the band couldn't have put up with somebody who couldn't come up with the goods."

DID IT take you long to get something together after Purple?

"Yeah, it took me two weeks, but those two weeks were long. I had been preparing songs, I had songs that I would not take to Purple for their consideration, which I thought were worth recording and we could have gone into the studio any time. At that time Purple was satisfying my musical output, but the actual

content of Deep Purple as a hard rock band split off at so many tangents because individuals in the group were insistent on introducing their private tastes. So anyone picking up a Purple album after 'Come Taste The Band' would have had jazz, Stevie Wonder, classical with no understanding of a group . . . that was why I left, I was burned out trying to keep it together as a group."

How did that affect your attitude to forming Whitesnake?

"Getting this band together I

didn't want to get any prima donnas. The thing I was trying to do in the first place was get the best possible musicians that were available at the time who were into my ideas of musical direction, 'cause when you're working in such a close context with people, it's not difficult to become short with somebody. But the main problem's been that some of these gigs haven't had the capacity to get my equipment in . . . not my genitals, but stuff like lights and things. One concert we did the

audience were right in my face, and another time Micky was in the middle of a guitar solo and a guy leaned over and asked him what strings he was using!"

HOW DID you get together with Micky Moody?

"Well, funnily enough, he was my local hero. Micky's been playing in bands for years, when I was fifteen he was sixteen playing stuff like 'Beck's Boogie' when most people hadn't even heard the record, so there had always been that admiration."

"Micky used to be in a band with Paul Rodgers called The Wildflowers. I met him again when I was with Purple and we renewed the friendship. We made a promise that we'd do something with each other. It was at the time that the Purple situation was falling to pieces, when it was separating into social camps and individuals rather than a group."

You're in a strange situation because as much as being with Purple was an advantage it can also be a burden because certain things are expected from you.

"I have to prove that I'm capable of doing it, and I wasn't just being done a favour by Purple, and this isn't simply a crusade on my part because I believe I've got something to offer. The responsibility is frightening and if I'm giving you a casual impression, half-way you're right 'cause we've had a couple of brandies!"

"Y'see the thing that's giving me strength is that so many people have got so much confidence in me, they're giving me more backbone. If I'm successful again I'll never get the same kind of success I had with Purple. I've been to the top and know exactly what it's like, and it hasn't really bothered or affected me. It's made my bank account a lot healthier, but it hasn't really changed my outlook on things. I'm still lonely, I still have sadness and I still have great times."

"I'm motivated from something inside to write music and sing that music. Like 'Mistreated', I never wrote that song, I just busked along 'cause I was scared and lonely, me and Blackmore . . . those are the words that you'll hear on the album, which is basically my 'Child In Time'."

You're proud of 'Mistreated'?

"You believe it! It was the first song I wrote that communicated with so many people . . . I'll never get sick of it 'cause I'm still being mistreated."

"I remember when I spoke with a guy from the NME when I first joined Purple, I said: 'how can I tell them that I love music' without them saying 'bullshit you're only in it for the money'? I've been singing for most of my life for nothing and suddenly this Purple job cracked and money became a fortune and incidental. Why can't I be honest without trying to make little jokes and say: 'look I love music'? . . . because it ain't good copy that's why. You say I'm normal, I am f**king normal! . . . It seems the media have become alienated from music, which comes from the heart, and call it heavy metal, not even human, not even flesh and blood."

"Throughout my career with Purple I was the ex-singing salesman, in fact I was going to call my first album 'The Singing Salesman' but it might have been jumped on as hype. Now I'm ex-Deep Purple."

Did you write a lot of songs before you joined Purple?

"Yeah, 'Holy Man' (on 'Storm-bringer') was written as a single for the Flying Fabuloso Brothers, 'cause we were asked to do some demos for Bell Records years ago and that was written then, so were 'Sail Away' and 'Soldier Of Fortune'."

"Young and Moody have just recorded a new album and they're gonna release a single that I wrote when I was about 15 called 'Sunrise To Sunset', another daft love song, but it's pretty and sincere, 'cause love is ugly and beautiful, as well as dirty and every other superlative you care to mention."

"Emotionally and physically I'm not a politician, when it comes to words I relate physical or emotional experiences."

Street music with a little more education.



THIS WEEK'S TOO-GOOD-FOR-MELODY MAKER HEADLINE:

WHEN WAYNE COUNTY left his native state of Georgia, "because it was icky, and I got shot at", he meant to take a trip down to sunny California where the hippies hung out. Instead he ended up on the streets of New York, the beginning of a personal odyssey which took him from gutter queen to actor/playwright to Warholite to Bowie-protégé to rock star to movie star (among other things).

He hasn't had it easy, but he's survived the trials of collapsing management (MainMan) and record company (ESP Disk) to reach the point where this former Max's DJ and New York Rocker agony columnist can (with his band The Electric Chairs) headline a tour of the U.K. and sell in excess of 30,000 copies of a single titled 'Fuck Off'.

What were you doing when you were in Georgia?

I held down various straight jobs, and I was writing and keeping notes about things that would happen to me... interesting things. But even then I knew I wanted to be involved in theatre and music... I was a real big Yardbirds freak, I really loved the things they were doing with feedback 'n' all that. I knew even then I wanted to be involved in a very theatrical type of music, but that I just had to wait for the right time to come along...

What did you do when you first got off the bus in NY?

Well... (laughs)... just hung out on the streets... they were like a playground for a while. The West Village is a very sleazy area noted for its crazy people... all the hustlers, the artists, the weirdos, the shopping bag ladies, the beatniks... fags with their cowboy outfits, leather pants, handcuffs... Over there'd be three drag queens screaming, and tourists... it's just a circus, literally a circus. Sheridan Square Park is right in the middle, and there they sit... the strangest creatures, all hours till the sun came up, when they'd fleeeeee back into where they were staying... like vampires!

How did you meet the Warhol crowd?

At Max's. They were filming Jackie Curtis's wedding. She was supposed to marry Eric Emerson,

COUNTY COUNSEL

BY SANDY ROBERTSON

and he didn't show up so she married the Maitre De. It was on the cover of Village Voice, this huge wedding with all these out-raaaage-ous freaks... 1969 it was.

When did you first get a band together?

Well, I did a play called 'Femme Fatale', which was also a Velvet Underground tune, right? The play was about women's prison, and I played a dyke and Patti Smith played a gangster. Then we had our own play goin'... Cherry Vanilla was in it. She played a necrophiliac nurse called Tillie Tons... she'd sneak down to the morgue and the doctor would catch her makin' love to a dead body. Warhol came to see that and said: "These are the people I want to be in my play 'Pork'". So I got to play Viva and Cherry played Brigid Polk and there was Gerri Miller, the girl from "Trash" with the huge silicone tits... she douched onstage and the critics here were not am-uuuu-seed! We ran about a month at the Roundhouse and then had to flee the country... Rod Stewart to come to see us, David Bowie and Angela...

Yeah, what about your first band called Queen Elizabeth, though?

Well, after 'Pork' we went back to New York and did another play called 'Island', which also had Patti Smith and Cherry and me... one of the guys in it became the guitar player in Queen Elizabeth, and the other guitarist was from 'Femme Fatale'... by the way, all these plays are on videotape, so maybe one day they'll come out.

What happened with MainMan? Did Bowie just come and see you play or what?

To sum that up: nuthin'. We went to see Bowie when we were here doin' 'Pork'. He was performin' with his flop hats and long hair, acoustic guitar and Rick Wakeman playin' piano and Mick Ronson on another guitar. Bowie was fascinated with the Warhol people, so we went over to his house... Alice Cooper was happening in the States at that time

and Lee (Black Childers) and Cherry told Bowie he'd have to do something weird 'cause that's what was coming, the whole unisexual thing. So Bowie cut his hair and started his new image... Tony DeFries called Lee (who was working with Alice Cooper) and Cherry and said "come and work for me".

What were MainMan supposed to do for you that they didn't?

Bowie was supposed to produce an album: "Oh I love your stuff Wayne", oh sure... then Mick Ronson, and THAT fell through... we had the tickets ready and everything, Trident studios were booked... then the excuse was, 'Well, we'll do a live album', and that didn't come through. They still have all my tapes and movies on the shelf...

What made you come to live here?

Ever since I was here in 1971 with 'Pork' I wanted to stay here. RCA wanted me and Tony DeFries said: "No, he's not ready yet". I went back to New York and just played around with the Back Street Boys until I got another chance to come a year ago. Lee called up and said I ought to get over here, it's a whole rock'n'roll rebirth. I was sick of New York so I came over with Greg Van Cook and we found an English bass player and drummer. We rehearsed two weeks and played the Roxy, and we've been playin' from then till now.

At those first gigs you did songs like 'Toilet Love' and wore a dress and everything. Now your act is toned down a lot. Did you have difficulty getting booked?

I changed the name of the band and everything because I wanted to get out of having to wear dresses and wigs... I just wanted it to be a band. But the main reason was that I was completely fed up with not having any record company interest. They'd come and see the show and say: "No thank you". I was disappointed at first but I was getting bored with having to do all those costume changes...

Isn't 'Take It From Me just a modified 'Stick It In Me'?

Yeah. Safari loved 'Fuck Off' but they said: "He can be crazy and outrageous as long as he doesn't do any overt sexual things". We agreed that we'd give them a semi-commercial product, IF at the same time we could record stuff that I wanted to do, like 'Toilet Love', which will be a single, by the way. I'm making a whole new outfit and I'm bringing back stuff like 'Dead Hot Mama'...

So you're toning it down till you get in a more powerful position?

Yeah. But the second album'll be much more of a band effort, all of us working together.

What do you think of Martin Birch's production on your first album? I don't like it too much.

The problem is that it's too slick, not live sounding enough. He's doing our second album as well, so we've told them that this time we want a live sound so that the guitars jump out more... don't sound like they're buried under a blanket.

How about the cover? I heard you weren't too pleased about that?

Ooooooh! I HATE that cover! You can print that! Despite it. The back was supposed to be the front, but a bigger picture with the band standing around looking at me in the closet. Safari rang me and said: "It's awful, freaky, too many things to look at."

We'll have a lot more say with the second one. The album'll be called 'Power In The Chords'. The songs are all religious oriented, like 'When I Die I Wanna Go To Rock'n'Roll Hell'. I got one called 'Anita Is A Saint' about Anita Bryant, the Mary Whitehouse of Heaven... the band's gonna be posed round a graveyard on the cover. The music's gonna be makin' the spirit rise outta the grave! I'm gonna be at the head of the grave wearing white robes. When it comes out there'll be a production show, like a tent revival meeting...

Do you think you've had a lot of trouble because you challenge

preconceptions about rock 'n' roll? Like, the thing is for a lead singer to be very macho and you're not...

Definitely. But in the long run it makes me an individual. I stick out from the rest of them. No matter what, I'm always gonna be around. I'm just one of those type of people.

What position would you like to be in in say five years from now?

I really wanted to be accepted as someone who has a bit of intelligence. And I do have a social conscience. I want people to know that I'm very serious in what I do, and I'm a lot more serious than they think. First they hate you, then they laugh at you, then they start to listen. I'm still at the laughing stage, but I think its beginning to change.

WAYNE COUNTY'S PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE AT A GLANCE

FIRST MUSIC HEARD: The radio when I was in first grade. Chuck Berry, Wanda Jackson, country music like Roy Acuff and Hank Williams.

FAVOURITE RECORDS: 'Walk Away Renee', The Left Banke; 'Pushin Too Hard', The Seeds; 'Talk Talk', The Music Machine; 'I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night', The Electric Prunes; 'Sandy', Ronnie & The Daytonas; 'Prove It', Aretia Franklin.

ALBUMS: Early British Invasion, first Beatles & Stones albums. Rockabilly and country stuff. **NEW RECORDS:** 'Shot By Both Sides', Magazine; Pere Ubu album; Patti Smith's new album.

FAVOURITE MOVIES: 'Play Misty For Me'/Mummy & Werewolf pictures/Joan Crawford movies/'Performance'/'Juliet of The Spirits'/'Gone With The Wind'/'The Ten Commandments'

READING MATERIAL: Von Daniken and historical/archeological books. Science Fiction/'The Time Machine' by HG Wells/Genet/John Ritchie's 'City Of Night'. **NEWEST ELECTRIC CHAIR:** Elliot Michaels who replaces Greg Ven Cook on guitar. Elliot was in the Back Street Boys back in New York. **FUTURE PLANS:** To continue with the Eddie & Sheena tour (which has attracted a new hybrid of tedpunk-quiffs and orange eye shadow), to continue to record, to do some plays, a couple of concept albums, a recorded autobiography, to change my sex, to visit as many countries as possible, to make money in order to be able to do what I want. **SANDY'S FAVE WAYNE STATEMENT:** "I'm there and that's it".



ARE WE NOT NORMAL? NO WE ARE LANDSCAPE!

BY LINNET EVANS

Style too often means labelling. Idiosyncrasy means being ignored. And recognition means another small candle melted in the holocaust of the music machine. Etc.

Now, with Landscape, you can have your funky cake and eat it too. All this and music for the nearly normal.

They ate all my biscuits though. You can hear it on the playback of the cassette, the swift shredding of cellophane and paper followed by a torrent of crumbs all over the carpet. What was once a virgin family-size pack of Sainsbury's Choc Digestives was in a few short minutes a heap of smouldering rubble.

"Because there's such a wide range of personalities in Landscape," explained John Walters, whose major hero is Thomas Pynchon and whose featured instrument is a 1940 Imperial Good Companion, "we will eat any type of biscuit."

"More tea, vicars?" I asked, trying to see daylight through this particular tunnel of love.

"The best question you've asked all afternoon," said Richard Burgess whose major hero is Richard Burgess — "I hope one day I might be as good as he is." Actually, Richard taught Rusty of the Rich Kids, so there.

In the band, Richard plays drums, John plays soprano sax and alto flute, Andy (Kaptin Whorlix) Pask plays basses, Chris Heaton plays keyboards and Pete Thoms plays trombone. The horns are electrified and routed through guitar equipment like wah-wahs. It's an unprecedented sound.

Andy: "We treat the band simply as five instruments so you'll get things like just bass and trombone together, or three people playing rhythm on one keyboard."

Pete Thoms is the world's first New Wave trombonist. He is also heavily committed to food, and on the band's park bench is often to be heard talking of roast dinners, even though he is halfways a vegetarian. The other half eats meat.

"I decided to completely obliterate the guitar," he admitted when pressed between the covers of the family Bible (it's a family band), "so like in a few years there'll be

people going around on buses with trombones instead of guitars."

"People think that Pete's just a clown who plays central heating," explained Richard, "but actually he's got a freak range of five octaves plus a device to send it all down another two octaves. It's something like 75-80,000 BTU's he's giving out."

"As an instrument it's actually got a wider range than a guitar."

"It's also extension spittle. You can store it up."

"Ah, the loneliness of the long distance gobber." Etc.

Landscape play music for the nearly normal. Who reckons themselves to be completely normal? They reckon themselves as a pop group. They reckon they could do all right on the telly, on the Two Ronnie's.

Chris: "I think the general point is: people like a good tune, as long as it doesn't last too long."

Andy: "That's why I don't get bored in this band, because I like nice tunes that don't go on too long."

Richard: "The reason that neither the band nor the audience could ever get bored is that we've got plenty of material and our sets are different every night. And also, the numbers come out completely different each time within the confines of what we've written."

Pete: "It's a very . . . ongoing situation."

Chris: "In some ways the LP record has been a bad influence. In the old days of 78's, the band could only play for a set time and a solo had to last for a maximum of two choruses. Which meant people had to work very hard at making a solid cohesive musical statement. I've a lot of admiration for people who can write good pop songs, and with this band I've found OI'm really reacting against the epics of the 60's."

Richard: "We were asked on a radio interview recently, how did we feel about always being a minority group. But we're not always going to be a minority group. We're going to be bigger than Abba. We're going to appeal to a wider audience than Abba because it won't just be the housewives who like a nice tune, but we'll also get technological freaks, the perverts and deviants."

"In a nearly normal world there wouldn't be any deviants anyway."

LANDSCAPE'S MUSIC is highly egalitarian. Kinda socialistic, and make up your own dub lyrics. So it comes in high-coloured melody-injected three-four minute marvels. It would have been called ballsy, in the days when the pound in your pocket and the ball in your court were worth anything.

It's dancing music, shifting, choppy, turning hallsfull of honest citizens into sweating, shuddering maniacs screaming for 'Worker's Playtime', 'Number's Number' and the zenith of "Lost In The Small Ads" (a reference for a group preference on Thursday mornings for the Exchange & Mart rather than the M*lody M*ker.) It's also a music for breezing, teasing, ruminating and adding up shopping lists. It's the universal solvent.

"The Event Horizon," said John, rapidly changing the subject, "is a point at which the mass of an expanding star becomes so great that light can no longer leave that star and it becomes a black hole. The Event Horizon is a barrier point, crossing which we would cross into the unknown. Also, anything within the Event Horizon cannot be communicated to the outside world, but er're gonna prove that wrong."

I've now forgotten everything from my physics degree except nice names and 137. Four and a half years with Landscape has wiped my brain completely. 137 is the inverse of a fine structure constant which appears in lots of equations regarding fundamental particles. We're very much into fundamental particles in this band."

Event Horizon is Landscape's record label; EVE 137 is their debut EP, the Lightning-charting 'U2XMeIX2Much' — which doesn't mean, as one dealer thought, you too kissed me, but refers to the fact there are three time changes in the piece. By the end of the year they reckon on producing two more EP's and an album.

Event Horizon is also Landscape's business organisation: naturally the band have a very good one-to-one relationship with the directors. At present it covers their management and agency sides, but it's expected in future to expand into things like hire, promotion and catering. Hence they will be marketing their own budget label through their own supermarkets by 1984.

Andy: "It's a very simple thing. We started our own company because we felt it was the

best way to retain musical and everything else control, and obviously we have had to run it ourselves from the beginning taking on jobs. I do publicity for example, Chris does accounts. We've had to start employing other people because the work load is getting too large now . . . but we're being careful that we don't reach the stage where we don't know what's going on."

Chris: "The prospect, even a few months ago, of being both musicians and businessmen was quite abhorrent, but it became a necessity. Once we've got into doing it actually we quite enjoy it."

Chris, of course, gets all those very amazing sounds with just a batch of accounts books and a battery operated calculator. Once upon a time he used to work it out all instantly in his own head, but after he was discovered shut in the bathroom and (I quote) "ringmodulating the books so much that we had to staple them together back to front", he was bought a calculator out of the biscuit fund.

Richard: "All the shit we've been through, most bands wouldn't have held together as long as we've done. Especially at a time when we could all have been successful doing other things. We've all had it on a plate to learn lots of money but we've turned it down, not because we're high minded but we just wanna be happy. We don't want to be screwed up and bitter like a lot of musicians."

It's one thing going around complaining about the record business and these guys sitting behind their fucking desks all day when they should be in the dole queue. But if you're not going to do anything about it you're just wasting your breath."

LANDSCAPE ARE obviously not the only, nor the first band, to strike out from the industry moguls, and they freely acknowledge that channels opened up by Punk Wave came at exactly the right time for their own progression. But the music that they play, the audiences they hit, and the goals they are aiming for are wider than the whole goddam business.

John: "We discovered that there's hardly any normal people in the world. This is what gives us the tremendous feeling that the world is ready for Landscape."

WAAHNN

YES IT'S TRUE!
The Original Gorillas are back together again.

The Gorillas featuring Alan Butler (bass), Gary Anderson (drums) and frontman extraordinaire Jesse Hector (guitar/vocals). If, like me, you once thought these chappies were cast off Muppet characters, be warned, **THEY MEAN BUSINESS!**

YES IT'S TRUE!

Those lovable spike tops (barnets courtesy of Luigi Hector, one-time hairdresser) are now signed to Raw Records and have a new album with the oddest title of 'Message To The World' and a single, 'It's My Life'.

Now, Jesse Hector is a very much larger than life. I mean how many people do you know that wear purple flowery bedroom slippers as a part of their attire and get away with it? He is undoubtedly the focal point of The Gorillas, he looks... different and has the gift of the gab, a mouth that could obliterate the likes of Steve Harley. At the same time he's so totally amiable and sincere with it that you cannot doubt that he believes what he says.

My interview with the band was conducted in a Covent Garden café, alive with the chorus of workmen outside, drilling the roads into oblivion.

I suppose it can be said that this is the Gorillas' third comeback. Last year they were signed to Chiswick and were receiving a lot of attention when suddenly they vanished from the scene. But first let's go back a bit further — my earliest recollection of this band was reading an article in *Disc* when they were known as the Hammersmith Gorillas, many moons ago, during the Slade era. Remember?

"We don't want to be part of that, interview-wise, because you've mentioned something we weren't into", admitted Hector. "We were into it to a point where we wanted to be different and went through all that violent thing."

Previous to that Hector had been playing for quite awhile in various rock 'n' roll outfits: "I once went out on me own as a rock 'n' roll singer. I really done a rock 'n' roll thing with a double bass, it was so different people didn't understand what I was doing."

After that he formed a heavy rock band called Helter Skelter, then he met first Gorilla Gary Anderson, who was at that time playing with a small-time outfit known as Albert Monk.

Hector: "It was at a gig I met Gary's band and I liked Gary's style and we both

Pic by Chris Gabrin



THE GORILLAS: Alan Butler, Jesse Hector, Gary Anderson.

The return of the interesting haircuts

Hotter than Hammersmith, once again *SOUNDS* brings you the Gorillas — the original Gorillas

thought we fitted together. We both had a good image and we both wanted to get this sexual thing over to the kids and then we met Al, who seemed to have an ugly, crazy, good looking image." Al: "And I had a van as well, I was conned into being the roadie."

Jesse: "he was playing guitar in a country band, so I asked him would he change to bass to play in my band."

Al: "So I said no, but you can join my band, so they're playing for my band."

Jesse: "It worked dynamically with the three of us, we got a record deal straight away with Larry Page."

Al: "That was in '74."

Jesse: "And we seemed to be ahead with this thing, this

simple thing called rock and roll music."

THE RETURN OF THE GORILLAS PART ONE

Q: You seemed to be getting a lot of reaction on your last onslaught, so how come you packed it in?

Jesse: "I didn't really pack it in, I got fed up with the way we were being handled. No offence to Ted Carroll (Chiswick boss), I really love the guy but he didn't handle the band the way I wanted it to be handled, nor did our manager and I wanted to change things and that's all I'd like to say about the situation."

THE RETURN OF THE GORILLAS PART TWO. NEW ALBUM: 'MESSAGE TO THE WORLD'

Jesse: I'm excited about this album, I really am over the moon about it. I think this album stands up to anything, musically, that's come out in the last couple of years, by anybody. It's got heavy music, Cockney singalongs, rock 'n' roll, goes right across the board. It opens up with our version of 'Foxy Lady', we used to do that onstage and cripple audiences with it. I'll say this, Jimi's in their with me, it's dynamic."

Not a man to mince words is our Jesse, he reeks of confidence, which comes over live where they've been hailed as one of the most

exciting stage acts going. In fact, many a respectable scribe has hailed them as THE NEXT BIG THING.

Jesse: "Yeah, I'm hoping to put that back into the band by the first gig, only it'll be better 'cause Gary's a star as well. It's a three way star thing now."

Audiences?

Jesse: "Everbody, you could say we were a hippies' band if you like, let's say we're human beings' band, anybody can come along. We're a freedom band, we want to set the people free because they come along to let off steam and they get rid of something — no-one knows what it is, and seeing people get rid of that makes me feel great, because they become a part of us. They're

my audience, my brothers and sisters."

Foolishly I enquired how Hector felt he could tackle stardom if it came his way.

Jesse: "I think I can handle it, 'cause I once had to sit down and talk to myself and tell myself strongly that, if I like to admit the truth, I've always been a star, right since the age of five I was a star."

"I was always different at school, all the kids came in school uniform, I came dressed as a pirate. It's the usual story you hear from rock 'n' roll stars, it's just I was always different. For me to walk down the street and for people to look is nothing different, so it's nothing new, so why am I worrying, We're just doing it on a bigger scale."

"So I've come to terms with it, I sit down and tell myself: 'There's nothing that can hurt you, because you've always had it'."

"I think a real star is from another planet. You're obviously the leader, you're good at the job, you're a front man, a rock and roller, you could get a million bands, only one will be picked out and everyone will say that's the one. People like Rod Stewart, David Essex and myself, Jesse Hector, will get through in the end. I think talent comes through in the end, every time."

What about punk?

Jesse: "I don't really want to talk about that. See, we've managed to stay away from that, we don't want no part of it. I don't want to knock it and I don't want to talk about it."

"All it's done is twisted the industry a bit, that's all, but it's not for us. Ask the boys, see what they think."

Al: "We started it and we don't want anything to do with it... actually Third World War were the first ones weren't they?"

Jesse: "They were good at it but when it goes further back. It's not really new, people have got this idea that everythin's new, it's all been done, everything's been done, it's just that someone can come out with something unique, like David Bowie. He can write good songs, could do a good act, you're gonna pick the odd one or two out. The good groups will come through and the bad ones will fall away. I think the Gorillas are going to succeed, they're gonna go right to the top and I think, I won't say for sure, but I think the Gorillas are going to be the biggest leading band in the world."

What makes you say that?

Jesse: "I can just see, there's going to be a lot of trouble up ahead and the people are going to need a good band to bring the kids together. That's what the album's about, 'Message To The World'. Nothing will stop the Gorillas, the Gorillas are magic and that's that. Message ends."

BY PETE MAKOWSKI

SINNING

FLASHBACK: Lou Rawls voice over to snare drum beat)

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF Ohio, middle America, lies a teeming mass of mechanized wasteland known to its inmates as Rubber City — yeah, that's right — Rubber City! That's Akron. Akron is a dirty industrial and rough hewn playground that has spawned a sound of its own.

The frustrations and futility of getting out of Akron, Ohio, gave rise to such artistic endeavours as Iggy Pop, and more recently, the scene produced Sire's Dead Boys, and Bowie proteges, Devo.

Welcome to Akron, cultural void and factory Disneyland that makes Detroit look like bourgeois suburbia.

Akron bands like Devo, The Dead Boys, and the Rubber City Rebels, with a few others like The Bizarros and The Waitresses joined forces to develop a scene, which centred around a now defunct basement club called The Crypt.

These bands offered alternative music; not the usual disco and boogie captain gigs which dominated the rest of Ohio, middle America. The Crypt encouraged creativity and new rock 'n' roll, but because of tough, impossible winter climates, the club was forced to close due to lack of proper attendance.

Not totally discouraged, the bands formed new relationships with cocktail waitresses, and found themselves with free drinks, but no gigs, for the rest of the year.

Then, collectively — the groups decided to move, transporting the Akron sound with them.

FADE OUT:

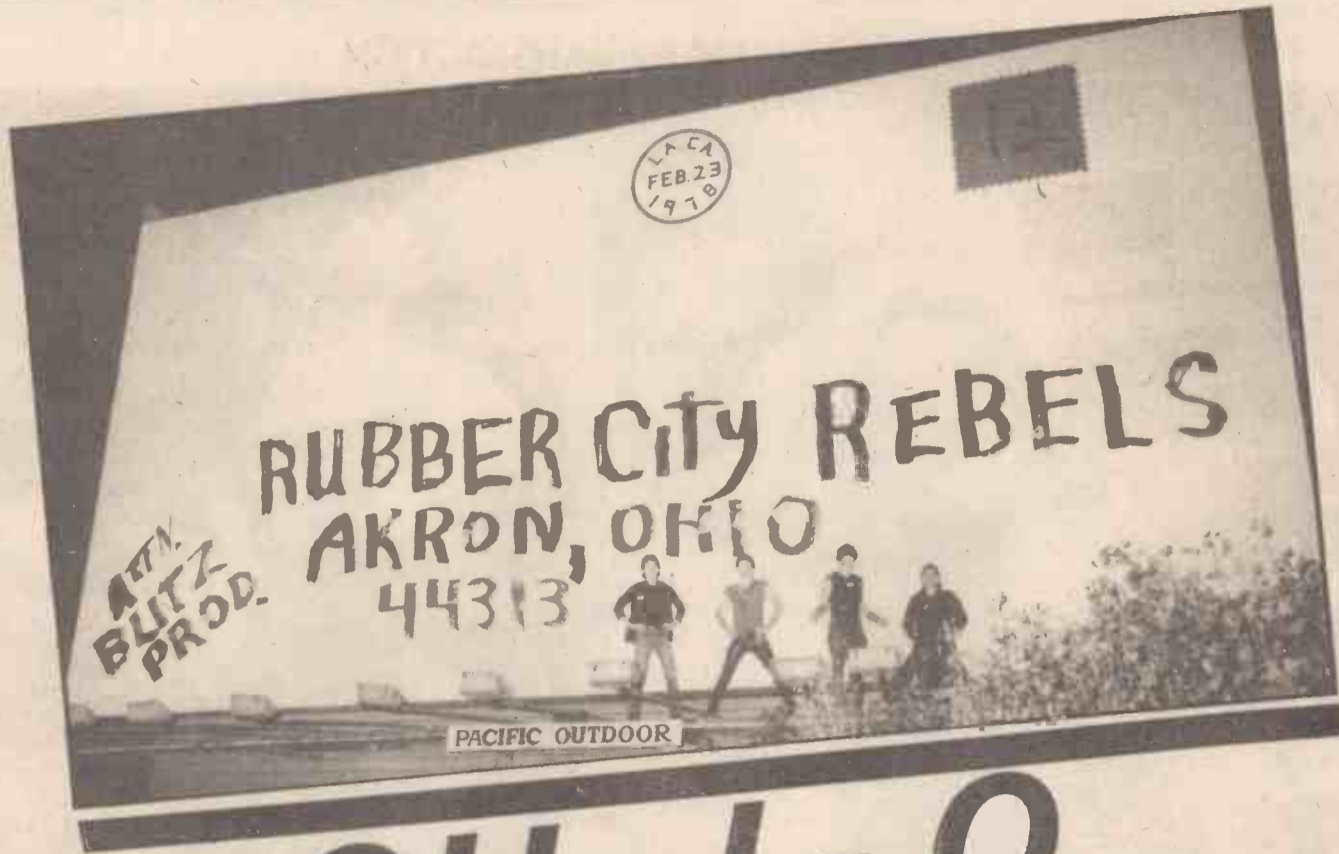
FLASH FORWARD: (Hollywood)

FADE IN:

THE big Akron three did make it out of town; The Dead Boys to New York, Devo to Europe with Eno and Bowie and The Rebels to Hollywood, Ca.

Presently the Rebels are working out of a garage hillside home in Laurel Canyon, still a hip domicile for musicians and producers. The Canyon has long lost its elusive class; Joni Mitchell moved out years ago, to be replaced by so many shuck and jive artists crammed together in make-shift A-frames perched off the sides of cliffs. There are jack-buils, (Marin County carpenter look) stuck up right next to expensive log cabins. This interspersment of ridiculous and elegant makes the canyon seem not serious, but whimsical, like ragged underwear waving on a clothesline in precariously high winds. Still, it's a place to live.

The Rebels: Rod Firestone, lead vocals, Buzz Click, guitar and vocals, Donnie Damage, bass, and Michael Von Hammer, drums, play loud and fast. You can pick up a Rebels 'From Akron' album from Clone Records: PO Box 6014, Akron, Ohio, USA, 44312. The album is a joint effort; one side The Rebels, the other side, The Bizarros, whose raw powered hits include 'I Bizarro' and a neo technical song called



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Welcome to Akron, cultural void and factory Disneyland that makes Detroit look like bourgeois suburbia.
The Rubber City Rebels interview by Darcy Diamond

'White Screen'. The two groups merged to start Clone Records, a business for musicians by musicians. Nick Nicholis, Bizarros' lead singer, serves as Clone's executive officer. — (Hi Nick! How's it going, fellah? Been to any wild parties lately? Haw, har har).

Stiff Records, Nick tells me, is negotiating to record a live album, compilation style, of the Akron bands that represent the scene. Much seems to be pending on the acceptance of made-gooders Devo and The Dead Boys to return to tape the thing.

'From Akron' is a fair representation of what these Ohioans mean by playing loud and hard. The sound on the album is horrid. Gravel toned guitars compete with merciless vocals in what might be a four track mix. However, the essence is there. I've played the album

repeatedly while changing the carburettor in my VW, or while gnashing out these vile reports on my WWII vintage typewriter. The style involved in 'From Akron' makes The Ramones musicianship sound like a professional studio band.

CUT TO: The Laurel Canyon Garage: Birthplace of the Half-Filled Styrofoam Cup

WHILE the other three set up the equipment, lead singer Rod Firestone talks to me in a knowledgeable way. His voice is punky and angry, although he is Joe Cool to me. He keeps tabs on my by asking all the time, "unnerstand what I mean?"

"You gotta get out of Ohio to be able to go back and play there," he says. "I mean, we couldn't even fill a hall when

we left. Everybody there is still red neck. For example, did you know that the capital of West Virginia is Akron? Yeah, that's true.

"When the West Virginia coalminers had a bad time of it, they all migrated to the Akron factories. Man, you try to play good stuff for a bunch of hill billies, and you'll know what I'm talking about, see?"

"They want to hear disco, and they want to hear Waylon and Willie."

The Rebels played a couple of gigs in LA, among them the punk palace, The Masque, and the two rival sticky floored clubs, The Starwood and the Whisky. The group's debut at the Masque was not a sensational success. LA punks, all 78 of 'em, are a trendy bunch.

They will pogo to their own perennial favourites like The Bags, The Germs and The Screammers, but these same

kids didn't connect immediately with the real threat of a band that really came from a tough hellhole of a factory town.

"Yeah, well," comments Rod, "we could have punched out the whole lot at the Masque and they wouldn't have known what hit them. I think we played too good for them to like us. And we don't dress like their idols. Sure we wear ripped stuff and rubbers and leathers, but you won't find us with any damned safety pins or nothin'. I mean, safety pins are out, aren't they?"

Practicing has made the band better, my bunnies. When I first saw them at the Whisky, not only did they have problems with the sound system, but they looked jerky and self-conscious. Only a few weeks later, they'd put in the necessary hours in the Garage

to make a Troubadour appearance positively scintillating. They sometimes open with a Dolls tune, just to let you know they can do it. Then The Rebels rip off with some good rock 'n' roll of their own.

'Child Eaters' I suppose, is their Pièce de Resistance. Rod Firestone postures and groans breathily into the mike. He warns, "Hide your sons and daughters . . . We haunt the playgrounds . . ." Michael Von Hammer is 19 and bashes away on the drum kit with reckless abandon.

In the stage background is a wobbling rubber inner tube. Someone in the crowd has gotten hold of a sticky wet plastic thing, and goddamn if part of it doesn't fall right smack into my Margarita.

The Rebels are singing 'The Joke's On You' — which has a nasty, vindictive sounding chorus of "Ha ha ha . . . Haw haw haw —" and Firestone clutches his crotch, then swandives to the floor in something Jack La Lanne's Health Club has never heard of before.

As a finale, The Rebels, without drummer, leap into the audience — playing all the while — until the thrilled masses push them back onto their gear boxes on stage. All told, the show is vital, confused, and eruptive, like Akron itself.

DREAM SEQUENCE: THE BILLBOARD AS ART (Hollywood)

THE Sunset Strip, which now seems to support more billboards than office buildings, gives view to some of the more flashy and gaudy music advertising ever offered to the public. Huge Eric Carmen profiles loom out of coffee shop backdrops while the toothy Bee Gees on the other side of the street stare goofily at the Playboy Building. At the beginning of this mawkish display is an empty billboard, apparently biding its time until the Dan Hill monolith goes up five days hence.

As I'm driving down the Strip the following day, my eyes are sidetracked by a cute Latin type on the sidewalk who seems to know what blue jeans are meant for — then I look up to the billboard. I think, "I'm having an acid flash."

There, good readers, in full view, where the blank space had been, is a huge sized postcard, spray painted and designed to look like a postcard 'From Akron'. The Rubber City Rebels name is blazened all over the thing — and when I looked again, the band itself was crawling around up there, 60 feet up in the air.

What a ballsy way to advertise. The billboard stayed that way 5-6 days rent free. Seymour Stein lead the flow of record execs who have seen the band. It seems likely that by the time you read this, The Rebels will have signed a major deal.

I like them particularly because they like many of the same things I do: they like 'B' movies, horror movies, and Jack Daniels. I've thrown away my safety pins and have started experimenting with Playtex Living everything — (I discovered that Playtex — if stuck in the oven at TV Dinner temperature, looks, feels and even tastes just like a TV-dinner!)

OHIO has a lot of stories to tell (voice over TV detective theme music) . . . and The Rebels are telling us but one of the many historical themes in our archives.

(I can't get me nö)SATISFACTION

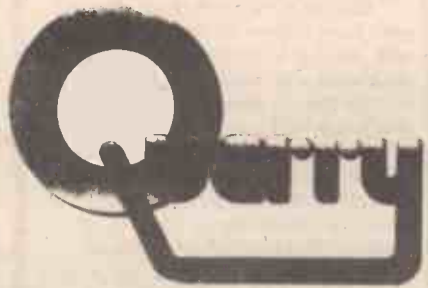


SLÖPPY(I saw my baby getting)



(shipped by)STIFF BÖY 1

DEVO 



presents

Rory Gallagher

and his band

With Guest:

JOE O'DONNELL'S VISION BAND

APRIL 1978

SUNDAY 9th
GLASGOW APOLLO

TUESDAY 11th
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

WEDNESDAY 12th
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

THURSDAY 18th
MANCHESTER APOLLO

SATURDAY 15th
BRIDLINGTON ROYAL HALL

WEDNESDAY 19th
LEICESTER DE MONT FORT HALL

THURSDAY 20th
WEST RUNTON PAVILLION

FRIDAY 21st
BIRMINGHAM ODEON

SATURDAY 22nd
COVENTRY THEATRE

SUNDAY 23rd
IPSWICH GAUMONT

TUESDAY 25th
KENT UNIVERSITY CANTERBURY

WEDNESDAY 26th
SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT

FRIDAY 28th
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SATURDAY 29th
HAMMERSMITH ODEON



YOU HAVE TO have absolutely one hundred per cent facilities to do it properly. We normally have but what can you do when you're working in a country where the facilities are not there?" Edgar Froese explains why a sold out 7000-seat two encores and standing ovation concert was not a success. In genuine, slightly weary tones his condemnation of the Spanish electricity generating industry compounds the unhealthy vision of a country administered by ex-Fawlty Towers waiters.

It was all a matter of volts, and generally the Spaniards don't seem to have enough to give Tangerine Dream and Laserium full artistic rein. And Edgar and his team, he gently but firmly stresses, are about creativity not bucks: "Yesterday for instance we were running with a sixty per cent of what we can do. I remember the first part was a piano piece and at the end of the piano 50 per cent of the sound went. On the third piece I start playing guitar and I couldn't hear anything anymore. I mean how do you explain that to an audience? Do you say 'Look, here is a voltage meter?' No that is ridiculous. The audience get in, they pay for their tickets and they want to hear good and professional performance."

The following day was the band's first free day in over a week of hauling their voltage-starved arsenal of temperamental electronics around Spain, and Edgar, Chris Franke and the two new members, Steve Joliffe and Klaus Krieger, were to travel up the Spanish coast a couple of hundred kilometres to spend some time with one of Edgar's old friends, Salvador Dali (unless, as famous Virgin Records spokesman suggested, Dali was off somewhere making holograms of Patti Smith). While the band waited to check out of their Barcelona hotel Edgar gave up part of his morning giving the men from *SOUNDS* and the *NME*, who'd been flown out at Virgin Record's expense, an interview.

The previous days concert was held in a basketball stadium at Badalona, a dusty, slightly shambolic suburb of Barcelona. Edgar's frustrations with Spanish electricity certainly didn't seem to filter through to the Spanish who got a big charge (*Ouch!—Ed*) out of the Tangerine Dream/Laserium show, though the attending English music press contingent were not greatly moved.

Laserium had a bit of a rough time of it, with no large plain surface for them to project onto they had to spray their spirals and whorls into the girdered confusion of the auditorium's domed roof.

Krieger's drum risers and Joliffe's keyboard dias dominating the middle of the stage and the weavings of the two laser beams behind them provided the dominant visual focus. Occasional solo instrumental forays by Edgar on guitar and Steve on Lyricon supplied an incidental and very low key stage show to which the Spanish audience responded as an American crowd might to one of Jim Dandy's boogie stud rants, or a Quo audience to a Lancaster, Rossi, Parfitt heads dahn session. This baffling fervour didn't seem to affect T Dream one jot, though a long way from the mid-number somnolence of the Tangs British audiences.

THE GRANDIOSITY of Tangerine Dream's musical concept and the inherent spectacle of Laserium do threaten a prospective concert-goer with the kind of EVENT that becomes increasingly common in rock performances where the significance of hardware and special effects takes over from the performer and even the music as the main source of entertainment. Get a little numbed out and everything looks and sounds amazing.

This seemed to be what was going on at Badalona — capacity crowd go nuts for Tangerama. And apparently it was the same in Valencia, Paris and all over, oh yeah and London. This I



IN PRAISE OF DISCO

some sort of success, this is a big sort of success. But the critics, damn them, don't appreciate this sort of thing. Heartening though it is that Edgar is very concerned over the standard of Tangerine Dream's performance, those hungry critics (self included) always want something more, something radically different, not just more of this more-hardware-and-special-effects-is-ultimately-less-business, something else.

EDGAR FROESE DOESN'T really give a damn about critics. He doesn't need fickle wielders of typewriters to inform him when it's time to experiment with some new approach or idea. 'Cyclone', the new Tangerine Dream album, shows that Froese must be in some part in tune with those who felt that the group were becoming a monolithic lesson in repetition. The inclusion of an acoustic drummer and Joliffe's flute and vocal capabilities do represent an injection of life into the rather static body of the group's recent output.

"We've thought quite carefully about putting a production on the road", Edgar explains, "because the image of the band is quite unusual — just sitting there playing with little blue lights. It was quite good through the years but we'd just like to do something else, and this something else came with a lot of problems." (Spanish type electricity being only one of them). "We came through quite good in Germany because the system works properly, we came through quite good in Paris."

The incorporation of the acoustic instruments and a vocalist came after Froese asked Peter Baumann to leave the group, Peter had apparently become dissatisfied because he felt that the group had no contact with its

audience. He's involved in production work and projects of his own, though Froese doesn't rule out the possibility of Peter working with the group again. "We've split from Peter six times," he chuckled, "we're not the sort of band that has to stay together

CAN TANGERINE DREAM BEAT DONNA SUMMER AND THE SPANISH ELECTRICITY BOARD



EDGAR FROESE TALKS TO DAVE FUDGER

twenty years just collecting money."

Froese doesn't recognise any easy categories may be put on his group and sees the new musick fad attached to synthesiser disco and German bands like Kraftwerk as a piece of dirty work by the critics.

"I don't know how objective a critic ever is, I don't believe in critics at all. I suppose it must be some sort of general taste. If you are not on the critics' timeline then you're not in fashion."

"I like success, of course, but I would never do anything just for success. You see with all these musicians we've got, we could do it... we've done it, one day, just for fun to prove that it's possible. We could do twenty 'Magic Fly's', we could do all this Donna Summer stuff with absolutely no problem. We understand all that; to get that sound on a tape, it's so simple. No one would believe how simple that is, and you could make a lot of money out of it."

"It's really not that hard, but it's very hard to be successful or to get a good response by doing your own thing and not compromising too much. Even with the last record we did — putting a voice on — we were discussing that for nights and nights and in the end we agreed just to use Steve's vocal. But it's one thing that I'm not a hundred per cent happy about, it has a taste of compromise about it."

THERE IS a neat paradox in the fact that as disco and commercial music are moving into Tangerine Dream's area of musical technology and Tangs themselves move into acoustic and more conventional instrumentation.

Although Edgar does find synthesiser disco mindlessly simple he doesn't feel antagonistic towards

its perpetrators.

"Through the back door, these guys have done a bit for our music as well, so that a larger audience may understand now what we are doing. Maybe there's some feedback there, that helps a bit."

"As long as you hear a sequence 'Bop bop bop bop' that's called electronics now, it's ridiculous, but what can you do about it? How do you explain to somebody how an envelope shaper or a filter unit works or what you have to do with your frequencies or your oscillators? It's boring for someone who only wants to talk about music, but for me it's part of my whole self. It's the same as tuning a guitar, it's the same thing but the audience don't understand what's going on."

Froese found it harder to place exactly the contribution of more serious rock artists like Bowie and Eno who had adopted synthesisers as an ingredient in their work, having watched them both at work and having discussed music with them both he feels that there is no easy basis for comparison to Tangerine Dream because of the way the public views what's going on.

"You see it's different if Bowie puts on 'Warszawa' on 'Low' or we go away with a new sound on one of our records — Bowie puts on a new pair of shoes everybody notices that. I've found so many things on both of his records ('Low' and 'Heroes'), you know. Okay, it's good that it happens in the end, because I don't take care that much that he has heard maybe too much of what I've done through the years, and things like that. In the end it's good that a new sound gets a larger and wider range of audience. So in the end it doesn't matter if Mr Bowie did it or John Lennon would do it or just a guy in a basement tries it, gets a record contract and makes it very popular. It's just important that there is a new influence in music."

TANGERINE DREAM have lost much critical support because they seem to have abandoned their early pioneering experimental attitudes — 'Cyclone' and the new band represent a small step towards that more adventurous spirit. Edgar is aware that the group have made only a partial return but refuses to be drawn into experiment for experiments sake.

"To stay with the drums, what the drummer could do, he could play against the rhythm of with the rhythm, he could play spinning round with his drum kit, he could throw his sticks away and play with his hands — what's the point? It really depends what in the end maybe the audience want to get out of it and how they want to see it. If they want to see it in a very commercial and a very conventional way, they'll see it that way whatever you do. Their eyes are on a drum kit, that's it, it's conventional — they like conventional things."

Edgar's concern that the public fail to see easily beyond the conventional resulted in 'Cyclone' being a half-step.

"It was planned to do a whole step and we've got things prepared and tapes that maybe you could call 'a step'. It was absolutely no way that we could get that together now, so we just had to make half a step. So far it's not a real movement in a certain direction. Just a movement within itself."

Edgar wouldn't give any clues as to what the whole step would be, but made it known that he was very aware of how one of the world's other former pioneering musical groups, the Pink Floyd, have long ago reached their plateau. Tangerine Dream have recorded tapes in Berlin which Froese claims are probably two years ahead of the groups' current audience, he says their audience are not stupid but that 'they are not ready yet' and the tapes won't be released for two or three years.

HAVING WRACKED my brains for clues as to what this new direction might be I remember that on our return from the Badalona concert the group's manager gave us a lift in the Tangs' Range Rover. On the journey he played a cassette of an album that he told me was Edgar's current favourite — he played it all the time. But whatever the path the Tangs decide to take, somehow I can't see them putting out an album like Blondie's 'Plastic Letters'.

Words by
Ian Wood

Pic by Kevin Cummins



THE VOICE of the Fall, Mark Smith, and guitarist Martin Bramah.

The Fall stumble into the void

'Don't need a drug/
need a final solution'
Pere Ubu ('Final
Solution')
'I understand but I
don't see it' The Fall
(Future and Pasts')

RAFTERS CLUB was the scene of much excitement the other week. Not because of the headliners; Wayne County and Levi and the Rockats scarcely make the creative juices (or any other for that matter) of the local cognoscenti flow. But tucked in virtually unnoticed at 3rd billing, the Fall were playing their first date in their hometown since an RAR gig at Stretford before Christmas, a gig which ended with John the Postman and his band getting showered with bottles and glasses at the hands of what the organisers described as agents provocateurs. But that's another story.

Tonight, except for the poor bozos who stagger in late from a sold out Blondie gig up the road, belonged to the Fall. The old familiars in their set were crisper, more aggressive than before, guitarist Martin Bramah really coming into his own at last, singer Mark Smith sardonically dedicating numbers to the promoters and turning a strobe light on the audience. The new material, 'Future and Pasts', 'Rebellious Jukebox' and 'Mother Sister' pointed the band in new directions; two

entirely differing versions of the classic 'Repetition', leaden and slow, psychotically rapid, rewarded those who've followed them from the beginning.

A great evening. But then that's only to be expected from a band of just as much potential as any other of Manchester's more celebrated musical offspring. A band that plays about three gigs in a good month, that doesn't simply regurgitate clichés about No Future but recoils in fascinated horror from the lunatic spirals of the consumer society today. A band of no contracts and little Press attention (unlike their contemporaries Magazine, for instance, who've had so much over-exposure that if Howard Devoto were to belch at an interview, some credulous hack would interpret this as a

pithy comment on anything from Kafka to desalination).

The Fall have been going for about a year. Originally they were the Outsiders, a loose amalgam of Mark Smith (words and voice), Tony Friel (bass), and Martin Bramah (guitar), drawn together by a love of the Velvet, the Stooges, the Can. Changing their name to another Camus novel, Una Baines (th. kfully as far from either the militant feminist or sweaty bitch stereotypes as any girl involved with rock can ever hope to be) decided to learn to play keyboards and joined, followed by drummer Karl Burns, "tired of playing in bands where everyone was 30". At Christmas Tony Friel left, to be replaced after much uncertainty by Eric, the bassist from John Cooper-Clarke's back-up,

the Curious Yellows.

Ridiculous rumours continually circle town about this band . . . they hate each other, they're in a mental hospital, they're splitting up. And it's true, the Fall are racked with tension, but it's a creative tension between Una's artlessly simple keyboard fillers and the relentless (albeit a little ropey 'till Eric settles in) rhythm section. Martin Bramah is a sparse, lyrical, very clean player in contrast to Mark Smith's abrasive, flat, monotone haranguing. Mark claims complete 'musical' ignorance, but acts as narrator sketching the bare rudiments of the scene.

God knows the local populace can paint in the other details easily enough. The Fall's primary subject is the industrial world and, its effect on everyday life. Not

Devo's fantasy white heat image of the next decade.

Look hard at any of Lancashire artist Lowry's paintings and you see that the people are twisted, mangled wretches dominated literally and metaphorically by dark satanic mills. No Fun. The Fall might have walked out of a Lowry canvas. They confront a twisted reality.

Mark put it directly: "Most of our songs are written in anger". Initially he was responsible for the lyrics and direction of the band. As he was working in a factory at the time, there was an industrial bias in the Fall's early material . . . 'Repetition', 'Industrial Estate', 'Race Hatred'. Now that Una is also writing and the rest of the band coming up with their own ideas, things are changing. Mark reckons 'Rebellious Jukebox'

is "almost commercial".

But the Fall are at their most potent when examining the obvious from an alien slant. 'Bingo Master's Break Out' for instance concerns a visit Mark made with his parents to a bingo hall.

"It was incredible. There was this guy there with these balls going. It wasn't like a place you'd go for your leisure, it was a glorified works canteen. And people were going there straight from work . . ." In the song, the caller eventually goes berserk.

'Frightened' again explores mental imbalance and is perhaps their most chilling evocation of urban alienation.

*'But I'll appear at midnight
when the films close
I'm in a trance (and I sweat)
Don't wanna dance
I wanna dance
I wanna go home
I couldn't live in those people
places
(They might get to show my
actions)
I'd run away from toilets and
faces
Run away to a non-date on
the street . . .'*

If all this sounds pretty heavy going, rest assured that the Fall don't ram ideology down your throat. Their motto is "Reach not Preach", and they're irritated that they have been characterised as a 'Political' band. The Fall reckon that over the past year the New Wave has polarised — "There's your intellectual bands, like Devo and Magazine, and there's your headbanger bands for ordinary people. We want to stand outside of that kind of division."

With luck you may be able to hear the Fall soon on record, if and when Virgin release the 'Live At The Electric Circus' epee, although it's so delayed that by now it's almost outdated. Reportedly the record was first delayed so as not to precede the debut Magazine single, and then to avoid a clash with the Hope And Anchor album. The two tracks from the Fall, 'Steppin' Out' and 'Last Orders', are no longer representative — they've dropped 'Last Orders' altogether — and in any case come from an off-night, but should at least bring the band forward nationally.

Another moribund recording exercise occurred last year when the Fall did an EP under the aegis of the Buzzcocks' 'New Hormones' umbrella, but so far it's not been released. The tapes are currently sitting with a well-known London independent label. "We've had offers from a couple of companies to record a one-off, but we'd like the EP out. No-one will issue it because they all think it's too rough".

In any case, as far as the Fall are concerned, they have all the time in the world. Mark Smith thinks the band "have always been musically ready. We've just not been internally ready. The Fall are proceeding with caution. Certainly they aren't interested in being media heroes, though they would like to earn a living from the band.

The first time I met them, they were working on a secret plot to play undercover at their local pub — the standard Northern gaunt fortress with plastic decor, piped muzak and a lousy jukebox. They reckoned they might cause a riot.

"Music for the people that don't want it," grinned Mark.



THE FALL (l-r) Karl Burns, Mark Smith, Eric, Martin Bramah, Una Baines

Pic by Steve Lyons



BAD GIRL

Little Red Rooster

You'd better set your own alarm, 'cause the Rooster's been known to O.D.

I Know How to Hook

He who claims he's never kissed an arse, must have had enough money to put where his mouth is.

No More Canaries

There are no more canaries, only yellow budgerigars.

The Funk

Anyone who's crying out, no matter what he says, is not as fatalistic as his words may suggest.

Hard As A Rock

Be soft in the heart, but not in the head. Sand is great at the beach, but a drag in your bed.

Foxy Bitch

It puts forth the proposition that God might just be a woman... and if she is, you know she's just gotta be foxy.

So 1950's

You can't tell the truth from the man in the box, and you can't tell the time by the colour of his sox.

Not So Bad Liverpool

At the end of the world when machines make romance. If there's still human beings, they still wanna dance.

Liverpool

Thank-you notes, to a town that played host on the road.

CHERRY VANILLA'S ALBUM



RCA

Record: PL25122
Cassette: PK25122

LACKEYS, SCHEMERS, PANTS, SLEEVES, CUFFLINKS AND SHIRTS



ANIMATED RAEI-BROOKS BEAT THE SHIRT OUT OF SANDY ROBERTSON

WE WERE always obscure in a way. The way things went, we developed our own world, sort of. We have our own language, words that we use just among ourselves that no one would really understand. In a way we were forced into a very isolated existence, 'cause when we first started everyone said we sucked, then we hit CBGBs and we were never mentioned, not considered part of the scene. We made it on our own terms."

Those are the words of a Shirt. To me, shirts have always signified . . . nothing in particular. They're devoid of philosophical images, so stupefyingly blank and bland and commonplace as to be almost Dadaistic/Anti-Art. In fact, I can recall only three instances in my sojourn through life when my attention has been arrested by the concept of shirts:

- 1/ As a ten year-old, watching an absurd teevee ad wherein an animated Rael-Brook beat the shit out of a puny brand-x in a ridiculous cartoon wrestling match.
- 2/ When the ill-fated Bonzo Dog Band sang about their 'Shirt' and its laundry problems on the historic 'Tadpoles' album.
- 3/ In 1976, upon buying the 'Live At CBGBs' double import and hearing a band called The Shirts do 'Operetico', a crazily infectious 4 1/2 minute neo-bubblegum weave of girlish vocals, rippling keyboards and spiny guitars.

The Shoits', as their Brooklyn accents would have it, have been engaged on a long, hard climb from then till now, (gigging solidly on the East Coast of America under the direction of their manager, CBGBs entrepreneur Hilly Kristal), little having been heard of them over here until the recent news that they'd been picked up by Harvest for the U.K. and sister company Capitol for the States.

C'mon though gang . . . weren't you kind of asking for it with THAT name? I mean, you might've expected that it'd take record companies a while to get used to a band called The Shirts, like it sounds silly and doesn't give many clues as to the music . . .

"We had a band called Lackeys & Schemers, which dissolved for various reasons about 1971. We didn't want to have a name that'd give you any kind of feeling about what it was. If we'd called ourselves the Martian Invaders people woulda thought we were a space-rock band. We were so sick of thinking up mad names, like the psychedelic names, so we just said 'We'll call ourselves ANYTHING . . . The Pants, The Sleeves, The Cufflinks, The Shirts! It's just a name; the music gives it an identity.'"

Hmmmm . . . all sounds rather soul-searching and high-flown to

have much affinity with New Wave New York, no?

"You can call it New Wave, but it's really just a whole bunch of different bands. You make certain friends, and we're all in the same boat, but there's no hanging out or 'ligging', as you say."

A PART FROM lead singer Annie Golden (not present during this interview) the Shirts all live and rehearse in the same house, plus which Ronnie Ardito (gtr/vocals), Robert Racioppo (bass/vocals) and John Piccolo (keyboards/vocals) are all cousins, the other two live-ins being John Criscione (drums) and Artie Lamonica (gtr/vocals). All this communal stuff, coupled with their distinctly non-punk vocal harmonies and lengthy songs has led to them being compared to early Jefferson Airplane, some wags even yelling 'Go, Gracie Go!' at Annie. But, they maintain, they're not that Slick (Ouch! — Ed.).

"There's the male/female vocal combination which is reminiscent of Jefferson Airplane, but that's it. We been compared to ELO too! Growing up we were totally into British bands . . . The only American artists we like are some of the New Wave and Bruce Springsteen.

"The album is gonna have maybe two-songs over four minutes; the average time is gonna be about three and a half. We used to be too much into changes and long, drawn-out breaks and bridges. We started out writing very simple songs, then we reached this height of complexity when we had songs with 16 different themes in them. It wasn't right, but it taught us a lot about arranging.

"When we walked into the scene we were the only band that was singing with harmonies. Now The Ramones are singing Beach Boys-type harmonies, so obviously we must've made an impression. And we learned from The Ramones the beauty of a bar chord. We've learned how to make a statement in 3 minutes rather than 7. Over the years we just improved."

Time to develop is something a lot of The Shirts' contemporaries haven't had the benefit of, so maybe

they were lucky not to be rushed into a deal early on. The man who eventually inked them for Harvest was the ever-astute Nick Mobbs (remember those fabulous Sex Pistols?), with Capitol in the States reluctantly following suit soon after, a nod apparently being due in the latter connection to CREEM (writer now with Arista UK) Ben Edmonds, sometime talent scout and the man who recommended that Mink DeVille be snapped up. Did they want to do the album over here particularly (that's why they're here)?

"Yeah . . . that was a big thing for us, we really wanted to record here, we really pushed for it. EMI was more into us, willing to take more time. The reason Capitol picked us up was because EMI said, 'Whatever you do we're signing The Shirts. We think they're boss.'"

"Capitol are very happy rehashing Beatles albums, but they see they gotta change. When we first started dealing with them it was hideous, but

they're beginning to realise that the New Wave is something to be reckoned with, and that there are bands comin' out that're gonna be worth something . . . that it's not just bullshit."

I HAVEN'T ATTRIBUTED any of the above quotes to particular members, mainly because all them Brooklyn accents sound exactly the same on tape, but also because this fits in neatly with the group's vision of themselves as "one Shirt mind." Now, I could've distinguished Annie's voice, but like I said she wasn't there . . .

The reason for the non-presence of the Golden focal-point of the band is that a while back Milos Forman, director of Oscar-winning smash-hit movie 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest', saw The Shirts play at CBGBs one night and decided that Annie would be good for a major part in his forthcoming film version of the hippy-trippy 60s stage musical 'Hair'. Which is great, apart from the fact that shooting is taking rather longer than originally anticipated, the delay necessitating her jetting back and forth between album in London and movie in New York. I ask if this has caused them any problems, but they don't seem to want to be drawn on this particular subject.

"We haven't been able to gig," offers a Shirt. "Yeah . . . it fucked up our Dingwalls gig." I'm no analyst, but I sense a certain anxiety in the air. Had they considered what might happen if Annie became famous via the movies? Wouldn't she be likely to leave the group to pursue a career in acting? They still seem edgy . . .

"That's in the future . . . She doesn't appear to be that way now." The group seem to be generally optimistic about their future as a performing unit, though you can tell that they must've given some thought to what would result if 'Hair' became a smash.

Personally, I don't think they should worry too much. 1968 is not 1978, but then again we might be in for a rush of psychedelic nostalgia . . . I guess we'll all just have to wait

and see. Anyway, they all feel a part of something together. . . .

"It's part of us to do a whole lot of styles of music in one Shirt mind. In The Shirts there are six different minds all writing songs, all with their own creative world. Basically, there is this bond . . . We feel like our entire responsibility right now is to make a great record. The overall Shirt concept is that the music comes first before the ideology. It's all in the music."

This doggedly insistent concentration on music without predetermined image is pretty unfashionable in the 70s, where everything from Roxy Music to Shaun Cassidy has had a firm basis in the projection of a saleable concept or gimmick. Maybe it'd be smart for them to include 'Operetico' on the album as some kind of confirmation of their 'punk' associations? Well, they still don't think they've got it down perfect so it'll have to wait till next time. (Historical note: it wasn't only Tuff Darts who re-recorded tracks on the supposedly 'live' CBGBs album. Shirts, however, only got to re-do one vocal, 'Operetico'). Instead, they plan to use one of the other CBGBs songs, 'Poe', albeit in a scaled-down re-arranged version.

NOW, I DIDN'T rate the overlong manglings of 'Poe' and their other offering 'A.V.M.' too highly at the time. Not more obscure . . .

"A.V.M." stands for Animal, Vegetable, Mineral . . . 'Poe' has gone through about ten different arrangements . . . It all goes back, we've been together six years this July . . . There was this one period when we were hanging out in this storefront when we first started. We weren't really technically good, like a New Wave band six years ago! 'Poe' was just about this existence that was very crazy, a lot of madness going on. There was always a book of Poe around, you didn't have to read it or anything, it was just there. So many songs we did for a year and then dropped, but that song is a trouper for us, a classic.

"Over the years we learned how to play the songs, arrange them, make them work. 'Poe' is a 4 1/2 minute version, we edited it out, made it more interesting."

It could be that I'm blowing my credibility (if I have any left) by writing about this group and telling you I think they're going to be good on the basis of one song recorded over two years ago, but I get hunches . . . Meanwhile, we'll have to wait until July when The Shirts release their album and tour England and the Continent to find out whether their six years of hard work and dedication have paid off.

As for the 'obscurity' angle, I'll lay that particular ghost with a quote from everybody's favourite poet and master of the arabesque, Mr Edgar Allan Poe himself:

'Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification . . .'
E.A. POE/'The Gold Bug'.



Annie Golden

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The 'coon ass' guide to London



Hiyall! Here's me at Buckingham Palace with one of your wonderful policemen.



And here's me at Downing Street with the Prime Minister. What a cute hat he's got . . .

Sightseeing in style with part-time cajun cult hero and full-time schoolteacher **Johnnie Allan**.

Tourist guide by **David Brown**. Holiday snaps

by **Jill Furmanovsky**

JOHNIE ALLAN made his first trip to Britain last week. He was able to come during his school's Easter holidays. No, he's not the latest weenybop sensation, but a 40-year-old country rock singer who, when not belting out hot cajun rock like his 'Promised Land' single on Oval/Stiff, can be found at a Louisiana elementary school, where his is administration assistant (American for deputy headmaster). And before you get carried away, the following article is based round his musical background rather than a synopsis of his disciplinary methods.

Now, I must admit that I had imagined Johnnie to be one of those ancient rock legends, he certainly looks that way on the record sleeve which gives the impression of a much older recording than 1974 — but I was wrong. Johnnie is a sturdy, strong guy, a casual dresser with a happy smile and a honourable handshake.

Alert readers will have noticed a definite lack of info on accordions in our *Blowin'* pages of late, mainly because the things seem to have more in common with the 'White Heather Club' than rock 'n' roll, but in cajun country if a record ain't got accordion on it, then it won't stand much of a chance.

The cajun area of Louisiana gets its love of

accordion music from its French connection. A lot of French is still spoken in the region and most of their music is still influenced by these traditional roots. In the heart of the cajun neck of the woods you'll find Lafayette, which is where Johnnie works at school and records and performs his music.

"My parents spoke French, so I grew up with it," says Johnnie. "But when I went to school I had to learn English. For a time speaking French was forbidden at school. We were told 'You are part of America . . .'"

"That way of thinking threatened the culture of the area. Now we are trying to revive its use. We have two French teachers from Canada at our school.

"In all sincerity I don't think the idea is working though. Young children are not interested in learning French. The interest usually comes naturally when people are leaving high school to go to college.

"We have a cajun festival each year in Lafayette and a lot of students are showing interest in the culture of the region."

JOHNIE starting playing cajun music at the age of 13, playing pedal steel in a band.

"I played with one of the top accordion players in the style, Lawrence Walker," he recalls. "Then when Fats Domino and Elvis Presley's music came along in 1957, we started breaking away from French music to rock 'n' roll. I organised a band and we were earning big money — eight to ten dollars a night maybe."

continued on page 47

The last bit.



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PLENTY PEOPLE don't know the other half of Tapper Zukie. If they knew the other half of me, they'd see me different. Right now me see myself not just as an artist, not just as a man. Me see myself come here to do a great heap more work."

So saying, Tapper Zukie strides through the glass doors of the Kingston Sheraton, resplendent in a lime-green track suit with white stripe on the shoulders, and marshalls me into a waiting New York-style yellow cab.

I'm silently marvelling at the normally genial Tapper's new-found air of authority — perhaps his sojourn with Patti Smith and Lenny Kaye in New York has changed his head around, more than somewhat?

Tapper points out the sights to me — "See it there? That's always a No Man's Land. Nobody walked across there at night. They used to have soldiers there, with guns" — gesturing out the yellow cab window at a wasteland of ragged scrub dividing Tivoli Gardens from Lizard Town.

We're not going to Trenchtown, the name non-Kingstonians automatically associate with Kingston ghetto squalor and deprivation, we're heading towards Tapper's own turf, Rema.

We draw up outside what looks like a great grey council estate. Dating from the pre-high rise era, it's essentially squalid in its very conception. Just one block, then another square block, then another, surrounding a great grey courtyard, like a dismally run-down school playground. On the low concrete wall surrounding the estate, there's a row of men, doubtless part of Kingston's 60% unemployed, smoking their first spliffs of the day. Well, probably not their first — it's about 11.00 a.m., and you get up early in Jamaica. I sit down next to a man with a red paisley scarf knotted round his head, and an enlightening conversation ensues after the normal exchange of pleasantries ("You're from London? I have a sister living in Acton, do you know yer? You have Rizla?") Remy (gent with scarf,) explains the local background to the Peace Treaty organised by ex-gunmen Bucky Marshall and Claude Massop.

"From I a youth a grow, I never see nothing yet so nice in my lifetime," says Remy "it greater than Christmas really. Youth and youth just come forward and decide to live in peace again like it used to be in the past. From '72 really this thing a start, since the PNP government take over. I and I bred'ren used to work down here, then some of them move to Jungle (Trenchtown) and from then they started to fight against we here. And the PNP, Manley's aptry, used to help them by giving them arms and ammunition, the police helped them to fight against we their bred'ren, in Rema and in Tivoli Gardens.

"The Labourites with the police, used to terrorise us. That's how most of my bred'ren, the youth from Rema, dead up. The police would come down, get the people scared, and then they'd follow their party. They are not the type of police that they should have been, they became a political tool. You have one individual policeman did most of the crime round Rema, him a Socialist police, he used to drive up in a jeep and all the police them a start shoot up the place, everybody have to take cover. We can't defend ourselves. Every day it would just continue, they would come in and mash up the people. Pure war. So it was from February 1972 to January 1978..."

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

PICS DENNIS MORRIS

IN CASE YOU'RE wondering how all this politricks crept into an article on a d.j. talkover artist, it couldn't be more relevant. For a start, Virgin have just released an album entitled 'Peace In The Ghetto', (which you might call a concept album, since it's based around the same peace Remy was talking about), put together from Tapper's various celebrate-the-peace Jamaican release singles and some extras.

Secondly, that's Tapper's life right now. He's putting all the money he can raise towards a youth centre he's building in Rema. "All my life I really wanted to do something for poor people, and that's why me really get involved with this peace thing. Me grow up in the ghetto, me live 'mongst the youth dem, me see the suffering and the tribulation, me even feel it too. Me pass over it and reach somewhere in life and I want to make them see that more ordinary youth can reach somewhere. Me would a like help them reach somewhere. Even when I help them, at the same time me a help my music too, because you have to say the words *and* do the work.

"For each of these areas where you have peace going on, Rema, Tivoli, Fletchers Land, Lizard Town, all of the 'politician' area, they pick our two leader to come together and form a Peace Community. Me go and give the Prime Minister an idea and him take it away and look over it. So we keep peace in our community, like I-man responsible for the Rema zone, seen? It just start now, but after it develop, if anything wrong, like if a man should go over in another man zone and do something wrong, then the man entitled to go to the leader of his zone and make a complaint and the leader of his zone will discipline him."

Discipline, eh? What does that mean, exactly?

"There are many ways to discipline people, all form. It depend what them do. Discipline in the *hardest* way you can do it, so another man say, bwaoy, I don't want to be disciplined that way..."

As Tapper observes, it's about time the

people had a voice. He puts it to me in basic terms: if a girl from Trenchtown should apply for a job at, say, the Sheraton Hotel, she'll be out of the running as soon as she mentions where she comes from. "The people uptown live off we in the ghetto, because we do the rough work and they collect the money. They use we ideas and we live under pressure in the ghetto..."

Now the reason for Tapper's new-found air of commanding authority is clear. He's actively involved and respected as a community leader, a role he'd never fulfilled during all his time as a respected musician living in London...

"Most people think I live in England, but as far as I'm concerned I don't live anywhere. Even the Immigration tell me that. I see myself as an African, but I'm not yet resident down there. I have a Jamaican passport..."

TAPPER built up his sturdy British following when he moved here in the early 70's. "Man A Warrior" (still my favourite T.Z. album) was done in '73 when I first reached England. Then I was a warrior (laughter). In England every night I was fighting, not for myself but always getting involved for my friends, I wasn't bad. That's why I even made that title tune, though everyone said I was a warrior. That was in Harlesden. There were a lot of gangs then..."

So what brought you to England?

"My mother sent me at that time, through I was in bad company in Jamaica. Things I'd rather not discuss..." looking sideways up at me and laughing. "It was quite exciting though it was the first time I was travelling."

Tapper was 'discovered' at a North London talent show by producer Larry Lawrence and whisked into the studio the next Sunday. At that time Tapper was seeing a lot of British reggae singer Delroy Washington, and together with producer Clem Bushay they recorded some great tunes like 'Message To Pork Eater' and 'I Don't Know Why I Love

You', both on the 'Man A Warrior' album. Tapper was d.j.'ing with a sound system called The People Sound that used to play every Friday night at a blues dance in Mortimer Road. "I think it was the best sound, but through violence it just drop. I check more for women right now than for men friends, though when I first come to England it was alright, everyone wanted to know me and thing, but after a while though I was a Jamaican they couldn't take my style so they start to act funny. The only thing that could make me feel nice was a woman take me up and put me in her house so probably I don't have to sleep on my own. All my career, women help me in it, so me have a soft spot for them..."

In between women, Tapper used to stay at Delroy's mother's house or with the Cimaron (who play the backing on the 'Man A Warrior' album).

During his last residency he lived in a Harlesden council flat with his spar/good friend Militant Barry. "I didn't come to do shows, I came to understand the people, live in the ghetto. That's why the last tour I was in the Four Aces every night. The only time you can get to see what's going on is in the clubs at night. In future I'm not going to be in club and all dem t'ing, I'm going to stay at home. That'll be the time when I have my studio then, and do some work. Pay more attention to music instead of fun."

TAPPER is very critical of virtually all his recorded output. About the new Virgin record, produced by Bunny 'Striker' Lee, he's dissatisfied — "Them peace tunes don't get the right amount of work they should a get. Them tunes is a rough thing, a rush thing though I do them for Bunny Lee and he likes to do things in a rush. Me know me could a do it better, but through me never have the time and — you know? — the necessary things me want for work. But it's a nice album still.

"Like the 'Man From Bozrah' album, it never really finished, though Klik ripped by off on the 'M.P.L.A.' album. I never have no money, so I thought it would be better to just fix up a thing. But after I give it to the company (Ital Records) to press up, I don't know what they did with the stamper, because the rhythm section sounds light to me. But the words on it still true..."

About 'Man A Warrior': "I never knew it was doing so good. Things like that make me feel to work more because I see the people still like to hear me. I would call that a *simple* reggae album, like I would call Joan Armatrading a *simple* soul. Any time I hear her LP it reminds me of my album... "But right now if I decide to settle down and do some good work in this business I'm very *dangerous*. But though I'm not comfortable as yet... I still have to be thinking about the business, thinking about other artists, even looking about the youths in the ghetto, a whole heap of things. I have to get comfortable.

Tapper is his own severest critic. Why, he's even bashful about 'Phensic', his finest track/most obvious hit material since 'M.P.L.A.': — "It's just about a chick who cannot keep cool... it's not a serious tune, I was just enjoying myself in the studio."

So what's wrong with that?

"I don't want people to take it too serious." Which just proves you should trust your ears, not the artist's opinion. Judging from the rave reception 'Phensic' is getting at his shows, Tapper must be realising 'Phensic's' going to make him more dangerous yet. See him on his current tour. I tell you it's serious.

AS A CHILD, Tom Verlaine loved listening to symphonies. Half asleep and half awake, it was like dreaming. Now, with Television, he makes music that reflects the abstraction of one lost in thought, balancing giddily between two worlds.

Television does to rock what Stravinsky did to classical music, breaking it into fragments and reassembling it anew. The percussion is shifty and unsettling as high winds at midnight. The guitars surge and sputter like live wires dancing with an apprehension for balance. The drums are the tension, the guitars the release; darkness doubles and lightning strikes itself. Television skirts the Twilight Zone with dissonance, discords, minor keys, and pinging harmonics. Some of their best notes are the ones they don't play, sudden silences and hesitations that jerk through the air like a crack goes through a cup. They don't forfeit surprise.

"The whole thing of modern art is based on fragments," says Verlaine. "But I don't hear it as fragmented, I hear it as one thing. People who say it's fragmented don't see the whole thing; it's like they're making a premature decision."

"Richard Hell thought of the name 'Television,'" Tom says. "He was really drunk one night, and he had this list of about 200 names, and he looked around his room and saw his television set and put 'Television' on the bottom of the page. Then he brought it to rehearsal and everybody said, 'This one is really good'. He had all kinds of names: 'Goo Goo.' 'The Libertees'..."

VIOLENCE: "I hate fights, it just seems so stupid it repels me. I understand breaking guitars onstage, I even kicked an amp to death myself one night, but I don't get any thrill out of witnessing destruction. I'd rather see a guy do it as a joke than do it because of an inability to control his temper."

This doesn't mean Verlaine is chicken, though. "I used to get kicked out of games for unnecessary roughness in school. In soccer, I was overly energetic going for the ball. I'd be kicking and kicking until the other guy was on the ground. Same thing in football. I played fullback



Richard

and I used to be real fast, but whenever a guy came to tackle me I'd get real pissed off — Who the hell are you? — and I'd try to knock him down instead of avoiding him.

"I'd be ten yards from a touchdown, but instead of making it in down the sideline, I'd run right into guys and get creamed. I was

making great yardage, but I blew it in the pinch. It was real stupid, but I couldn't get over it. Finally, the coach just took me out in the middle of the season."

GOOD/EVIL: "I do think in terms of good and evil, and I don't think everything is so relative. This is this and that is that. Evil comes when people are totally convinced their points of view are The Truth. People are led by confidence, unfortunately, so those who have that much confidence in their points of view find followers. Evil is an attitude that comes over those who refuse to discriminate. There was a California expression; 'It's all the same'. Drinking a glass of water or cutting a leg off — 'Oh, it's all the same'."

I also think some people are deliberate about making sure you know what they're going through, which I don't really care for. There's people that are definitely out to occupy space that they really shouldn't be taking up, and that, to me, is a real misdirection."

I DO FEEL like I have a good angel, there's definitely some help. I feel if there's something I really have to do, then I can do it — anybody can get help in the clinch. I guess some people don't feel that way, that's probably why a lot of people are in jail."

I DON'T LIKE to analyze my own work; I do it until it's right, and then it's gone. In fact, I think I've developed a phobia about putting things on paper that I'd like to get over. When I had a typewriter, I used to write a lot more, all sorts of stories, but a friend of mine and I tore it to bits one night for fun. It was like, 'Wanna see a key? ... Rip!' I haven't gotten one since."

THERE'S A feeling that goes on between you and your tools which I never took seriously until I had all seven of my guitars stolen, and had to get used to new ones. They weren't real expensive, but they were set up so I could play them in a certain way. At least I got to do one record with them. Most necks are different sizes. Your hand takes all that for granted, but on a strange guitar you get millions of bad chords. Your hand keeps playing the old neck.

"Some kid showed me harmonics in 12th grade, and I thought it was the greatest — they're all over our first record. Lots of jazz guitarists can apparently do it really fast. I can't do it fast, but I love the sound — like little bells."

VERLAINE LIKES his painters abstract. "Right now I like Charles Burchfield, who does watercolor landscapes on the verge of abstraction, but not quite. And do you know Albert Ryder's landscapes? He lived this completely impoverished life in New York, down on West 19th Street. He had no money, so he'd break a board off his bed to paint on, and he had the cheapest paint so they're all cracked now. He'd do one painting on top of another for years. And I like Paul Klee a lot. In fact, Klee is probably as good a painter as Beethoven is a composer."

I JUST STARTED to listen to Beethoven last year, and now he really appeals to me. It was the same thing with abstract painting — I don't know what it takes, but all of a

sudden it dawns on you. A lot of people think Beethoven's last three string quartets are the greatest music ever written. From a certain point of view, they're really perfect, they just don't stop weaving. Bach had that down, but with him it always struck a certain logic within a person. Beethoven, it's beyond logic — they're like little miracles."

TELEVISION APPEARS in a silent black and white film by Ivan Kral of the Patti Smith band which was screened once at CBGB. Tom stands like a ramrod digesting lightning. His face is lit with phosphorus, an art nouveau martyr in a platinum print. He rolls his eyes through timid, scarcely begun glances, like a blind man. Tom didn't see it. He walked into the club just as they were going off the screen, and all he remembers is it was the darkest segment of the film.

TOM VERLAINE and Fred Smith of Television are holed up at Elektra Records on Fifth Avenue. Smith is relaxing over in the corner, behind a pucky smile and twinkling eyes. Verlaine, however, only slept three hours last night, and despite his boyish look — cropped blonde hair and a



Fred

colourful patchwork leather jacket — he seems worn and agitated. In a spasm of creativity, some goon in the Elektra art department has tinkered with Verlaine's specifications for the jacket of Television's new 'Adventure' album and Tom — always a most exact artist — is quietly furious, sick to the centre of his soul.

He's been plagued frequently by bad business in the year since his powerful band released its startling 'Marquee Moon' debut

WORDS: STEPHEN DEMOREST

album. Bickering with Elektra, which wouldn't release the single Tom wanted. Splitting from their management company, Wartoke, which couldn't account for the proceeds from Television's English tour to Tom's satisfaction. Working short-handed during the 'Adventure' sessions when Richard Lloyd, the brilliant guitarist whose eyes remind one of Charlotte Rampling, was laid-up ill for five weeks.

Now Verlaine is correcting proofs of the LP's lyric sheet (more mistakes) and nervously twiddling his pen. We get along fine but he's no fan of interviews — one more nuisance. "I'll tell ya," he sighs at one point, "I wouldn't mind disappearing one of these days."

"It's hard for me to find something good to read. I found a book in England called 'Death And The Dreamer' by Dennis Saurat that's divided into three parts. The first is conversations with Spanish peasants about ghosts; the second is a dialogue with a monk in Italy who tells the real story of Jesus Christ; and the third is an autobiographical account of his experience while he was knocked unconscious and pronounced dead during a World War II rocket bombing of London. Those stories interest me; in fact, I want to see that cheapo movie about returning from death, 'Beyond And Back'."

"Another good book is 'The Sands Of Karakorum' by James Ullman, who was considered a pretty trashy writer of the 40s and 50s. It sounds like a stupid desert novel, but it does have some grip to it. It's about westerners who go to this totally desolate, unmapped place above the Himalayas in mid-Asia, and the black sand and heat and local legends alter their consciousness. The author says he was haunted by this story for 15 years, and then wrote the whole book in one week. It's like a fever-dream."

VERLAINE'S TASTE in records is similarly esoteric. "I buy them and sell them the next day, looking for something decent. Elvis' guitarist, Scotty Moore, made a good little jam record on Delwood, but I think it's already a cut-out. Actually, I think Bowie's recent records are interesting. I like to analyze the engineering aspects because it sounds so different. It sounds true-to-life to me, like the snare drum sounds really whacky. I



KATE SIMON



KATE SIMON



KATE SIMON

also heard a soundtrack by Enrico Marconi, who does them for Italian westerns like Clint Eastwood's. They're unique, some blend between classical and pop without being muzak. I would bet Bowie has heard his records, too."

Verlaine's favourite disc last year, though, was a 1961 record of music from the 'Twilight Zone' TV show, by

Marty Manning and His Orchestra, which Tom rediscovered in his childhood collection. "It's an album of really neat stuff, and it's impossible to find now. It's not really spooky, it's just weird combinations of instruments, totally arranged with strange rhythms. It's pre-synthesizers and tape-effects."

Verlaine doesn't listen to



BARRY PLUMMER



KATE SIMON

**PIX:
KATE
SIMON
& BARRY
PLUMMER**



KATE SIMON

**TOM
VERLAINE**

**GENIUS
IN
FRAGMENTS**

much new wave music, although he concedes, "I suppose it's more interesting than this and that. Actually, it seems like all the guys you'd think could do really hot stuff don't do it — like this guy Spedding, his record is just a bunch of standard rock and roll licks piled up." Then he brightens: "I hope Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore do more of that Derek and Clive stuff."

ALTHOUGH television's material is pretty uniformly humorless, Verlaine himself is known to have a playful turn of mind. (He recently came across an old envelope full of funny cartoons he once drew of spherical, simple-minded characters.) High on his reading list these days are some vintage W.C. Fields filmscripts which he found in a New York bargain bin for a dollar, and which he calls



BARRY PLUMMER

Tom "first-rate literature". He also likes flying saucer rock records from the Sputnik era, and appreciates comedy items like 'It's Sick' by the Sick-niks from 1958. "It's totally stupid, like a psychiatrist who can't stop burping in front of his patient. One side is about 40 bands of one-line jokes."

THE LEADER of Television does not own a TV set. "I had an old, battered one, but when we had to move out of our rehearsal loft one day I left it behind. Only half the screen lit up anyway."

TOM IS OBVIOUSLY fascinated by sound. He loves to try things out while recording (an expensive habit), which accounts for the distinctive personality of their records. Television's guitar tones, for instance, had their diamond-hard tonal quality enhanced by the studio at Soundmixers, a large wooden room with a floor like a gymnasium where they got a lot of reflected sound bouncing off the walls. They spent from September to January on the LP and, says Tom painfully, "it cost a fortune".

"Another reason we have a different sound quality from the standard Les Paul beefed-up guitars plugged into Marshall amplifiers is we don't use Gibson guitars — it's all Fenders and Danelectros. I think it gives you more bite and sparkle. I ended up using the same old Jazzmaster for almost the whole record because I couldn't find another one that would stay in tune. Jazzmasters are traditionally the guitar nobody would play — the pickups don't respond to a string like a Les Paul — but to me it sounds great." (Richard Lloyd plays the solos on "Days" and "Ain't That Nothing"; Verlaine plays all the others.)

"I also think we use notes that other rock and rollers don't use in chords. Like 'Ain't That Nothing' is just a drone of a G, but over the top are all sorts of 6ths and 7ths travelling by. Also the

arrangements aren't strictly tailored to a voice, like "You Light Up My Life". In fact, on a couple of these things, I had no idea of the vocals when we put down the music. "Carried Away" had three different melodies — it even had three sets of lyrics — and this one was the best."

COLLABORATIONS: "There must be 20 people I'd like to do records with, but contracts and money make it a mess. It's like a marriage — you sign a piece of paper for better or worse. It's too bad you can't just do one song and see how you get along."

POWER: "I can never read history, but I love hearing stories about people. Like Nero and Caligula — they were the two comedians of all time. I came across a quote something like: 'History is a big playpen where people ruin each other' — and it's sad but totally true. People with a certain point of view are granted power by people around them. Any time someone comes on strong, usually there's more people willing to go with him than against him. It's definitely true in rock and roll. A group like Aerosmith, there's no content there, it's just coming on strong like they saw somebody else come on strong before them. The same thing with Kiss."

AT its best, Television's expressionistic music is taut with an ecstatic tension reminiscent of the absinthe romanticism of The Doors. They may be the most artistically ambitious band in rock — grand-mannered, preoccupied, certainly inspired — and probably seem either pretentious or loaded with talent, depending on how well they capture your imagination. "Adventure" is full of gorgeous, obsessively individual sounds, and seems to me much more accessible than their first album. The five cuts on side one are classic rock structures; it's the three lengthy cuts on side two that really cut loose the free-form musicianship. Yet for all their inventive experimenting, there's fundamental hard-on rock and roll in "Glory," "Foxhole," and the Stones-ish "Ain't That Nothing". Verlaine's poetic lyrics remain obscure imagistic collages, with certain echoes from his earlier work becoming apparent (folded hands, docks by the water. . .

VERLAINE'S FAVOURITE track, "The Dream's Dream", is a lovely trance instrumental which nearly didn't make it on the record. "I found that basic melody on a two-year-old cassette one day. We were working five days a week, so we worked it out over a weekend and did it on Monday. The other title for that was 'Cairo,' but it's actually all in western scale, in the key of F. 'Course, I wish it was 10 minutes longer . . ."

THE MOST TORTURED guitar solo on "Adventure" is found on "The Fire". Flames are hardly a new image in the Verlaine repertoire. He wrote of arson in his poetry collaboration with Patti Smith, "The Night," and he remembers: "I used to do a number about an arsonist called 'Horizontal Ascension'. It was all about a kid who got a lighter for his birthday and decided to burn things. He'd go to drug stores and movie theaters, and

when nobody was looking — whoosh! — he'd burn everything up. Maybe it's because I'm a fire-sign, Sagittarius. "The melody of "The Fire" is in a minor key, but the chords aren't exactly in that key — they float around it. And that weird, reedy oboe sound is an ondioline, a little instrument invented by this French guy in the 40s. It's like an organ, but it only has 24 notes, and when you press the key you can bend it, like a guitar note. I heard one on that "Twilight Zone" record. It was listed in the credits along with things like 'the serpent' and 'bull's roar' — whatever they are."

The next thing Tom wants to try is an instrument made by Farfisa that makes "squeaky little cheapo organ sounds like you hear in Chinese restaurants."

KATE SIMON IS sitting on the floor, alternately listening and daydreaming. She has a wonderful book, "Dolly On The Dais," which tells the true stories of the women who modelled for history's greatest works of art. When I mention Verlaine should check out the Venus de Milo, Kate says Liz Siddell was the most tragic figure in the book. Siddell was the model for Dante Gabriel Rossetti's painting "Ophelia", which Verlaine is partial to. I mention she looks dead in it, and a smile flickers across his face: "Yeah, I can see the charm of that."



Billy

TELEVISION are becoming as renowned for their unreleased material as for their Elektra albums. "Adventure", in fact, is the title of the one song they recorded that didn't make it onto the new album (it was dropped for reasons of length). Also axed was "Mi Amore", which Tom regretted not getting onto the first album a year ago. ("We tried it for half an hour, but it's just too hard a song to worry about getting right.") Another old favourite which they never had time to work out right is "Hard On Love", a ballad that appears on their earliest demo tapes. "Careful" is the one song from this era (circa 1974) that finally qualified for "Adventure" "by popular request".

Then there's Television's celebrated version of Dylan's "Knockin' On Heaven's Door". Tom says, "I heard somebody bottlenecked that in Paris and put out a thousand copies — I'd like to hear it myself." He's already getting tired of the song, though, and is considering replacing it in their set with — get this — the country & western melodrama "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love To Town". My eyebrows shoot up sceptically, but Verlaine is adamant: "I'm telling you, man, it's a little stupid, but with a few changes in the lyrics, that song could be great."

SCHLOCKABILLY

WHERE BELA LUGOSI AND ELVIS PRESLEY MEET NEW YORK CITY HEAD ON IN 1978

EVERYONE knows what happens when an unstable young person is exposed to massive doses of rock 'n' roll. He ends up joining a naughty, noisy rock combo.

But dare we ask, even in the name of science, what occurs when this same neurotic individual simultaneously ingests horror films and television in unsafe quantities amidst the craziness of New York City?

Lux Interior happens, that's what! Vocalist of The Cramps, a wacky quartet who combine mutant rockabilly music with lyrics that only a hybrid of the ingredients enumerated above could hatch.

Lux Interior carries the show with all manner of tortured crooning and trem-

bling. Borrowing slavishly from the Elvis catalogue of conduct, he embellishes his Grade-B horror scenarios — a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation during 'Teenage Werewolf'; a flying lesson in 'Human Fly'; an obscene phone call for 'Sub-Wire Desire'. There a lot of flailing and falling during the finale 'I'm Cramped' but I haven't sorted out its significance. Reading selections from the TV Guide, displaying his exclusive 'Eerie' underwear, Lux is wholly involved in reliving the glorious milieu of his childhood.

Undoubtedly The Cramps would be more at home on celluloid than in a rock 'n' roll band. Their drummer reminds me of a racketeer from a 1930s American crime saga; he displayed antagonism towards Lux whose origins probably lie in Lux's drunkennes on the night



which culminated in his collision with the drum kit.

Bryan Gregory, on rhythm guitar, has a long lick of hair obscuring half of his perpetually sneering, pitted face. The polka-dot guitar he sports goes some way to dispelling the ill-tempered image he cultivates. Nevertheless, he is the most intriguing Cramp.

Akin to a more bilious Tina Weymouth is Ivy Rorschach, femme fatale lead guitarist. How any person

can keep the same expression on their face for an hour escapes me but she manages it with verve, the same slit-eyed level glare.

The lack of a bassist enhances The Cramps' trebly period pieces, which are all set in the 1950s except 'Strychnine', a Sonics classic dating from 1964.

The Cramps don't waste energy on rewriting their blasts from the past, they plagiarise and take the consequences. Which are negli-

gible; no other new wave act bases their sound in rockabilly so their uniqueness in the punk arena is secure. Negligible unless, like me, you wait at the outset of each song for the lyrics that unmask the tune's title. Instead you get a line like this, from 'Human Fly': "I've got ninety-six eyes and ninety-six tears." Which throws you off entirely, needless to say.

The Cramps look great. Their music is too highly

derivative to be taken on its own merits at this stage, which is why I've mostly disregarded it. The inevitable result is that The Cramps will remain hits in New York, whether an appreciably larger audience exists for their horror flick fantasies is doubtful. The Cramps, like many of their New York brethren, are only a lot of cleverly recycled memories. Either you remember the same things or you miss the point.

IN MATTERS ROCK 'N' ROLL, Canada seems forever behind the rest of the

industrialised world. New Wave is a prime illustration. The lack of interest is justifiable on a per capita basis; after all, the United States isn't sold on the idea either, yet. How can I tell you? Using a cruel, but fair, analogy you could conceivably fill a suburban bungalow with Canada's new wave fandom — but they would have room left over to hang their coats.

Consequently it's surprising that a Canadian punk outfit would catch a major label's eye. It's amazing that this label is appreciably backing them, indeed head-over-heels promoting them. However, the choice comes into perspective when one understands the "what harm can one do?" attitude CBS took in selecting The Diodes Toronto's most capable punks after a speculative survey of local talent last August. Ironically, the day after the closing of The Diodes pioneering new wave club Crash 'n' Burn, the band chose CBS's offer, discarding three other weighty bids in the process. Spurning an international custom of dues-paying, The Diodes had become the golden boys of the north in one year flat.

How do four shiftless art school drop-outs manage that kind of marvel?

"Paul Robinson, The Diodes' tension-tantrum vocalist was at city hall and some girls ran up and tried to tear his clothes off and get his autograph in front of some CBS executives, screaming, 'Sign that guy!'. We didn't even pay them, this was on the legit!"

So much for the terrible trials and the gruelling uphill struggle! The Diodes didn't even have to steal their equipment for heavens sake! How do CBS's den-mothers view the uproar amongst the colonials?

"Certain factions of CBS like us a lot. We're a subject of confusion for them."

What unwholesome compulsion drove The Diodes to form?

"Boredom. What else do you do when it's cold outside?", Birmingham-born guitarist John Catto asserts with finality.

"We will never know the whole truth about Paul. Paul just appeared one day. He's really mysterious. That's why it's hard for us to explain how the band started. The first place we rehearsed was in the OCA (Ontario College of Art) film lab."

That's where the band developed.

"You could say that," Ian McKay agrees deadpan, "We thought we could make a million dollars doing it. It turned out that we were wrong." The droll bassist stares into space, beetle-browed and innocent.

Not disillusioned in the least by their revelation, The Diodes cut the umbilical cord that had connected them with

T H E D I O D E S ART'n'TV'n'R+R=?



BY JEREMY GLUCK

OCA since their formation there in late 1976, leaving their fellows to chase their intellectual tails. For the first time the true source of art school's matriarchal place in rock 'n' roll is divulged, by Ian:

"If I'd gone to any other place I know I would never have been doing this. It was when I found that art is such a dead end I decided to do this. It's pretty easy when you find out how interesting rock 'n' roll is. Art seems pretty dull after that."

John elaborates, "When you're a painter you're constantly caught in a ludicrous system of art criticism where you finally have to end up making the formalistic explanation of why you did it."

Obviously art hasn't tied The Diodes down to a life of sacrifice. Their prime influence might be frowned on at OCA. It is less esoteric than most but is certainly inevitable on this continent: television.

"T.V.'s the greatest thing that was ever invented... next to the record player. I think they're going through a sort of merging right now with the advent of video disc."

"Everybody used to have T.V. as a babysitter. This is the T.V. generation growing up now. See- we all got square eyes! If you're livin' in the suburbs without T.V. what do you get to see? A shopping plaza."

Square-eyes nothin'! We're dealing with advanced cathode ray consumption here!

"There's not a single group that ever influenced us."

Come on guys. I know there's an influence or two lurking somewhere. Lift up the carpet and let's see all that hidden plagiarism. Didn't just a smidgeon of anarchy rub off somewhere?

John stands fast, "It had no influence on us at all. The only band I knew that could be called punk was The Ramones."

Do I detect a chink in The Diodes' armour?

"Hardly any of our riffs are ripped off. We make 'em up as we go. We're too lazy to figure out the record."

"We realised that we can just define the thing for ourselves, we don't fit any formula."

Smartass. If you're so original then why record Paul Simon's 'Red Rubber Ball'

and release it as a debut single. Wouldn't you rather put The Diodes' real face first?

"It's the most commercial sounding."

You didn't have to tell me that. I can't stop playing it. When those demon guitars peel out at the beginning I get to bouncing myself. I hear it in my dream.

Forming in Canada's island environment gave The Diodes a genuinely unique perspective difficult to achieve in the sub-culture swarms of New York or London.

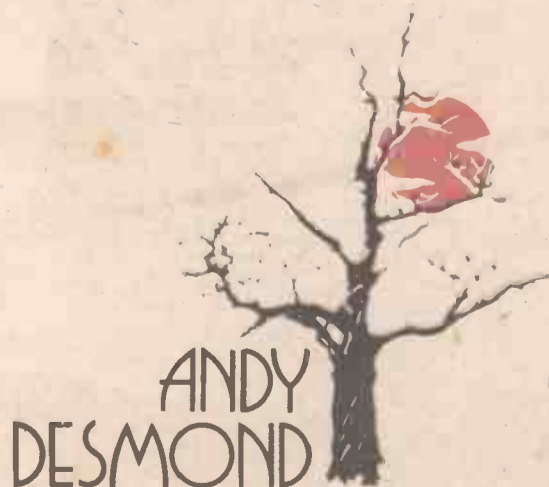
Bob Gallo, who produced '96 Tears' and 'Land of a Thousand Dances', punk credentials if ever there were, immediately saw in The Diodes what CBS scented when they grabbed them in the first place. The Diodes may not be the future of rock 'n' roll but they're carving out a slice of the next decade right now.

Rather than wallowing in tawdry expressions of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll that saps such as The Dead Boys specialise in, The Diodes involve new frames of reference with abstract imagery. Television, tennis and movie stardom, the

focuses of the truly rich kids of this world, populate their lyrics. Free of premature statements, dealing with subjects so far unprobed by most American punk groups, The Diodes are transcribing the North American ball game with bases loaded.

Demos for a second album are already completed. They're more refined and elusive than the material on the first album. I'm counting on the third LP to be a classic. Something original, I dare say unique, is afoot.

Rooted in the nether-Sixties between the British invasion and the psychedelic trauma, tempered by The Diodes' suburban psyche, this music is far afield of the recognised, oft lampooned "punk" prototype. Shifting cadences and subtly bombastic, metronomic drumming by John Hamilton upset the traditional new wave rhythm patterns. Catto's sinewy, chafing leads slide between blocks of solid chording. On vinyl Gallo places The Diodes in Echo City at high noon, waiting for the showdown that decides whether the sound of the suburbs can rival the sound of the city.



REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY HEALTHY JANE SUCK

SINGLES

INTENDED to write this latest attempt at conquering that awe-inspiring monster the singles pile under the guidance of one of my apostles, the very lovely Mary 'H' (ex-famous sicko band and part-time ZIGZAG groupie) but the sight of two billion pieces of vinyl and all the telephones in the SOUNDS headquarters was too much for the frail beauty... well, it was either that or the vast amounts of Guinness she consumed

high class stores like Rough Trade and Soho's Rock On, both of whom receive my gratitude and grovelling for supplying many of the singles here this morning (pause). Anyway, sod that. The Normal fooled me for all of thirty minutes dork dancing and cries of, "I don't bleep believe it!" into thinking they were Lou Reed's Easter resurrection record. I nearly cried when those concerned let on that they had only been kidding. It wasn't uncle Lou but some unknown guy fiddling about in the inspiration of his own kitchen and money. Never mind. It's still the best single I've heard since the re-released '96 Tears'. A tale of mainlining to oblivion courtesy of a TV ariel all done

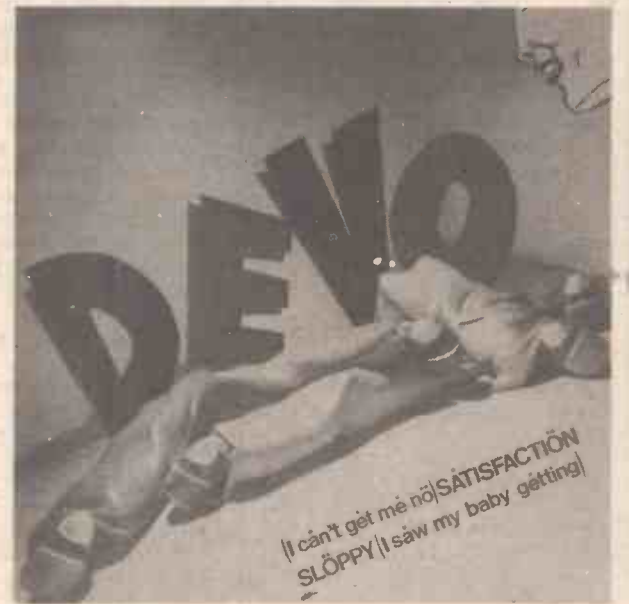
Joe/Radio Ethiopia (French Arista 12") is... Patti oblivious to the tape machine on the mixing desk, happily courting the lovesick Frenchies to get themselves electrocuted on the 'magnetic fence'. She's gonna need a moat to keep me out at the Rainbow!

Nice one of the week

'Satisfaction', Devo (Stiff). Not as brainstorming as the first time I heard it but a great single nevertheless and Devo are 'in' now, aren't they? It's safe to walk down the road in a pair of false tits and an idiot grin on one's face. Bah. It does not move me/even though I've seen the movie... Rock 'n' roll not posturing for a *Time Out* feature will stand!!

Close interest department

'Controversial', Slime (Toadstool). Slime is our old chum Slimey Toad (Toad stool records, gettit?) venturing into the harsh world of criticism alone. It needs a few spins to ascertain whether Slimey is a wunderkin der or a prat. I liked it so it's probably the greatest thing since plastic bananas. **'Flash of the Moment', Pastiche (Euphoria Records)** Unfortunately my copy lacked a middle, just like my head, and the SOUNDS sound system, created by a team of baboons, just cannot handle such complications. But what eased its way through the wax showed — um, promise. Certainly not anuvver spunk single, and in these wasteland days of no direction that is praise indeed.



CONTINUES NEXT PAGE



in the pub round the corner. Anyway expedition cancelled, banned from drinking hole due to a torrent of tears from the poor girl and disgusting exhibition by me at Covent Garden Tube Station.

Yeah, just another night out with Suck. True to form I carry the miseries of my life on this planet into your domestic bliss. Time: 10am. State: sober/suicidal. Forward ho, chaps!!

Single of the century!

'T.V. O.D.' The Normal (Mute Records) Not due for release for another four weeks and then available only at the

to a Kraftwerk style disco psycho moon stomp. I may be a jerk in your estimation, folks, but you'll beat me hands down as a jack-off if you don't, at least, get to hear 'T.V. O.D.' and its other half, 'Warm Leatherette'.

Wet dream of the week

'Because the Night', Patti Smith Group (Arista import). Okay it does have a collector's artefact in the different B-side, 'God Speed', but what gets me off is the colour cover of a pouting Ms Smith clutching her tit. Ooo-eee-ooo! Rivalled only by Trouser Press' Jim Green fondling his right buttock... Musically though, I'd love Patti Smith even if she recorded a half hour coughing session. Which is basically what the other import, 'Hey



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SINGLES

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE



A H WELL, time for disorder and an exercise in who can be the most obscure and the biggest pain in the neck in this week's *SOUNDS*ville. I learnt it all from Jon (I don't like you, Jane) Savage... ransack Rough Trade's closet and lay the garbage on the kiddies. Whip it on me, Jim! I'd much rather tell you how chipped my blood red nail varnish is, but...

'Man With No Brain', Ribs (Aerco). Dave (mine's bilious green, dahling) Brown invented a new word to go with this offering, 'limpid'.

'All Time Low', 2,3 (label unreadable) This sparked off a three minute argument about the changes in New Wave made, i.e. fast to—revelation—slow, with the stinging strings of

Woolworths guitars no longer up front but buried in the mix to allow the nasal wine more—room. This is an American offering and therefore *can't* be unholy s**t... I still don't care much though.

'Slide', Waitress (Clone) Quite possibly the worst record I've ever heard in my young life. Only rivalled by

'Aliens In Our Midst', The Twinkeyz (Grok) pressed on sickly virgin white plastic. After playing 'this' homage to morons with money to snort through, we held an editorial meeting and voted nine to one (wunder who?) not to allow any more drek onto the turntable for fear of curdling our digestive systems. I had egg on toast and a cup of coffee for breakfast by the way. I'd like to tell you about my period pains, but alas mother nature did not



coincide with the Singles Review this time. Curses!

Me', Dale Vaughn (RM) 'Sunglasses After Dark', (cool title, n'est pas?), Dwight Pullen (RM)

B ACK TO people you've read about or seen sprayed on the walls of the school toilets:

'Sensation' The Motors (Virgin). But mummy, I don't understand it? To my ears it's not even noise. I guess I'm just a Jefferson Airplane freak at heart and the sunny side of East End joie de vivre leaves me on the number 37 bus to Frisco.

'Just For You', Alan Price (Jet). Ah, a bit of class. Excuse me while I alter the silk handkerchief in my tuxedo... oops, what a give-away; you all thought Vivien Goldfish was the only drag artist round 'ere, didn't you?

W HEE-HAHH! ROCKABILLY time! A selection of goodies to be found in the left pocket of Rock On's donkey jacket. Of course, I'm perfectly qualified to gabba gabba hey haw about rebel musick, knowing my draped elbow from my moth-eaten brothel creepers. Actually, I know sod all, but like 'art', I (sniff) know what I like; and this little lot had me tapping the typewriter keys in near 4/4 time. Pleasantly lively...

Boring list of said disques:

- 'Lights Out', Jerry Byrne (Speciality)
- 'Go Champs Go', The Champs (RM)
- 'LeRoy', Jack Scott (Ponie)
- 'One Hand Loose', Charlie Feathers (King)
- 'How Can You Be Mean To

W HEW! ALRIGHT, lets be *really* schizo and inconsistent and spin some reggae now—another subject of which my knowledge knows no bounds: none... First up a horrendous version of Paul Desmond's avant-jazzy 'Take Five', will these Notting Hill Gate happy people stop at nothing to induce smiles upon our pallid faces?

'Voyage To Atlantis', The Naturals. Ain't much better. Even reggae, that great black hope since the demise of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles has its resident wimps. Another one coming up:

'Here I Am', Ram And Tam (Hawk). Aw, I'm just moping 'cos I ain't never heard of none of these (my English teacher must be proud of me since the days of hard labour and A levels, wot?). However I have heard of:

'Sweet Lady', The Diamonds (Virgin) and that's alright if a little too laidback. Spliffs make you impotent (musically) I think therefore I don't know what I'm talking about.

Whilst we're on the subject of Virgin records; good news! Penetration are back with them and about to unleash a new single. I would have liked to done 'em a service and reviewed it ("Disservice!" mutter my ardent fans) but having already had one typewriter whipped from under my destructive glare and whisked to the printers, I gotta meet the deadline.

BETHNAL

DANGEROUS DATES

APRIL:

- 6th - SWANSEA, Nutz
- 7th - NEWPORT, The Village
- 8th - BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's
- 10th - WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall

13th - LONDON, MUSIC MACHINE

- 14th - NORWICH, Toppers
- 19th - PLYMOUTH, Woods
- 20th - PENZANCE, The Garden
- 21st - NEWTON ABBOT, Sealehayne College
- 26th - FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliffe Hall
- 27th - BRISTOL, Poly

Other dates to be announced.

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ALBUMS

*****Very Important Platter ****Good album, hear it if you can ***Worthwhile **Dull or disappointing *Re-cycle

TELEVISION BASS player Fred Smith (makes a change from all those Tom Verlaine pix, eh what?)

Death by (mis)Adventure?

TELEVISION
'Adventure'
(Elektra K520721)* 1/2**

NEW YORK, New York. New albums falling down like rain. La Belle Smith's rock 'n' roll army third wave invasion. Uncle Lou's first street (ha, bitter ha) operetta. Now the brightest, shiningest star (or so the charts would have us believe) of the whole Goddam firmament — the second stab at immortality by the Apple's most famous prodigal sons of doom, gloom, destruction and general slash your wrists downness, Television.

Look, there's one thing I've got to get straight now before one of those other creeps hanging round the office who voted Television's debut *the* album of last year comes looking at what I'm thumping out on this ageing Adler. Just one little thing. This album is boring. Boring as in flat, uninvolved, stilted and, belying the very title of the bloody thing, unadventurous. No more than just another Television album. Obviously, if that's what you want...

What you do get is an 'integrated package'. Tasteful, carefully chosen shade of red colour cover with an artistic pic of the boys (at least, that is what I remember it looking like — some klepto nicked it five minutes after I got it — they did leave the record though — is there a cover art fetishist haunting Long Acre?). Then, what really first aroused my suspicions, the red vinyl of the album — another piece of blatant and uninspired marketing. Just that little boost they need to get a high initial chart placing then forward to the cut-price seventh heaven of the chain store rack. In some cases, that'd be the record company calling the shots. Here, I suspect it's the band's decision. And, honestly, these promo devices are getting out of hand. Let's hear it for the plain sleeve and black vinyl. Anyway, if they wanted to match the tone of the record with the shade of vinyl, they should have pressed it in congealed blood.

And, when you play it, the title comes across like a joke, their tongues stuck so deep into their cheeks they could lick out the dog in the next street. When oh when, will some band have the guts or humour or honesty to call their second album 'One Step Back'? From the first bar, you know it's a Television album. (But that's what I want writes *Irate* from Skegness.) The debut album was 1977's answer to the guitar solo demonstration record — that's no complaint, they serve the useful purpose of giving budding superstars something to mime to with their cricket bat — and the vocals were pretty much dispensable. So have no fear about purchasing this one blind, Television fans. It's got lots of neat solos and Verlaine's still got the most irritating voice this side of Wolverhampton. He tries hard, I'll give him that. You can almost feel him trembling with the strain of trying to emote. Poor bloke can't help it if he still ends up with less feeling than Lou Reed's uncaring inadequacies on his new version of 'We're Gonna Have A Real Good Time Together'.

But enough of that, what about the guitar solos, that's what you're all here for, isn't it? Of course, they're almost as good as ever. Precisely phased, breathing the tensions of straining to keep themselves under control. 'The Fire' has a subtly developing break that has a structure that'd be more at home in the V&A. Those same St. Elmo's fire, darting runs that worry hell out of themselves and you. Listening to it is rather like waiting to have your teeth fixed and if that's your idea of a wonderful evening, who am I to criticise? And Verlaine can't help it if 'The Fire' sounds like any one of a dozen Neil Young solos. Ask Nick Lowe, if robbery's worthwhile, you might as well make it a daylight one. And that's not talking about the real neat Stones mid-Sixties period rumble run on 'Foxhole'.

So what that it's dominated by guitar (and keyboard) solos? Well six-string pyrotechnica are alright in their place (between verses) but man can not live by them alone. And it's not as if Verlaine is of the same standard of iconoclastic genius as say Ornette Coleman. Basically, if you're going to accept the format of songs with solos — as opposed to solos with lyrics — you've still got to have good material. And, nearly everything here is slight enough to make toilet tissue seem substantial. The snappiest tune, 'Careful', could be mistaken for a Talking Heads 'emo — a good one, but a demo nonetheless.

The strangest thing about the record, however, is the pervasive concern with religion in the lyrics. 'Glory' has the same kind of ambience as the Velvets' 'Jesus' without unfortunately the latter's depth. And, of the words I can make head or tail out of on 'Foxhole', the most striking line is the question 'Where's my guardian angel?' Hey Tom, ain't nobody told you your guardian angel's too busy looking out for himself these days? All he can do for you is ensure that your records will sell like holy water at Lourdes.

Hell, if you want a sack of guitar solos built around a kind of Creedence Clearwater on methadone, this is the one for you. It's quite the best thing of that kind I've heard since the first Television album. If it's something else you want, you just got yourself stuck with the same problems as me.

Adventures like this make sitting at home watching the football on the box with a couple of pints of Ramrod seem positively dangerous.

PETE SILVERTON

GAGS
'Death in Buzzards Gulch'
(Gags Records)****

IN THE last few months the self-produced single/EP has acquired a bad odor, and understandably so, because most of such efforts have been becoming ever more derivative. Well, here's an unknown group who've come up with their own *album* which would stand up to scrutiny had months been taken on the mixing and a nationwide 'Motors' style promo accompanied its release. In fact, Gags have scrimped and saved and borrowed to finance 'Buzzards Gulch', and are only releasing it themselves because they have been unable to find a record company to take them on for a deal they are prepared to accept.

Gags originated as a blues quartet but such a description would be pretty inadequate nowadays. For the album, the aptest peg to hang them on would be Free, after the 'Tons Of Sobs' period when they were starting to mellow out a bit. If that sounds dull then I should add that in Gerry MacLoughlin, Gags have one of the finest up-and-coming axemen I've seen, consciously adopting a crisp and clean approach reminiscent of Clapton, and managing as a result to achieve much more (without all the gadgetry) in a couple of tunes than most of these US heavy metal morons can do in a whole performance.

The album opens with 'Mr.

Stiletto' and 'Easy Lay' which set the scene, keyboardman Bren Gore leading out with the melodic motifs and taking the lion's share of the vocal chores, MacLoughlin building up the pressure and wrapping things up with a final, and tasteful, solo. 'Light Another Cigarette' finds the band rather McCartneyish (that's as Macca of the Beatles, not Macca in Wings) on a slow ballad, while a non-flatulent version of the classic 'Tell Mama' rounds off side one.

Side two, then. 'Money-makers' spells out the disdain Gags feel about cosmopolitan living and features sombre vocals and solo from MacLoughlin, 'On Your Way' is much more jaunty and 'Road Of Old' is absolute magic. Live this song features a bridge straight out of a Laura Nyro arrangement which sadly isn't quite captured here. Not to worry. The first part of this arrangement sets out the apocalyptic lyric; the guitar break then says much, much more. Finally, 'It Doesn't Matter' returns to the more pastoral climes hinted at on 'Cigarette' earlier and rounds off the album quite neatly with another fine solo.

'Buzzards Gulch' was recorded in a mere 40 hours. Both the band and their producer Penn Roberts recognise that in more time a more sophisticated job could have been done (apart from 'Road Of Old', there are odd occasions where odd instrumental and vocal flourishes get lost, and throughout the rhythm section of John Kelly (bass) and Nigel Coatman (drums) has been reduced mostly to the level of background accompaniment). But there's nothing to be ashamed of here.

(The album can be obtained at all Gags gigs or by mail order, £3.30 from 33 Thornfield Road, Stockport SK4 3LD).

IAN WOOD

SAMANTHA SANG
'Emotion'
(Private Stock PVLV 1039)**

SAMANTHA SANG is a white lady with a very black voice — a product of the Bee Gees stable aiming straight at that lucrative but unadventurous smulchy disco market.

As such, I'm sure she stands a very good chance of success. She breathes her way here through 10 songs which have all been given the full production treatment, and which, with the possible exception of the brothers Gibb's 'Emotion' which lends the album its title, are all pretty disposable.

However, they have that irritating kind of rhythmic quality which, if they were released as singles, would almost certainly guarantee them Radio One airplay out of all proportion to their worth, subsequently earning them Top 10 placings, appearances on Top Of The Pops and all the other meaningful things which accrue from marketing the right kind of rubbish.

I see little so far to recommend Ms Sang as anything but another soul singer (in the modern meaning of the word, which really means soulless) but I suppose she does it as good as any of 'em, if that's any encouragement.

TONY MITCHELL

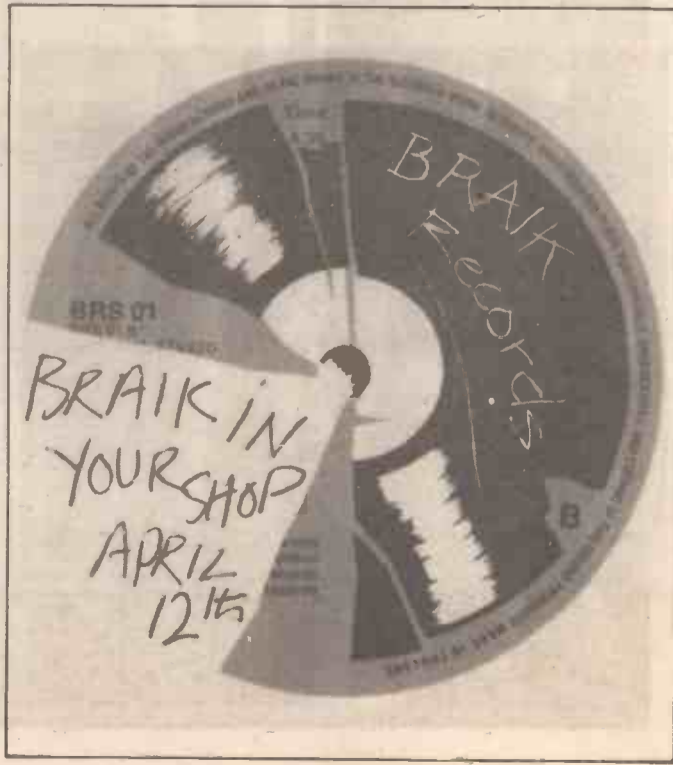
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A long-winded labour of love

ROGER GLOVER
'Elements'
(Polydor 3177 306)***

IF I ASKED you which of the five members of Deep Purple Mk. II you reckoned had had the most success since the split, you'd probably say Ritchie Blackmore — and you'd be right.

But who would you place after Rainbow's Man In Black? Vocalist Ian Gillan perhaps, who's had his own band for some time now, has recorded albums for Island records, but who admittedly has hardly managed to set the world on fire? Or maybe drummer Ian Paice and keyboards player Jon Lord, whose PAL venture, equally, failed to turn the rockbiz inside out? Then again, how about bassist Roger Glover — or would you say that, because of his apparent inactivity, he isn't really worth considering?

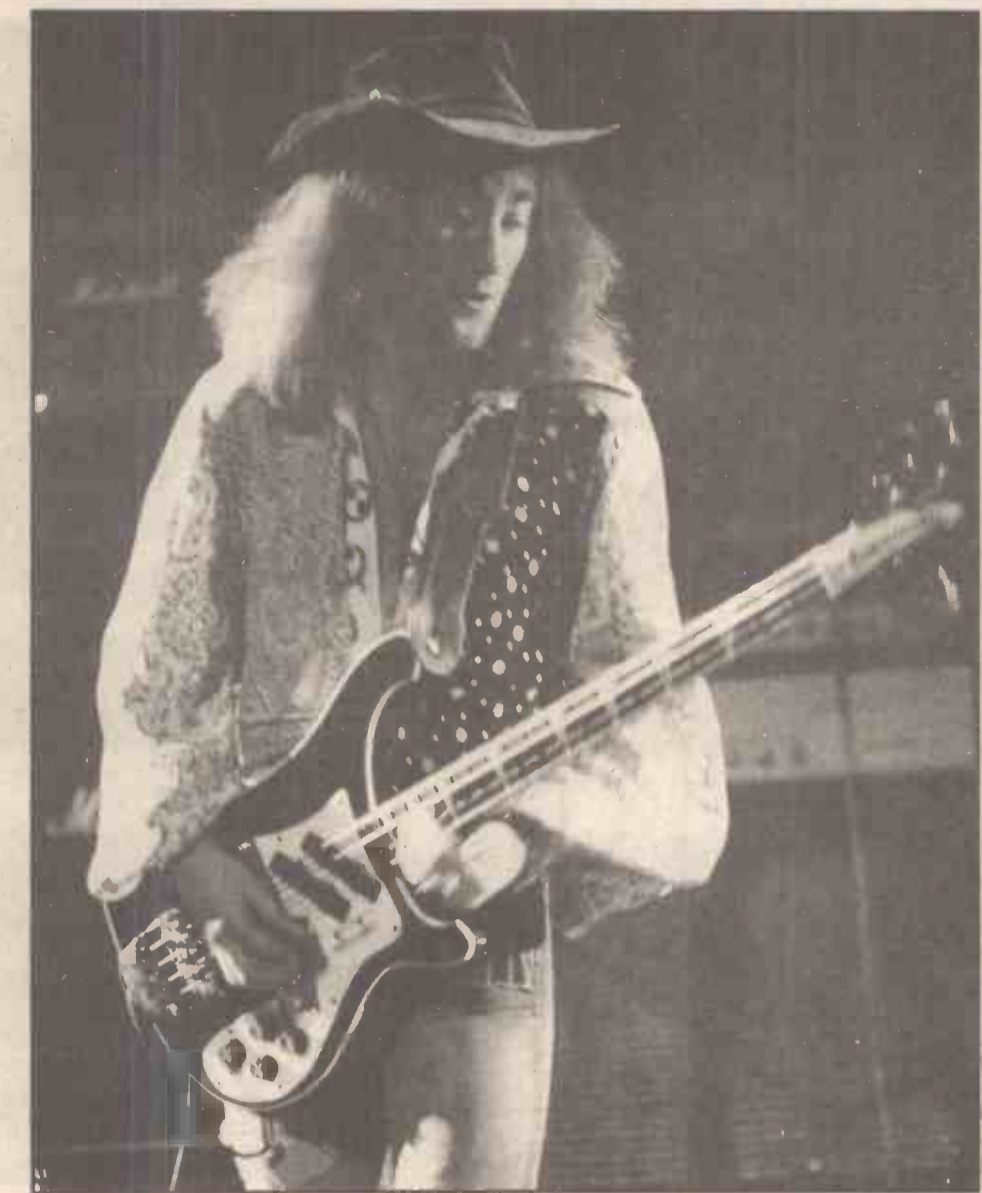
Well, personally speaking, I wouldn't hesitate to put Glover second down on the list — since Purple's demise his contributions to the music world have like as not exceeded all the other members' put together. Indirectly, that is — see, while the other guys have concentrated on forming their own bands and recording their own albums, Glover has made a name for

himself in the record producing field, sitting in at the boards for a whole host of artists, from Judas Priest to Barbie Benton, would you believe.

'Elements' therefore represents Glover's premier endeavour in the solo artist stakes. Because of production commitments, it's taken him a goodly time, something like two years, to complete the album — a labour of love, no doubt about it, but sadly not a resounding success, at least as far as this particular reviewer is concerned.

For this LP, Glover has chosen to follow an orchestral-rock direction. While it's fairly accessible and easy to listen to (which isn't to say that you can categorise it under 'easy listening') and therefore superior to some of Jon Lord's similar work, i.e. 'Sarabande', overall it lacks cohesion and direction — this despite the fairly concrete concept of earth, fire, wind and water: four 'Elements'.

'The First Ring Made Of Clay' kicks off the proceedings in eventful fashion however, distant Tangs-like dronings leading quickly into full-blown orchestration — altogether stirring stuff, but from here on in matters steadily slide downhill I'm afraid. 'Next A Ring Of Fire', which concludes side one, plods rather, being neither as grandiose nor as strong hook-



ROGER GLOVER: seen here in his days as Deep Purple bass player

wise as its predecessor; similarly 'The Third Ring's Watery Flow' and 'The Fourth Ring's With The Wind', the two tracks that take up most of side two, contain very little to make you sit up and take notice. The former is reminiscent of Bo Hansson, which is no good thing, and the

latter's recurring Indian sitar/percussive central theme goes on and on ad infinitum with very few changes apart from some vocal/instrumental embellishments.

On the plus side is Simon Phillips' superlative work on drums — indeed, his playing goes

a long way towards earning the album its three star status — also Glover's fondness of deep, bassy sounds, which gives the LP a lot of backbone.

It's a commendable, proficient all-round effort, but no 'Tubular Bells' or anything.

GEOFF BARTON

BLUE NOTES
'In Concert'
(Ogun OG 220)****

WHEN THEY came to Europe from South Africa in the mid-Sixties, the Blue Notes brought with them a hitherto unknown slant of African jazz culture. The four Blue Notes now remaining are well known as individuals in the contemporary/improvisational field, but are rarely together as one band. This album was recorded at a 100 Club gig last year.

Compared to their previous 'Blue Notes For Mongezi', 'In Concert' is a steadier, more ordered if not so emotive album. Most of the material, running in a continuous sequence, is based on African folk song, with the heady corporate chanting and droning piano of 'Mhegebe' outstanding. Playing as always is supreme with Louis Moholo's light nervy drumming the backdrop to Dudu Pukwana's scowling alto.

A very successful album that says a lot without drowning out the listener.

LINNET EVANS

PETER BROWN
'Do Ya Wanna Get Funky With Me?'
(TK TKR 82514)*

I'M ALL for multi-instrumentalists making their 'statement' when they've something to say. Peter Brown hasn't.

His track record to date consists of the ultra-ordinary album title, which as a 12 inch single shook a million trussed booties in discoland. That it borrowed heavily from Philly folk like People's Choice clearly was no concern.

Now we've a whole half hour's worth of Brown's mixture. It's dire. Picture a funky Womble and you've some idea of the general drift. Pete phrases in an annoying milk'n'water fashion, messing about on synths, drums and things. What really raises this critic's bile is that Betty Wright — that peach of soul princesses — sings background on a couple of tracks. That sums up TK in the UK.

PAUL McCREA

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GARLAND JEFFREYS: much is smothered by overdubs

Pic by Mike Puitland/LFI

The Jack of all trades

GARLAND JEFFREYS
'One Eyed Jack'
(A&M 64681)***

GARLAND JEFFREYS was one of last year's surprises. His 'Ghost Writer' album was one of a pile originally lined up for ' cursory inspection' and finally got put on to help the washing up pass. It stayed on the turntable for nearly a week.

The album's impact worked in much the same way as Springsteen's 'Greetings From Asbury Park' but Garland's multi racial background gave him a distinctive and intriguing character that encompassed a hotch potch of ethnic styles — reggae and latin American music and a voice that goes all the way back to the blues — that somehow merged together into one solid identity.

So what's he done on his new album? He's gone bland, that's what. Now, going bland is worse than going blind and it's not even as much fun. It generally stems from an inability to leave a song alone in the studio once the basic track is laid down and the result is that the raw qualities of the song are smothered by overdubs and arrangements.

Much of 'One Eyed Jack' suffers from this

affliction. It takes a few plays for the guts of the songs to show through and even then you've got to know what Jeffreys is capable of from his earlier album. Fortunately they haven't suffocated his style completely but the biting edge to his deceptively lazy style has consequently been given a more innocuous swing, particularly on the harder, more uptempo numbers.

It's not until the fourth track that the FM veneer wears off and you start getting to the real meat. 'Haunted House' shows his earlier potential and the album's title track cuts through both musically and lyrically with an effective saxophone solo at the end (the album is woefully short on credits so I don't know who it is).

The second side keeps up the acidic element through 'Scream In The Night' but then makes a hash of 'No Woman No Cry' because his different interpretation lacks any soul. He recovers on 'Oh My Soul' to deliver a fine, edgy rocker which, together with the title track, are the album's standard songs but the self-defeating production wades in for the last two tracks.

If you already know Jeffreys then you'll find enough to make this album satisfying but newcomers should begin with 'Ghost Writer'.

HUGH FIELDER

LEIF GARRETT
'Leif Garrett'
(Atlantic K50429)****

APART FROM the sometimes implied/sometimes overtly stated negativity of much of the New

Wave, one other thing disturbs me about it: the way in which it is rapidly becoming just as dogmatic and exclusive as rock's old school. Remember when you were 'allowed' to enjoy Jethro Tull but not Kasenetz-Katz or The Osmonds' 'Crazy Horses'?

Well, we have the same

problem here. Not that 'Leif Garrett' has much in common with The Osmonds except a producer (Michael Lloyd). Lloyd is a teen genius product of the Sixties, a boy with chart sensibilities and a keen understanding of his chosen medium (pop).

Yep, he used to be an underground bubblegum king, but these days he spends his time osmosing beautiful youngsters into clean-rock megastars.

It's a fine album, but who'll admit it? Leif Garrett is too handsome and young and famous ('Skateboard') to be accepted. Whipped cream production coats his likeable voice on cover versions of Dion's 'The Wanderer' and 'Runaround Sue', Chuck Berry's 'Johnny B. Goode', The Beatles' 'Bad To Me' and a handful of others. The whole thing lasts under half an hour, but then kids have a short attention span. I can't say that it's gonna change the world ('cause it's not) but pre-teens still need radio music to dream by (I know I did) and there aren't enough people doing it these days.

Before you go get mad at me just because the kid looks healthy, is rich and probably has more fun than you do, just go into the record store and ask to hear his version of 'California Girls'. Then cast your mind back to that time in the not so distant past when the easiest way to blow your credibility was to admit you enjoyed The Beach Boys...

SANDY ROBERTSON

SCORPIONS
'Taken By Force'
(RCA PL 29309)**

NOW I KNOW that a lot of you heavy metal crazies out there really rate this German outfit Scorpions... judging by the amount of letters and phone enquiries we get about the band (only last week an anxious punter called to ask whether the rumour he'd heard about guitarist Ulrich Roth having left the band was true or just a filthy lie — I had to admit I didn't know either way) their following, while most definitely 'underground', is nonetheless pretty sizeable and doubtless growing with each passing day.

I just can't see it myself, I'm afraid. In common with a lot of these Deutschland groups, as far as I'm concerned Scorpions have no soul to back up the substance. And whereas that's not important (indeed, 'twould be a hindrance) when you're listening to bands like the Tangs and Kraftwerk, it is if, like Scorpions, you're going to attempt to emulate your heavy rocking British and US counterparts. For whatever criticisms that may be levelled at HM, there's little doubt that down there beneath the megawatt mayhem there is a solid, steadfast R&B foundation, a quality that can't be disguised, no matter how much dry ice billows out from the wings.

The Germans, with their precise, analytical approach to matters, just haven't got the ability to reproduce that essential rhythmic undercurrent. Sure, they can computerise it and therefore obtain success in the New Musick and disco fields, but not in the much more vital HM genre, no sir.

So this is the area where Scorpions fall down most of all, having no feeling beneath the flash. However, it doesn't stop there: words are another big stumbling block, the familiar problem of a foreign band writing in English and not having the faintest idea what they're going on about. Case in point, 'The Riot Of Your Time' (what the hell does that mean, anyway?) which besides recalling that awful Zager And Evans single 'In The Year 2525' contains some of the most appalling lyrics imaginable, i.e.:

*'He's got the message to be more,
A new desire
A storm full of life, wild and young
"The x-rock 1994 electric fire"
Will burn out the time, like the sun.
Poignant, huh?*

I could go on to say that the aforementioned Roth's guitar playing sounds exactly the same as it did two albums ago on 'In Trance' and the 'Dark Lady' track... but there really wouldn't be much point. Simply,

Scorpions are far from being my favourite band.

That said, the slugging over with, there nonetheless is an opportunity for Scorpions to do well in this country, if the numbers of letters of complaint (says he in advance) I'm going to receive about this review will be anything to go by. But at the moment the band are being very shabbily treated by their record company, who seem unwilling to take just the slightest chance with them.

No... Scorpions are not for me, but obviously a whole lot of you do feel that they are pretty important. *Chacun à son gout*, eh what?

GEOFF BARTON

THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
'You Gotta Walk It Like You Talk It'
(Spark SRLP 124)**

'COLLECTORS' ITEM', states the red lettering pseudo-rubber-stamped across the top of this otherwise monochrome sleeve. Without it, you'd probably never bother to read past the first line of big black type which says 'Group: The Original Sound Track'.

Sounds like one of those bands they had on New Faces, right? But if you do bother to read the rest of the sleeve, you find the The Original Sound Track are none other than Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, supported by Denny Diaz on guitar and percussion, and John Discepolo on drums.

Yes folks, this is allegedly the very first recorded collaboration between those terrible twins Becker and Fagen, who wrote, arranged and performed the soundtrack for the 1971 Richard Pryor movie of the same name. It was produced by Kenny Vance and Becker handles bass and guitar while Fagen looks after all the keyboards.

And in it — in the non-instrumental numbers (four tracks out of eight) at any rate — it is indeed possible to detect the seeds which flowered and gave the world Steely Dan. Only just, though. The production is thin, with a distinct paucity of the kind of exciting musicianship that helped make Dan's songs sump'n special. Only occasionally do those distinctive harmony vocals shine through and lift the songs above the plain ordinary.

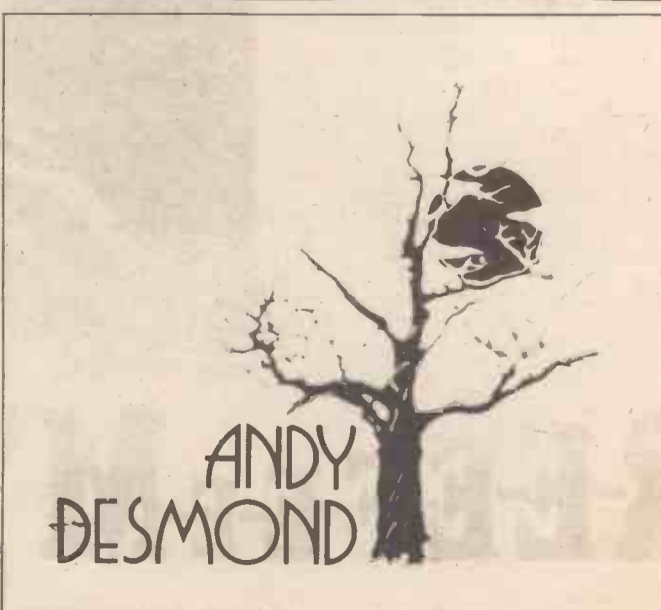
'Dog Eat Dog' is probably the track to check out if you're looking for a reason to buy this album. It's the one Dan fans will likely find the nearest to what you might call the real thing, and being the opener on side two, it's pretty accessible too.

But much of the rest of the album is pretty uninteresting, and my advice would be to treat it exactly as it invites you to treat it — as a collector's item. If you can't bear the thought of not owning everything these boys have ever committed to vinyl, then get it. Otherwise, give it a miss.

TONY MITCHELL



SCORPIONS: taken by farce (geddit?)



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THE DEPRESSIONS: a strange balance

Can you enjoy being Depressed?

THE DEPRESSIONS
'The Depressions'
(Barn 2314 105) 1/2**
 EVEN THOUGH I like their singles, and though I like them, it was with a burdened reluctance that I put on this Depressions album. Definitely fear in the potential face of more dire disappointments.
 Once you expect to be disappointed, you can weirdly twist your psyche to look upon it as nourishment for gluttonous masochism. So you listen full of vengeance, ready to pounce (fangs out) on today's let-down.
 Irony behaving as would be expected, things are so bad you don't even get the blow when you're braced for it. Oh, no. The blows come from where you least expect them, they can be more effective that way.
 So The Depressions — Ammer Smith (guitar), Rico The Knife (guitar), Dave Barnard (bass/vocals) and Kro-barr Garvey (drums) — have put out a pretty good debut album, after all. It has a generous fourteen tracks, all of which are original compositions, if not entirely imaginative in sound. It is more a collection of singles, rather than having an album feel, but that's OK.
 It's all OK, nothing brilliant, though the second side is infinitely brighter, with more punch and variety. At times it is quite forceful; at other times the unintelligible lyrics take away from what could have been conviction.
 It's a strange balance. While some of the tracks, like 'Get Out Of This Town', 'Career Girl', 'Burning Ambition' and a few others show the band does have

an enormous influx of ideas, the rest of the tracks seem to suggest that they are not yet certain of how to express themselves to their potential.
 But that's OK too, it is a debut. Better to have a promising beginning with solid back up than a whiplashing debut with nothing to follow.
DONNA McALLISTER
BOB WEIR
'Heaven Help The Fool'
(Arista SPART 1044)**
 TO BE honest, my affinity for the Grateful Dead was on the wane a couple of years ago, but if I had needed any further proof that the Dead are well and truly dead as a creative force, then this album is as damning a piece of evidence as any. Weir was never exactly renowned for his frenzied vitality or guitar pyrotechnics with the Dead, but he came on like a thrashing speed freak in comparison to this horrendously wimpy solo effort.
 Weir is not so much laid back as laid out on this album, flat on his back with glazed eyes staring at the ceiling.
 It's a depressingly typical example of West Coast blandola, slick but totally emasculated aural wallpaper with 'Easy Listening' stamped all over it in big black letters. Most of the tracks are totally vacuous ballads, with the title track and 'This Time Forever' outstanding in their tedium. Christ, there's even cocktail lounge brass, string and choral arrangements to add an extra coat of mush to the marshmallow texture of Weir's almost expressionless voice and powderpuff guitar work.

In short, a John Denver album played at half speed would still pack more of a punch than this mish-mash of MoR mediocrity. And to think this is the same bloke who had a hand in the likes of 'Casey Jones', 'Dark Star' and 'Truckin'.
 How the mighty fall... not with a bang, but with a wimp.
DAVID LEWIS

RALPH MACDONALD
'The Path'
(TK TKR 82515)**

SMOKEY ROBINSON once caused consternation at a black consciousness meeting in the States when he said the American black has as much affinity with Africa as, say, the hamburger.
 That's worth considering in the context of rootsmania. Here percussionists Ralph Macdonald, author of several MoR soul standards, devotes a whole side to a three part musical journey from African chants, through steel band to synthesised free funk. All very interesting for ethno-musicologists. But a bore.
 On side two the setting is middle America. It's also a bore.
 Judging by the prodigious talents credited (Grover Washington, Bob James, Brecker Brothers et al), a wonderful time was had by all. Who will buy this is anybody's guess.
PAUL McCREA

TINY THOMAS
'Touch To Tough'
(TK TKR 82510)*

CBS IN Britain seem to be on a suicide mission in their handling of TK, the legendary US soul corporation. Apparently contractual problems are hampering the release of some of the corp's more heart-rending 'product'. But that's no excuse for issuing a noisy, ill conceived, long player by an artist whose fame lies in one classical single — 'Why Can't We Live Together', and a dance opus from '75 the title of which escapes me.
 If the great Betty Wright can't think of anything better than singing back-ups for a naffer like Thomas, she should stay in bed.
PAUL McCREA



CHERRY VANILLA: a pleasant surprise

JOHN WILLIAMS ORCHESTRA
'Close Encounters Of The Third Kind — Original Soundtrack' (Arista DLART 2001)****

THIS LOOKS like being the year when everyone from Jimmy Carter to Joe Blow will be taking unidentified flying objects a lot more seriously as a result, directly or indirectly, of this film

and the hype surround its release. The soundtrack album is one of the better spin-offs (unlike the disco single which is disgusting). John Williams' musical score is a 'major achievement', almost justifying the enthusiastic praise lavished on it in the sleeve notes by the film's director Steven Spielberg.

That said, the album ain't exactly gonna have wide appeal on its own merits, instrumental soundtrack albums comprising a lot of incidental music, especially for a 'serious' movie like 'Close Encounters', do sound just like a

soundtrack, you know — main theme, slow building tensions, chases, fear, conflict, frivolity, humour, resolution, end — a very fragmented kind of album. But Mr Williams' strength is in his main inspirers, and although the 'emotional transit through this record is non-uniform' (one minute you're scared to death by a full-tilt choral and orchestral onslaught, and within seconds you're being soothed by balmy strings, and then back again seconds later), if names like Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky, Ligeti and Pendercki give you a thrill,

The tart with the golden heart

CHERRY VANILLA
'Bad Girl'
(RCA 25122)****

ARE YOU affected by emotional distress, Cherry? It could well affect the number of stars I allocate to you... last time I heard about you — short of 'Penthouse' — you were hopelessly in love. Sigh said I, only to be jilted on the telephone by a heart that wouldn't respond...

What has this to do with vinylrama? Nothing, but I'm trying to teach you 'readers' vital lessons in how we powerful beings a.k.a. record reviewers operate, i.e. which side of the bed did you fall out?

Sandy (Patti Fowley) Robertson liked the cover and I — despite my sadistic anticipation; 'cos I saw Ms Vanilla live and thought she was akin to something the cat brought in — liked the album.

Sophisticated 'tart' rock for all the fledgling sluts out there who feel free and ready with their sexual appetite... I'm sorry to be so biased but Cherry has flaunted her (splutter) image — the ex-groupie with the golden heart — before her musical merits. Now, courtesy of RCA, she stands alone; hardly the 'poetess' her PR men would have us believe, but a connoisseur of gut-feeling nevertheless. I can see her album flaunting its way on to a dozen pub jukeboxes... music to get drunk to and shed heartbroken tears along with.

You think it's all jive?! Take a gander at the titles: 'I Know How To Hook', 'Hard As A Rock', 'Foxy Bitch', 'Bad Girl' and — who's gonna believe me? — 'No More Canaries'. Yes, very vaudeville and one of those half an hour's worth you're either gonna love or hate. I find it cute, a pleasant surprise, but then my machete ain't even sharpened (yet).

JANESUCK

then there is something in here for you. A far more impressive score than Williams' other recent major gig, the pompous, hearty, more conventional music for 'Star Wars'.

If the above names mean nothing to you, and your appreciation for 20th Century orchestral composition centres

on Mantovani or James Last, then you will rush down to your friendly neighbourhood record store and buy this album after you've seen the movie, to re-live those magic moments of wide-screen wonder in the narrow screen comfort of your small screen home.

About the movie, I saw it last December, after the US version of

the hype had been raging over there for months, and people were quite prepared to queue around the block to see it. And it is worth it, particularly if you're gonna see it in the ultra-wide-screen-and-sensurround wonder of a good theatre (the yanks have realised how important good sound is to the presentation of a movie, and yes, 'good' does often mean loud).

DAVE FUDGER

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
'Faithless'
(NEMS NEL6012)**

I MUST admit that I never thought of Marianne Faithfull as a singer, which is what she's presented as here.

But then, to be perfectly honest, I never thought of her as a singer at all. Her foray into the charts all those years ago was, as far as I'm concerned, one of those flukes resulting from being in the right place at the right time with the right people, and I don't think she should have let it go to her head.

But here she is making a much-publicised comeback, with an album cover pic that makes her look flatteringly young, and a voice that's hardly changed since 'As Tears Go By'.

Which is to say it's still got that same frail, warbling quality which captivated millions but left me quite uninspired. But now for the purposes of rendering forth the songs on this album, she has been able to add that dry, cracked quality characteristic of many American lady country singers' voices, the overall effect being that she sounds like Dolly Parton after a near fatal bout of consumption.

Looking on the bright side, however, she does sing in tune, and the songs she tackles — including 'Honky Tonk Angels' and Dylan's 'I'll Be Your Baby Tonight' are as good a selection as you'd be likely to find on any but the most outstanding country album. However, my advice to anyone who expected this to be a really spirited comeback brimming with new ideas is: forget it.

TONY MITCHELL

CHARLIE

LINES

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THE NEW ORDER: naff production/manic energy

Law and disorder from Detroit

THE NEW ORDER
 'The New Order'
 (Fun Records ISL 6443)***

'Brothers and sisters — the time has come for each and every one of you to decide whether you are gonna be the problem or whether you are gonna be the solution! You must choose brothers, you must choose! It takes five seconds, five seconds of decision, five seconds to realise your purpose here on the planet. . . .'
 — Brother J. C. Crawford, 1968

TEN YEARS on, and The New Order are in a similar quandary. A problem or a solution? Do they merit existence on this once-verdant globe called Earth? Or are they too crazed to care either way?

Whatever . . . on first hearing it's impossible to cope with such 'esoteria', your premier reaction being one of dismay, even repulsion — in short, a plain and simple *bleeeughhh!*

The production, y'see, is a-bysmal. I've heard better bootlegs than the first side of this album — probably, if you recorded a late-night Radio Caroline show on a Boots cassette machine with low batteries wrapped up inside a roll of shag-pile carpet you'd achieve better results than these here New Order song selections from Los Angeles, 1975. No amount of knob-twiddling and dial turning will rectify matters . . . you just got to accept the wince-inducing sound quality.

But listen close and listen long and you begin to discover, beneath the cloth-eared production, a band of rare, long-dead (I thought) maniacal Detroit power — and realise that, even after all these years, New Order guiding lights Ron Asheton (guitar, ex-Stooges) and Dennis Thompson (drums, ex-MC5) can still cut ice and shake some action, can still show their modern day punk counterparts a thing or two.

But it sure takes *some* discovering.

Four songs — 'Lucky Strike', 'Declaration Of War', 'Hollywood Holidays' and 'Sidewinder' — that make it sound as if your system is suffering from some kind of terminal hi-fi bronchial blockage is bad enough, but then you have one vocalist Jeff Spry to contend with, who (when you can hear him well enough, which isn't often) is hardly in the Rob Tyner stakes. But still — Thompson bashcrashthrashes along well enough, but the real revelation is Asheton whose dentist-drill guitar work would have knocked you for six given the right reproduction, but as it is it only ever reaches a powderpuff two-and-a-half.

Things pick up for side two however, recorded in LA a year later, 1976. Sound's a bit better, Dave Gilbert's handling the vocals and a slightly more poppy approach prevails, especially evident in the opening track, 'I Can't Quit Ya'. Unhappily, second guitarist Ray Gunn seems to cop more licks than Asheton this side, but mustn't complain as musicianship is of an all round higher standard and the lyrics turn out to be not only decipherable but 'cosmically aware' and pretty dumb to boot (what more could you wish for?):

*'If this planet we call Earth
 Be flung through the universe
 With no known destination in mind . . .
 ['Of Another World']*

Ah, but seriously, there's more manic energy in here, even with the naff production taken into account, than in any Suburban Studs or Depressions or Drones albums . . . it's just what you've got to give and take a little and look for it.

The French know that mean-looking, knife-wielding, blood-dripping one-time MC5 and Stooges members can do little wrong (notice how he conveniently forgets to mention 'Destroy All Monsters' . . .) and this album sort of proves it — even though it's no solution to any particular problem it does have a purpose and if nothing else is eminently — uh — 'collectable'.

GEOFF BARTON

SONNY BURGESS
 'The Legendary Sun Performers'
 (Charly CR30136)***

THOUGH BEST known for their superior rockabilly rack-fillers, Sam Phillips' Sun label had a lot more rock variants to keep the customers satisfied. Indeed, their initial releases were a very close attempt at white men playing black men's R&B and blues, and they always maintained this alongside the rock.

One of the more bizarre Sun R&B performers was Sonny Burgess, an Arkansas MC who later went on to sing. He never

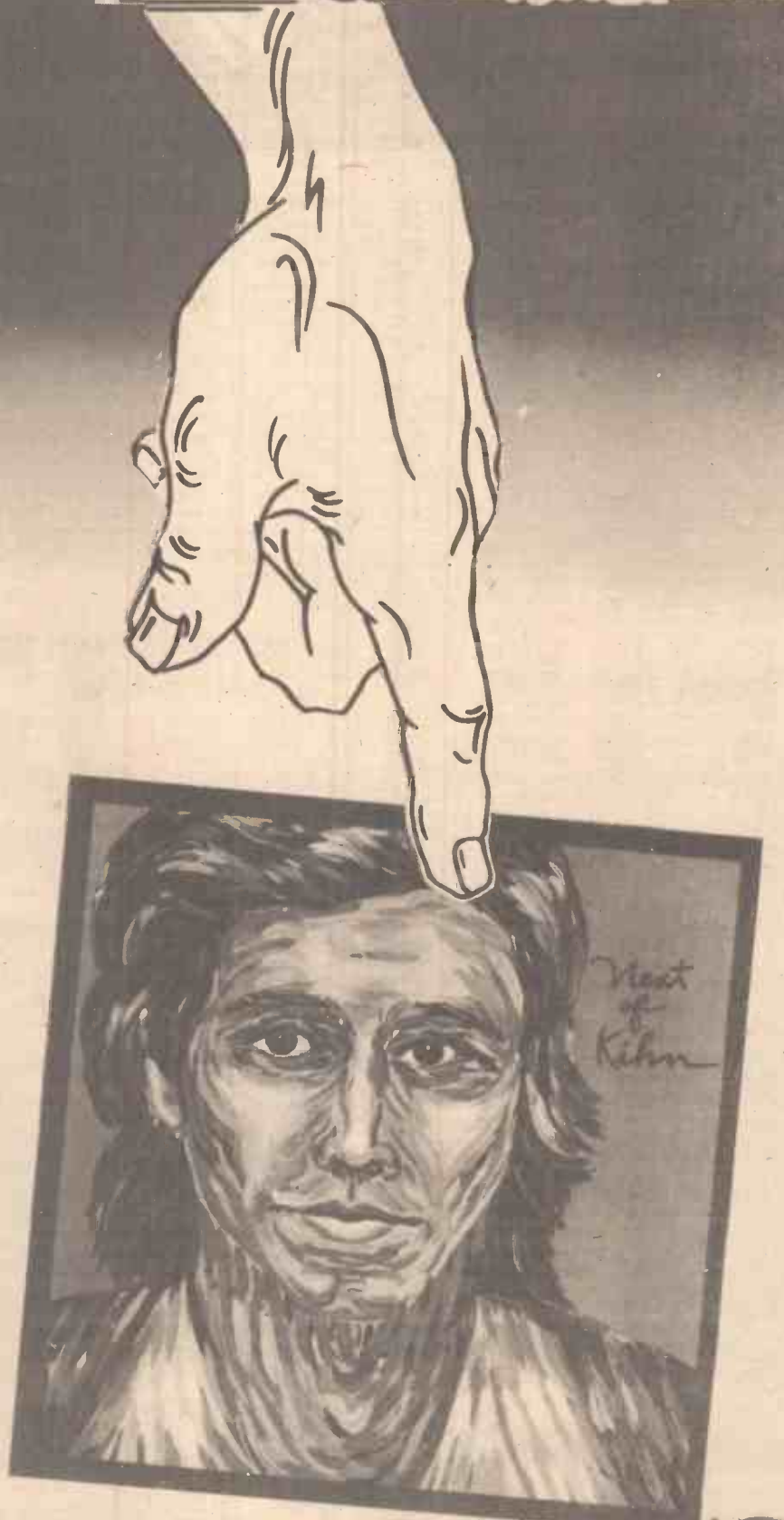
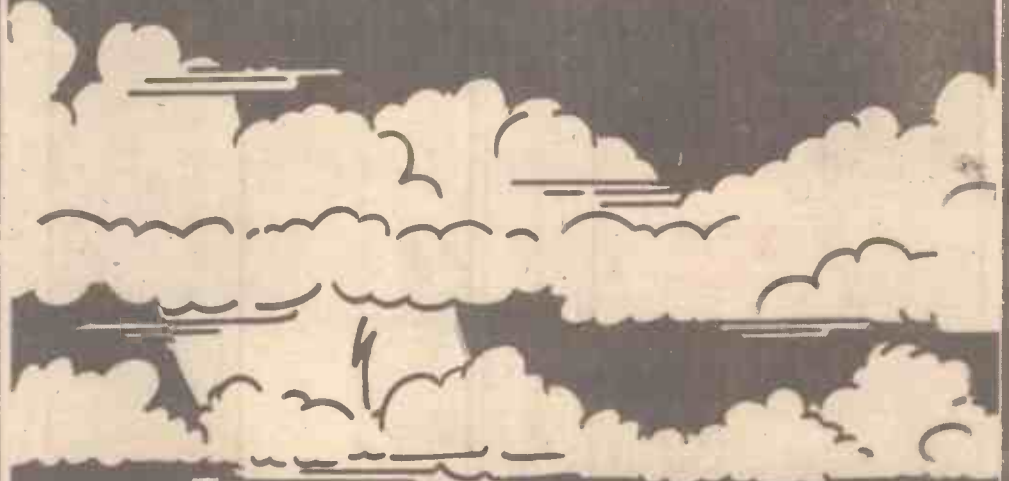
achieved great fame unlike many of his label stablemates, the reason probably being that he went a bit over the top with his undisciplined rock readings. Perhaps straying beyond the lines is what gave him the extra cult appeal and why today the interest in such a blatant exhibitionist (he had red hair to match his stage gear), might just grab particular attention.

As Rockin' Roy Williams, Wild Wax spinner and sleeve note writer here points out, this is in fact the first Sonny Burgess album released in Britain and many hardened rock fans will agree that it is not before time. From the early cuts, for which you could be forgiven for

thinking were by black blues singers, there are power blasts of rock like 'Sally Brown', a suitable treatment of Hank Williams' 'My Bucket's Got A Hole In It' and not to be forgotten instrumental 'Thunderbird' which was Sun's answer to the guitar workouts making chart action at the time through musicians such as Duane Eddy. It doesn't quite always work, but the effort is always appreciable none the less and he certainly lives up to the 'legendary' tag even if he wasn't a label leader. And even though the material is two decades old, this is one wild man of rock whose music is still not tame.

DAVID BROWN

BIG G's TIP FOR THE TOP



GREG KIHN BAND

NEW ALBUM

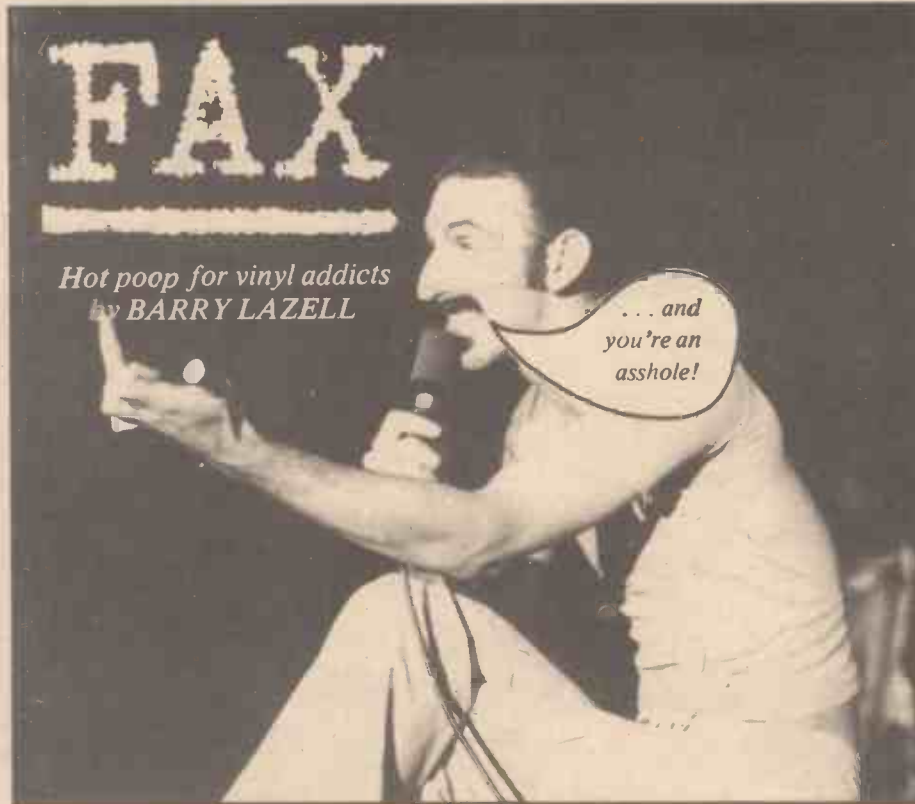
Next of Kihn

ALMOST OUT!!

Beserkley
 "Home of the Hit"
 BSERK 13



Pic by Nando Valverde



WORDS of wisdom from Uncle Frank Zappa (see last letter).

National Elf Service

WITH REGARD to our recent item on RONNIE DIO's pre-RAINBOW band ELF, Colin Scott of Dundee is one of several readers to recall them having a British album issued, in addition to the U.S. releases I listed.

Colin says: "I was at Deep Purple's first British gig with the Coverdale, Hughes, etc. line-up, at the Caird Hall, Dundee, on 18th April 1974. Elf were the support band there, and their line-up was: Ronnie Dio (vocals); Mickey Lee Soule (keyboards/vocals), Gary Driscoll (drums/percussion), Craig Gruber (bass guitar), and Steve Edwards (guitars). I was very impressed by their performance, so when about a month later I noticed an album by them on the Purple label, I bought it. Title was 'Carolina County Ball' (TPS 3506), released in 1974 and recorded in Britain at Manor House Studios.

"The producer was Roger Glover, who also arranged the strings and clarinet, while all the tracks were written by Dio and Soule. Titles were: 'Carolina County Ball'/'L.A. 59'/'Ain't It All Amusing'/'Happy'/'Annie New Orleans'/'Rockin' Chair Rock'n'Roll Blues'/'Rainbow'/'Do The Same Thing'/'Blanche'. It's worth noting that this group line-up (with the exception of Edwards) is exactly the same as that which recorded the original 'Richie Blackmore's Rainbow' LP along with the master of the fretboard."

On the same subject, D. McEvoy of Liverpool notes that two cuts from the above album — 'L.A. 59' and 'Ain't It All Amusing' — were issued here as a single (PUR 118).

Thank you fans

A COUPLE of fan club queries now, as we haven't touched upon the subject from some considerable time. First is from Bob Shaw of Wembley, who wants to know if there's a club for followers of BEBOP DELUXE. Not only is there, but you ac-

tually have a choice, Bob! The Be Bop Deluxe Fan Club resides at 74-78, Seymour Place, London W1H 5BD, while there's also the Be Bop Appreciation Society at The Manor, Old Buckenham, Norfolk NR17 1RR. According to Martin West, who supplied me with this info, and is also the coordinator of the latter organisation, "the difference between these is that BBAS acts as a clearing house for information on the group, while the fan club does what fan clubs do".

Make what you like of the last remark, but it sounds to me as if the one set-up complements the other, and that interested fans should obviously write to both.

The other fan club enquiry comes from Clive Cody of Birkenhead, who asks if I have an address for a SHADOWS or CLIFF RICHARD society. Oddly enough, considering the long-running stature of Cliff and The Shads, I don't know of any still operating in this country — but I can recommend two international organisations, both of them based in Holland.

There's The Shadows Fan Club, at Postbus 526, Deventer, Holland; and "Dynamite" (devoted to both Cliff and the Shads) at Marco Pololaan 304, Utrecht, Holland. Both put out regular news sheets (the latter, in fact, publishes a full magazine), and also form an excellent source of supply for records by their artists from all over Europe. I should enclose an International Reply Coupon (about 10p from your post office) if you want to write to either of these and get a reply.

Straight from the Horse's Lips

AFTER I listed the albums of HORSLIPS on their own Irish Oats label a couple of months back, I received a useful bit of additional information on them from Didy Lake, who manages the press office at DJM Records (which, by an amazing coincidence,

is Horslips' current record label).

Didy sez: "A firm called Shannon imports the Oats albums and distributes them to the HMV record shop chain, who should therefore always have them available. Apart from that, there are a couple of shops in Birmingham where they may also be obtained — The Diskery in Bromsgrove Street, and Cyclops Sounds in the Piccadilly Arcade, New Street — and one other outlet in London, which is Sean Nos, 52 Dawpool Road, N.W.2. Their latest two albums, 'The Book Of Invasions' and 'Aliens', are available of course on DJM anywhere." (Fancy her remembering that...)

Blue suede news

LUKE YOUNG of Balham, S.W.9. says: "Being a vintage rock fan, I was pleased to hear that CARL PERKINS is on this year's Wembley C&W Festival bill. As I haven't been collecting records for very long, however, I'd like to know just what records by him are still available, particularly of his original Sun material. Can you help?"

Sho' can. Actually, because of Carl's continued grassroots popularity in this country for something over 20 years, various U.K. licencees of Sun label material have always managed to keep a fair sprinkling of Perkins tracks on the market. Right now, there's probably more than ever before available, via the collector-oriented Charly label.

They have two 16-track Perkins albums, 'The Rocking Guitar Man' (CR 30003) and 'The Original Carl Perkins' (CR 30110), which are both excellent value but for some reason overlap on the tracks 'Blue Suede Shoes', 'Honey Don't', 'Boppin' The Blues', 'Glad All Over' and 'Dixie Fried'.

There's also a 4-track EP (CEP 106), which again duplicates three of the album cuts, but also features the rare and excellent 'Sure To Fall'. If you want to search among Charly's 'The Roots Of Rock' series of budget compilations, you'll find some additional tracks by Carl on the rockabilly volumes, while the original 'Blue Suede Shoes' is even out as a single again (CYS 1014). Don't let your record shop confuse it with the newly-recorded version of the song (on Jet UP.36365) if it's the 1956 cut you want!

N'Between again

AGAIN WE flip back to an earlier item, this time the query from Frank Dunn of Tonbridge about the N'BETWEENS and their single 'You Better Run'. I couldn't supply the writers of the B-side, 'Evil Witch Man', but both Davie Gordon of Blantyre, Lanarkshire, and Derek Ford of Coventry were right on the ball.

Writes Davie: "Haven't seen this single, but my files give KIM FOWLEY as its producer. The B-side was written by Fowley with the group — Noddy Holder, Dave Hill, Jim Lea and Don Powell. They later became Ambrose Slade and then, of course, SLADE. As far as I know, this was their only record under the original name, though."

Derek goes along with all that, but he also has the advantage of actually owning a copy of the record. "In fact", he adds, "should Frank Dunn contact me, I could tape it if he wants, and send him a cassette." Can't say fairer than that, so I'd better print Derek's full address (a mark of rare distinction on this page) It's: 10, Arden Close, Balsall Common, Nr. Coventry, CV7 7NY.

Paperback writers

S. PEEK of Horsham, West Sussex, sez: "I have a BEATLES book called 'Get Back', which is all about the album 'Let It Be'. Could you give me some info on it? — I got it with the album when first released, but nobody else I know who has 'Let It Be' got a book with their copy."

That's because they probably weren't particularly well flushed when it first became available. The original U.K. edition of the album, in keeping with the whole multi-media concept around which 'Let It Be' was built, came in a cardboard box which contained both the LP and the book-of-the-film which you mention. Trouble was, it cost a lotta money, and amidst grumblings of over self-indulgence and a general public reluctance to pay over the odds for a cardboard box and several pretty pictures (not to mention an LP which virtually

every critic had dubbed 'sub-standard'), Apple wisely also made the album available on its own, and the boxed package faded from sight.

Of course, it's now THE sought-after edition of the album, especially as it never appeared in that form in America, which got a gatefold sleeve containing film pix.

Incidentally, the book is called 'Get Back' because that was the film's original title; I imagine it had been already printed by the time the 'Let It Be' title was eventually adopted instead, and it was thus too late to change.

Talkin' blues

J. PEARMAN of Kingston in Surrey requests: "could you please list all of ROBERT JOHNSON's albums?"

Sure Johnson, the legendary and widely influential Mississippi delta bluesman, never strictly made an album at all, of course, but his old 78s have been compiled into two really great CBS sets: 'King Of The Delta Blues Singers' (CBS 62456) and 'Vol. 2' of the same (CBS 64102). There's also a release on Sonet entitled 'In Memoriam: Robert Johnson' (SNTF 654), which should also be worth having. Once again, any blues specialist worth his salt is bound to have these.

Obscene and heard

WEIRDO letter of the week (or century, even) comes from the joint pens of Christopher Sennewald and Carlton B. Morgan, of Cwymbran, Gwent, and goes something like this: "We were recently engaged in a discussion about the use of the word 'f**k' on record (Chris collects such discs as a hobby!), and were trying to decide on the earliest known recording of this word available to the public. Eventually, we plumped for the line "Shut you f**kin' mouth about the length of my hair", which appeared on the version of 'Mother People' on the sampler 'Mothermania' by Frank Zappa and the Mothers Of Invention. This line was censored out and played backwards on the original 'We're Only In It For The Money' track (we don't count it when it's played backwards!)

"Do any of your readers know of an earlier appearance of this extremely dirty word? 'Mothermania' was issued in early 1969, so anything prior to that... Perhaps this warrants a new category in the Guinness Book of Records? (It IS a serious question, though, we ain't just trying to be funny. Why is it, by the way, that music papers sometimes print 'f-k', and sometimes 'f...' or 'f****'? Come to that, I wonder how you'll print it?)

So do I! Depends upon the sensitivity of Messrs D. and A. Lewis (no relations), and whether the SOUNDS printers down their presses in outrage and refuse to produce the paper.

Actually, I can think of one example offhand which might just predate 'Mothermania', as I believe it's a late 60's recording. This is from the most obscene LP in my collection, which is the rightly notorious 'Snatch And The Pootangs', an anonymous effort on the U.S. Kent label which was actually the work of Johnny and Shuggie Otis and bluesman Delmar Evans.

It's very funny and extremely dirty, and not unnaturally, features the word in which you're interested. As an example, allow me to cite 'The Pissed-Off Cowboy'. This has a compelling storyline in which said cowpoke goes into a restaurant and sits near a haughty female who disapproves strongly of his presence. Amid references to "the awful smell in here", she orders "sturgeon — virgin sturgeon". Our homely cowpuncher gets "real pissed off" by her haughty prattlings, and retaliates by loudly ordering "duck — f—ked duck"! "Ave ter larf, don'tcha..."

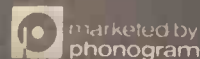
Anyway, I'm sure that hordes of dirty-minded SOUNDS readers can provide whole lists of still earlier anglo-saxon usages. Chris and Carlton are just falling over themselves to learn all about them, so let's be having you (if you'll pardon the expression).

YOUR questions, info and soft-core porn are more than welcome at WAX FAX, but please remember that we can't offer any personal replies, so SAEs are a waste of effort and money (and another free stamp for me). Address us at: Wax Fax, SOUNDS, 40, Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT.

FROGS CAN'T DO IT THE FRENCH WAY.

The first single from Marseille—
The French Way. Out now.

MARSEILLE



JOHNNIE ALLAN

Continued from page 30



Pic by Jill Furmanovsky

IT'S GREAT to be here at your wonderful Trafalgar Square. Shame about the plumbing though — the flowerbeds seem to be flooded.

Their first single was on the local JIN label, 'Lonely Days and Lonely Nights', and later achieved some national success via a deal with MGM: The second 'Letter Of Love' didn't follow through.

In those days the band were called Johnnie Allan and the Krazy Kats. "Everybody was a cool cat in those days. I wore pink and black shoes, trousers, shirt and hat, that was the craze then."

He's been playing in bands ever since, with one year off when he was called up by the army reserve in 1961-62 during the Berlin crisis, and from '67-69 while he took his masters degree.

'Promised Land' was recorded in 1974 and first issued in this country on the now sadly deleted 'Another Saturday Night' album collated by Charlie Gillett for his Oval label. Strangely enough it was the 'B' side of the single, which featured 'Somewhere On Skid Row' topside and which he learnt from country singer Merle Haggard and gave the cajun treatment, that was a big regional hit in the States.

"Charlie Gillett came down to Ville Platte (which translates as 'flat town'), heard the song, liked it, and did a deal for 'Another Saturday Night'." Of course, any chance of Johnnie scoring with this song the first time round (it's a Chuck Berry original incidentally) was squashed by Elvis Presley's hit version which came out a few weeks after Johnnie's.

"Course I was disappointed, but how do you begrudge someone like Elvis? It was obvious there would be no competition there." This time round it has attracted quite a lot of attention in several parts of Europe.

"The cajun flavour is probably a novelty in Europe (taking France back to the French?), people get quite a shock when they hear that accordion." Johnnie is also an R.C.A., which stands for registered coon ass, honest. This is apparently how people see the cajun folk, who surprisingly don't regard it as an insult.

"It depends how you say it though. Jerry Lee Lewis said it in a derogatory way at one appearance and believe me they had to escort him out the back door!"

AFTER ALL this cajun aspect it came as something of a surprise to learn that Johnnie doesn't actually have an accordionist in his band, The Memories (the Krazy Kats were doctored years ago), but features two saxes, guitar, bass, keyboards and drums. Belton Richard was overdubbed on accordion for the sake of 'Promised Land'.

"We play mostly nightclubs and our music is still in the cajun style. We only play at weekends due to my dual careers."

His week in London had been spent doing interviews and being shown round by his new found friends at Stiff (who had thought of bumping the poor guy off to give them their first REAL rock legend), and striking up a few alliances with members of bands, including the Feelgoods and the Rumour. He hopes to return in June (he had to go back for a gig on Saturday and school on Tuesday) to record and possibly later in the year to perform. But of course, he'll have to fit all that in with school terms etc.

"That Lee Brilleaux is a heck of a nice fella. And I've been told that if I record here, that Dave Edmunds is a must." Too true, Edmunds' 'Ju Ju Man' with Bob Andrews de la Rumour on squeezebox was the best Brit cajun we've sampled.

"One of these days I might have to make a decision between school and music and I think I'll go for music. It's always been my first love. A man has got to gamble sometime, no use sitting and watching your life going by, wishing you'd have taken that lost opportunity.

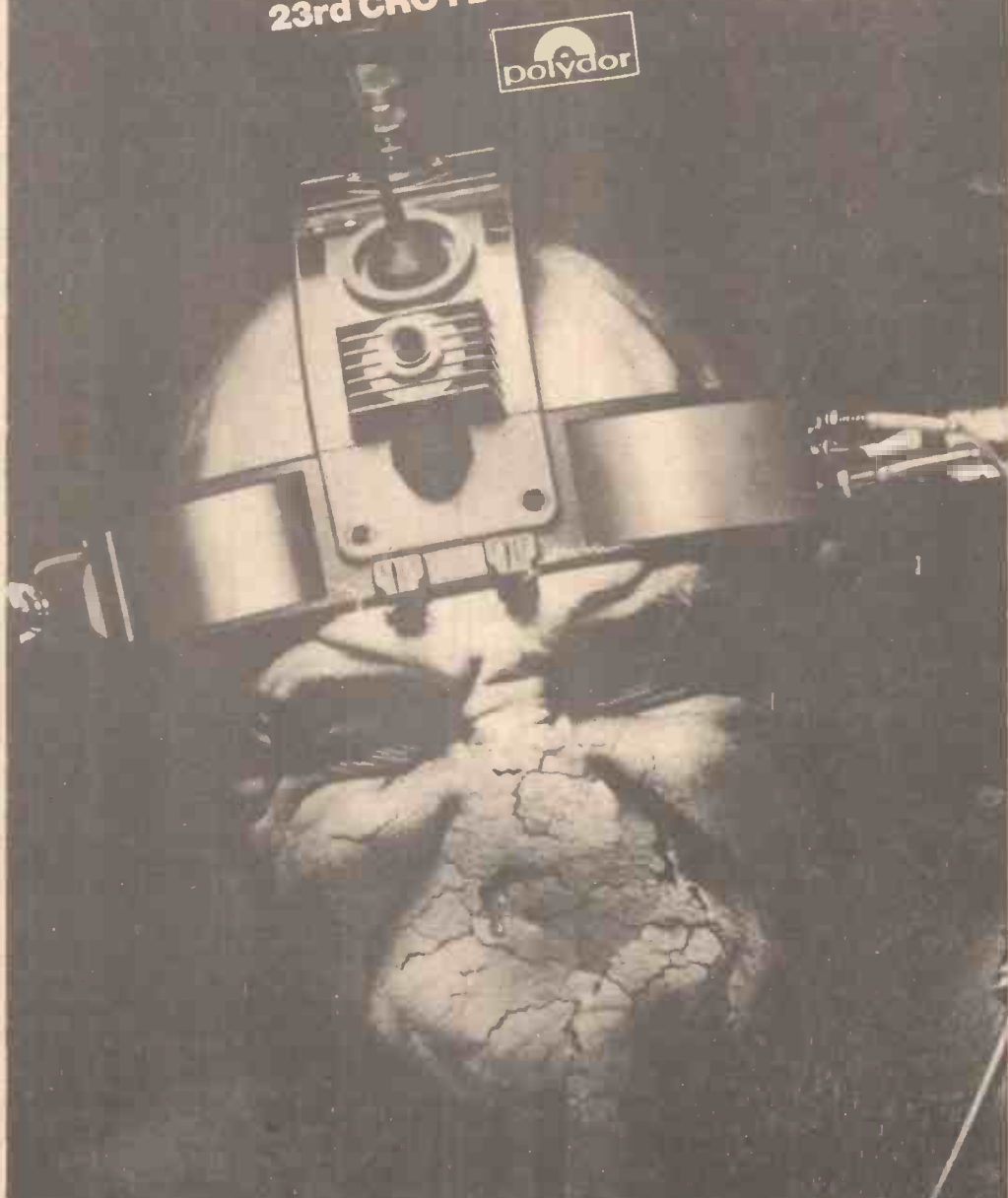
"I was reading the other week that country singers, though I don't see myself as one really, don't make it till they're 40. I was 40 this month, so maybe it's my turn now."

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- 16th BRISTOL Colston Hall
- 17th PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
- 18th BIRMINGHAM Odeon
- 20th HANLEY Victoria Hall
- 21st MANCHESTER Palace Theatre
- 22nd WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
- 23rd CROYDON Fairfields Halls.



BARRY LAZELL among the ashes and diamonds of this month's elpee round-up

JAN AKKERMAN: 'Jan Akkerman' (Atlantic K 50420)***
The ex-Focus guitarist on a jazzy-funk set with not much interest.

ALBION BAND: 'Rise Up Like The Sun' (Harvest SHSP 4092)*****
A folk album (with rock trimmings) par excellence, both in its material and execution.

ANGEL: 'White Hot' (Casablanca CAL 2023)***
Fairly routine American flash-conscious heavy metal.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL: 'Comin' Right At Ya' (Sunset SLS 50415)***
Welcome budget reissue of the first album by the excellent Western Swing revival band.

BACCARA: 'Baccara' (RCA PL 26316)***
Their two hits, plus an assortment of disco and typical Costa Brava knees-up melodies.

BAR-KAYS: 'Flying High On Your Love' (Mercury 9100 048)***
Long a premier funk outfit, with roots going back to mid-60's Stax. This keeps up their standard.

LUCIO BATTISTI: 'Images' (RCA PL 31839)***
Richly produced MOR-pop from an Italian superstar, but not as bad as you might expect.

BELFAST GYPSIES: 'Them Belfast Gypsies' (Sonet SNTF 746)***
The rip-off group resurrected from the

remains of Them a few years back; only a few really strong moments, musically, but a fascinating archive item.

BETHNAL: 'Dangerous Times' (Vertigo 9102 020)***
Solid, rockin' quartet who seem to be strongly under the influence of the Who. Would have been a better debut album with more signs of originality.

BLACKSMOKE: 'Blacksmoke' (Casablanca CAL 2024)***
Absolutely faceless disco-pop wallpaper. Why waste plastic like this when there are still people having to sit on wooden loo seats?

DAVID BROMBERG BAND: 'Reckless Abandon' (Fantasy FT 536)***
Bromberg's mix of good-time boogie and blues is OK, but none too exciting.

BOYS: 'Alternative Chartbusters' (NEMS NEL 6015)***
Powerful production on mostly good material makes for a good 'un by this promising band.

BRASS CONSTRUCTION: 'Brass Construction III' (United Artists UAS 30124)***
Fairly superior disco package, but hardly essential listening.

BOBBI DAZZLER: 'Bobbi Dazzler' (RCA LA 12196)***
This is more consciously rock 'n' roll, more obviously American (and pompous), but otherwise it's pretty faceless stuff too.



BUZZCOCKS

ERIC BURDON: 'Survivor' (Polydor 2302 078)***
Mostly self-penned blues-rock by the British R&B veteran; some strong material, though of limited appeal, I suspect.

JOHNNY BURNETTE: 'The Rock'n'Roll Trio' (MCA Coral CDLM 8054)***
Genuine supercharged mid-50's rockabilly; a very welcome reissue for fans of the genre.

BUZZCOCKS: 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen' (United Artists UAG 30519)***
They continue to progress both musically and lyrically. Great album.

CAMEO: 'We All Know Who We Are' (Casablanca CAL 2026)***
Parliament-like freak-funk; good, but none too individual.

NAT 'KING' COLE: '20 Golden Greats' (Capital EMTV 9)***
Cream of the crop by a really great (late) balladeer. Treat your mum to something better than Byraves or Doonican, and buy her this ace package.

NATALIE COLE: 'Thankful' (Capitol E-ST 11708)***
And here's Nat's daughter, desperately trying to be the new sophito-jazzy Aretha Franklin again. No way — but she's not bad.

ELVIS COSTELLO: 'This Year's Model' (Radar RAD 3)***
A sock-you-in-the-face album which upstages even Elvis' illustrious first

effort. His lyrics and music take further strides to greatness.

JOHNNY COUGAR: 'A Biography' (Riva RVL 6)***
Also known as 'a hype'. Cougar makes all the right noises, actually, and rocks neatly through some of this — but he's so blatantly 'packaged'.

DAVID COVERDALE: 'Northwinds' (Purple TPS 3513)***
Surprisingly muted and lyrical sounds from the ex-Purpler. Fine, but methinks his public probably WANT him to open up and below.

KEVIN COYNE: 'Dynamite Daze' (Virgin V2096)***
Quirky lyrics presented in varying styles with nicely biting, tailored accompaniments. Very enjoyable, in fact.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS: 'Sons Of Survival' (Polydor 2383 472)***
Their best album yet; some fascinating lyrics and plenty of their unique brand of carefully controlled musical anarchy.

FATS DOMINO: 'Live In Europe' (United Artists UAS 30121)***
The veteran piano rocker in bouncy form on mostly familiar material. Basically for collectors, though.

GEORGE DUKE: 'Reach For It' (Epic EP 82216)***
A veried jazz-rock set, some of it a little pedestrian for a musician of Duke's vision and ability, but still plenty good listening.

JOE ELY: 'Honky Tonk Masquerade' (MCA MCF 2832)***
His debut LP was highly acclaimed; this

one finds the raunchy country singer in a similar bag of moods, and makes good listening right away from its specialist origins.

DAVE EDMUNDS: 'Subtle As A Flying Mallet' (RCA PL 25129)***
Edmunds' great 1973 do-it-yourself guide to rock/pop is reissued. Full of blockbuster hit singles and delicious pastiches of the way it all used to be. Loved it then, still do.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL: 'Faithless' (NEMS NEL 6012)***
Her voice no longer has its pleading fragility of yore, but the material is largely well chosen.

FIFTH DIMENSION: 'Star Dancing' (Motown STML 12077)***
Smooth, tight, commercial production for a group who retain their distinctive sparkling vocal touch. Slightly plastic, maybe, but nice.

ART GARFUNKEL: 'Watermark' (CBS 86054)***
Jim Webb has virtually overwheeled poor old Art here; he's little more than the voicebox in front of the production. The total is a real wimp overkill. Boring!

LEIF GARRETT: 'Leif Garrett' (Atlantic K 50429)***
Young Leif is hell-bent on capturing the role (left vacant by D. Osmond) of plasticising old 50's and 60's pop hits for the sub-teens of today. God help us, a whole albumful here.

GONG: 'Expresso II' (Virgin V 2099)***
Sounds nothing like the Gong of yore to

me. Soundtrack music with rambling jazzy pretensions is what it DOES sound like. Maybe Virgin got the tapes mixed up.

GENERATION X: 'Generation X' (Chrysalis CHR 1169)***
Rich, snappy production lets all the eager fire of Gen X's stage persona through onto the grooves, while tightening up their recorded sound beautifully. A debut album worth the wait.

STEVE GOODMAN: 'Say It In Private' (Asylum K 53067)***
Fairly dated, West-Coast-lazy, and rather boring singer/songwriter stuff.

ROBERT GORDON and LINK WRAY: 'Fresh Fish Special' (Private Stock PVL 1038)***
Mostly oldies, but Gordon's tough, timeless rockin' treatment make 'em sound like fresh as tomorrow. Link's mighty powerchord guitar doesn't date, either.

SAMMY HAGAR: 'Musical Chairs' (Capitol E-St 11706)***
Straight-ahead, noisy, ass-kicking rock from the ex-Montroser and cohorts. Of narrow but definite appeal.

PROBABLY HAMILTON IV: 'Feel Like A Million' (Anchor ANCL 2026)***
Probably Britain's favourite C&W singer, Hamilton knows his laid-back, unadventurous MOR market and stays right within its confines. Not for rock fans, of course.

DAN HILL: 'Longer Fuse' (20th Century BTH 8005)***
Introspective, melodic, folksy, low-tempo stuff — it ought to be on Asylum, if you get the idea.



VIBRATORS



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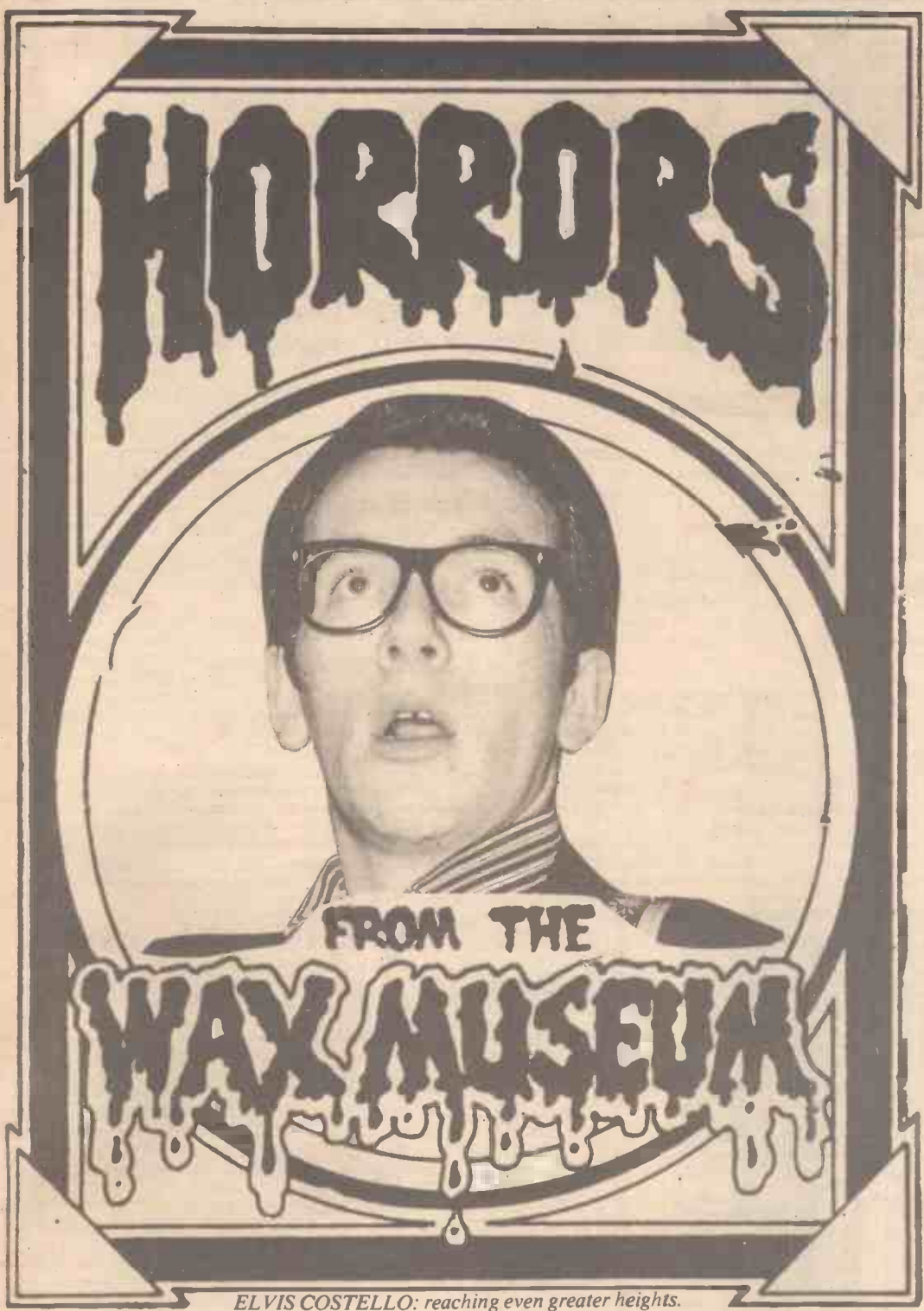
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ELVIS COSTELLO: reaching even greater heights.

ISAAC HAYES: 'Chronicle' (Stax STM 7003)****
 Actually, I compiled this one, so what the hell can I say about it? It's definitely THE best of Hayes' distinctive brand of soul.

HOT CHOCOLATE: 'Every 1's A Winner' (RAK SRAK 531)*** 1/2
 Three hit singles and a few fillers; funk'n'ballads and rich production all along the way.

HOT TUNA: 'Double Dose' (RCA FL 02545)**
 A double live album — JUST what the world needs. Especially from Hot Tuna.

PHYLIS HYMAN: 'Phylis Hyman' (Buddah BDLP 4046)***
 A fairly sophisticated black stylist; tailors neatly into the MOR end of soul.

JEFFERSON STARSHIP: 'Earth' (Grunt BXL1 2515)****
 One of their best albums ever: hard'n'soft rock, melody and raunch, with nary a trace remaining of their boring self-indulgent early 70's days.

CHRISTOPHER JONES: 'No More Range To Roam' (Transatlantic LTRA 503)*** 1/2
 A wimpy folkie: pleasant, but who's gonna be interested?

JUMBO: 'City Girls' (Pye International NSPL 28234)*
 Germanic plastic rock, and absolute garbage.

JUDAS PRIEST: 'The Best Of Judas Priest' (Gill GULP 1026)***
 Dunno about their best, but it's a fair round-up of representative material from the metallic marauders' previous label.

EDDIE KENDRICKS: 'Vintage '78' (Arista SPART 1040)***
 His first post-Motown effort; smooth production and rich vocals, but not always top-drawer material.

BUDDY KNOX: 'Party Doll' (Pye International NSPL 28243)****
 Another 50's rock/rockabilly great, with no less than 20 boppin' tracks, most of them unavailable here for years.

KOOL & THE GANG: 'The Force' (Mercury/De Lite 6372 700)***
 Koool & Co. have taken a few intergalactic trappings upon themselves as the current fashion dictates, but the music is still their neat brand of tight, jazzy funk.

AMANDA LEAR: 'I Am A Photograph' (Arista ARL 5002)000
 Plenty of darkly theatrical goings-on here, with a healthy dollop of disco and distinct Bowie overtones.

FRANK MARINO & MAHOGANY RUSH: 'Live' (CBS 82621)***
 OK on-stage set from the junior Hendrix, still echoing so much of the master's sound.

JOHNNY MOPED: 'Cyclidelic' (Chiswick WIK 8)****
 Complete anarchy, but hard-rockin' as hell, and full of laughs to boot. What more can such a band of bona fide nutters offer you?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: 'That's Not Funny, That's Sick' (Radar RAD 4)***
 Sure sounds funny to me. From America's big-selling send-up mag, and a match for the Derek & Clive market.

999: '999' (United Artists UAG 30199)****
 Excellent debut album: no-nonsense hard rocking all the way, and mostly great songs.

OZO: 'Museum Of Mankind' (DJM DJF 20517)*** 1/2
 Funk/rock/instrumental mixture from another little-known band. Looks like a concept album (shudder), but actually has more disco appeal than anything.

FREDA PAYNE: 'Stares And Whispers' (Capital E-ST 11700)***
 Not really the best of material for this female soulster; predictably, she's being hustled into funk-and-disco land.

BARBARA PENNINGTON: 'Midnight Ride' (United Artists UAS 30144)**
 Plasticky disco-soul with a girl out front, and not more to say about it.

CARL PERKINS: 'Ol' Blue Suede's Back' (Jet UATV 30146)***
 The 50's rockabilly giant. Now ostensibly a country singer, but he still rocks it up at the slightest opportunity, and this album, though a little too smooth-edged on production, cuts the cake quite nicely.

PLATTERS: '20 Classic Hits' (Mercury 9100 049)***
 More 50's memories; smooth doowoppy ballads, and the crystal-clear tenor of Tony Williams. Repackaged umpteen times already, but they'll still sell.

JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY: 'You And Me Together Forever' (Casablanca CAL 2025)***
 Standard pop-soul of a slightly dated kind; well produced, but it lacks excitement.

RAYDIO: 'Raydio' (Arista SPART 1041)***
 Their great 'Jack & Jill' single is one of the catchiest things on (pardon the expression) radio at the moment. The album packs the same kind of groovin' exuberance.

LOU REED: 'Street Hassle' (Arista SPART 1045)*** 1/2
 An apparently casual and certainly very loosely-produced album, with just a few spots of vintage Reed fire/humour to give it some credibility.

RENAISSANCE: 'A Song For All Seasons' (Warner Bros. K 564460)***
 The usual wondrous production job puts an almost classical wrapping around the group's brand of wide-screen baroque folk. Addicts will rave, others will shudder.

CLIFF RICHARD: 'Small Corners' (EMI EMC 3219)**
 Back to pop-gospel for Cliff on this set. His heart is there, of course, but he sure is blowing his 'I'm Nearly Famous' comeback.

RUFUS: 'Street Player' (ABC ABCL 5239)****
 The best black album of the month. They rock, funk and raunch in a delicious blend, and never come out sounding tired or samey (or sold out to disco!).

RUTLES: 'The Rutles' (Warner Bros. K 56459)*** 1/2
 The best-recorded and most subtly perceptive set of Beatles pastiches ever committed to wax — and funny, too. The accompanying book is equally wondrous (and bloody clever).

SAMANTHA SANG: 'Emotion' (Private Stock PVL 1039)**
 Plenty of Bee Gee influence here in this girlie protégée, but some of the material falls flat, and her voice isn't distinctive enough to rise above it.

SAINTS: 'Eternally Yours' (Harvest SHSP 4078)*** 1/2
 Another very solid album, with strong production and a good batch of material. It rocks hard and sounds good.

SEAWIND: 'Window Of A Child' (CTL 5007)***
 Lightly funky MOR from Hawaii, if you can believe that. All very unexciting.

SEEDS: 'The Seeds' (Sonet SNTF 746)****
 At last! — an out-of-the-blue reissue of the first album by the classic original garage punk band. Some of it sounds a bit simple-minded today, but that manic spark still burns. Anyone want to buy my Vocalion single of 'Pushin' Too Hard' now?

SIDE EFFECT: 'Goin' Bananas' (Fantasy FTA 3008)***
 In the U.S., this came on yellow (banana-coloured, geddit?) vinyl. No such luck here, but the group, like a super-hip 5th Dimension, turn out funk

disco and straight pop-soul in an exhilarating mixture. Fine album of its kind.

PATTI SMITH GROUP: 'Easter' (Arista SPART 1043)****
 Her best album yet. Superb production, and the arrangements, playing and (of course) the lyrics are of an almost uniform high quality. And I didn't used to LIKE Patti Smith!

SOFT MACHINE: 'Alive And Well, Recorded In Paris' (Harvest SHSP 4038)**** 1/2
 The Softs don't seem so way-out avant-garde any more; their albums are almost relaxing to listen to, especially on their more introspective keyboards pieces. Nice, this.

AL STEWART: 'The Early Years' (RCA PL 25131)***
 A retrospective compilation of tracks from his first three CBS albums in the mid-60's. More overtly folksy than he sounds now, but great tunes and lyrics throughout.

SUBURBAN STUDS: 'Slam!' (Pogo POW 001)***
 Relentless spit-in-ye-face punk of an already dated kind; full marks for aggressiveness, but most everything else is found wanting.

The club location cuts out the blandness of some CTI/Kudu studio productions, too.

WET WILLIE: 'Manorisms' (Epic EPC 82330)***
 Their usual good-time boogie, but killed stone dead by its overall sameness and lack of any NEW kind of excitement. Recorded in England, too: home you go, lads!

PETE WILLISHER: 'Steel Seasons' (Pye NSPL ... 18539)*
 An album which does for the noble steel guitar what Max Bygraves does for the blues.

WRECKLESS ERIC: 'Wreckless Eric' (Stiff SEEZ 6)***
 The loose'n'tatty one makes a fine album debut. Original songs, and a tight, meaty recording. Available on brown ten-inch, too, for the more devoted among you.

FILM SOUNDTRACK: 'Jubilee' (Polydor 2302 079)**
 A right old hotch-potch of punk and film schlock, though it undoubtedly all comes together much better in the context of the movie.

FILM SOUNDTRACK: 'Shut Down' (Capitol CAPS 1018)***
 A feast of early 60's West Coast surf



RUFUS

SYLVESTER: 'Sylvester' (Fantasy FT 538)***
 Pretty fair disco/soul album from the gay one; excellent production, mucho dance appeal.

TANGERINE DREAM: 'Cyclone' (Virgin V 2097)***
 The vocals here take some getting used to (reminded me in parts of very early Grateful Dead!) but once they get into the customary keyboard robotix, we know it's the genuine article.

TEE CEES: 'Disco Love Bite' (DJM DJF 20531)*
 A single of the same title is currently doing well on the nation's dance floors — but who wants a whole LP of such tedious drivel?

JOETEX: 'Rub Down' (Epic EPC 8248)***
 Good, solid album from Joe, mixing his ballsy, down-to-earth, uptempo funk with his classic slow preaching style. Should be a giant in its market.

MARY TRAVERS: 'It's In Everyone Of Us' (Chrysalis CHR 1168)**
 Without Peter & Paul, Mary comes across as a sort of second-rate Judy Collins. All very pretty stuff, but utterly characterless.

VIBRATORS: 'V2' (Epic EPC 72485)****
 By God, this is a good'un. Amazingly varied, and with unexpectedly rich and thoughtful (though by no means stifling) production for a New Wave album. Features the pick of their stage numbers along with some of the very best lyrics they've been hiding away until now, and it packs the power of its rocket-propelled namesake.

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.: 'Live At The Bijou' (Kudu SOUL 002)****
 Groovy, funky jazz, with immaculate sax work as ever from the man himself.

and hot rod classics, as featured in the flick. Probably sounds most odd to those who didn't live with 'em first time around, but great stuff.

VARIOUS: 'Fingerlickin' Good' (Arista SPART 1033)**
 A disco compilation, which — as I've said before, I think — is undoubtedly better than a whole bunch of individual disco albums!

VARIOUS: 'Hope And Anchor Front Row Festival' (Warner Bros. K 66077)****
 Double album, recorded live, featuring many of the hottest bands of the day. By no means all of them are at their best here, but enough good moments were captured to make it worthwhile.

VARIOUS: 'Soul Deep' (Atlantic/Contempo CLP 606)**** 1/2
 Fine collection of lesser-known soul sides from the past, compiled by collectors for collectors of the genre, and unfortunately probably limited in sales to the soul community.

VARIOUS: 'Transatlantic — The Vintage Years, Vol. 1' (Transatlantic MTRA 2001)***
 Some of the label's folk highlights of the 60's lovingly collected together. Again, probably a strict collectors' item, though it's quite enjoyable.

VARIOUS: 'The Golden Age Of The Hollywood Stars' (United Artists UAD 311)****
 Classic movie snippets from the 30's and 40's, with all the famous lines (and clichés) straight from the celluloid. Obviously a must for film buffs, and fun for all.



JOHNNY MOPED

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Pic by Chris Ball

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YES

SUPERTRAMP

I'VE ONLY become interested in Yes recently and, on a friend's advice, bought 'Close To The Edge'. Side one is fantastic, but side two sounds different — the style is something else and the words on the lyric sheet don't match up with the ones being sung. Another friend helped me solve the problem. "Side two ain't Yes, it's Supertramp," he said.

And he was right. Yes, I do have one side of Yes, but the other is no more and no less than the second half of 'Crime Of The Century' by Supertramp.

Is it worth anything? Now I'd like to get hold of either side one of 'Crime Of The Century' or side two of 'Close To The Edge'. — Robert Youngs, Telford.

YOU CERTAINLY have a rare slice of wax on your hands, but whether your schizoid album has any more than curiosity/nostalgia value for the collector is open to debate. Basically, you judge a collector's item by the price anyone is willing to pay. If you can't raise the price of both albums by selling 'Close To/Crisis' to the highest bidder, there are still three more alternatives open to you.

Take it back to the shop. Your record dealer is obliged to replace or refund on dodgy or duff records. But if you bought the album a few months

ago and haven't kept the receipt your chances of direct retailer replacement are slim... unless you have an ultra-understanding dealer, that is.

If the shop approach fails, defective albums can always be returned direct to the manufacturer. Most record manufacturers are obliging and will quickly replace an obviously faulty product. In the case of a strangely hybrid album like yours they won't contest the return, as this is clearly a manufacturing fault — involving an undetected wrong B-side stamper right at the start of the production process. CBS also press A&M records.

As far as WEA are concerned, this is one record which must have snuck thru' the quality control process at the CBS factory, and is the first fault of its kind on 'Close To The Edge' to be brought to their attention. From this we deduce that the remaining double-sided horrors in the batch must have been stopped before leaving the factory. Anyone else got one?

For your complete 'Close To The Edge', parcel up your happy hybrid and send it back, along with an explanatory letter to: Customer Services, WEA Records, PO Box 59, Alperton Lane, Wembley, Middlesex. Or, for side one of 'Crime Of The Century', do the same for: Consumer Relations, CBS, Barby Road, Ladbroke Grove, London W10.

And they all lived happily ever after...

ONCE UPON a time a princess and three princes read details about Jethro Tull's next tour in ye olde music paper *SOUNDS*. Jethro Tull being their favourite minstrels, they sent off a cheque for four tickets at that well-known place of entertainment, Birmingham Odeon, for May 5.

When there was still no reply a week later, we rang the evil Baron of Birmingham Odeon and were told, politely, that while the tickets weren't on sale yet, ours would be posted as soon as possible.

There followed a week's anticipatory wait, after which a missive arrived from Birmingham. Yippee said the princes and princesses, but our joy was short-lived. The missive held nothing but a polite note saying concert sold out and our returned cheque.

We then decided to travel the long leagues to Brum to gain an explanation. We were told that people who called personally got the tickets and the remaining few went to postal applicants. For the poor souls outside Birmingham that spells nothing but hard luck.

How is it that true fans of such a band as Jethro Tull receive nothing? — Princess Jayne, Prince Simon, Prince Steve, Prince Dave, Newcastle.

HOW IS IT that fans of many fine bands who consign their money to the mail, well in time, receive nothing? A quick survey of the venues lined up for the Tull tour in May reveals that if you're a postal applicant, rather than a personal caller at the box office, you could have far less chance of getting tickets for a major concert. In general, postal applicants stand a higher chance of getting the goods when concert promoters arrange for postal applications *only* (sic!), as in the case of the Bowie tour where everyone had to trust in their ingenuity at being first off the mark in the big rush. And even then, some are bound to be disappointed when fans outnumber available tickets.

While a few theatres like Manchester Apollo Ardwick and London's Hammersmith Odeon give precedence to all mail sent well in advance, and clear all postal requests before opening the box office to the queues, Birmingham Odeon gives priority to callers only.

"We are after all here to sell tickets," said the manager at Brum to *Fair Deal*. "We always have one inflexible rule that the first people who come and queue in response to advertising in the local press and the theatre itself get first choice. The post isn't handled until the box office applicants have been dealt with."

Sad to say, no tickets are held back for postal punters, so even

if you're one of the first to apply, if a concert sells out overnight, or in a few days, you can still be left out in the cold.

And while Birmingham Odeon normally finds that its system gives "no problems" and leaves both postal and personal ticket buyers satisfied, Tull tickets sold out in four days, leaving only a few to cater for the postal demand.

At Birmingham, approximately half of the mail order mob were successful. Out of 200 applications, averaging three tickets per request, only 100 applicants, plus friends, will be seeing Tull in action. Around 300 mail order fans will be sitting amidst 2,066 first-come first-served on May 5 although postal applications could have filled 25 per cent of available seats.

Still, when demand exceeds supply, someone has to lose out. Judge for yourselves who it is:

EDINBURGH Usher Hall (May 1). Tickets were sold direct and mailed to early applicants at the same time. According to the management "a few" postal punters whose letters arrived late couldn't be catered for, along with others who requested specific prices or seats already sold from the box office. The score? Postal, 25 per cent. Box office, 75 per cent.

GLASGOW Apollo (May 2). Steady sales over a five week period with postal applications handled alongside box office sales. All 30 postal applicants satisfied. Ninety tickets sent out account for 2.6 per cent of the 3,380 seats available.

MANCHESTER Apollo Ardwick (May 3 and 4). Postal priority. Following standard procedure all early postal applications were cleared in the week before the box office opened. Nearly 75 per cent of the 2,500 allocations for each night went to mail buyers.

LONDON Rainbow (May 7 and 8). Always has a heavy postal demand and handles box office at the same time. Between 30 and 35 per cent of tickets went to postal sales.

LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (May 9 and 10). Postal priority. 50 per cent of all seats to postal people.

As policy does vary from theatre to theatre keep those mailing pointers in mind, why don'tcha?

In view of your disappointment over Birmingham, the Rainbow are holding four top-price centre front stalls for you, price £4.00 each (May 8). Want 'em? Write to Jill Khoestler, Rainbow Office, 24 Hanover Square, London W1.

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The fall of the Smith regime

Patti Smith Group Rainbow

SATURDAY NIGHT: See me OD. See me OD. All hopped up and raring to go. Result: bitter disappointment. There was nothing happening at-awll.

Ms Smith's joyful, fevered chemistry did not gel with my sang froid and hurt boredom. I hated almost everything she was doing on that Rainbow stage to an audience of sycophantic college kids and what I always refer to as the 'Time Out Brigade'... they danced, they cheered at the intros to their favourite songs, they didn't know why the hell they were there; and yet when a lone heckler challenged Ms Smith she screamed hyst-eric-ally words akin to "Get the shit out of here, you son of a bitch! You don't care about me!" and leaned on the service of two roadies to 'quieten' him down.

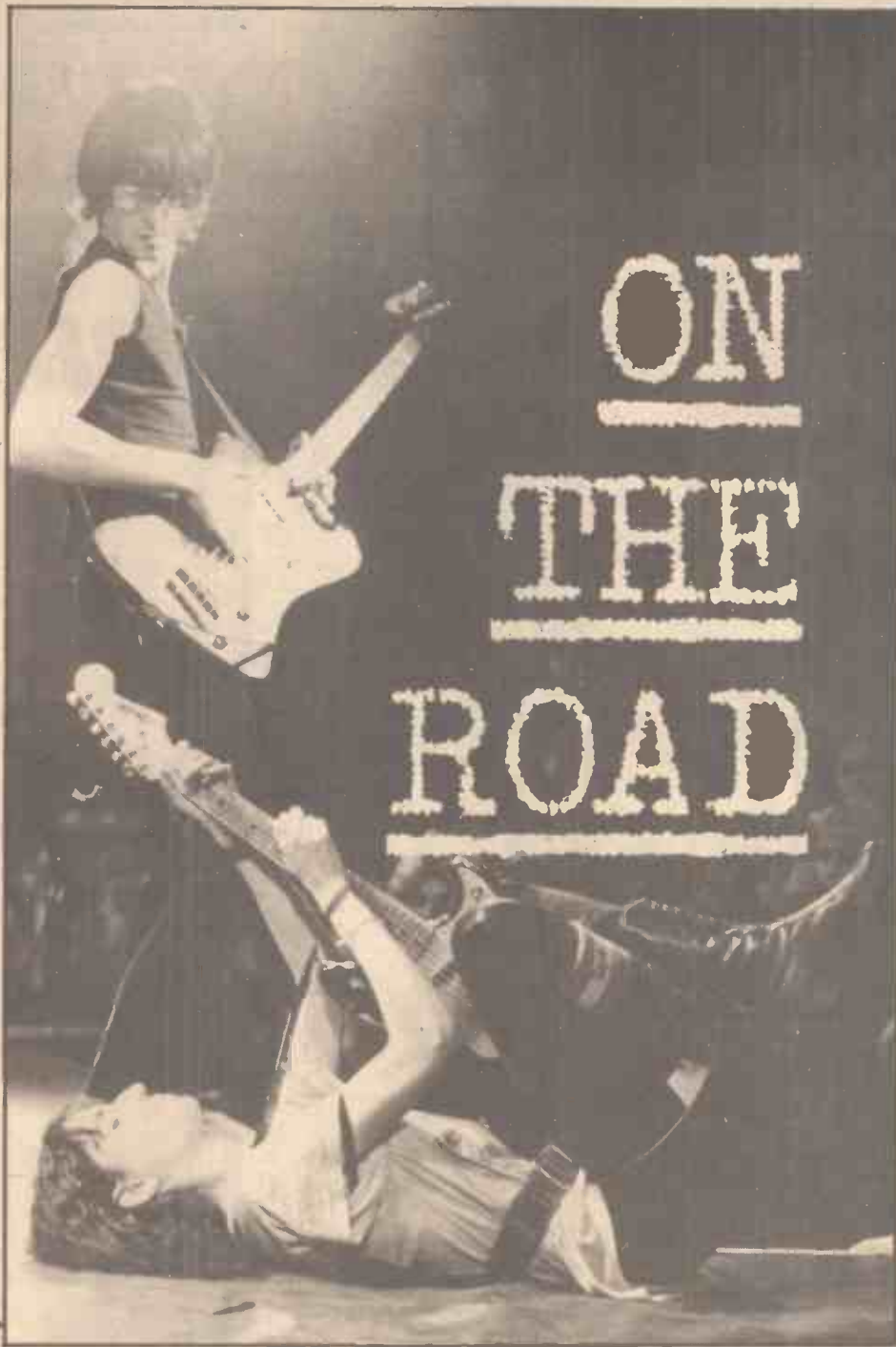
It was disgusting and juvenile; Patti Smith ceased to be a rock 'n' roll God or star or whatever in that moment for me, who loved her only two hours before.

Astonished and shocked, I wandered round in search of consolation. Isolated voices laughed, sneered and complained (rightfully) that the concert finished at 12.30am, leaving unwitting waifs stranded in darkest Finsbury Park.

The show: most of 'Easter'; 'Gloria', 'Land', 'Kimberly' from 'Horses'; a jack-off version of 'Radio Ethiopia' and unmoving renditions of 'The Kids Are Alright' and (I believe) 'Jailhouse Rock'. You think I enjoy writing this? But how can I lie about it when I didn't even 'recognise' the Patti Smith doll stumbling around the stage, a circus seal with a guitar placed in and removed from her hands by her sister and brother. That ain't art — it's, 'Look, ma, I'm a star!' and 'If you don't like it you insensitive plebeian, I'll smash your face in with my loyal following, blind faith and indisputable charisma!'

If the beautiful creature herself reads my bitter tears of print, she'll sneer, "That dumb bitch — just because I made her cry by yelling at her at her interview —" But devil's honour, I tried to find you on that stage Saturday night and couldn't see the forest for the trees... and they were all dying. I don't understand it. I don't know what went wrong. I'll go again though... again and again.

JANESUCK



PATTI SMITH: a bitter disappointment

Pic by Gas Stewart

they're great. So why haven't they got a deal?

But better must come from Aswad, they're that good. Welcome back, and please don't stay away so long this time round; I haven't enjoyed an evening's music so blissfully for far too long.

VIVIAN GOLDMAN

Journey Chicago

JOURNEY, THAT band of San Francisco area superstars, have finally achieved their long-overdue audience breakthrough. Their recently released fourth album, 'Infinity', is approaching the 300,000 mark in sales only a few weeks after coming out (previously the best Journey did was a bit over 100,000). And at the Chicago Aragon Ballroom recently, they were greeted by 5,500 screaming fans, while police had to shoo away hundreds more who couldn't get tickets.

This is not the quartet that only half-filled the small Riviera Theater a couple of years ago. Nor is it the quintet that played in Soldier Field last summer, with a prancing, posturing new lead singer named Robert Fleischman.

Steve Perry is the name of the newest singer, and his influence on Journey's music has been profound, especially on the album. Instead of mostly experimental blends of rock and jazz, now there are more down-to-earth, good, meaty songs and beautiful ballads.

In concert, the change is less noticeable, because there is still plenty of space for guitar virtuoso Neal Schon to stretch out. Tonight, for instance, Schon played the best show I've ever seen him do. He dazzled the crowd with his pyrotechnics as usual, but he also delivered some thoughtful improvisations in styles ranging from straight blues-rock to Oriental style.

As for Perry, he and the rest of Journey are a perfect fit. Like them he's a standout on his instrument. His voice conveys both melody and emotion, and with power. Among the new wave of lead singers, he can take his place next to Lou Gramm of Foreigner. Also, his stage presence is enthusiastic without being forced.

The question arises: Is the new Journey better than the old? Well, the screaming throngs who demanded — and got — five encores would probably say so. I can only say that the new band is one of the best all-round rock groups I've seen this year, and that's good enough. Yet I'll probably treasure the concert memories and albums of the old band for a long time to come.

AL RUDIS

Aswad 100 Club

REVELATION TIME. Aswad hadn't played any dates to speak of, and the audience were Aswad-starved, raring to rave.

And even their most ardent fans weren't prepared for Aswad's new and mighty music. Virtually a whole new set, of completely original sounds, unclassifiable. Just an indication that even while they've been off the road, they've built on their early promise more than we'd

anticipated, and have exploded the possibilities for home-grown-roots.

No point trying comparisons for Aswad's new songs. Simply, they're extended, tuneful, unexpectedly mellow and jazz influenced, hummable and hit hard. (I still remember them a week later after one hearing, though at the time every twist of the music was unpredictable adventure) with imaginative spot-on harmonies. Titles include: 'Zion Daughter' 'Love Has It Ways' (yup, a sweet

romance song!) 'Jah Will Be There' 'Spare Not The Rod' (boy I'm humming that one now...) 'Stranger', 'It's Not Our Wish'. Lyrically, Aswad again confront their day-to-day situation in this country with penetration and optimism.

It's as if Aswad had had some kind of personality transplant. Front man Brinsley Forde had a new, convincing presence and warmth, skilful and in control while his delicate dancing rhythm guitar disproves the old chaka-chaka-it's-all-the-same reggae

guitar myth. Donald Griffiths' lead guitar was equally unusual, sparse, sophisticated, elegant solos. Angus Gaye had developed some new super-wishing drum technique since I last saw him. Only trouble was, the P.A. was so bad that George Oban's bass and Tony Robinson's keyboards kept on vanishing — extra frustrating since what you could hear just made you want to hear more. Angus sang less, Donald sang more, Brinsley sang most and shocked me with new intensity.

Boy, but it's difficult to write a critical review when you have zero negative criticisms bar the P.A. I was in ecstasy, as was the entire 100 Club — now acknowledged as the crucial reggae venue in London. The band were too depressed by the crummy sound to give the encore the audience were yelling for. And I felt a bit confused myself — Aswad were/are the originators as far as this generation of young British reggae bands go — Matumbi/Cimarons have been established for years — everyone knows

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GREG KIHN: lacked that winning spark



RUBINOOS: kept people chuckling

Both pix by Gus Stewart

A Fool's Day family outing

**Rubinoos/
Greg Kihn
Hammersmith
Odeon**

SATURDAY NIGHT at Hammersmith Odeon was like a Berkeley Records family bash — all the kids from Berkeley High School making the big time in Old Blighty.

The Rubinoos are a quartet who do indeed open their hour long set with an a capella doo-wop number, but it's a spoof maaan. Matter of fact, their entire set is loaded with parody, sometimes to the point where you wish they would stop futzing around and get on with the music. Some of the wise-cracks couldn't cut paper here as they were straight Americanisms, but for the most part they managed to keep people chuckling, if quietly.

I think the combination of pressures they were under, this being their first time overseas (Tommy told me later that he'd "never been further than LA before"), the size of the crowd, and the fact that they were recording a live album, caused them; particularly lead singer/rhythm guitarist Jon Rubin, to try too hard to 'captivate the audience' with demands.

They all sing, really well at that, but I would have loved to have

seen them in a club atmosphere rather than a large hall. It didn't sound loud enough or seem substantially relaxed onstage, but after seven years together they do (and should) have an entertaining show together. Rilly swell, maaaaan.

Greg Kihn seemed strangely ordinary after the Rubinoos ridiculousness. Though they are obviously a good band with a great deal of writing and performing talents, it was difficult to find them this night. They just did not hold my attention... for me to fantasise about the hot-dogs (yuch!) in the lobby during a set is not only Freudian but out of character altogether. Dave Carpenter (lead guitar), Steve Wright

(bass) and drummer Larry Lynch seemed to be doing their jobs tiredly.

Anyway, tough titties for me that it lacked that 'winning spark', as the crowd got off alright, but only after constant demands from Kihn for reactions... and reminders of the live tapes rolling in the darkness. It wasn't actually till the very end of the set that things got off the ground and people rubbed the sleep from their eyes. It was a new toon 'Lucille' that got Hammersmith hot, and an old song 'Chinatown' that kept the momentum for them to exit and deserve the cries for encores.

DONNA McALLISTER

The Jolt St Albans

WITH THE advent of a general 'music scene' it's hard for writers to stick a new band into a category. The Jolt aren't exactly new, but when you look at them on stage you think — well maybe they're Power Pop, perhaps they could even be punks or even New Wave.

One thing I could definitely see was a comparison with The Jam, only I liked The Jolt better. They're a three piece — like The Jam — and they make a noise similar to The Jam and no doubt they are sick and tired of being compared with The Jam.

They look neat and confident but made the odd mistake (something The Jam never do!). They look Scottish and they all talk like Sandy Robertson and are a shy, likeable trio. They are: Robbie Collins — guitar/vocals, Jim Doak — bass/vocals, Iain Shedden — drums.

I was thoroughly entertained by their set, they played mean and dirty and full of conviction. Songs included, 'Decoyed', 'All I Can Do', the excellent 'In My Time' and 'Mr Radio Man'. They do two covers: 'Route 66' (who doesn't do that these days?) and their new single on Polydor 'Whatcha Gonna Do About It'. Both songs are performed with a lot more power than the originals.

The one thing The Jolt lack in and that is any stage presence and I guess this is what separates them from The Jam. Maybe it's 'cos they're shy or maybe they just wanna get down to it and propel all their energy through their guitars.

The St. Albans crowd weren't bouncing for joy, but nevertheless gave them an enthusiastic reception. A few people I spoke to after the show were indifferent but nobody hated them. They've been together now for eighteen months — which is a long time, these days — they've got a deserved contract with Polydor. The single is released around the beginning of April and in the meantime, if you see the name The Jolt in 'Steppin' Out' then step out and take a look.

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Pic by Denis O'Regan

TOM ROBINSON: street or straight music?

TRB, at contact breaking point

Tom Robinson Band Music Machine

FOUR SOLID hours of waiting. I couldn't move in case I lost my place and the DJ kept playing whole sides of Genesis albums. Incongruous wasn't the word. All three levels of the Music Machine were jammed with discreet middle-aged gays, Hampstead jollies on a slumming expedition, mums and dads, lesbians, teenyboppers and punks. Had they come to see the man who had laid his private life on the line, or simply to gawk at some deviant oddity?

Yet another 20 minutes of 'Seconds Out' was prevented by the appearance of 90 Degrees Inclusive. They play reggae with a disconcerting HM tinge, clipped, chinking rhythms punctuated by short booming rock riffs. They played warmly — if a little too loose at times — and dragged

The Magnets Roxy

SOMETIMES IT goes like this. The Magnets, a new band, played the Roxy and no-one was there. Somewhere between their desire to get the event over with as soon as possible and the realisation that there was nothing to be lost, they played a set that even they must have been pleased with and that many of their more lauded contemporaries would have done well to watch.

This review is in fact based on several gigs, but I've chosen to pin it down to the Roxy one because, ostensibly the bleakest, it seemed also to be typical of the kind of experience all bands have to go through at some time. Essential therefore not to be swept under the carpet. The fact that The Magnets totally transcended such an unhelpful environment was proof of the wealth and fame that are surely soon to come!

Firstly, their songs. Not complex in any boring or self-conscious way but with well thought out and interesting structures. 'Out Of Print' for instance, with its clever — but not too clever — time changes and the rather grim lyrics ('You say you're unobtainable/You say you're unavailable... but you're no late edition/You're out of print').

They're also impossible to pin down. I puzzled for ages over the apparent incongruity between sound and vision and eventually concluded that they're about two fashions ahead of themselves.

A lot of the twin lead guitar stuff going down between Bob Barnett and vocalist Steve Clear is, by virtue of its speed and proficiency, reminiscent of some of the British bands who started up in the early Seventies, notably Wishbone Ash and Rare Bird. But on the other hand they're not in the least dated (and they sure as hell ain't Power Pop). Barnett in fact looks like the perfect prototype showroom dummy, stonking about the stage like the latest incarnation of

Tom on, dressed as a policeman, to demand a toke of the spliff they were passing around. They seemed to lose power at points in their set, but they did manage to get me balled out for dancing on my seat.

And then it's TRB! The audience acts like it's Nuremberg all over again and the stage is a-dazzle with flashing lights. Burning straight into 'Don't Take No For An Answer', they played a kicking, angry set. I've never seen them from so far away but still managed to get singed by the fire they breath into their music. The old favourites were all rolled out; 'Grey Cortina', 'Winter Of '79', 'Right On Sister' (during which I got pogged on by a lesbian couple) and so on. Their two new numbers, 'Too True To Be Good' and 'Day Of The Jackal', both seemed rather repetitive on a first hearing, although the latter's catchy beat made up for this.

During 'Power In The Darkness' I began to feel uneasy. The

glib manner in which the audience returned Tom's catchphrases was redolent of the knees-up mentality that causes people to shout 'Behind you!' at pantomimes. Tom told them that they should be shouting their rage in the streets, not just in the safety of the Music Machine, but I doubt if many took his advice. You'd have trouble sorting out the converts from the politically blind in this audience.

A resounding success? Yes and no. The audience went ga-ga and TRB can still rock with power, simplicity and style. But TRB means contact. Contact with the band, with Tom's ideas and with the audience. As they get bigger this contact will obviously diminish. Already droves of professional liggers are jiving backstage, keeping the real people from the audience away from the band. The EMI mandarins are pressuring Tom to tone down his rabble-rousing and are surrounding the band with bouncers and flunkys.

Action Man.

What else? A strong rhythm section in drummer Nick Dodd and bass player Brian di Vito who is quite capable of finding some vantage point in the audience and playing half the set from there.

Not at the Roxy though — that wasn't played for laughs at all but although — or possibly because — no-one was there to hear it, they turned in the proverbial blinder.

The eminently commercial 'One Of These Days' and the bottle-neck guitar in 'Murder In My Heart' were high spots but come to think of it, it was all pretty extraordinary for a band that's only played a handful of gigs.

No, not that. Extraordinary for any band at all.

LINDSEY BOYD



THE MAGNETS: impossible to pin down

Mountainous security men stopped me and many of Tom's loyal fans from seeing him. This is not Tom's fault, but the star-makers seem set to turn him into a vacuous, slogan-spouting cardboard cut-out. Street or straight music, Tom; you'd better decide which side you're on.

JOHN GILL

The Pleasers/ The Heat Manchester

I JUST had to see The Pleasers. Partly because of my belief that behind the labels a high energy R&B band was lurking, and partly out of sheer curiosity.

As it was, Rafter's was half empty and the crowd was the dullest that I have ever seen there (in fact most of them were the disco crowd who went purely for the night out). The most disappointing aspect of all was (alas) the complete lack of schoolgirls which made a mockery of the proposed 'shortest skirt' competition. So much for media manipulation.

But first, a mention for the support band The Heat. Now this lot have improved 100 per cent since their grey days as a typical bandwagon punk outfit. They have tightened up no end and sparks of high originality fly out of the newer songs. The pace seems slower, substituting a 'bouncy' feel for the old manic speed. Most of the visual attention is grabbed by the Foxton-style bassist who angrily tugs the strings whilst staring straight into the eyes of the crowd. On this particular night though, the band were hindered by the very limited amount of stage room, the singer stood at the extreme left of the stage with the guitarist crammed directly behind him. At times they did seem to sag into dullness it's true, but provided they continue to experiment and improve I see no reason why they shouldn't be looking forward to the next couple of years with wide eyed anticipation.

Now The Pleasers, who are

balancing on a very precarious pedestal at the moment, certainly did not please me. If they intend to use this early Beatles stance as their base, inject their own ideas into the basic songs and subsequently move on in their own direction, then fine, but they did not show any originality at all at Rafter's.

I was right to believe that an excellent R&B band was hiding away, somewhere behind the Beatles suits, vocals, mannerisms, dances, haircuts and songs. At times they managed to eclipse the image and show a hint of their capabilities, capabilities that could well suffocate within their own very limited field.

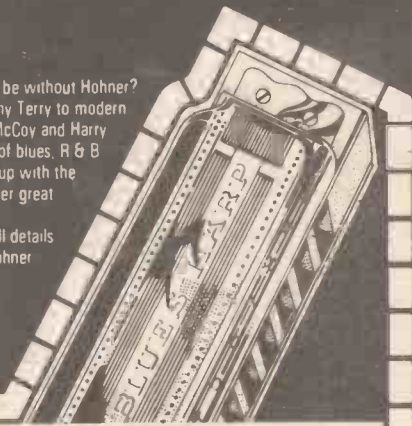
So, I went to the bar bought a pint and wondered what all the similar groups must think of The Pleasers. I am talking about cabaret bands all over the country who look, play and write identical songs to The Pleasers but who never achieve even a mention in the music press and don't complain because they admit to being simple novelty entertainers.

Actually, there were two or three high spots during the set and funnily enough they were the three songs that are available on record, 'Billy', and 'Rock And Roll Radio' from the Hope And Anchor album and the encore which not surprisingly was the single 'The Kids Are Alright', the latter being almost identical to the Who's original and demonstrating the pointlessness of this band perfectly. A few kids at the front showed essential enthusiasm while most of us clapped politely and walked away still bitching about the lack of mini skirts (and rock'n'roll).

MICK MIDDLES

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**California Jam II — Bob Welch/
Dave Mason/Santana/Heart/Ted
Nugent/Foreigner/Aerosmith/
Mahogany Rush/Rubicon
California**

THERE WEREN'T even traffic jams.

Last time, hundreds of people had abandoned their cars on the freeway and marched off in disgust. This time, the police had things well under control. 'Efficient' was the most-touted word to describe the event and everything leading up to it, the methodical operation that guided a seemingly endless stream of people plus sleeping bags, blankets and tuppaware, travelling by car, van, bike or just thumbing it, on to the Ontario Motor Speedway, 60 miles from LA to the location of the second California Jam (Jam I, attracting a mere 200,000 punters, was back in '74).

Not so much a rock concert, more an event. Thousands of heavy metal devotees camped out on the Speedway's grounds the night before, slipped over the fence past the security guards, swapped quaaludes and ripped off their neighbour's orange juice. Official figure 250,000, more likely 300,000 fans (aged 13-20) had paid their 12 dollars plus for tickets to the one-day event, and around 50,000 free-loaders got the music and space free by staying outside the grounds. One big party.

To many the actual show must have been something of an anti-climax (plenty of fans were asleep by mid-afternoon). Most everyone involved called it a 'success' (financially very much so — a spokesman claimed they'd got the initial investment back by the time they'd sold around 150,000 tickets). Others called it the first computerised rock concert, so efficient as to be almost devoid of spontaneity. Some of the acts called it 'just another gig'. Ted Nugent almost missed it. No-one seemed to think it would change their lives. The Mayor of Ontario eulogised: "These kids need this. There's little else for them to do. 95 per cent are great kids and you wouldn't mind having them home to dinner". However, the local paper managed to rake up the facts that 'at 10pm (end of show) 23 concertgoers had been arrested on charges of drug use, petty theft, drunkenness, possession of hashish, assault on a police officer, rape (two of them), robbery (several), attempted murder and felony hit-and-run'.

Two deaths were reported, one of them very morbidly over the loudspeakers. It was later discovered that the only genuine death took place outside the Ontario Speedway grounds (a relative of some poor kid present) and the mortality rate was nil. Quite a few people were blotto enough to be shipped off to hospital though (latest fad here, especially among heavy metal sickos, is a drug called PCP — Angel Dust. More hip than cocaine, it produces a totally gonzoid and violent reaction in the user. So that's why people were jumping up and down on each other's heads in the back row).

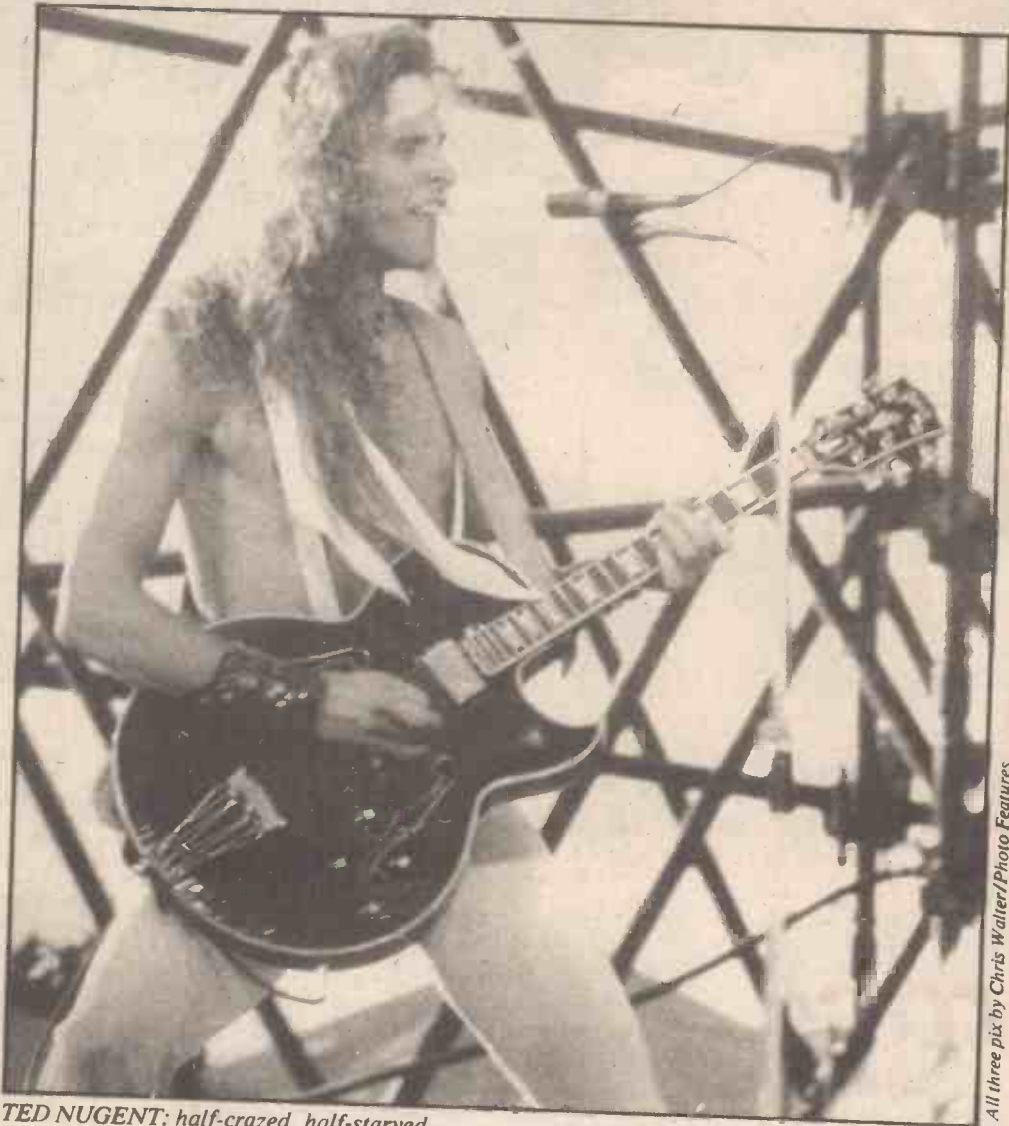
First casualty was treated 2pm Friday, first case of hysterics was a teenage girl who had a breakdown when stuck at the end of a never-ending queue for the portable toilets and was carried off screaming. Biggest near-miss was a naked man who recklessly hurdled a barbed-wire fence. Otherwise — apart from a few crushed bodies, burst bladders and dope-and-beer dinners — all agree that the fourth largest rock concert in history, California's largest ever and with the biggest paid audience at any American rock event, went off as sweet as apple pie.

Bob Welch was apparently reluctant to be first man on, but he was really quite impressive. Sounded just like the album. Now, some may say that 'French Kiss' is wet and sloppy, but Bob showed he could be tight as well as light. The renditions of his two hit singles, 'Ebony Eyes' and 'Sentimental Lady', were particularly polished and his short set, ending as it did with Mick Fleetwood (his manager) and Stevie Nicks joining him on stage, was well received.

Not too much louder, but slightly more uptempo was the next act, Dave Mason. Drawing heavily on his last album for song material, Mason sounded the best I've ever heard him. 'Gimme Some Loving', the old Spencer Davis classic, ripe and robust with the best drum solo of the day, was song of the show. Mason reckoned he was playing to around 1,000 people; the rest of the proverbial shifting sea of humanity, he assumed, was out of the range of sight and sound. But the sound system — the biggest ever designed, read next year's Guinness Book of Records if you don't believe it, with an output of around 167,000 watts of pure power — was quite adequate.

Santana's set opened with 'She's Not There', followed by 'Black Magic Woman' and 'Dance Sister Dance', Carlos squeezing painfully beautiful sounds from his guitar. Sensational music, inspired; back to that old group feel that's been missing for so long — possibly due to Carlos' spiritual awakening and search for a purer life than the Afro-Latin beat of rock music — and was beginning to show itself on the live 'Moonflower'. A magic performance, marred for me only by a tedious succession of guitar and percussion solos that sounded like the sort of noise you complain to your upstairs neighbour about, concluding with a powerfully charged version of 'Nobody To Depend On'.

Much ogling in evidence as the Wilson sisters and Heart come on for their 45 minutes-worth. I've never been a fan of this group, so



TED NUGENT: half-crazed, half-starved

suffice to say that while I was in the beer tent, the sound of happily applauding rock fans could be clearly heard.

There was a crush around the stage as around a thousand heavy metal clones squeezed up against the chain link fence salivating and chanting for their hero. Headliner Ted Nugent almost didn't make it. Living up to his wildman legend, and as we revealed in 'Jaws' last week, The Gonz had been big-game hunting in darkest Africa. At the last moment he had chartered a plane from Kenya to London, hopped on board Concorde to New York in the morning, and arrived in LA two hours before he had been due to go on.

Looking half-crazed and half-starved, a product of all that aeroplane food, Nugent leapt on stage a parody of himself and lunged into 'Cat Scratch Fever'. It was sweet inspiration to the crowd's psychopathic element, who pogoed (necessity of having less than an inch between your feet and the next person) to the brain-mashing music, taking in every word of his repetitive machine-gun raps.

The girls love him to talk dirty. 'Wang Dang Sweet Pootang' was dedicated to 'all that sweet Californian pussy', the very same words he used the last time he played LA. One could wish that he'd find another fetish just to make a change — saying the same thing 200 times a year does get to be a bit predictable. In fact, that's just how Nugent sounded. A half-crazed, arrogant product of raw meat and junk food, less acrobatic than usual, under the false impression that he was playing to thousands of deaf people. No pussyfooting. None of your I-want-to-hold-your-hand-and-get-to-know-you subtleties. Daring the girls to keep their Levis dry, putting into words and actions the nasty urges that parents deny exist.

Nugent plays about the best powerhouse rock around, but that's not to say he isn't getting stale. Heavy metal music *per se* is getting stale. It would be better if he gave his band (competent musicians all) some of the stage exposure instead of singing, playing, soloing and soloing and soloing under the spotlight (of the 19 pictures on his 'Double Live Gonzo' album, all 19 are of Teddy) all of the time. However, that's about as likely as asking God to play a mere saint. And Ted Nugent is worshipped.

Foreigner, with their brand of softer, more melodic rock, had a hard time following. But they were tight, professional, quite enjoyable, though they veered dangerously close to 'Top Of The Pops'-land on occasions. By now the crowd had divided into two factions — those still on their feet after Nugent and making a lot of noise, and those heading for the exit and home. Those that stayed gave Foreigner quite a reception (a good send-off for the world tour that began here tonight).

Second bill-toppers Aerosmith, together with a keyboards player, turned in a powerful performance beaten only, as far as the crowd was concerned, by Nugent's. The first act to perform in pitch darkness, the effect with the lights was spectacular. A punchy, supercharged set, perfectly timed and paced, was greeted by those still physically able to get out a horizontal position by a standing ovation.

Which left Mahogany Rush and Rubicon to close the evening — because they were two relatively unknown acts, it was hoped that enough people would leave after Aerosmith to avoid giving the traffic police headaches. By necessity an anti-climax and with severe projection problems, Mahogany Rush, with Frank Marino almost a caricature of Ted Nugent with ironed long hair and slightly crazed expression, turned in a competent but uninspired set.

Rubicon, a strange hybrid of Blood, Sweat And Tears with Foreigner and Chicago (a San Franciscan horn-based group with three competent vocalists and four other musicians) were none too consistent (screaming guitar riffs seemed out of place) though they were better live than on record — a perfectly adequate band to play out the departing thousands.

The party was over at midnight, two hours late, and the promoters and t-shirt sellers who made a stack of money were talking lovingly of Cal Jam III.

Richard Digance Manchester

OK, WE'VE finished being venomous about 'Earl's A Winger': time for a second look at Richard Digance.

Coming into the folk/acoustic scene when the latter was rather on the wane, his songs don't often move away significantly from the conventional songwriter's tracks. He's been everyone's support act (a surefire promoter's ploy) without really lifting off the ground. But his memorable points are (1) a non-folkie appearance — more a Leo Sayer ilk, (2) a rare professionalism — accurate timing and accurate rap with the audience and (3) an ad hoc humour which can get quite berserk.

The Manchester gig (not too well attended) was a warm-up to an event which will itself be history by the time you read this. The singer gathers a band around him, Chrystalis hire Jethro Tull mobile and the Queen Elizabeth Hall (for Chrissakes!) and they cut a live album.

The idea of using the band — a temporary arrangement — is to give a fuller sound and some more authority (= acceptability) to the songs. True, but it left me pondering what a lot of garbage

must get sold to the public by means of a few Fenders and Gauss bins. Actually the band, including Rick Kemp, Doug Mott on co-vocals and sharp-playing Tull drummer Barry Barlow donating the final lift, were good fun in the relaxed, chummy way that these one-off groups usually are. They seemed however prone to being infected by the same pretty tweeness that Digance was intending to avoid, while numbers tackled solo like his quite celebrated 'Salmon Song' plunged straight into a wimpishness that a different approach by the one performer could quite well have avoided.

Good luck and good editing may produce a good record of the QEH gig, and Digance (who's a fine singer as I should have mentioned before) will continue to be a great character on his own level. But he's not the next man for the rock circuit.

LINNET EVANS

Deaf School/ Minotaur St Albans

TWO CHARACTERS exchanged taunts inside the entrance of St Albans City Hall — one was a kid surrounded by police, the other was a bouncer holding his pulped, bloody eye. Violence is generally associated with punk rock, but this was Deaf School in St. Albans.

The police entered the concert hall as Deaf School were starting their second number. The house lights came on and a search took place in the crowd. Finally some kids were turfed out and Deaf School went back into their set. The atmosphere was electric.

In the right hands this situation could have been turned in favour of the band — the regeneration of the electricity into excitement, prime purveyors of this theory being The Clash. Unfortunately Deaf School failed to see the incident as an opportunity, so it served merely as a distraction. It's probably unfair to expect this approach from the band as it's not really their style, anyway by the end of the set they achieved the same result in their own inimitable way.

I must admit that prior to the gig I saw Deaf School as a sinking ship — once poised for stardom, then suddenly snubbed by the changing ideas that came along with the New Wave. With this performance however, my ideas were pleasantly changed.

The band went through the new album, added some oldies and threw in a few oddities along the way. The opener was a more than respectable cover of the Groovies' rocker 'Shake Some Action'. Easily the high spot of the night was the Supremes inspired 'Thunder And Lightning' — a soulfully intense self-penned bit of Sixties Motown, featuring Bette stretching her vocal capabilities to the limit. It would be interesting to see the band venture more into white soul. The set burnt itself out with two encores, leaving the crowd cheering till the lights came on.

For a change there was a support band worth mentioning. Minotaur are refreshingly different from the norm with their own brand of sub-Genesis rock. Their lead singer had a nice line in jesterish patter, adding humour and warmth to the evening. This band managed to keep a great percentage of people in the hall and out of the bar. Not an easy feat.

PETE AND NIC



BOB WELCH, seen here sharing a joke with Mick Fleetwood



CARLOS SANTANA together with Dave Mason (left)

SYLVIE SIMMONS



Pic by David Watright/LEI

KANSAS: almost too slick and perfect?

Pomp rock lives — run for the hills

(Isn't it about time we stopped using this headline? — Ed.)

Kansas Hammersmith Odeon

POMP ROCK hit London in no uncertain terms t'other Easter week-end: fully-blown, grandiose, multi-instrumental musical magniloquence was the name of the game and, of course, Kansas were the perpetrators, playing in front of an easy-going, enthusiastic and very partisan crowd.

Americans, like as not from nearby army and airforce bases, had hired coaches and turned out in force to see the band — and although this took the edge off the (all too) rapturous reception, there's no doubting that Kansas did turn in a hyper-professional, extremely impressive show. I doubt if many of the regular English punters were disappointed.

Kansas are part of a new generation of US outfits — that is to say, outfits that have been inspired by UK groups such as Yes and Genesis, not the Zeppelin, Stones traditionals. As ever, you get a lot of reference points: but Kansas at least have their own ideas, there's precious little that's a direct rip off, it's just the foundations that you notice, the structuring being all the band's own.

A slightly rockier, less artsy-fartsy set than I saw in the States — beginning with their most successful song 'Carry On Wayward Son' and following that up with the fairly straight ahead

boogie toon 'Down The Road' from their 'Song For America' album, Kansas had the crowd on its feet right from the outset. It was a good move — with the audience quickly, securely in their hands, the band were able to lay back and experiment a little with no danger of losing their quickly-established grasp.

As ever, the set did get rather bogged down mid-way through when pretension took hold and keyboards thrummed, guitars solo'd and the rhythm section rippled in different directions all at the same time, but Kansas do at least have one strong hook per song and, usually, they pulled through with their heads above water in the end.

There's something about the band however, something that's almost too slick and perfect. Despite precious few special effx, something of a showbiz aura emanates from them... an aura that was well appropriate in Las Vegas, but was ever so slightly uncomfortable in the less salubrious confines of the Odeon.

On the surface, the band appeared honest, hard-working performers, but when the veneer slipped — as it did during one of violinist/vocalist Robbie Steinhardt's raps when monitor problems caused some distraction — there was briefly evident an undercurrent of aggravation, you began to see the band in a new Aerosmith-like prima donna light.

But hell, it was an enjoyable night... even so, I can't help but feel that we'll have to wait until the Styx tour gets underway to see pomp rock at its best.

GEOFF BARTON

The Subs Rochester Castle

THE SUBS created quite a ripple at the Rochester Castle in what was one of the group's first London gigs. Having surfaced a few months back in their hometown of Glasgow, The Subs are ready to off-load their wares — brash and catchy ditties penned in celebration of two-timing girls — on the proverbial capital's club/stage circuit.

A recent Stiff life-line has given the band a lot of confidence. Their talent seems extensive if the dozen numbers I heard are an accurate measurement. The Subs are in fact like a stainless steel carving knife, rawness combined with a clean edged melody which utterly carves up any opposition in these supposedly Power Pop times. Enough hooks to hang your C&A bondage pants out to dry.

Launching off with their single 'Gimme Your Heart' it became crystal clear that The Subs are a compact band with each member contributing as a whole rather than as four individuals. In 'Street Nites' Kevin Key managed to squeeze out a canny guitar sound that switched between lead and rhythm without as much as a blink.

'Television Girls', with its compulsive rivism, caused a few disinterested heads in the audience to sit up and take notice. Ali Mackenzie really knows how to get the maximum sound out of his drums — a dry attack which underpinned songs like 'Gimme Your Heart' and 'R.O.M.A.N.C.E.'.

Bassist Derek Forbes is the most experienced member (although like the others only in his late teens) having once played acoustic guitar in Spain. His rumbling beat was adventurous without leaving the channel-bead drive of each song.

If there is a weakness, it lies with Callum Cuthbertson's vocal delivery which lacked menace and which often sank into obscurity. A few more gigs should be the remedy. Cuthbertson's stage presence is good, however. One moment treading the boards as if on thin ice, the next leaping in the air with salmon instinct.

Now, I'm not going to flood The Subs with diluted phrases like 'next week's thing', I'll just say they are well worth seeing. Point made.

NICK TESTER

JOE O'DONNELL'S Debut Album GAODHAL'S VISION



Try to bridge the gap between Dave Swarbrick's traditional trickery and Jean Luc Ponty's jumpy jazz and you've got one big chasm to cross. But since Joe O'Donnell has progressed through folk, classical, rock and jazz violin, he looks well equipped to attempt the near impossible and win.....

It's an album of contrasts, from traditional-styled violin tunes like the opening 'The Vision', stepped up through 'new

jazz' workouts such as *The Exodus* and capped by striking duets with friend and fellow Irish musician Rory Gallagher who trade some breathtaking exchanges on *Poets And Storytellers* and revel in the 'Hot Rats' standard *The Battle and Retreat Underground*.

There has been some good music from Irish musicians of late but Joe O'Donnell wins the prize for originality.

DAVID BROWN, SOUNDS

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April

- | | |
|----|-----------------------|
| 9 | Apollo Glasgow |
| 11 | Newcastle City Hall |
| 12 | Sheffield City Hall |
| 13 | Apollo Manchester |
| 14 | Apollo Manchester |
| 15 | The Spa, Bridlington |
| 20 | West Runton Pavillion |
| 21 | Birmingham Odeon |
| 22 | Birmingham Odeon |
| 23 | Ipswich Gaumont |
| 26 | Southampton Gaumont |
| 28 | Hammersmith Odeon |
| 29 | Hammersmith Odeon |

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DO VALVE AMPS HAVE MORE BOTTLE?

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It's the real thing



CHEAP TRICK: all brash energy and little content

I want you to want me

Cheap Trick Newcastle

CHEAP TRICK'S stage was a bit like the set for some primeval rock 'n' roll movie where the would-be stars behind the counter in local guitar shops suddenly discard their cover-alls to reveal glitter suits, and holler in unison: "Let's do the show right here". In front of their wall of Marshall amps they laid out a row of eleven guitars in racks (in addition to the ones they were actually playing), and Rick Nielsen, the bug-eyed one in the baseball cap, has another 20 on tour with him we are told.

Well, that's sort of impressive in its way, but possibly also envious and off-putting. So, the axe-collector extended his conspicuous consumption to a more sharing though low budget level by flicking, skimming and even spitting plectrums into the audience.

The pockets of his cardie were full of 'em and he had them stuck to his sleeve and up his miked stand like a red Indian chief's headdress. He probably gets through a hundred in

the course of an hour. A hundred free gifts with no obligation.

Well, that's sort of impressive in its way and a large Mayfair crowd seemed to be entirely carried along by this hardware worship, even giving them a 'howway the lads' chant for a second encore. I have to stress that. They went down very well indeed, gained legions of new fans, showed every sign of cracking the UK market at a stroke etc. My pix partner Rik Walton, a gent of some discernment, was beaming with pleasure.

But I didn't like what they were up to at all. I've enjoyed tracks from their album and their appearance on *OGWT* last week, but live they lapsed into the faults reported by Geoff Barton when he saw them in the States. They were loud for loud's sake; they pulverised the snappy dynamics of their songs into shapeless banality; they were dull and monotonous. The reason being, I think, this flashy gimmickry (all rampant materialism), which seems to be their way of relating to a live audience.

Though when I say 'they' it could be that I should aim most of my

criticism at Nielsen. Tom Petersson on bass and Bun E. Charles on drums are an estimable down-to-business hard rhythm section and Robin Zander is an OK singer (heavy metal Frankie Avalon), and sometimes rhythm guitarist. But Nielsen managed to dissipate all their talents including his own. Mainly it was a simple matter of him being too preoccupied with waving, pulling faces, flicking picks and throwing guitars to his roadie to actually play. It left a huge gap in music. It was the same problem as with the earliest punk — all brash energy and very little content, all motion and no meat.

Even so it was still obvious that songs like 'I Want You To Want Me', 'Taking Me Back', 'He's A Where' and 'Goodnight There' should be the real thing if given due care and attention. However, if clowning wins over the rest of the country the way it triumphed at the Mayfair, it may be some time before we hear Cheap Trick come across from the stage as a rock music band rather than an adroit sales campaign.

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

Bass encounters of another kind

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The information here is correct at time of going to press but may be subject to change. Please check with the venue concerned.

*A star denotes a gig of special interest or importance (even if it's only good for a laugh or posing).

WEDNESDAY APRIL 5

BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Johnny Nash
 BELFAST, King's Hall (665225), Merle Haggard/Joe Ely
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's (021-643 9413), Cock Sparrer
 DOUGLAS, (IOM), Palace Lido (4671), Heavy Metal Kids
 FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliffes Hall (53193), Slade
 HAWICK, Town Hall (2347), Max Boyce
 HUDDERSFIELD, The Polytechnic (22288), Ozo
 HUNTINGDON, Camelot, Raw Deal
 LEEDS, Brannigans, The Sneakers
 LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), Planet Gong
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Slipstream
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Filthy McNasty
 LONDON, Crawford's, Covent Garden (01-836 0807), Thunderflag
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Will Birch's Records
 *LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Dana Gillespie
 *LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Tapper Zukie
 LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Stylistics/Candy Station
 LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-985 6153), Rivvits
 LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), The Skids
 *LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Kevin Coyne
 LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, Dansette
 LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Leicester Square (01-439 0747), Rumble Strips
 LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington, Rednite
 LONDON, Windsor Castle, Westbourne Park, Jerry the Ferret
 LUTON, Royal Hotel (29131), Screens
 MANCHESTER, Pip's (061-834 1833), Depressions
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Bridge Hotel (27780), The Marshall Hall Experience/Bride
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Cooperage (28286), Junco Partners
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Gosforth Hotel (856617), Southbound
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Newton Park Hotel (662010), Scorcher
 *PLYMOUTH, Woods Centre (266118), Generation X
 *READING, Bones, Siouxsie and the Banshees
 *SHEFFIELD, Top Rank (21927), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
 WELWYN GARDEN CITY, Garden West (21106), The Real Thing
 WHITLEY BAY, Jonah's, The Steve Brown Band
 WHITLEY BAY, Rex Hotel (523201), Oasis/The Squad
 YORK, Wine Bar, Mean Street

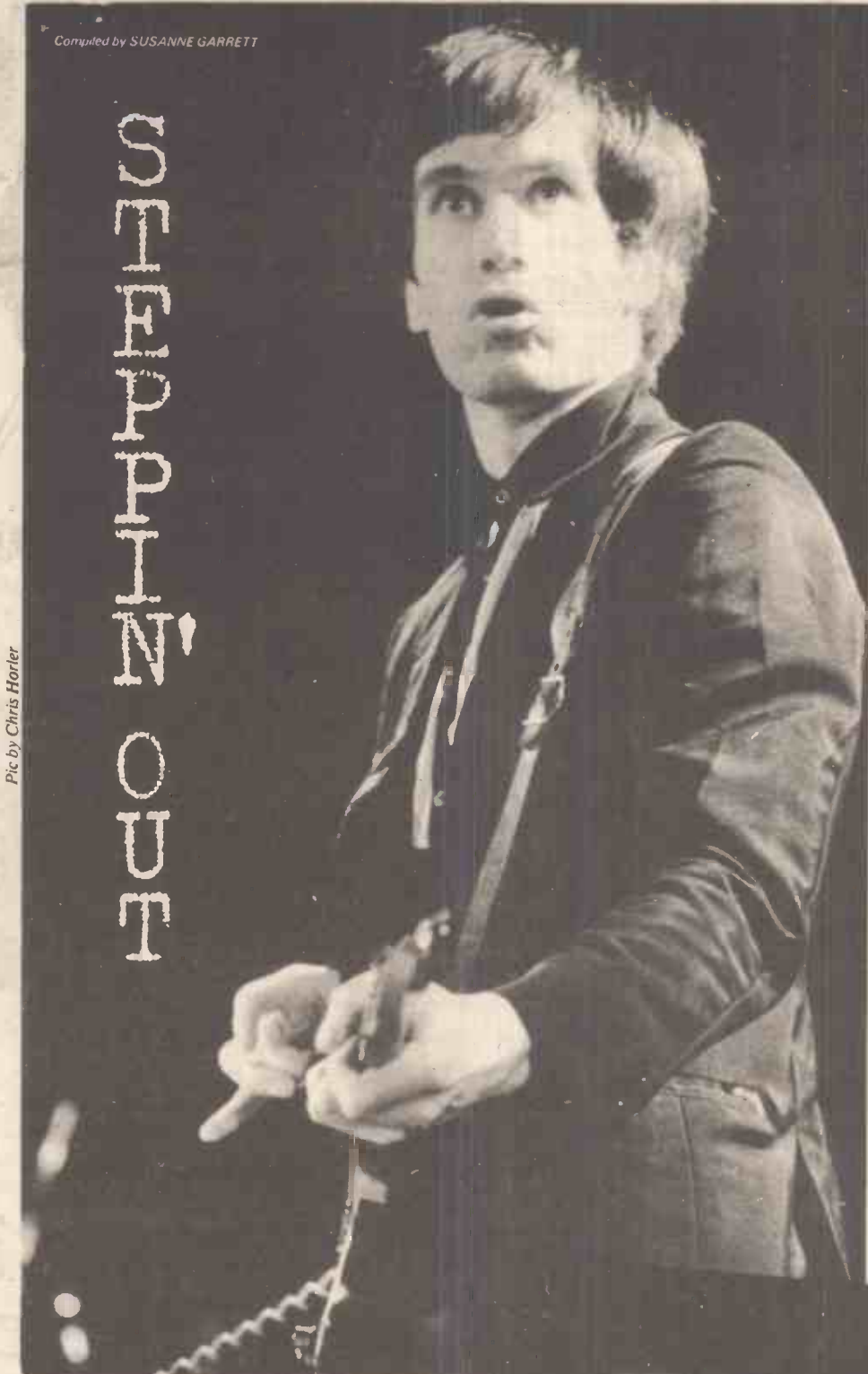
THURSDAY APRIL 6

BASILDON, Double Six (20140), Rebel
 BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Johnny Nash
 BIRKENHEAD, Mr Digby's (051-647 9329), Body
 *BLACKWOOD, (Gwent), Blackwood Institute, Racing Cars
 BRADFORD, Princeville (78845), Race Against Time
 *BRIGHTON, New Regent (27800), Tapper Zukie
 *BRISTOL, Tiffanys (34057), X-Ray Spex
 BUXTON, Gaslight Club (813020), Bullet
 COVENTRY, Zodiac, Raw Deal
 *DONCASTER, Outlook (64434), The Boyfriends
 DOUGLAS, (IOM), Palace Lido (4671), Heavy Metal Kids
 DURHAM, Coach and Eight (63284), Preacher's Dram
 EPPING, The Centre Point, The Vipers
 GREAT YARMOUTH, Chicago Club, Red
 HARTLEPOOL, Gatsby's (77645), Young Bucks
 HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head (21758), Late Show
 ILFORD, Cranbrook Theatre, Rednite
 LEEDS, F Club (663252), Gloria Mundi
 LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), Clayton and The Argonauts
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Scarecrow
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Filthy McNasty
 LONDON, Cart & Horses, Stratford, Jerry the Ferret
 LONDON, Crawfords, Covent Garden (01-836 0807), Thunderflag
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Charlie Ainley
 LONDON, The Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet Southern Ryda
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Marty Robbins/Don Everly

Compiled by SUSANNE GARRETT

SEEKING OUT

Pic by Chris Horler



TWO FIRSTS for Wilko Johnson — a new band and his debut UK tour with them. Check out Wilko and the guys, ex-Salt man Alan Platt (drums), ex-Count Bishops Stevie Lewins (bass) and ex-Original Feelgoods John Potter (piano). Initial dates at West Runton Pavilion (Friday), St Albans City Hall (Saturday), Swansea Circles (Monday), and Cardiff Top Rank (Tuesday).

LONDON, Hombre Club, Wells Street, Otis Waygood
 LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Reggae Regulars
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Matumbi
 LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), Apostrophe
 *LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Electric Chairs/Levi and the Rockatts
 *LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Saints/The Front
 LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Stylistics/Candy Station
 LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, Sore Throat
 LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), The Makers
 *LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Kevin Coyne
 LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 0951), Wee Willie Harris/Shades/Wild Wax Show
 LONDON, Swan, Hammersmith (01-748 1043), Zhani
 LONDON, Windsor Castle, Westbourne Park, Doll by Doll
 MANCHESTER, Middleton Civic Hall (061-643 2389), Shabby Tiger/Cry Tough
 MANCHESTER, Pip's (061-834 1833), Eater
 *MANCHESTER, Rafters (061-236 9783), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
 MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady, Delegation
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Cooperage (28286), Sabre Jets
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Hawthorne (741096), Avalon
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Park Hotel (662010), Oasis
 *PENZANCE, The Garden (245), Generation X
 PETERBOROUGH, ABC (3504), Hot Chocolate
 SHEFFIELD, Limit Club, Planet Gong
 SPRINGTOWN, Perthshire Club
 CHOU PAHOT
 STOKE, Gaiety, Juggernaut
 STOKE, Tiffany's, Real Thing
 SWANSEA, Circles, Ozo
 SWANSEA, Nutz (66409), Bethnal
 TREForest, Non-Political-Club
 WARREN HARRY

Pic by Joseph Coomber



WATCH OUT. Manfred Mann is back on the road. Manfred & Co begin their tour at Newcastle City Hall (Friday). Watch out for more gigs next week.

WEBBINGTON, Country Club Slade
 WICKFORD, Youth Centre, Gygafo

FRIDAY APRIL 7

ABERDEEN, Capitol (23145), Max Boyce
 BATLEY, Variety Club (475151), Johnny Nash
 BLACKBURN, Dirty Dick, Idiot Rouge
 BLYTH, Golden Eagle (4343), White Heat
 BOGNOR, Ocean Barns, Tony McPhee's Terraplane
 *BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26636), Generation X
 BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens (26446), Marty Robbins/Don Everly
 BRADFORD, Royal Standard, The Sneakers
 BRADFORD, Topic (32119), Cilla and Artie Trezise
 BRIDGWATER, Manor Hotel (2107), Warren Harry
 BRIGHTON, New Regent (27800), Bernie Tormé
 *BURTON-ON-TRENT, 76 Club, Kevin Coyne
 BURY ST EDMUNDS, The Griffin, Raw Deal
 CHELMSFORD, Rock Club, Grand Hotel
 CHELTENHAM, Pavilion (2929), Satan's Rats

COVENTRY, University of Warwick (20359), Planet Gong
 DUDLEY, JB's (53597), Magic
 *GREENHEAD, Greenhead Hotel, Michael Chapman
 HUDDERSFIELD, Town Hall (22133), The Real Thing
 ILFORD, Cranbrook, Rednite
 IRVINE, Mercet Cross, Hector
 *KIRKLEVINGTON, Country Club (780345), The Boyfriends
 LINCOLN, New Bootham Club (21779), Strange Days
 LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), The Fall
 LONDON, Battersea Arts Centre (01-223 5356), UK Subs/Plague
 LONDON, Bouncing Ball, Peckham, 90° Inclusive
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Suckers
 LONDON, City Arms, Islington, Frankenstein
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Orphans/The Lightning Raiders
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, Swift
 LONDON, Duke of Sussex (01-603 4783), Southern Ryda
 LONDON, Half Moon, Putney (01-788 2387), Saffron Summerfield
 LONDON, Hope and Anchor (01-359 4510), New Wave Art (Exhibition)
 LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Gonzalez
 *LONDON, New Roxy, Harlesden (01-965 6946), Tapper Zukie

LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), The Stylistics/Candy Station
 LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, The Late Show/The Monos
 LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), The Young Ones
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), The Voice Squad/Clumsy
 LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Funky Team
 LUTON, Royal Hotel (29131), Garbo's Celluloid Heroes
 *MALVERN, Winter Gardens (3377), The Adverts
 *MANCHESTER, Rafters (061-236 9783), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
 *MARGATE, Dreamland (27011), Siouxsie & The Banshees
 MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady, Delegation
 NEWCASTLE, Bridge Hotel, Disguise
 *NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), Manfred Mann's Earth Band
 NEWPORT, Village (811949), Bethnal
 NORWICH, Jaquard's Club, Mischief Tavern, Fye Bridge, Ruby Joe
 NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54381), Gloria Mundi
 *PLYMOUTH, Metro (51326), X-Ray Spex/Racing Cars
 PORT TALBOT, Troubadour, Slade Swarbrick & Friends
 REDDITCH, Tracey's (61160), Lime-light
 *RETFORD, Porterhouse (4981), Wreckless Eric
 WALLINGTON, Royal Oak, Hollywood Killers
 WEST BROMWICH, Coach and Horses, Richochet
 *WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Wilko Johnson
 WIGAN, Riverside Social Club, Beano

SATURDAY APRIL 8

*ABERDARE, Colosseum Theatre, Racing Cars
 ABERTILLY, Six Bells (2543), Warren Harry
 AYR, Darlington Hotel (68275), Black Gorilla
 BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Johnny Nash
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Bethnal
 *BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad (56333), Generation X
 BRADFORD, East Bowling Unity Club, Ronnie Storm & The Typhoons

*LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 0526), Dana Gillespie
 LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-350 4510), New Wave Art (Exhibition)
 *LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Radio Stars
 LONDON, New Roxy Theatre, Harlesden (01-965 6946), NYSO
 LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Stylistics/Candy Station
 LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, Big Chief
 *LONDON, Rainbow, Finsbury Park (01-263 3148), Damned/Johnny Moped/Soft Boys/Prof & Profettes
 LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), Subs
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Spiteri
 LONDON, Roxy, Neal Street (01-836 8811), Mean Street/Public
 LONDON, Squire, Catford, Rebel
 LONDON, Stapleton, Crouch Hill (01-272 2108), Rednite
 LONDON, Swan, Hammersmith (01-748 1043), Lesser Known Tunesians
 *MANCHESTER, Mayflower, Tapper Zukie
 MARGATE, Dreamland (27011), Roll Ups/Stag
 MATLOCK, Pavilion, Juggernaut
 MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady, Delegation
 MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden (241995), Disguise
 NEILSTON, Victoria Bar, Hector
 NEWCASTLE, Bridge Hotel (27780), Hot Snax
 NORTHAMPTON, County Cricket Club (32917), China Street
 NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (869032), Strider
 *OXFORD, College of Further Education (46318), Wreckless Eric
 OXFORD, Oranges & Lemons, Left Hand Drive
 SNODLAND, The Bull, Edge Band
 *ST ALBANS, City Hall (64511), Wilko Johnson
 STROUD, Leisure Centre (6771), Slade
 STROUD, Subscription Rooms, Muscles
 SWINDON, Oasis (33494), Denis Waterman and The Sprinklers
 WARRINGTON, Lion Hotel, Body
 WIGAN, Riverside Social Club, Beano

SUNDAY APRIL 9

*ABERDEEN, Capitol Theatre (23145), Manfred Mann's Earth Band
 ANFIELD PLAIN, The Plainsman (33113), The Barfly
 BASILDON, Double Six (20140), Gygafo
 BOLTON, Blighty's (Farnworth 792022), Slade

Continued over page

marquee

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Monday 10th April

X. RAY SPEX
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+ THE UNWANTED
A Club Left Presentation

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Thursday 6th THE EDDIE AND SHEENA TOUR featuring ELECTRIC CHAIRS plus Levi and the Rockets Admission £1.50	Tuesday 11th YOUNG BUCKS plus Live Wire Free admission for one before 10.30 with this advert Normal admission £1.00
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STATION TO STATION

SEE IT

WEDNESDAY

London/Granada — Pop Quest (4.45-5.15): Who'll get to sit in the BIG leather armchair? (Drool). The Rock Superbrain of '78 that's who, ultimately exposed in the final programme of this kids quiz series.
 BBC1 — Hong Kong Beat (9.35-10.05): In which the Beeb team don bullet-proof vests as they capture the wily Inspector Wong of the Hong Kong fuzettes searching for Big Gun and the missing payroll. True life dramarama.

THURSDAY

BBC... — Top of the Pops (7.10-7.40): Cuddly ol' Reginald Dwight is prised from the BBC archives to comere another session of thrills, spills 'n' popular zounds... ZZZZ.
 BBC2 — Law and Order (9.00-10.20): More cosmic cops. Beeb team don dirty macs and G-strings and follow the movements of Detective Inspector Pyall (sic!), day and (?) night.

FRIDAY

BBC1 — Portrait of Twiggy (10.30-10.55): Twiggy assumes 60's nostalgia pose and discusses the cover of the Beatles 'Sergeant Pepper' album and other issues vital to our time(?).
 BBC1 — Going Straight (8.30-9.00): Best comedy slot on the box featuring mad genius Barker a Fletcher. Everyday story of beautiful ex-con.

SATURDAY

LWT — The Monkees (11.00-12.00): Resurrected 60's series featuring the put-together weenybop phenomenon of the same name. This week Micky Dolenz, Peter Tork, Mike Nesmith and Davy Jones rescue a young (?) maiden (?) from her wicked uncle.

MONDAY

BBC1 — Cheggers Plays Pop (4.40-5.05) Multi-coloured juvenile lead gets swapped to peak viewing afternoon slot. Surprise guests from the world of pop... ZZZZ.

TUESDAY

BBC2 — Old Grey Whistle Test (10.55-11.35): Features Frog jazzrock band Gong (no relation), plus bottleneck impresario Bryn Haworth.

HEAR IT

MONDAY TO FRIDAY

Radio One — John Peel (10.00-12.00): John Peel has more fun playing with pieces of black plastic instead of writing his weekly column for us!

WEDNESDAY

Radio Nottingham — Jaye C (6.30-7.30): More rockola spins, 50's and beyond from Jaye's jolly jukebox. Plus interviews with staz of rock 'n' roll.

THURSDAY

Radio Forth — Cruisin' (9.00-10.00): Oy-oy-oy-oy... Yet another jukebox show with sounds antiquated and modern wave. Good for a nickel's worth.

SATURDAY

Radio Clyde — Hear Me Talkin' (10.00-11.00): Carl Perkins, vintage rock 'n' roll merchant takes over the studio and tinkers with his instrument.
 Radio London — Honky Tonk (12.00 midday)

Radio London — Honky Tonk (12.00-1.30): Excellent trax played 'n' made by Charlie Gillett, the razor king. Beats morning service, Sunday lunch and News of the Screws.
 Radio Luxembourg (7.30-8.30): Punk poseur Stuart Henry sticks another safety pin in his sporran and its new wave all the way.

MONDAY

Radio Newcastle — Bedrock (7.15 onwards): Doctor Dick Godfrey lays sounds on ya and interviews Greg Kihn, the Rubinoos and Cheap Trick too.

TUESDAY

Radio Clyde — Boozy Woogie Rock Show (12.00 midnight-2.00am): Scots gal Maggie Bell struts her stuff and tells y'all what she's been doing of late.



Pic by Peter Rutherford

AS PART of his global marathon, ace axe artist Rory Gallagher roars in for his first UK dates since way back in December '76, with electric violinist Joe O'Donnell (formerly with East of Eden) as a worthy support. Catch the maestro at Glasgow Apollo (Sunday) and Newcastle City Hall (Tuesday). Much more next week.

From previous page

- ★ LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Dana Gillespie
- ★ LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Radio Stars
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, Charlie Dore's Back Pocket
- LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), John Adams Band/Out of The Blue
- ★ LONDON, Roundhouse, Chalk Farm (01-267 2564), Generation X
- LONDON, Stapleton, Crouch Hill (01-272 2108), Helicopters
- LONDON, Torrington, North Finchley, The Stukas
- LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road, Frankenstein
- MANCHESTER, Band on the Wall (061-236 9114), Mekon/Toytown Symphony
- NEWBRIDGE, (Gwent), Newbridge Institute, Warren Harry
- PURFLEET, Circus Tavern (4001), Herb Reed
- SOUTHAMPTON, Odeon (22243), Denis Waterman and The Sprinklers
- WHITLEY BAY, Rex Hotel, Eater

MONDAY APRIL 10

- BANNOCKBURN, Tartan Arms, Black Gorilla
- BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, Bullets
- ★ BIRMINGHAM, Rebeccas (021-643 6951), Tapper Zukie
- BLYTH, Golden Eagle (4343), Steve Brown Band
- BRIGHTON, Dome (682127), Hot Chocolate
- BRISTOL, Colston Hall (292768), Slade
- BURTON-ON-TRENT, Eve's Disco, Muscles
- CROYDON, Red Deer, Desperate Straits
- ★ DONCASTER, Outlook (64434), Wreckless Eric
- HATTON-LE-HOLE, Fleming Hotel, Avalon
- HOYLAND, Birdcage Ballroom, Beano
- LIVERPOOL, Empire (051-709 1555), Max Boyce
- LIVERPOOL, Sportsman (051-709 3757), Juggernaut
- LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Tour De Force
- LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Young Bucks
- ★ LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), The Saints
- LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, Noel Murphy
- LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Whirlwind
- LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), Pekoe Orange
- ★ LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Doctors of Madness
- LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01-677 1473), Adam & The Ants
- ★ LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), X-Ray Spex
- ★ LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Radio Stars
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, Riff Raff
- LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 5720), The Subs
- LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), JJ Jameson/World Service
- LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich (01-854 2030), Grand



Pic by Mick Young

RADIO STARS are all set to make soundwaves during their three-night stint at London's Nashville Rooms this week — Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Twinkle twinkle little stars.

- Hotel MALVERN, Festival Theatre (3377), Dave Swarbrick & Friends
- MANCHESTER, Band on the Wall (061-832 6625), No Mystery
- ★ NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), Television
- NORWICH, University of East Anglia (52068), Planet Gong
- OLDHAM, Tower Club, The Fall/The Slugs/Identical Zips (Rock Against Racism)
- PRESTON, Pear Tree, Body
- PURFLEET, Circus Tavern (4001), Herb Reed
- ★ SWANSEA, Circles, Wilko Johnson
- SWINDON, Affair (30670), The Banned
- WHITLEY BAY, Jonah's, Harcourt's Heroes
- WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall (28482), Bethnal
- YEADON, Peacock Hotel, Snatch

TUESDAY APRIL 11

- ★ BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), X-Ray Spex

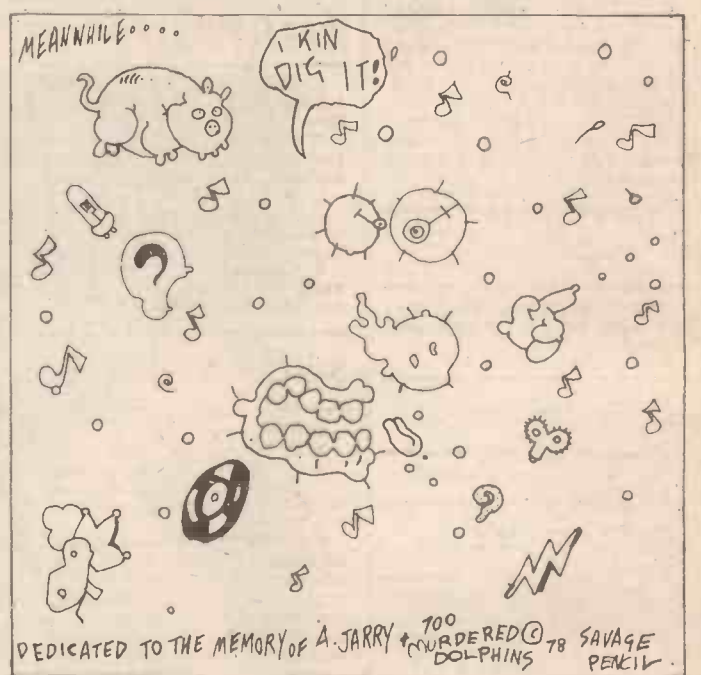
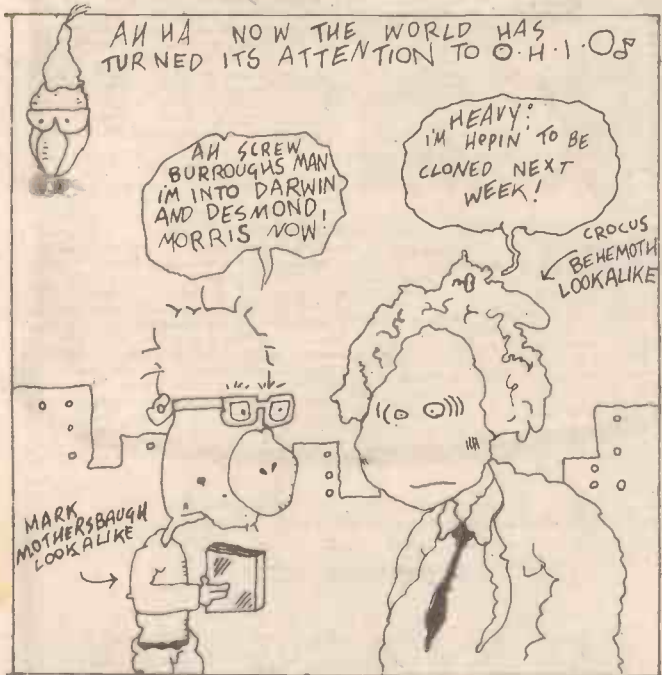
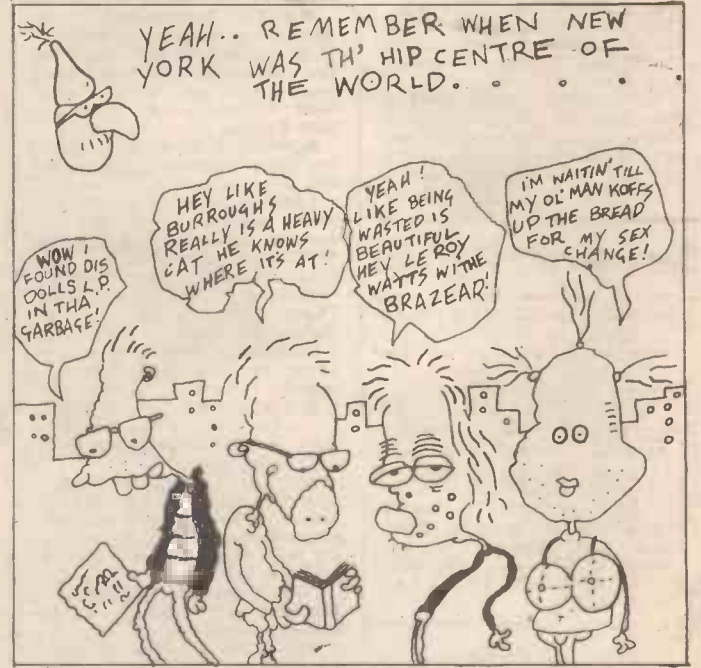
- BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens (26446), Hot Chocolate
- BRIGHTON, Richmond Hotel (63974), Flesh
- ★ CARDIFF, Top Rank (26538), Wilko Johnson
- ★ COVENTRY, Locarno (24570), Generation X
- ★ GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6055), Television
- LEIGHTON BUZZARD, Unicorn, Club, Left Hand Drive
- LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Grand Hotel
- LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Dick Envy
- ★ LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Saints
- LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Chelsea/Jolt
- LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), Rebel
- LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), Spiteri
- LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Young Bucks
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-985 6153), The Monos/Pinprint/The Echoes
- LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Landscape/Doppelgänger

- LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich (01-854 3933), Pekoe Orange
- LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington, Stage Fright
- LONDON, White Hart, Acton, Doll By Doll
- ★ MANCHESTER, Rafters (061-236 9783), Doctors of Madness
- ★ NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), Rory Gallagher
- NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Cooperage (28286), Jeff Grant Band
- NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Gosforth Hotel (856617), White Heat
- NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Newton Park Hotel (662010), Harcourt's Heroes
- NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, West House, Killingworth (681373), Barfly
- ★ PENZANCE, Garden (2475), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
- ★ SHEFFIELD, City Hall (27074), Manfred Mann's Earth Band
- SOUTHEND, Zero Six (546344), Planet Gong
- TAUNTON, Odeon (2283), Real Thing
- WHITLEY BAY, Red Lion, Earsdon (529376), Achilles Heel



THE DOCTORS, their 'Madness' is apparently optional these days, will be bleeding new boy Dave Vanian at London's Marquee (Monday) and Manchester Rafters (Tuesday).

ROCK N ROLL ZOO



Classified Advertisements

Enquiries: 01-836 1522

SEE COUPON FOR RATES

All 'Small Sounds' Advertisements must be pre-paid

Whilst every effort is made to ensure that advertisements appear correctly, the publishers will not be responsible for the consequences arising from errors or delay in publication. It is the advertiser's responsibility to check that the first insertion of every series is published correctly and corrections must be notified in time for the second insertion, otherwise the publishers will not accept any liability or offer any reduction in charges.

SMALL SOUNDS

Personal

DAVE (24) TALL, slim, into Bowie wishes to meet tall, slim, girl for friendship. Have tickets for Earls Court. Box no. 6149.

QUIET MALE, 21 seeks sincere female, for friendship. Norwich area. Box no. 6147.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE student likes most music, art, countryside, sports seeks slim intelligent guy (20-25) with sense of humour to write/meet, photo appreciated. Box no. 6146.

GIRL 20 MANCHESTER area wants sincere, long haired guy 20+ for good times like bikes, into Rush, Tubes, Cafe, Zep, Trower, photo if possible. Box no. 6145.

LONELY GUY 20 seeks lonely girl, write/meet. West Midlands or anywhere. Box no. 6153.

YOUNG MALE (20) seeks interesting girl on smallish side for fresh relationship. Must be willing to listen to Hendrix. Kilmacolm, Greenock areas. Box no. 6151.

LONELY STUDENT (22) tender, considerate, seeks quiet sincere gentle girl, looks unimportant. All letters answered. Box no. 6150.

PENFRIENDS USA, Canada, UK wants your friendship, correspondence, some marriage. Send age, SAE for details to Soulmates, 11 Rushcroft Road, London SW2.

LONELY 18 year old guy, needs nice chick (15-19) for love and outings. Into Bob Marley, Led Zep, Bowie, Pink Floyd etc. Write to Andy, 49 Elmes Drive, Southampton, Hampshire. Photo appreciated.

SENSITIVE GIRL 23 would like to write/meet humorous shy male, South London/Surrey area. Box no. 6161.

MALE ELO fan (17) seeks lonely, sincere girl (14-19) to write/meet. Box no. 6159.

LONELY GUY, in Nottingham into Mortimers, Warrows, Stranglers, Costello, Quo etc seeks lonely but sincere chick, early 20s. Write to Pete, Box no. 6158.

LONELY GIRL, 21, seeks male in the forces for friendship. Write Box no. 6157.

MOBILE WILTSHIRE guy seeks quiet girl 17-21, write/meet. Dislikes punk. Box no. 6156.

LONELY GUY (25), not bad looking, easy going, seeks a steady girlfriend, 18-26, must live in Blackpool. Box no. 6142.

VERY LONELY Scots guy, 28, seeks girl, write/meet. Sincere and genuine. Box no. 6141.

LOONY MALE, 28, South London. Lives for Bowie, Rotten, Art and Pizza. Needs girl too. Box no. 6139.

INTERRACIAL, the only

FREE dating service. SAE to: 18 Woden Road, East Wednesbury, Staffs.

GLORIA MUNDI: fanatics, followers and fetishists. Write GM Information, 6 St Georges Square, London SW1.

LONELY GUY (23) seeks chicks to write/meet, into Floyd. Northumberland, North East. Box no. 6138.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIEND service, stamp for details, International Penfriends, 39a Hatherleigh Road, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

MALE (18), lonely, shy and bored seeks natural sincere girl with a sense of humour for warm lasting relationship. Box no. 6155.

NICE GUY seeks entwife, humour, intelligence, rock, love and peace. Box no. 6154.

WOULD ANY girl who is unfortunate enough to be very attractive and shy please write to me. I understand your problems. Gordon (age 21), Box no. 6143.

PENFRIEND MAGAZINE for all age groups. Only 50p fortnightly (pay after receiving 8). Write: Leisure Times (RK 35), Chorley, Lancs.

APPOLLO BUSTREK. Overland expedition to Greece and Turkey. Three weeks minibus camping tours. Regular departures commencing 3rd June. £110. Brochures Dept S, 7 Oak Road, Bournemouth.

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PENFRIENDS HOME and abroad. SAE HGB openfriends. PO Box 109, Stoke-on-Trent.

LONELY GUY (19) seeks lonely girl (16-19) for lasting friendship in Manchester area. Box no. 5990.

LYNNE. I'll love you for ever. Phil.

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PENFRIENDS LONDONERS wanted. Love, Peace, Rock, SAE to Box no. 5967.

RICH MALE, handsome student, 27, wishes to correspond with American girl, age irrelevant. Houshang Panahi, 17 Knoll's Road,

Cowley, Oxford. **ARE YOU SEEKING OCCULTISTS**, witches, circles, etc? Nationwide service. Send SAE or stamp to Baraka Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

LONELY GUY 26, English, seeks Chinese girl to write/meet. Box no. 6054.

TONY, 23 into old and new waves + folk, blues etc, bored with routine, seeks nice girl for friendship and travel, home and abroad, Box no. 6066.

Records For Sale

DELETED LPs/singles our speciality. SAE for details to ITC, PO Box 4, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

PISTOLS AUTOGRAPHED bollocks with submission single, Holidays cartoon sleeve. Offers. Box no. 6148.

SEX PISTOLS bollocks with submission single. £10 ono. Box no. 6162.

CHARTBUSTERS! Thousands available '56-'57. A must for collectors - A Godsend for DJs. SAE: Diskery 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Calls welcome.

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NEW WAVE, over 200 different titles. Send 9p SAE for lists of albums/12"ers/7"ers at the best prices around, Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W1 1NA.

Wanted

WANTED MOTORHEAD bootlegs; heavy metal posters (+ anything) from anyone in USA/Canada/England bought. Anything heavy metal!! Send lists, however small. Mark, 15 Royston Way, Slough SL1 6EP, England.

BOWIE'S EARLS Court concert, two tickets urgently required, 01-804 0581 (after 5pm).

2 BOWIE TICKETS wanted, your price. Newcastle preferably, but anywhere considered. Tel. Dunston 604777 or Blaydon 6344.

TWO BOWIE tickets, Newcastle, Wednesday or Friday. 26 if possible. Thanks Clive, 33 Wylam Road, Norton, Cleveland.

COSTELLO BOOTLEGS/rarities wanted top prices paid. Swapping considered. Box no. 6144.

AUTOGRAPHS—Beatles, Wings, Brian Epstein, Stuart Sutcliffe, Pete Best—S. Thrift, 3 Cotmore Gardens, Thame, Oxfordshire.

BBC TAPES of In Concert and John Peel sessions in exchange for American FM tapes on cassette. List tapes and equipment. Mark Doherty, 275 West 261 Street, Bronx, New York 10471, USA.

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Records Wanted

HMK'S 'Delirious', picture, RAK single, swap 'Holidays' picture. Steve, 99 Kidgate Louth, Lincs LN11 9BT.

STIFF SINGLES BUY 1 to BUY 9, send details Gary, 57 Hurstbourne Gardens, Barking, Essex.

BUZZCOCKS 'SPIRAL', punk bootlegs (records) state price, condition. Box no. 6160.

BOWIE BOOTLEGS wanted. Box no. 6163.

ALBUMS WANTED. Little Feat—Aurora Backseat, Chris Darrow—Artist Proof! Blind Roy Fuller—Any, Jimmy Spheris—Isle of View, Kak, Colloseum—Those Who Are About To Die, Byrds—First four albums. Graham Phillips, 30 Allister St, Neath, Glamorgan.

SPIRIT ALBUM, clear, phone Alan, Manchester 747 7687.

CLASH, DAMNED, Stranglers freebies. Parker, Petty live. Bootlegs. Stuart, Coalville 33379.

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NEW WAVE bootlegs wanted. Lists welcome. No crap. Box no. 6137.

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ALL LP's and cassettes bought for up to £1.30 each cash or £2.00 exchange value. Bring any quantity (or send them by post with SAE for cash only) to: Record & Tape Exchange, 90 Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W12. (01-749 2930).

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URGENT BOWIE, Zeppelin, Rod, Elton, Lou Reed bootlegs wanted—01-670 7094 after six.

EARLY BOWIE records wanted. Good prices paid. Box no. 6063.

WANTED HENDRIX bootlegs, Trower tapes. R. Lock, 10 Park Street, Stoke, Plymouth.

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FOR KEYBOARDS players the late 70s is the new age of simplicity, the ironical era in which manufacturers have just perfected the polyphonic synthesiser but what everyone's looking for are old Vox Continentals and Farfisas so that they too can sound like the resident trio at the Beach Palace Hotel, Benidorm (or is it the Doors?)

However, there remain a few bands unembarrassed by the gross cock-up which, by and large, rock has made of its encounter with synthetic sound technology. One such is The Enid.

They take to the stage with ten electric keyboards plus a grand piano if the venue can oblige and during one 'orchestral' passage enlist three members of the band plus roadie Martin Barnes Wallace to beat the various ivories towards a crescendo.

And yet, to my mind, their original approach to the instruments has kept them from excess and enabled them to express their own warmth and romance when the potential for heartless bombast has been illustrated all too often by their predecessors in the field.

Perhaps they managed it because they came to synthesisers quite late, about three years ago, when a lot of the worst mistakes had already been perpetrated. Far from Noddy-In-Toyland euphoria, when they first assembled their keyboards array, Robert John Godfrey (then a pianist/arranger) and Steve Stewart (guitar) reckon they were "frightened".

Robert had conducted the orchestra on Barclay James Harvest's rock fusion projects and recorded a solo album called 'The Fall Of Hyperion', which he now regards with some disdain. He was a classically trained musician who knew nothing about these new-fangled gadgets. But he felt a heavy responsibility to get them right: "I was the boss by consensus because I was older and more musically experienced than the others so I had to make a success of it."

"The idea was to show the synthesisers could work as instruments, not like that Kraftwerk crap."

Meanwhile, Steve and his guitar partner Francis Lickerish had come to terms with playing the essential rock instrument amid elaborate and fairly fixed settings. It was quite a challenge, though Steve's previous activities included playing violin in both a Mozart string quartet and a Glenn Miller-type dance band led by Tom Robinson on clarinet.

The crux of their approach through many months of rehearsal before they ever showed their faces on stage was that they used the synthesisers' capacity to imitate natural instruments, building a sound very like an orchestra. And yet, with only six people playing, they retained the flexibility, attack and personality which can only come from the rock or jazz attitude of dynamic inter-action rather than 'performance'.

Robert manages to preserve



Pic by Andre Csillag

The page for musicians edited by Tony Mitchell

THE ENID's Robert John Godfrey on synthesiser and bow tie.

The technology of romance

Free advice on synthesiser sensitivity and the meaning of life from The Enid.

Translation by Phil Sutcliffe

the ineffable English air of amateurishness in everything he does and will still fall back on as pose of ignorance about "this technical business" from time to time, but the truth is he could hardly have been more thorough in his efforts to translate the Enid sound from his imagination into reality.

The church organ was a vital part of the concept — and quite impossible to put on stage as St Martin's In The Field doesn't do a hire service and the nearest offer to the real thing he said was an Allen computer organ at around £100,000.

So he had a recording of the sound he craved for fed through a spectrum analyser, a machine which measures the frequencies produced by a note. The conclusion was that he had to reproduce a rich combination of fluting, reeds and floor-shaking

bass, plus 'mutations' where the church organ sound includes the fundamental note and one an octave and a fifth higher (called the 'quints' apparently). Boggle.

But that's the sort of reasoning that went into their choice of 'band-in-the-street' keyboards which averaged out at about £650 a time and this was the outcome:

The church organ sound they piece together with two string synthesisers, a Solina (for the bass) and a Logan String Melody on 'organ' settings with a Boosey and Hawkes Diamond representing the high pipes.

They also have a second Solina to play strings or enrich the organ texture. The Solinas are in fact the originals of the better-known Arp string machines which are made under licence from them. Solina, said Robert, is an old-established

Dutch company which used to specialise in church organs but then moved into electronics.

A Mini-Moog and an Arp Odyssey are used to produce various brass sounds — they are both quite easily adjustable on stage.

The Arp Prosoloist is one of Robert's favourites and he talks about it as you might an admired colleague: "It's very remarkable. There's not another synthesiser like it. The others are voltage controlled but the Prosoloist is digital."

No boffin myself, I tried to understand his explanation of that and failed, which is not surprising as he said it was the only one the band couldn't fix themselves when it went wrong. The positive side is considerable though when your aim is to convey emotions: "The keyboard is touch sensitive. For

example you can have a flute which comes in hard with no vibrato and then press harder to wobble it about — do what you like with it. It's a very tactile instrument.

"The tuba, flute, trumpet, French horn and solo string are all very nice on it. You can get a very expressive tone for them."

Robert talks of the Roland SH3A with less respect but equal affection: "That's a very cheap and nasty synthesiser. It was one of the first they made and I don't know anything about their new range because I have a policy of not trying out anything I couldn't afford to buy. I use it purely for deep bass. When it's turned up we call it 'The Wrath Of God' and when we're playing it quietly it's known as 'Mildred'."

The Clavinet D6 has become the standard funk keyboard but, naturally that's not how The Enid use it. Robert: "We play the harpsichord type of sound on it. One of its virtues is that it can be 'swelled' in — you hit the note with the volume off then gradually wind it up. It's very smooth. Guitarists do that all the time of course."

And finally there's the inevitable Fender-Rhodes electric piano. They couldn't remember which model it is, but it's very hard-worked when there is no acoustic available. The only piece on which it will not serve as an adequate substitute is 'The Lovers' from 'In The Region Of Summer Stars'.

They also beef up the whole sound by using an echo unit, preferably a Masteroom Spring MR3. Robert: "In effect all a horn consists of is a raspberry with a tube to echo it into different forms. That's what we've done to our synthesisers."

That's the lot so far, though if they came by four thousand quid they would consider adding a Polymoog. It wouldn't replace any of their present instruments but would give them the extra dimension of polyphonic brass for example. However, the Arp 2600, which Robert sees as perhaps the ultimate studio instrument, would be "absolutely useless" to them because of the endless fiddling it

would call for on stage.

Now they feel all the preparation has proved worthwhile, though Robert has never grown to love the technical demands these instruments make: "I've tried to learn how they work but I'm not interested in the science of it." Steve, who is playing keyboards more and more himself, said: "The thing is you can't say to an engineer that you want it sound 'nice'. You have to be more precise."

Robert related their progress to one of the themes of his personal philosophy: "You can only find freedom by a certain amount of discipline. I'm as free as bird now, though it was restricting at the time to go into all that experiment and research."

The happy result is electronic music which expresses the romantic drama of masculine and feminine forces, which he sees as the heart of human life: "There's nothing contradictory about it. Every movement of your body, even the emotions you feel involve electricity."

Steve: "The point is it's a human mind controlling the electronics and so it must be. Although it would be easy to let them take over. They would play forever by themselves."

Robert: "I've come to terms with them. If they go wrong I feel sort of 'Come to mummy'. They may be full of wires but I'm full of working parts myself which sometimes go wrong."

I have to admit that the technical passages of this feature have been set down parrot-fashion because I have enough trouble mending a plug without trying to suss out musical computers — especially when my wits are under siege by quantities of a particularly aggressive Argentinian wine as they were on the day of this interview.

However, The Enid didn't like to think that you would be left in confusion by some dumb journalist so they offered to answer any queries you may have about the band or give advice of any sort (for example on where to buy your instruments — a £10 train fare could save you literally hundreds on the purchase price). You can write to them at 146, North Road, Hertford, Herts.

And if further proof is needed of their remarkably open-spirited approach think on this. They have just become the first rock band in my experience to take on an apprentice. He's called Malcolm Hanson and for a year he will learn the practicalities of being a roadie, sound and lighting engineer, musician and writer. He will do some playing on stage and his material will be used if the band like it. Then, if it works out, another young novice will get the same chance.

HARDWARE NEWS

Exhibitionists (1)

NORTHERN IRELAND is to have its first musical instrument exhibition in April.

Titled Music '78, it will be staged in the Members Rooms of the Royal Ulster Agricultural Society at Balmoral, Belfast, on April 6, 7, and 8.

Music 78 will be open daily from 2pm to 9pm and the organisers report that all available stand space has been taken up by most of the leading manufacturers and distributors in the UK.

Exhibitionists (2)

YET ANOTHER regional music exhibition is being arranged by the musical instrument trade this year.

'The Live Music Show' is an exhibition being jointly organised for the autumn by Northern distributors John Hornby Skewes and James T. Coppock.

It will take place in Harrogate's Exhibition Complex between October 7 and 10 and exhibitors will be made up of manufacturers, wholesalers, trade and consumer press. There will be no retail exhibitors.

The exhibition will be open to trade visitors throughout, and to the public on Saturday 8, Sunday 9 and the evening of Monday 10.

It is hoped that at least 20,000 visitors will be attracted to the fair from Tyne and Wear, Durham, Cleveland, North Yorkshire, Humberside, South Yorks, West Yorks, Greater Manchester and Lancashire.

Book ends

THE COMPLETE range of musician's books published by the American magazine *Guitar Player* are now available in the UK.

The books are being distributed by a company called Omnibus Book Service of Farnham, Surrey. Until now, it has only been possible to get them through a few specialist bookshops like Compendium in Camden Town so their wider availability should be welcomed by the musical fraternity.

Seven titles are available now with a further two to follow shortly. Amongst them is Dan Hedge's *British Rock Guitarist* (£5.90) reviewed last year in *SOUNDS*. Other titles of particular interest to rock fans and musicians are *Rock Guitarists Volume One* (£3.85), a collection of interviews reproduced from *Guitar Player*, *Fix Your Axe* (£3.85) which deals with DIY guitar repairs, and *Putting A Band Together* (£2.20) which offers advice on this subject.

Additionally, *Guitar Player* publishes *Chet Atkins Note-for-Note* (£3.85), *Bluegrass Dobro* (£3.85) and *Jazz Guitarists* (£3.85).

Promised for the near future are *Electronic Projects for Musicians* (£5.00) which offers DIY effects units and other projects, and *Folk Guitar As A Professional* (£3.85).

Fix Your Axe Rock Guitarists, *Jazz Guitarists* and *Putting A Band Together* will be reviewed in *Blowin'* next week. Other relevant titles will be reviewed as they appear.

WRITE TO: SOUNDS, 40 LONGACRE, LONDON WC2

LETTERS

Sign up Siouxsie

COME ON Peoples, Admit it. When even Pete Silverton is complaining about the lack of record company interest in the much-loved Siouxsie Sioux and Co, isn't it about time some of those deaf cruds sat up, took notice and signed them up? Don't starve a famished world of class music. — Adj, Wickway, Avon.

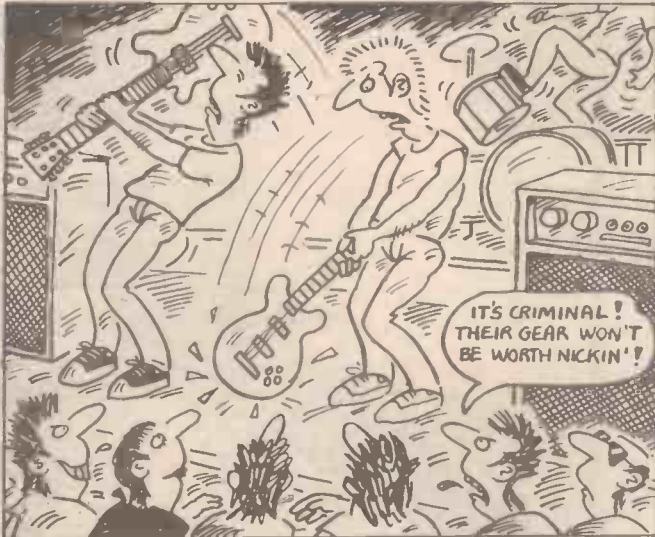
No, really?

TO THE sad, disillusioned hippy chick: Don't despair — there really are people out here who wear beads and kaftans, talk to the flowers and live a life of peace and love. And in their minds Woodstock still goes on, and Hendrix is forever playing on that third stone from the sun. Above all, don't be sad — life is too beautiful for anyone to be ever sad. Oh, and by the way man, what is 'punk'? Love and peace! — A Happy Hippy.

Dunno, Squire!

WHATEVER HAS happened to Boston? After being branded as America's New Supergroup of '77 and turning out a great debut album, they seem to have just disappeared from

ROCK FOULIES BY Tom Johnston



I've been involved in the Rock business since the sixties boom and now I'm in one of the more profitable ends of the market....I'm a rock'n'roll criminal. I've nicked equipment from nearly every big group in Europe. 'Course like everyone else in the music business I started out small, muggin' kids for plectrums, but these days I make big money and live just down the road from Elton John. I love groups like 'ELP', 'Yes' and Tangerine Dream, all those lovely stacks



towerin' to the ceiling. Punk bands are rubbish! It's not their music I don't like, it's their equipment....most of it ain't worth nicking. Sometimes I get really lucky and pinch a whole van full of gear. I then advertise it in the music press as a band split....well, after I've nicked all their stuff they have to, don't they? Some of yer famous criminals are getting into this scene now, like Ronnie Biggs wasn't interested in the Pistols' music.....he was after their PA!

the face of the earth!!!

Have you any information on them and if so when their next album is due, when they will be touring and what they have been doing for the last year?! — Boston Fan, Ruislip.

Ode to Jane

MY DEAREST Jane the things you write, Are abused, dismissed and oft called s**t. That beautiful way you use

pen and ink, Designed to make the thickest think.

Majestically your fingers stab, A typewriter in the SOUNDS

music lab. I clutch your writings to my heart, And will smash in the face of any critical fart.

I hope this through the censor

will seep
To my dearest Jane,
An ever loving creep.

— David Stripp (an unfortunate name)

Come on, Kiss!

I READ in last week's SOUNDS about the possibility of Kiss playing concerts in London maybe June. As an avid Kiss fan I would like to express a few views on this.

1. I don't really think that Kiss need to use all their layout in the smaller halls.
 2. The majority of folk, I think, would be quite happy to see the band perform, spiral platforms, smoke columns or not.
 3. I also think a British tour would be more successful than Simmons & Co expect. I don't think they realise there are so many Kiss fans over here.
- So come on Kiss, have a rethink about this before you come over. — Norman Dalziel, East Kilbride, Glasgow.

At long last

GOD ALMIGHTY. I don't believe it, I've actually got one of my letters printed in the greatest

(Oh dear, we seem to have lost the rest of this letter. Sorry — Ed)

Back to the Front

In response to March 25 issue's 'It Can't Happen' feature we were overwhelmed by letters in support of an anti-Front stance. Here we print a cross-section of letters from both sides

Hack writes

CONGRATULATIONS, SOUNDS. Your National Front piece was excellent. For too long the media have been giving the Front excessive coverage, which coupled with the ambiguous stance so many people have adopted towards the Front recently has left them with a veneer of respectability.

The BBC2 documentary was little more than a Party Political broadcast for them, so it's good to see SOUNDS is prepared to fight and expose racism and fascism.

And while it's all very well for Tom Robinson to say that the SWP are attacking a system, if anyone thinks that a communist government/ regime is going to improve anything, ask yourself this... how many great Iron Curtain rock bands, novelists (present day) and strikes are there? Think about it.

However, thanks for reading this and while I'm here, how about a Bowie retrospective along the lines of Dadomo's laudable Velvets one of last year? — Ewing Grahame (worthless hack).

No involvement

PLEASE, PLEASE, please don't get involved in the Rock Paper/Political Involvement kick. As much as I enjoyed reading your well-put-together article on the NF, and admired you for giving them the chance to defend themselves (an unprecedented move) in a fair

interview (they failed badly, didn't they?), I still maintain: If I wanted to read right/left wing politics I would buy the Daily Mail/Morning Star or the NME, not a music paper. Enough Said? — K. Eames, York.

True citizens

I WOULD like to express my vote of thanks to Phil Sutcliffe and Co. for the 'It Can't Happen Here' article. As long as there are people like them and all other 'true' British citizens today there will never be a successful Nazi Front, in our country. — A Glaswegian rock fan living in Aberdeen.

Insult to journalism

WE KNEW fuck all about the National Front before your 'It Can't Happen Here' article and we know fuck all about the National Front after it. We would all welcome an unbiased report on their activities because, believe it or not, some of us are intelligent enough to judge for ourselves.

That sneering garbage dredged up by Goldman and her cronies so reminiscent of Julie Birchill (who, did I hear you ask?) was an insult to journalism. I would like to make it clear we support neither fascists nor communists, though no doubt you will overlook this and still manage a 'humorous

comment' should you print our letter. — Ray Bid, Ben Eviolent. PS. Please note the absence of anything to do with music in the above.

No shirking

I WANT to congratulate you on your excellent 'It Can't Happen Here' article. It was particularly good as it not only attacked the more blatant racism, i.e. the National Front, but also the less obvious, and in many ways more dangerous racism of the likes of Thatcher etc.

The Music Press can be a very effective political instrument particularly as a balance against the racism of many dailies and I'm glad to see SOUNDS at least not shirking its responsibilities. — Nick Morgan, Ekington, Worcs.

See a doctor

YOU DO claim that SOUNDS' specific concern is with music. Would that you adhered to such a commitment! SOUNDS is principally a journal of the popular music business and is not a politically orientated organ of the left, right or centre, nor should it ever publish a pseudo-intellectual farce such as Racism and Rock and pretend it to be anywhere near reality.

The sensational headlines and large-scale print prevalent in the hack-rag

daily tabloids you purport to despise cannot hide the fact that your assertions are hypothetical and twisted, without any foundations of truth. Possibilities and prevarications of the Webster interview are not facts and you are deliberately misleading by presenting suppositions in such a melodramatic way.

Sutcliffe's maniacal outbursts contain nothing but a barrage of short negative beratings which are recklessly ill-founded, justified in his eyes by the fact that the NF "have taken to the schools, the youth clubs and the streets as their battle ground". Absolute rubbish. No doubt the inclusion of such extremely emotive language vindicates a dynamic SOUNDS crusade but exactly how accurate are his assertions. Exaggerated? Hysterical? Civil strife and general bloodletting doesn't quite prevail yet and probably won't if half-witted goblins like Sutcliffe pipe down and begin to see situations in perspective.

The inane comments of various nondescripts were hardly recommendation for the SOUNDS' wailing of imminent doom and despair and they certainly didn't add authenticity or authority though Simonon obviously seemed surprised to see Webster and his cronies walking on two legs and breathing.

And who is this David Brown chap reporting from Bristol? What have you done with good ol' Rab? He was an excellent reviewer. Brown is not. — Steve Adey, West Bridgeford, Notts.

Too subtle for some

I HAVE just finished reading your hysterical and under-researched article on the NF in your current issue. Martin Webster is right when he says Rock's a rip-off and SOUNDS is a major part of it.

You pathetically try to 'act' as rebels against an establishment which you, with your multi-million pound media racket, are an integral part of. You say the NF is "Victorian jingoistic" yet the politics you push — Marxism — is the most Victorian jingoistic of the lot, born as it was in the 19th century.

What the National Front is saying and doing is closer to what the kids are thinking than any of the ill-informed garbage and platitudes mouthed by your pet 'rock stars' who parade about on your pages desperately hoping for a memorable quote. Pathetic?

After punk? The way RAR is permeating everything, all rock music will be just anti-racist propaganda — the New Wave that's coming? You have built up Rock to turn kids into morons so don't expect them to wake up to your anti-racist subtleties.

Already the signs of a reaction against lefty-domination of the music racket is becoming apparent — punks dragging bands off the stage for singing anti-NF songs (F Club, Leeds 23/3/78 — Nasty Media). Dossiers don't have to be kept on your sort of fashionable zombies — they are dead from the neck up. Sorry if this insults

your quaint socialist sensitivities but "tomorrow really does belong to us." — Eddy Morrison (racist). PS. See you 'on the streets, in the schools and the factories'.

A view of his own

CONCERNING THE feature 'It Can't Happen Here' in the March 25 issue of SOUNDS, I would like to give my view after reading the article, I now have a view to offer.

I once worked with a Jamaican man and we became good friends. I have always spoken proudly of that ever since and yet at the same time I have recently been speaking to people about my growing dislike for coloured folk. I was ignorant of any facts and was silly to smile when I saw the NF symbol scrawled on a 'gent's' wall. For a long time I have been one of those people, described in the feature, who turned his back on politics and stopped going to vote after about two sessions. I'm not going to say much more except that the SOUNDS writers did an excellent job on something that's so badly needed to help clear the air for people like me. Now, I will peacefully respect all the races around me, and now thanks to SOUNDS I have an opinion to pass round.

I'm a British rock fan and particular a 'punk follower'. Sham 69 is the band most meaningful to me right now, and their involvement with Rock Against Racism makes them even closer to what I now believe in. — Billy Breerton, Derby.



ME



AND

MY



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