

PUBLIC IMAGE · ARMATRADING · SQUEEZE

Trouser press

June 1980
No. 51
\$1.50
UK 75p

AFTER PUNK, WHAT?



The Beatles



ISSN 0164-1863

THE CRETONES

The band that dares to cross the line. The THIN RED LINE.



THIN RED LINE

The album containing the single, "Real Love"



Produced by Peter Bernstein

©1983 Planet Records. Distributed by Earth & Sun Records. • Warner Communications Inc.

On Planet Records and Tapes

Trouser Press 51

Volume Seven, Number Five

June 1980

features

7 ROMANTICS

The Blues Magoos have electric suits; by Jim Shahin

8 ANGEL CITY

Martha lost one of her Vandellas; by Jim Green

10 TOURISTS

Mickey Dolenz saw Samantha Juste the other day; by Harry George

11 OFF BROADWAY

Brian Epstein and the Beatles have their own jet; by Jon Young

12 SQUEEZE

The Beach Boys took a holiday in Hawaii; by Jon Young

14 BEATLES

Have the Bill Wymans gone pffft?; by Nicholas Schaffner

20 PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.

Bert Lahr is covering Moby Grape's "Omaha"; by Scott Isler

24 MANAGERS

The Ringo Starrs had a baby boy in August; by Dave Marsh

28 JOAN ARMATRADING

George and Patti visited Haight-Ashbury; by Marianne Meyer

departments

2 Hello It's Me

4 Fax 'n' Rumours

6 Don't Believe a Word!

by Roman Szolkowski

31 Album Reviews

40 Hit and Run

by Jon Young

42 Green Circles

by Jim Green

47 America Underground

by Tim Sommer

52 Media Eye

by Scott Isler

55 Outer Limits

by John Diliberto

56 Hot Spots



Susan Brisk

HELLO IT'S ME

Don't drop out; write a letter!

Write to Trouser Press, 212 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

GET THE MAC

First it was Abba, now it's Fleetwood Mac. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

Doug King
Bethesda, MD

DOCTOR, DOCTOR

A line in your Fleetwood Mac article makes an interesting point but is medically incorrect.

Mick Fleetwood's "related condition the exact opposite of diabetes" is hypoglycemia, commonly known as low blood sugar. The cure for this malady is most definitely *not* to "eat a lot of sugar." Intake of sugar in this case only aggravates the condition. Blood sugar levels should be maintained through a well-balanced diet and regular meals. Hypoglycemia is caused by malfunction of the pancreas, which is often a secondary effect related to poor diet and high stress.

This is a less glamorous, perhaps, but more realistic picture of an ailment very common at present. There is *no one* in the world who "must eat a lot of sugar"!!!

Dorothy Lenhart
Troy, NY

DOES MACY'S TELL GIMBELS?

Harry George's otherwise welcome Searchers story (TP 49) misses on several counts. The name of the bassist is Frank *Allen*; Frank Allan is a Welsh musician. The "British Invasion" package toured the US in '73, not '74. Mike Pender seems evasive about the development of the Searchers' guitar sound; he and John McNally know exactly how they got that sound. The British papers and even Sire Records have been making these same mistakes; let's set it right.

Richard Hogan
Circus
New York, NY

OTTAWA CALLING

I realize that the majority of the letters you receive probably are complaints, disagreements, etc. Shit, I've even written to you bitchingly. However, you deserve congratulations for publishing Chris Salewicz's story on the Clash (TP 48). It's the best story on the group I've read in a long time. Even with

new releases by Iggy, the Ramones and Elvis, it is still the Clash's **London Calling** which sends shivers down the spine and makes you want to dance. As for the story, there is no comparison to another story I read in *Creem* where the asshole thought he was so cool he could blow smoke in Strummer's face. Strummer rightfully told him to fuck off. As well as the Clash story, TP 48 is the best issue you have put out in a while. Keep working.

Bruce Simpson
Ottawa, CANADA

LET'S BE FRIENDS

I had heard of *Trouser Press* through other rock-oriented magazines over the past several years. When I finally saw a copy in a record store I decided to take a chance and buy the thing; I figured that with articles on the Clash and the Specials you might possibly have something to offer. How wrong I was.

Your publication has about as much worth as the *National Lampoon*. I take that back; at least they are occasionally funny. Any rock 'n' roll magazine that has the fucking gall to exclude **Darkness on the Edge of Town** from its list of best LPs from the '70s should be recycled into something more aesthetically pleasing (like Frederick's of Hollywood catalogues, perhaps).

Why don't you clowns start reading Dave Marsh or Greil Marcus; you might learn something about the intelligent way to write about music. Just a personal opinion, y'understand.

Ron Dunne
Dubuque, IA

I am really pissed at all the know-nothings who write in to TP saying that the mag is shitty. No way! I'd like to beat the shit out of all those dimwits. Tell me, you geezers: Who else writes about a major talent in punk like Glen Matlock? Who else writes regularly about the great Clash? Who else writes objectively about the Boomtown Rats (the best fuckin' band now)? Answer me, ya nurds!

TP is the only magazine that's remained true to its cause.

Pam Cavanaugh
Brossard, CANADA

THINKS IT WAS TROUSER

Get your "fax 'n' rumours" straight, TP! Pete Townshend's nickname is Towser, not Trouser (TP 49).

Anonymous
New York, NY

Ira Robbins swears on a stack of Quadrophonia LPs that "Trouser" is a schoolboy nickname for Townshend, who reportedly thought that Trouser Press was named after him (sheesh!). Towser, as all you Who freaks should know, is the name of Townshend's dog (and publishing company).—Ed.

DOESN'T STAND UP

Re the *Green Circles* review of E. Costello's "I Can't Stand Up for Falling Down" (TP 49): I wonder if Jim Green ever heard the original Sam and Dave 45. Most reviewers base their opinions on facts; by calling the EC version a "fairly straight reading" and comparing it to the Band's **Moondog Matinee**, Green reveals how uninformed he is. The Stax single is a soul ballad, while Costello's version is a straight-ahead rocker. In the future, if you insist on putting down an artist at least get the facts straight.

Bob Lemstrom-Sheedy
New York, NY

Jim Green replies: "Keep your shirt on, chum. I barely managed to obtain the Elvis 45 before deadline, much less dig up the obscure Stax B-side—as you'd have noted if you read my review. I meant that Costello's was a straightforward performance, not a straight cover. I intended to contrast it with his offbeat approach to his own song on the flip; I also compared his version of the Sam and Dave tune to the Outsiders as well as the Band. Before you put down a review, read it first. Carefully."

BUT IS IT ART?

I was really heartened by your "Band Aids" spot until I got to the end; then I was stunned. You say you won't run an ad that doesn't "look nice." Don't you realize that your idea of what "looks nice" is just as stultifying as anybody else's? A "hasty, scribbled ad" might be just the antidote we need after 20 minutes reading what to you "looks nice"! Please print a retraction. Show your class.

Robert Keller
Portland, OR

THE ART OF MOTOR-HEAD MAINTENANCE

I have built a small shrine to Motorhead in the corner of my bedroom. I am now going to pray to it. You can all go listen to the Shoes if you want. See if I give a shit.

Philip Shark
San Francisco, CA

Trouser Press

**Publisher
&
Editorial Director**
Ira A. Robbins

Editor
Scott Isler

Art Director
Judy Steccone

Associate Editor
Jim Green

Contributing Editor
Dave Schulps

**Special Projects
Editor**
Jon Young

Record Advertising
Joel Webber

Marketing Director
Frank Horowitz

Distribution
David Fenichell

Office Manager
Linda Danna Robbins

Subscriptions
John Gallagher

Typesetting
Kathy Frank

Staff
Miriam Kuznets

Business and editorial address
212 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10010
(212) 889-7145
Subscription Dept.:
PO Box B, Old Chelsea Station
New York, NY 10011

*Cover photo from
R.D.R. Productions*

RAVING FAVES

RF #27: Favorite Rock Instrumental

Anyone who thinks the 1950s were the golden age of the instrumental had better look this list over. The real disparity, it turns out, is between fun-loving '60s singles and more portentous album tracks from the '70s. The former had the edge in variety, but the latter got out the votes. Since tunes took precedence over artists, votes for cover versions (e.g. "Pipeline" by Johnny Thunders)—invariably homages anyway—were combined with the originals; studio/live hairsplitting was treated similarly. For once, the results speak (or play) for themselves. Stu Reid's act of faith was to nominate "Paradise by the Sea," an unreleased Springsteen number he never heard "but it's gotta be good 'cause it's Broooce!"

1. "Diamond Head," Phil Manzanera
"Pipeline," Chantays
"Speed of Life," David Bowie
"Wipe Out," Surfaris
5. "Beck's Bolero," Jeff Beck Group
"Dogs Part II," Who
"Edward the Mad Shirt Grinder,"
Quicksilver Messenger Service
"Glad," Traffic
"Lunar Sea," Camel
"Sabre Dance," Love Sculpture
"Tubular Bells," Mike Oldfield
"2120 South Michigan Avenue," Rolling
Stones
"Walk, Don't Run," Ventures
"Wild Weekend," Rebels

More Songs Without Words

- "Eight Miles High," Steve Hunter
"Flying," Beatles
"Forty Miles of Bad Road," Duane Eddy
"Interstellar Overdrive," Pink Floyd
"Overture 2112," Rush
"Peter Gunn," Ray Anthony
"Repent Walpurgis," Procol Harum
"Rondo," Nice
"Star Spangled Banner," Jimi Hendrix
"Time Is Tight," Booker T. and the MGs
(not submitted by Elvis Costello)

Question #30

We always figured this was too intricate, but since readers have been suggesting it anyway, here goes: Listeners' misinterpreted or garbled song lyrics or titles. What *were* the Stones singing on those 45s—oops, our age is showing. Subjectivity is everything; correct answers not required. Deadline is June 30, 1980. What'd he say?

ATTENTION BRITISH TP READERS!

As previously announced, we now have a full-service representative in Scotland who is handling subscriptions, back issue orders, wholesale inquiries, and small advertising matters for readers living in Great Britain at much better rates (and speed) than we are able to offer from this side of the Atlantic.

The person in charge of Trouser Press affairs is Brian Hogg at Ezy Ryder Records. Contact him for any of the above items.

P.S.: Ezy Ryder is also handling Trouser Press Collectors' Magazine.

Ezy Ryder Records
14 Forrest Road
Edinburgh, EH1 2QN
SCOTLAND

SCHOOL'S OUT!

For some of you, it's sun and fun time for two months before the resumption of school drudgery. For the rest of us, work drags on as ever. But this would certainly be a perfect time to subscribe to Trouser Press—something to distract you during vacation or a break in the routine work week. Trouser Press is a bargain if you subscribe—you'll save one-third off the newsstand price, and in these inflationary times, that's the only sure way to keep prices down. If you want to really save money, try a two year subscription at a whopping 44% off newsstand prices (assuming they stay at current levels).

All you have to do is fill out the coupon below, put it in an envelope with the correct amount in check or money order (don't take chances on cash) and put it in the mail to the address given. Then you can sit back and watch your mailbox for your first issue to arrive. Go for it!

DON'T DELAY!

**SEND ALL SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS TO:
TROUSER PRESS SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
PO Box B, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011**

- This is a new subscription. I enclose \$12 for 12 issues or \$20 for 24 issues.
 This is a renewal. I enclose \$10 for a year and my old address label.
OVERSEAS: I enclose _____ for one year. This is a renewal.

(Overseas rates—\$15/year by surface mail; \$24/year by air mail to Europe and South America; \$30/year for air mail to Japan and Australia. UK subscribers: contact Ezy Ryder.)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

(Please allow up to eight weeks for your first issue to arrive.)

01

All previous subscription forms void.

FAX 'N' RUMOURS

Bootalleging

By now even newspaper readers are aware of the Justice Dept. indictment of Sam Goody Inc. for allegedly returning counterfeit records to Polygram Distribution for credit (specifically, an alleged \$400,000). The LPs allegedly counterfeit included **Saturday Night Fever**, **Grease** and other hot (so to speak) product.

In a vaguely related move, the Suffolk County (NY) Police Dept. uncovered an alleged \$12-million worth of allegedly counterfeit and bootleg LPs in raids on a Long Island record pressing plant and warehouse. Unlike the Goody haul, these alleged LPs included illegal reissues of out-of-print and promotional albums, the latter of which were never sold in the first place. So there goes the allegedly thriving market (at least around New York) in "second-pressing" obscurities. Allegedly.

Gen X Genetics

Hot poop on the raging debate over whether **Generation X** actually exists: Bassist Tony James claims there's life in the band yet. The dust has cleared and the band now consists of James, Billy Idol, guitarist Steve New and ex-Clash drummer Terry Chimes. A third LP, recorded before the personnel shuffling, will not be released (although James claims it's great). Instead, the new Gen X spent April in the studio for a thoroughly modern LP—including a version of Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll." So this is how the new wave ends...

Spirit of '66

They haven't formally recognized stereophonic sound yet, but Voxx Records' corporate heart is in the right place. The label—a division of Greg Shaw's Bomp outfit—is soliciting tapes from any remaining punk bands for an upcoming anthology (tentative title: **Battle of the Garages**).

"We're looking for the rawest, crudest, most raunchy recordings we can find," Shaw explains. "This represents a minor but significant protest against the phoniness of contemporary punk, or rather new wave, as there's hardly any punk spirit left in it."

Entries—either a '60s punk oldie or an original a la mode—will be judged on spirit and energy, not gimmicks or technique. Crank up those Farfisas and send the results to Voxx at 2702 San Fernando Road, Los Angeles, CA 90065.

You Better Believe It

In a laudable attempt to keep their readers hep, the April issue of *Playboy* magazine carried a "Music '80" section on the pop/record biz. Now we never claimed to be totally original ourselves, but there did seem to be an uncanny resemblance between their Ripley-style feature entitled "Believe It or Leave It!" and TP's very own "Don't Believe a Word!"—except ours is much funnier, of course. As fair exchange we considered running photos of nude young women in TP, but decided our readers were above such petty backbiting. Right, girls?

Calling All Collectors

"The most comprehensive rock reference book compiled to date?" That's what Terry Hounsone and Tim Chambre claim for their plainly titled *Rock Record*. This 400-page paperback is nothing less than an alphabetical list (by artist) of over 15,000 British albums—rock, soul, reggae, blues, country, etc. (There's a smattering of US LPs, 12" 45s and EPs too.) The book provides record numbers, years of release and personnel; perhaps its most valuable feature is a cross-index of musicians, making it possible to follow an artist's career through various groups and sessions. Tiny, bleary type sometimes sabotages the concept, and information is not painstakingly complete, but this is an impressive work. Interested record hounds should send an international money order for \$10.80 (postage included) to Hounsone at 13 Stanton Road, Regents Park, Southampton, Hants., England.



As a slight consolation after the hara-kiri of New York's WPIX-FM (*Fax 'n' Rumours*, TP 50), aging wunderkind **R. Stevie Moore** is now a Wednesday-night (at 10) DJ on WFMU-FM in East Orange, New Jersey. His show "transcends even the best of college radio programming," R. Stevie sez; we certainly hope so. He adds, "The secret word is 'exploit.'"

Three on the Aisle

In a departure from our usual monthly wrap-up of rock deaths, we have a couple of rock marriages to report. First, **Lou** "keep 'em guessing" **Reed** shocked his fans by marrying Sylvia Morales in his apartment on Valentine's Day; you always knew he was a romantic. Not to be outdone, Reed's label-mate **Patti Smith** made it legal with Fred "Sonic" Smith (former MC5 guitarist) in Detroit two days later. It is not known yet whether the bride intends to keep her maiden name. On the verge of tying the knot is **Glen Matlock**; the lucky punkette is Celia (pictured with him in TP 48's feature).

Choice Gossip

Hugh Cornwell of the Stranglers was denied a motion to vacate his prison sentence for a drug possession conviction, and was ordered to serve 60 days in a London prison. Cornwell's temporary replacement is proto-punk Peter Hammill...Bon Scott's replacement in **AC/DC** has been selected. Despite initial speculation that Stevie Wright might take the job, the new voice belongs to another native Aussie named Alan Friar...Aggro at the **Who's** Frankfurt, Germany show—a GI arrested for selling drugs and subsequent audience riot—had nothing to do with the Cincy disaster, although the media attempted to link the two in a "jinxed rock band" fantasy...**Sandy Pearlman** (ex-**Dictators/Cult/Clash** producer) now managing **Black Sabbath**...It's pffft for **UK**. Expect solo LPs from

John Wetton and **Eddie Jobson**...**Plasmatics** signed to Stiff and recording their first LP right this minute...Is the next trend in England going to be calypso or what?...**Springsteen** still working on the new LP...There's a **Buzzcocks** newsletter at PO Box 153, Arlington, MA 02174...On tour soon: **Plastics** (from Japan), **Cure** (from England), **Who**...Latest happening thing in Britain is the **Blues Band**, which includes such nouveau punksters as Hughie Flint, Tom McGuinness and Paul Jones, all former members of Manfred Mann's outfit...**Cheap Trick** Nudisk EP to be released May 1. Titles include: "Day Tripper," "Good Girl," "Take Me I'm Yours" and "Hold On"...**Queen** working on soundtrack music for **Flash Gordon** movie...Dick Clark is getting hip in his old age. **American Bandstand** has recently featured guest appearances by the **Jam** and **Romantics**, and an Undertones tune on "rate a record" (it got a 52½)...

Due to a misunderstanding, we incorrectly said that Jem Records was distributing the LP described last issue in *Outer Limits*. Jem is not involved with the album; we apologize for the confusion resulting from this error.

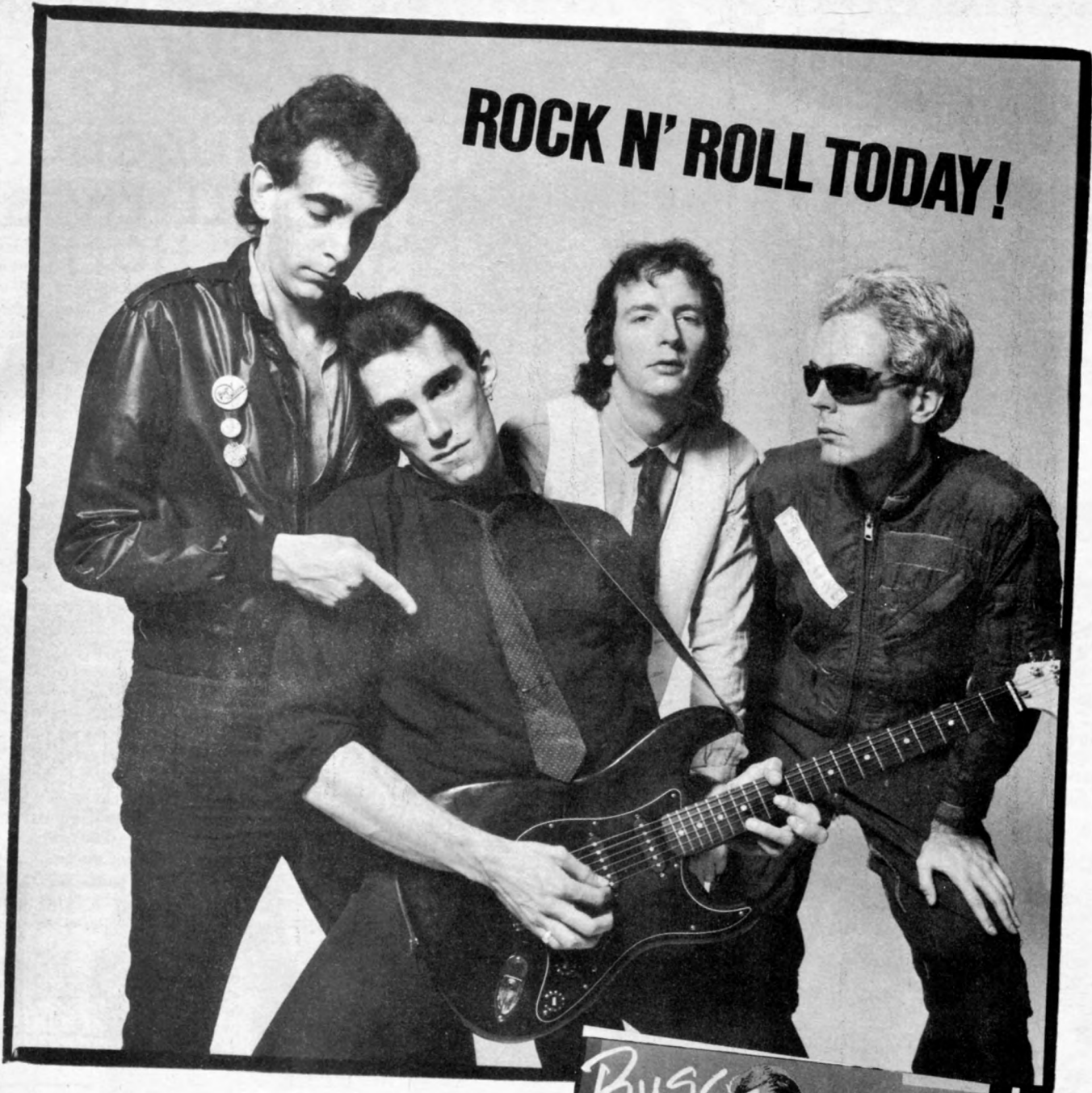
MOVING SOON?

If you're a subscriber who's planning to move, please let us know well ahead of time so that we can keep your issues arriving without interruption. Attach your mailing label here, and fill in your old and new addresses. If you have a question or complaint about your subscription, be sure to send your label with your letter. All subscription correspondence should be sent to:

TROUSER PRESS SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
PO Box B/Old Chelsea Station/New York, NY 10011

Name _____
O Address _____
L _____
D City _____ State _____ Zip _____
N Address _____
E _____
W City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ROCK N' ROLL TODAY!



BUGS TOMORROW



HOMEROWN MUSIC INC.

Produced by: Bugs, David Vaught, Morley Bartnoff and Artie Ripp



From Casablanca Record & FilmWorks

IT'S ALL HERE IN LIVING COLOR DEPT:

Don't Believe A Word!



Ted Nugent
STILL LIVES
AT HOME
WITH HIS
PARENTS!



VINCE FURNIER
CHANGED HIS NAME
TO ALICE COOPER
BECAUSE "IT SOUNDED
LIKE A GOOD ALL-
AMERICAN NAME"

DAVID JONES, FORMER MONKEE,
HAS CHANGED HIS NAME TO
DAVID BOWIE SO AS NOT TO BE
CONFUSED WITH THE FORMER
MONKEE DAVID JONES.



BRIAN WILSON
IS PENNILESS!!
He spent all his
money on a
free apartment
complex for out-
of-work gurus.



THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE
- IN ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL
ROCK CONTRACTS, SHELBY SINGLETON
AND SUN RECORDS HAVE BOUGHT
THE RIGHTS TO ALL THE MUSIC
THAT ELVIS PRESLEY SINGS
THROUGH MEDIUMS!!!

ALLEN KLEIN
HAS THE WORLD'S
BIGGEST COLLECTION
OF BEATLES
PROMOTIONAL
RECORDS!!



Roman Szolkowski

Only in America: The Romantics

By Jim Shahin

The Driskill in Austin, Texas is what you might call a class joint. This is where visiting politicians of stature and the corporate elite snuggle up to each other, making perfectly normal, mutually perverse bedfellows. Behind the hotel's sculpted white walls, Southern tradition and Southern grace are courtiers to carpetbagging power brokers and influence peddlers of all regional stripes.

In the lounge, a middle-aged black woman sits at the piano and sings the requested "Summertime." Three-piece-suited arm-twisters of patronage quaff sweet-strong drinks and wax bullish on sex, power and money. Confidences are exchanged as currency.

This is not a comfortable place for those without something to sell or something to hide. So at first it seemed a tad incongruous, even disconcerting, to find a leather-clad guitarist in a new wave band from east Detroit sipping a Marguerita at the bar of the most exclusive hotel in the capital of Texas.

"We got it because it's close to the club," explains guitarist Wally Palmar of the Romantics. "It is a nice place, isn't it?"

Sitting next to him, other guitarist Mike Skill nurses a Bohls liqueur, surveys the ambience and smiles in agreement.

Must be a rough first tour.

"We never know where we're going to be staying," Palmar says. "Sometimes we're lucky. Actually, you have to be careful with the money. The record company only fronts it to you. You have to pay it back. It's credit."

Judging by the surroundings, the Romantics enjoy better credit ratings from their record company, Nemperor, than most stockbrokers from their clients. These boys, as they say, are a good risk.

Besides Palmar and Skill, the Romantics are drummer Jimmy Morinos and bassist Rich Cole. Together they play music reminiscent of mid-'60s British rock, stuff seasoned with the influences of the Hollies, Beatles, Kinks, Gerry and the Pacemakers. But it comes out of today's Detroit, a city renowned for its rough-and-tumble approach to details like stanzas and verses. The result: Merseybeat meets 1980 midwest America.

The Romantics' history is part biography, part mythology. "The first rehearsal we had was the second week of February [1977]," Palmar says. "So if we didn't bring [the Valentine's Day/Romantics connection] out, somebody else would."

The Romantics, conceived on Valentine's Day? On to the biography, which—if it too is not fabulous—is definitely rock 'n' roll Horatio Algerism. See, it is the opinion of many that nobody really lives on Detroit's east side, that it is just a mailing address for image-conscious kids from Southfield and Farmington Heights.

"Yeah, we are from the east side," Palmar replies emphatically to a skeptical reporter. "We all worked in factories. That's all you can do in Detroit: work in factories. We



Bob Matheu

Top to bottom: Rich Cole, Wally Palmar, Jimmy Marino, Mike Skill.

would work there during the day, then at night we'd see each other hanging out at the same clubs. Eventually we got a band together; three of us did. It was called the Motor City Rockers or something, I'm not sure. That split up and we were in and out of other bands until this one came together.

"Anybody who is from Detroit—" Palmar interrupts himself to collect his thoughts. "It's very blue collar. You gotta work your balls off for anything you get. I've got friends who work there and they work hard and they don't get shit for it."

But working hard is a Romantics credo. Having walked down the block to the club

where they'll play, Palmar awaits a sound check upstairs. He was prematurely pulled away from his Marguerita by the band's manager, Arnie Tencer. "Five minutes," Tencer told Palmar and Skill. "Five minutes. Be there or forget the sound check."

The two guitarists try to act as casually as the people around them, shrugging off Tencer's edict with a "don't worry" look. But, although they affect nonchalance after the manager leaves, they are at the club within five—well, maybe seven—minutes.

"We just gotta keep working," Palmar says at the club. "You just can't let up. That's what makes the difference between making it and not making it."

He honestly seems to believe what he is saying; Palmar's faith in the work ethic would shame a Puritan. It is an attitude acquired in sensing escape from one's seemingly fated station in life—an attitude almost too naive to fake. Maybe there is life on the east side. Maybe rock is still coming from factories and not just being recruited from art schools.

"We still live there," Palmar says. "We haven't moved yet [from the east side] and I can't foresee us moving."

Palmar readily acknowledges that it was more than hard work that landed the Romantics a record contract. It was strategy and, yes, breaks.

Detroit boasts "a good 10 bands," according to Palmar. "They all deserve at least one chance, at least as much as the Dead Boys. They have at least that much talent. But they've got to get out of town. That's what we did. It's hard to relocate to New York, of course, because of the expense involved. But playing out of town is essential. Every time we'd leave town we'd lose money. But you can't avoid that. You have to do it."

Getting out of town helped earn them some recognition. After a year and a half together, the Romantics were opening shows for Talking Heads, the Ramones and the Dictators. It was around that time that the band recorded "Tell It to Carrie" (for Bomp Records), which got the companies out to their shows. An earlier single, "Little White Lies," on their own Spider label, had whetted appetites, but not too much. "They listened, I guess, but they didn't say much," Palmar reflects.

Now the band is on the road an average of four hours a day, supporting their debut album; "seeing the country from our Ford chateau," as Palmar puts it. Things look pretty good. On March 29 the Romantics appeared on *American Bandstand* and Palmar says the medium-sized nightclubs they've been playing have been full.

Which brings us back to the Driskill lounge. Thinking back on it, maybe it wasn't so strange. Perhaps it was just an improbable notion in the process of becoming real. After all, who'd think that east Detroit ex-factory workers turned new wave musicians would ever be drinking at the same bar that served Lyndon Baines Johnson? As notions go, that's romantic. ■

ANGEL CITY MAKES YOU BERKO



By Jim Green

The subject: Australian rock 'n' roll audiences. The diagnosis: "They go berko!" That's the opinion of Doc Neeson, who's not actually a physician but oughta know. He sings lead for Angel City, which is causing a lot of it.

"Berko" (from "berserk"), Neeson reckons, aptly describes the mounting fervor infecting Aussie rock audiences. "Kind of like a controlled riot—not a big security deal," he adds. It's a fairly recent phenomenon, though recalling the craziness of Australia's own mid-'60s beat boom. The cause is a recent crop of homegrown bands playing no-frills rock, rhythm and blues in reaction against pretentiousness and complacency; the credo is "Go for it!"

Neeson is talking about bands like Cold Chisel, Midnight Oil, Mental as Anything, the Flowers, the Reels, Jo Jo Zep & the Falcons—but the first name off his tongue is AC/DC. As it happens, Angel City was originally produced by ex-Easybeats (now Flash and the Pan) Harry Vanda and George Young, who also produce AC/DC (featuring George's little brothers Angus and Malcolm). While AC/DC worked hard to break in the States (which they did with *Highway to Hell*), Angel City replaced AC/DC as top dogs among Aussie rock 'n' rollers.

In 1978, *Face to Face*, the band's second album, was the best seller on the domestic LP chart; it finished fourth in '79 as well, two places behind the newer *No Exit*. The band has copped loads of top reader's poll awards in *RAM* (the leading Australian music publication), further substantiated by breaking

and re-breaking concert attendance records *Down Under* over the last two years. An easy deduction: Angel City is currently the prime inspiration for berko behavior in Australia.

Like AC/DC, Angel City "aims at being a guitar band," as Neeson puts it. He also considers the local new wave tag "fitting as far as our high energy goes." Recall that, in the muddle of pigeonholing that went on in the English press in '76, AC/DC was sometimes identified as punk simply because the band came on loud and snotty. Much the same is true of Angel City, but there's no heavy macho posturing (as was the wont of the late Bon Scott)—and though Angus Young made a wildly kinetic spectacle of his renegade schoolboy stage routine, Angel City's lead guitarist Rick Brewster could make Bill "Stoneface" Wyman seem like Rick Nielsen by comparison. "We get bunches of kids who hang out in front waiting for him to move an eyebrow or something," Neeson laughs.

Judging from a videotaped Australian gig, the performance revolves around Neeson. He bounces through the set with nasty, edgy vocals as though living every bit of the street-smart songs (written by himself, Rick and brother/guitarist John Brewster).

It wasn't always this way. Neeson started out as bassist with the Keystone Angels, a '50s-ish bunch of rockers based in Adelaide in '75. By '76 they'd gotten faster and louder, become the Angels and cut their first, self-titled LP. "But neither the rhythm section nor the front section were hitting hard enough," Neeson recalls. In a short time he

relinquished bass chores altogether and took on full lead vocal duties (John Brewster, now main harmony man, had done some till then). A new rhythm section came in: Buzz Bidstrup, drums, and Chris Bailey, bass. Then came *Face to Face* and their rise to the top *Down Under*.

On that and *No Exit*, Vanda and Young "eased back on their involvements," leaving the main work to the band and engineer Mark Opitz; the producer "maintained the production aesthetic that simple—but not simplistic—is strong. Or, as John Boylan says, less is more." When the band signed to Epic for the States, the best of the last two LPs were combined (along with a re-recorded old number) in a package called *Face to Face*; Boylan was brought in to remix.

"John tried to enhance what the band produced," Neeson says. "We had some reservations"—Boylan's best known for middle-of-the-rock work like Boston's LPs—but Boylan came recommended by fellow countrymen the Little River Band and created a fuller, tougher sound.

Originally named the Angels, they became Angel City to avoid confusion (and lawsuits) with the US's Angel. Unlike that bunch of poseurs, however, Angel City's shows won't be made-to-order stadium rock. They actually want to avoid huge halls for awhile.

"We like the new wave's redirection back to more intimate live situations, clubs, 1000-seaters and the like. That's how we built our following at home, and that's how we'll do it here." A good prescription? Only clinical tests will demonstrate America's susceptibility to going berko. ■

new music from American bands

SHARP CUTS

THE ALLEYCATS

BATES MOTEL

PETER DAYTON

THE JB'S

THE FAST

THE KNOW

SINGLE BULLET THEORY

SUBURBAN LAWNS

BILLY THERMAL

THE WILLYS



now available on Planet Records

AT HOME THEY'RE TOURISTS

By Harry George

The Tourists' music is funny stuff. Widely dismissed as humdrum, even-featured pop with pretensions to greater things, it is certainly the epitome of what the Members' Nicky Tesco would call "music without any bumps in it." Listening to their second British album, **Reality Effect**, one gets the impression there are no lead parts at all—vocal or instrumental—or that they have been wrapped in gauze.

After a sticky 12 months or so, during which considerable early publicity had generated neither critical approval nor significant sales, the Tourists finally achieved British breakthrough last fall with a cover version of the old Dusty Springfield hit, "I Only Want to Be with You," following it smartly into the Top Ten with their own "So Good to Be Back Home Again." With sales of the aforementioned parent album picking up accordingly, Tourist affairs were on the up and up when I met Ann Lennox (voice, classically trained keyboards) and Peet Coombes (voice,

guitar, most songs) at their manager's office.

The most exotic thing about Coombes is undoubtedly his misspelt first name. A solid, undemonstrative northerner, his unkempt fringe exudes non-style rather than elegant dishevelment, while his manner seems as passive as his songs. By contrast, Lennox is highly animated, sporting a fine pair of turquoise jeans and keen to correct misapprehensions circulated about the group by a cruel music press. Apart from bassist Eddie Chin's Chinese nationality and ponytail, her gaunt good looks, short bleached fringe and mildly androgynous air are the Tourists' sole distinguishing features.

Rather than mere blandness, **Reality Effect** evokes for me an atmosphere of drawn curtains, of sensation and experience recollected from a prone position, to the point where **Coming Down Again** would seem a more appropriate title. Drugs—in the widest sense of the word—seem to be at work here.

"I don't take drugs, so I can't comment," replies Ann defensively. "You'd better ask Peet—they're his songs."

"They're contemplative, if you like," he concedes. "I tend to sit back and think about things. It's the same with singing: I think you can communicate more by laying back a bit, rather than screaming into the mike." His colleague expresses similar views: "I'm trying to improve my singing, make it 'cooler'—if you see what I mean. In the early days I would go right over the top on stage, due to nervousness. Then I'd suddenly hear myself and think, 'Here, take it easy.'"

Coombes's view in particular could hardly be less in step with the post-Pistols age, going far towards explaining the Tourists' intense unfashionability. However, a recent press release quotes Lennox as saying that their record company, Logo, "have persistently refused to let us play the music we wanted to," causing me to wonder whether a streak of stark minimalism was somewhere being suppressed. Lennox attributes this quote to more scurrilous journalism, so I pass her the relevant clipping for perusal. Further denials are conspicuous by their absence. The same handout reveals that an Ap-

Robert Fripp God Save The Queen



Robert Fripp God Save The Queen

Robert Fripp Under Heavy Manners

Robert Fripp Under Heavy Manners



The Next Steps

The drive to 1981 continues in two single-sided albums. Frippertronics and Discotronics. Musical experiences for the coming decade from Robert Fripp. On Polydor Records and Tape

"Exposure," the first step. Also available.

peal Court judgment has reversed a decision to let the band leave Logo, causing them to take their case to the House of Lords, that they are leaving for "exile" and that their next album will be released in North America only.

Annie gives a brief run-down of the Logo saga: "Dave, Peet and I were playing our songs for a publisher. Someone from Logo heard us and came through to ask if we'd been signed. We were desperate and couldn't afford a solicitor to check the contract, so we just signed." (This was 1977.) "They put out a single, 'Borderline,' which was one of the first songs I'd ever written. Nothing happened and then, when we began doing gigs and getting attention, Logo woke up to what they'd got."

The Tourists are the label's main money-spinners, their only other musical assets of any significance being a back catalogue including the Transatlantic folkie roster and Mick Farren's Deviants. Sheer incompetence seems to be the main complaint. "We've had kids come up to us at gigs saying, 'Have you got a record out?' Only about four people work there [at Logo]. We haven't been near them in months." Nevertheless, the band—then, after all, in a merely embryo state—could surely have shopped around more before signing. Also, my heart bled a lot less when I discovered that their American album is, in fact, the usual composite job, featuring tracks from both British albums, and that their exile is unlikely to last longer than a 40-date tour of the US and Canada. I am irresistibly reminded of recurring reports in 1978 promising Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers' imminent deportation from the UK; there's a lot of mileage in martyrdom.

OK, so all's fair in love and showbiz, but this kind of tactic does come to seem ominously in keeping with the Tourists' general approach. Both interviewees, for instance, barely respond when I comment on the understandable but numbingly predictable "let's crack the States" syndrome that invariably follows British success; they also fail to show even long-term interest in playing anywhere off the beaten track. "I wouldn't mind playing somewhere out of the way," Peet agrees, "but they might not be into you at all."

The Tourists are leaving imminently to film a TV show in Madrid, Blockhead John Turnbull substituting for hospitalized guitarist Dave Stewart, and Annie uses this as an example of the problems encountered in such outposts of civilization: "They even use scissors to cut up the dry ice." (I laugh, though I have no idea what you normally do with the stuff.)

My conviction that "I Only Want to Be with You" was a record company job, designed to recoup prior investment, is, however, unfounded. Lennox: "Everyone seems to think that, but we just liked the song. The Jam had their first hit with 'David Watts' and their reasons were probably the same as ours."

One of the songs on *Reality Effect* contains the line "All life's tragedies make me feel so ill at ease." Peet Coombes and Annie Lennox are agreeable people to talk to, but until the Tourists' music expresses something more wholehearted than mere unease, they will remain a difficult band to feel passionate about. ■

Off Broadway's Method Acting

By Jon Young

Life isn't easy at the bottom of the bill. Ask Off Broadway. Though little more than a year old, the band is already expert at handling hostile audiences. One particular evening in New York the crowd, mostly teenage guys, has turned out to get down to Blackfoot's boogie and UFO's heavy metal; few of them have any use for Off Broadway's more melodic pop 'n' roll. A few songs into the set the obscene gestures and boos begin. Singer Cliff Johnson only takes this as encouragement, blowing kisses to the crowd and egging on the rowdies with obvious glee. "Are you pissed off? Let's hear it!" he shouts. The hecklers don't seem to notice they're being deftly co-opted.

"I loved it," Johnson says afterwards, still high on the brashness necessary to survive such a rude reception. "I was happy that New York City was vital and alive. These kids work all week and probably don't have a chance to get pissed off."

"It's kind of an odd bill," he acknowledges. "We were forewarned this would be a very tough date and that they'd hate us before we even walked on stage. So we didn't wanna get too deep. We thought, let's have some fun with this. There was definitely a strong rapport happening and I was pleased. Were you pleased, John?"

"Yeah," drawls long tall bassist John Pazdan, a soft-spoken chap who plays stable older brother to Johnson's exuberant spokesperson. "Plus, we just like to play. If some people want to give us the finger, then they do—but some people liked it as well."

Johnson: "It's funny, because the guy next to the guy that's giving us the finger is boppin' and groovin' and giving us the thumbs up."

In contrast to "heavy" rock 'n' rollers, Off Broadway comes off as unfashionably clean-cut in its reliance on crisply executed, bouncy tunes and lack of butch posturing. "We don't try to sell Jack Daniels; we don't try to sell pot," Johnson declares. "A lot of bands come on stage and say, 'Are you high? Are you drinkin' JD?' We won't condescend to that. If we're selling anything, it's our guts." Off Broadway's own audience will be, Johnson feels, "a fun, unpretentious, witty group of people." Somewhat like Cheap Trick's fans, perhaps? "Cheap Trick exudes a similar healthiness. If you wanna mention bands, I think Utopia exudes health... Tom Petty...who else, John?"

Pazdan has other things on his mind. "A lot of people who give us the finger now will be our audience too. When we started this band, we played our first concert in Chicago with UK and people were throwing stuff at us."

Johnson: "I was hit in the face with a baloney and honey sandwich."

Pazdan: "So Cliff went out in the audience

and had a few words with one of the guys in the front row."

Johnson: "It was a fight, actually."

Pazdan: "As it turned out, the whole front row became our biggest fans in Chicago. They came to every gig."

Like fellow Midwesterners Pezband and Raspberries, Off Broadway plays the kind of tuneful rock (once tagged "power pop") that owes its inspiration to the Beatles. If the experts detect more than a passing resemblance between Pezband and Off Broadway, there's a good reason: Johnson and Pazdan were two of the former group's original members. Although they were in the band four years, no records were made during that period; one remnant of those days is "Drop Me a Line," an eight-year-old collaboration from Johnson and Pezzer Mimi Bettinis that's preserved on the Off Broadway LP. The singer recalls that the split came because "we were bickering over where we wanted to take the band. John and I wanted to wear lime green leisure suits and the other guys wanted to wear canary yellow leisure suits!"

Pazdan and Johnson went their separate ways, reuniting a couple of years ago to form a group. The latter claims "we busted up about seven bands and wrecked 30 people's lives putting a band together" before finally settling on drummer Ken Harck and guitarists Rob Harding and John Ivan. Along the way Johnson enlisted the guidance of Ken Adamany, Cheap Trick's manager, and the band was in business. Their debut LP was recorded with producer Tom Werman (Cheap Trick, Ted Nugent) over "seven weeks for too much money." Many of the tunes, such as "Bully Bully" and "Oh Boy!," hark back to Johnson's high school days ("my most impressionable years"), though with more concern for unforgettable trauma than cheap nostalgia.

Commenting on the current scene, Johnson observes, "A lot of bands we see look like they think they're the Beatles. They tap their feet, wear the same clothes, have the same moves and blink their eyes like Paul McCartney. We're real conscious that we're a US band. We even put that in our logo." The official name for the group is Off Broadway usa. "We don't have a Beatle consciousness."

Considering the megalomaniac fantasies most aspiring stars entertain, Cliff Johnson's ambitions seem almost foolishly moderate. "We're just out to have a rapport with the audience. That's why we're called Off Broadway. On Broadway insinuates big productions and big pretensions, as if to say, 'You can't get within our world.' We usually have a 30-watt bulb hanging over each guy's head onstage because it symbolizes anti-big production. We represent the enthusiasm and vitality that's off Broadway; you can get closer to rock 'n' roll fans that way." ■

SQUEEZE LOOSENS UP

By Jon Young

Remember how your parents used to attack rock 'n' roll by pointing out how disreputable most bands looked? It sure didn't help when they seized on a Rolling Stones album cover; although you harbored a secret desire to impersonate Keith or Brian, there wasn't much you could say. Now if Squeeze had been around back then, the old folks wouldn't have had a leg to stand on. In the flesh, the band's brain trust of Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford fits the classic mold even less. These clean-cut fellows exude an air of almost apologetic politeness as they conduct interviews to promote the band's third album, *Argybargy*.

Argybargy?

"It's an expression we've been using for some time on the road," laughs Tilbrook. "*Argybargy* is playful pushing and shoving, pretending to beat someone up."

So what did you expect from an LP with such facetiously titled songs as "Pulling Muscles (from the Shell)," "Another Nail in My Heart," and "I Think I'm Go Go"? But behind the facade of the typical "disposable" pop band lurk subtle and varied musical instincts, which makes trying to get a quick fix on Squeeze maddening if not impossible.

The pair that confronts me in the tiny A&M Records conference room—a glorified closet, actually—seems an unlikely match, but maybe that's the case with most good songwriting teams. Rhythm guitarist Chris Difford projects cautious reserve; he speaks hesitantly, with only traces of the mordant and often intimidating wit that permeates his lyrics. (He terms a *New Musical Express* article likening him to Woody Allen "a real compliment.") Lead guitarist Glenn Tilbrook, who writes most of the music, seems cheerier (in spite of a cold), although it's difficult to tell if his quick smile is just a mask for shyness.

Difford acknowledges that their words and music sometimes work at cross-purposes, giving a song "a different feel from what I'd imagined; but that's half the pleasure of writing, not knowing exactly what will happen."



B. C. Kagon

Difford, Tilbrook, Gilson Lavis, Bentley (rear), Holland: Squeeze.

Tilbrook: "Some people get a lyric about lost love and assume that means minor chords and pretty slow. I like to think that sometimes it'll be a fast tune or a really happy sort of sound."

"If you'd heard the original version of 'Touching Me, Touching You,'" Difford continues, "you wouldn't have believed it. It was almost country music. I prefer that version to the one on the *Cool for Cats* album. It's got a schizophrenic feeling."

So while Squeeze is just your basic rock band in terms of instrumentation, what are they *really*? Tilbrook pauses before answering. "I don't know. I don't think our sort of sound is easy to define, which is its appeal. It's not a sound that's got a name. People have mentioned Lennon and McCartney influences, others have said Kinks, others have said this and that, all of which are partly true, but none tell the whole story."

"I met Chris when he put a sign in a shop window that said, 'Band forming. Influences: Velvet Underground, Kinks, Glenn Miller and jazz'—a pretty diverse range of influences, which is what attracted me to answer it."

That was seven years ago. Since then, Glenn and Chris have been incredibly prolific; for the *Argybargy* album alone the band had 35 fresh songs to choose from. As for the unused tunes, Difford declares, "If anybody wants to cover them, they're welcome. They're just sitting around; we'll let them ferment." One use for some of the "five or six hundred" songs they've written together, muses Tilbrook, might be found in their producing another artist, Spector style.

"It's been my dream to get hold of someone who can just about sing—someone who's got no sort of real talent or personality of their own—and just inject them with all our ideas and stand them up to sing. So if

there's anyone who's talentless, who's got no hope, come to us." (Those without illusions can write the band care of A&M Records.)

Whether or not a Difford-Tilbrook song diabolically pulls you in two or more directions at once, Squeeze is fun to listen to. As Tilbrook says, "The way we write just turns out to be commercial." You can hum the melodies, remember the words, and there's usually enough inspired impertinence or heart-rending pathos to make a song memorable even after one listen. *That* is pop. Back home in England the folks agree in droves; the first two LPs yielded a total of five certifiable hits (i.e. they're big stars). Here in the States, although this is their fourth US tour, Squeeze has been spectacularly unsuccessful. This wouldn't be of any particular interest if the band didn't seem so fundamentally accessible.

Difford has mulled this over. "I think most of the tracks on the last album weren't radio play stuff. 'Cool for Cats' and 'Goodbye Girl' [both UK hits] were played extensively in New York and Boston. Elsewhere people weren't playing it because they couldn't understand it or relate to it, or whatever. It's a typically English sound—like Ian Dury, I suppose. 'Cool for Cats' is just an English humor song; I didn't really envision it being a chart success here because it didn't have Starsky and Hutch in it, or equivalent characters. Whereas on this album I think 'If I Didn't Love You' [the US single] is valid for worldwide success."

"People are beginning to take us more seriously," Tilbrook notes. "We're beginning to take ourselves more seriously as well."

Of course, a band that didn't think their newest LP would unlock the door to fame and fortune would be

the exception; to paraphrase Herbert Hoover, mass acceptance is always just around the corner. In this case, however, the optimism carries a bit more credibility. Squeeze has learned a lot in the last two years and feel they have a good sense of what mistakes they've made.

The band's first LP, *U.K. Squeeze* (in 1978) saddled them with a prefix confusing them with the John Wetton-Bill Bruford group *U.K.* "We didn't want it in the first place; we threw a fit," Difford remembers. The prior existence of an American band called Tight Squeeze (which later broke up) necessitated the change.

"We didn't really like the first album a lot," Tilbrook recalls; he blames producer John Cale. "The first thing we did with him was an EP that turned out great. We went into the studio to do the LP with the idea that working with Cale would create a tension, him pulling one way and us pulling towards pop. As it turned out we got our way on a song and then he got his way on another. He's unpredictable, which makes him hard to work with. He's not very consistent in the studio: one day he'd be really inspired and the next he'd be a waste of time."

The band produced themselves on their second LP. "It was the first time we'd really done production," Tilbrook laughs. "When we mixed it, it sounded really horrible." They called in John Wood, who'd engineered the first album, and rerecorded *Cool for Cats*. "Mainly he's known for folk, but he managed to get us a pretty unique sound. I've never heard another band that sounds quite like us on record. It's a sort of middle sound, which not a lot of other bands go for."

Subsequently they lost bassist Harry Kakouli and replaced him with John Bentley. Tilbrook looks painfully embarrassed when queried about the circumstances of Kakouli's departure. "He's got songs of his own that we as a band didn't feel we could do. He wanted to pursue that direction, so he left." When reminded that Kakouli had said he had no idea he was out of the band until after the fact, Tilbrook adopts the expression of a kid caught raiding the cookie jar and emits a burst of nervous laughter. "Yeah...I guess that's why...I was lying...Either he left or he was pushed, I'm not sure."

Difford adds, "It's the chicken or the egg thing: was he pushed or was he shoved?" (Huh?)

Tilbrook blows his nose with a loud honk, which offers a good opportunity to get off this surprisingly sensitive subject.

For *Argybargy* Squeeze again worked with Wood. The tunes have the same snappy pizzazz of those on *Cool for Cats* (a quality often lacking on the debut), though Tilbrook sees one important difference. *Cats*, "though a good album, was a collection of songs that didn't necessarily hang together. With *Argybargy*, you can sit down and listen to it and feel like you're listening to a complete album, which is an achievement for us."

More important, perhaps, he feels Squeeze is coming to grips with the realities of the record business. "Through experience we're getting more incentive to push for ourselves rather than assuming other people will be doing it. I thought at first that the record company would do everything because

they've got you, but that's not always the case, because they've got 15 other acts they've got to do the same thing for. You've got to make them aware of your existence and the fact that what you're doing is worth pushing. They respect you for doing that and act accordingly."

The band is certainly setting a good example. The *Argybargy* tour of the States lasts six weeks straight, then three more after a three-week break. Tilbrook concedes that this sort of life is less than fun. "Getting up in the morning and traveling to the next gig becomes like work; it is work. It's only the gig that makes it worthwhile, though that sounds like an old show-business cliché."

"You try giving up drinking on tour. That's the tough one," Difford interjects solemnly. Tilbrook throws him a knowing, uncomfortable grin as Difford lets a skeleton out of the closet. Almost on cue, Tilbrook is called out of the room to do a phone interview; Difford continues.

"We do abuse ourselves. I think it's wrong we should be up 'til four in the morning drinking, then have to get up at ten, travel all day to a gig, do interviews and photo sessions, then do a gig, then do the same thing again. It starts to affect your show."

"In Australia, when we were touring back to back for 28 gigs, we flew every other day, sometimes every day. It was getting to the point of insanity. I was drinking three-fourths of a bottle of Pernod every day. I'd get up at ten and have a hangover all through the day, obviously. Every member of the band does that in different ways. Surprisingly enough, we still get by."

How to avoid getting burned out?

"I don't know. We've got to have time off now and again."

Despite the perils of self-destruction, Difford takes on a quiet, born-again determination when he considers Squeeze's future. He says they've sacked their art department because they don't like any of their three LP covers, and talks about the band taking on as much responsibility as possible for every phase of its career. "It's been different since July of last year. We started hanging out with a different class of people—people who were artistically on the same kind of level as us. Elvis is a great friend of ours, and that whole Rockpile crowd." Before, Difford says, "People like Generation X were around us, the kind of kids who've been walking around with their heads up their asses for the last four years. The people we're hanging out with now are the warmest people I've ever met. They show appreciation for your material and they understand the business. I've learned a lot from them."

"I think Squeeze is the greatest band in the world. Obviously I'm gonna feel that and I want other people to feel that too. *Cool for Cats* should have been a hit album. If the artwork had been better, if the promotion had been better, etc., it would have been a hit. That's not ever gonna happen again with Squeeze because now we've eliminated those factors and we do it ourselves. In three albums' time if we're still in this position we've only ourselves to blame."

Could he live with that?

"Yeah, but it would be really hard to face

up to. It's pointless thinking about what's gonna happen in three years' time, though. I've always been sure of myself and Glenn. When we were at school I wanted to be a writer like Leiber and Stoller. That was my whole ambition. I didn't want to be onstage; that was secondary and still is. I supposed there would be a natural progression, like walking up a flight of stairs. You're gonna reach the top if you keep going and I see that happening with the band."

For such an obviously talented group, Squeeze has been noticeably deficient in that elusive but vital component known as image. Difford foresees a change. "You can pick most bands out of the charts and say, 'I know what they look like.' You can look at that"—he turns to a gold record on the wall behind him—"and say, 'I know that's Supertramp, that stupid-looking piano with snow all over it.' Up until this day you couldn't put an image on the band, but as of this tour there's been a remarkable change. The band looks like a band and has begun to act like a band."

How so?

"Come to the gig and see!"

The Squeeze that wows a partisan New York City crowd is confidence in action. All five members energetically bob and weave in time, obviously enjoying themselves. Even Difford plays to the audience, though he never quite drops his guard. There are no instrumental stars in Squeeze; Tilbrook's intelligent lead guitar and Jools Holland's frisky keyboards color in the songs without getting in the way. Difford and Holland sing a few tunes, but Tilbrook takes the majority of the leads. He sounds more like a young, unmaudlin McCartney all the time, and that sounds great. Squeeze does indeed look like a band, whatever that means. With his perpetual stogie and riverboat gambler attire, the impassive Holland stands out, although Tilbrook and Difford do their bit by wearing ghostly yellow and green sports jackets (respectively).

In the end, Squeeze acquits itself impeccably but they don't seem like stars. There's just too much normalcy coming from the stage. Ninety percent of the crowd probably wouldn't recognize them if they saw them on the street the next day. At a time when we've seen the atrocities possible at the other extreme, it's a refreshing change.

Maybe next time Squeeze will utilize a gimmick Difford mentioned during the interview. "We had this idea of putting chicken wire across the stage and having the crew come and pluck it away." Tilbrook laughed. I hope they do it. ■



Alan Brand



EVERY LITTLE THING



Retna

The story behind *Rarities*, the "new" Beatles LP

By Nicholas Schaffner

Faced with a long line of recycled product ineptly slapped together by businessmen whose feel for music or its history seems minimal, how many fans and collectors have fantasized a coup at their favorite artist's record company, lending a hand to do it right for a change? (I know I have.) This is the story of a group of Beatlemania who recently pulled off what must be the ultimate in such fantasies.

Rarities, the latest of Capitol Records'

Beatles repackagings, is also the first to offer something of interest to the true Fabbophile. For that we must thank a group of dedicated fans organized by Capitol's 27-year-old director of merchandising and advertising, Randall Davis: among them Ron Furmanek, one of America's top Beatles collectors, and Wally Podrazik, co-author of the definitive discographies *All Together Now* and *The Beatles Again!*

But first, some necessary (albeit well-documented) historical background on Capitol's

handling of its number one act's music over the past 16 years—a relationship seldom characterized by excess of sensitivity or style. (We're talking purely about the records here; Capitol's promotion, by contrast, was brilliant, and played a key role in the Beatles' American success.)

As the US affiliate of the Beatles' British record company, Capitol had first shot at the Fab Four and passed on the honor; the Beatles' debut UK LP was thus released here (almost intact) by Vee-Jay Records, as *Intro-*

ducing the Beatles. From the moment they changed their minds in time for the second album, the folks at Hollywood's Capitol Tower assumed the role of butchers, dismembering every Beatles LP through 1966 almost beyond recognition. The group's 14-song Parlophone (EMI) LPs were hacked apart and padded with previously released singles to create nearly twice as many 11-tune Capitol "packages." The choicest morsel from each British LP—"Eight Days a Week," "Yesterday," "Nowhere Man"—was sure to be held off the US version and served up later as a hot "new" single; finally, it would appear as a prime cut on a subsequent Capitol album.

This in itself may not have constituted a criminal offense against Art. It was, after all, only rock 'n' roll—good clean fun whichever way you sliced it, and extra-profitable Capitol's way, considering the insatiable appetite of American adolescents for any and all mop-tops product. In all fairness, popular record albums in America had always been built around previously released hit singles; Beatles contemporaries like the Rolling Stones and the Kinks received similar treatment from other labels.

Less excusable, however, was Capitol's frequent negligence in obtaining the original stereo masters of Beatles songs, and its inexplicable habit of doctoring many tracks with gratuitous echo and distortion. "The people here were used to handling Frank Sinatra or Dean Martin," Davis says. "They weren't too familiar with young people's music. They didn't really understand what all this noise from Liverpool was about. I guess they wanted to improve it, make it sound less thin and hollow."

At any rate, by late 1965 and *Rubber Soul* Capitol's tactics began to seem a bit crass. In one of his last interviews (on New York's WNEW-FM in 1974), John Lennon remembered: "We would sequence the albums and have it just the way we wanted it to sound. We'd put a lot of work into the sequencing and then we'd come over to America...it would drive us crackers!"

So when Capitol requested a cover photo for its June, 1966 *Yesterday and Today* LP (which contained songs lopped off *Help!*, *Rubber Soul* and the forthcoming *Revolver*), the Beatles responded with a picture of themselves posing as butchers, surrounded by slabs of meat and dismembered baby dolls. This cover, of course, soon had to be withdrawn under pressure from the usual pious guardians of our collective virtue, in the process reddening both the faces of Capitol's executives and the ink on their balance sheets—and created a coveted collector's item that now sells for as much as \$300 in rock flea markets.

From Sgt. Pepper's *Lonely Hearts Club Band* onward, the Beatles' LPs crossed the Atlantic pretty much intact, though Capitol continued to irritate audiophiles with "electronically rechanneled" cuts (on the flip side of its *Magical Mystery Tour* album, for example). What that meant, basically, was that Capitol used the monaural masters of singles like "Penny Lane" and "All You Need Is Love," boosting bass on one channel and treble on the other, because the company couldn't be bothered to track down the original stereo recordings. It sounded awful.

Such boners were left uncorrected when the inevitable post-breakup retrospectives began to roll out of the Capitol recycling plant. John Lennon winced at the sound quality of 1962-1966 and 1967-1970, calling it "embarrassing." When Capitol released *Rock 'n' Roll Music* in 1976, Ringo Starr strenuously disavowed the package. "The cover was disgusting," he told *Rolling Stone*. "It made us look cheap and we were never cheap. All that Coca-Cola and cars with big fins was the '50s." Capitol tried to inject a touch of class into the following year's *Love Songs*, but the phony gold-embossed-leather cover was no less tacky than *Rock 'n' Roll Music*'s tinsel cheeseburgers. The contents of both albums seemed entirely arbitrary and the accompanying recording information was riddled with inaccuracies too tedious to list here. Even Capitol's Davis admits, "Those packages were designed for general market, without any concern for collectors. I would like to have done them differently."

Capitol and EMI's 1978 Beatles brainwave was a \$100-plus boxed set containing all thirteen of the group's original British LPs—to which was added a special bonus album. Titled *Rarities*, this offered 17 songs (mostly B-sides of singles) that had never been included on a UK long-player. It was also supposed to feature the German renditions of "Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand" and "Sie Liebt Dich," but Capitol somehow substituted those two English-language "rarities" "I Want to Hold Your Hand" and "She Loves You." The whole thing was remarkably ill-conceived; *The Beatles Collection* was only a handful of songs away from being a complete compilation, yet the few missing titles happened to rank among the group's most famous. "I can just see your 'average consumer,'" Podrazik says, "going in to buy a really nice \$100 package for his girlfriend for Christmas, then taking it home and saying, 'Where's 'Hey Jude'?"

Nonetheless, that limited edition bonus LP quickly became a prized collector's item. In 1979 EMI and Capitol decided to release it separately to the masses. In America, *Rarities* was to have appeared on Capitol's \$5.98 "mid-price" line, which had offered such British Invasion relics as *Hits of the Mersey Era* and "greatest hits" packages by Peter and Gordon, Billy J. Kramer and Manfred Mann. An autumn release date for *Rarities* was announced in the music trade publications.

What no one seemed to realize was that, in Podrazik's words, "*Rarities* had been issued to fill the very particular *British* need of providing an album of songs never issued on *British* albums." Thanks to Capitol's high-powered mid-'60s marketing tactics, all but four of the LP's "rarities" had already appeared on at least one multi-million-selling album in America.

Davis was aghast. "When I heard about it, being a Beatles fan myself and concerned about all Capitol's product, I was very upset. I thought it was a really silly thing to do. It would have made us the laughingstock of all the big Beatles fans." As director of merchandising and advertising, Davis was not responsible for such decisions, but he wrote urgent memos to those who were. Vice Pres-

idents Rupert Perry and Dennis White finally decided to silence him by dumping the whole project in his lap. "They said, 'OK, we'll put you in charge of it,' because they knew I cared and was familiar with the material." While lorry-loads of the original *Rarities* collection tumbled off the British and European presses, Davis—with a little help from Capitol's editorial manager Stephen Peebles—began compiling "a new package that would offer fans and collectors something really different and interesting. One of the first things I did was to contact about a dozen different Beatle experts, primarily Ron and Wally."

Wally Podrazik first heard from Davis in October, 1979. "He called up, saying, 'I've done a lot of hard work persuading the Capitol bureaucracy to do this right,' and wanted my suggestions. We agreed to take the fan's approach: what would the fans want to hear? He'd been reading through *All Together Now* and our explanations about unreleased B-sides, alternate mixes and so forth. He had a list of the obvious—'Misery,' 'There's a Place' [two songs Capitol omitted when it reissued the Vee-Jay album as *The Early Beatles*], 'Sie Liebt Dich,' 'The Inner Light,' 'You Know My Name,' the original 'Across the Universe'—and wanted to know what else to include. I suggested some tracks left off the live album, like 'I'm Down.' We tossed around the idea of interviews; there was an Apple 45 from 1968, released only in Italy, of interviews done in recording studios while the Beatles were making the white album. Then you have the open-ended interviews from 1964 [an ingenious gimmick with which Capitol promoted its first two Beatles albums, enabling disc jockeys to conduct interviews at their leisure by reading from a list of questions and playing the Beatles' pre-recorded answers]. The problem is that when you start putting interviews and so forth on a music album it makes it awfully hard to hold the interest of more casual listeners. It would have to have gone in as a separate seven-inch record.

"Eventually some ground rules emerged. He didn't want to draw from the vaults; that also turned out to apply to songs I suggested from the films: 'Shout' from *Around the Beatles*, and 'Suzy Parker' and so forth from *Let It Be*. Also, there was going to have to be a balance between stuff oriented to the collector and stuff for the average consumer, who'll just see the titles of songs he remembers hearing and liking. We agreed it would actually be a good selling point to include hit songs like 'Penny Lane' along with the more obscure stuff, provided you had good liner notes explaining that these were versions with something different about them."

Over the next few days, Podrazik put together a tape and a 14-page report detailing both the reasons and the sources (complete with matrix numbers) for all his suggestions. The album he envisaged would have featured one side of songs from the 1962-1966 period, with the other spanning 1967 and 1970 (plus his proposed bonus interview disc).

Side One

- "Love Me Do" (the original British single version with Ringo on drums)*
- "Please Please Me" (the original British single version, lacking the more familiar rendition's final-verse lyric mix-up)
- "There's a Place"*
- "Misery"*
- "Sie Liebt Dich"*
- "All My Loving" (from the German **Beatles' Greatest LP**, with a brief high-hat introduction)
- "Money" (the version on the British **All My Loving EP**)
- "She's a Woman" (the original echo-less version, available in stereo on an Australian LP)
- "I Feel Fine" (the original echo-less version, available in stereo prefaced by some mysterious whispering on the British 1962-1966 LP)
- "I'm Down" (the stereo version, available on a Japanese EP—or perhaps even the **Hollywood Bowl** out-take)

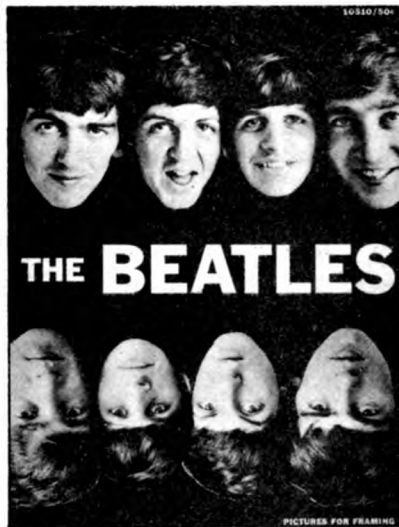
Side Two

- "Penny Lane" (the DJ promotional version with an extra trumpet riff at the end)*
- "I am the Walrus" (the US single version)*
- "The Inner Light"*
- "Across the Universe" (the original version on the British **No One's Gonna Change Our World** anthology LP)*
- "You Know My Name (Look Up the Number)"*
- "Her Majesty" (a slightly longer version found on some European pressings of **Abbey Road**)
- "Sgt. Pepper Inner Groove" (left off the US pressings)*

Davis did not receive so meticulous and methodical a presentation from his other key Beatles expert, yet Ron Furmanek's contribution was just as important. Unlike Wally Podrazik—a writer who has specialized in compiling information for the Beatles collector—Furmanek is a fanatical Beatles collector himself, and one with few if any peers. A *Rolling Stone* editor whom Ron has assisted calls him "an incredible archivist" and likens his dedication to his calling to that of a monk. I myself was fortunate enough to enlist his help in 1976, when I was gathering rare records and memorabilia to photograph for *The Beatles Forever*. One visit to Furmanek's museum-like digs in New Jersey seemed to render superfluous all my dealings with dozens of other dealers and collectors. He appeared to own everything, from the 1962 audition tapes to out-takes of **Abbey Road**, from posters for early concerts to Capitol window displays for **Beatles VI**—every doll and trinket, all the albums and picture sleeves from around the world.

Furmanek introduced me to some of the oddities his international Beatles collection had uncovered, such as two extra guitar riffs inexplicably included at the end of "And I Love Her" on the German pressing of **Something New**, and the different fiddle solo that closes the British mono mix of "Don't Pass Me By." It was from Furmanek that Davis first learned of the existence of these "rarities," along with the whereabouts of superior recordings of tracks proposed by Podrazik.

* Selections retained on Capitol's **Rarities LP**.



Armed with all this expert advice, Davis proceeded to track down the desired masters and make his final selection of titles. Circumstances in the former process sometimes dictated the latter.

"We telexed EMI in Australia for the stereo version of 'She's a Woman,' but they said they couldn't find it. As the years go on, old masters disappear. We couldn't get the one for 'Love Me Do' either, and since we really wanted to include that, we had to settle for the actual record"—a mint copy borrowed from the Furmanek archives.

Davis also began mobilizing on another front: he was determined that the packaging of his pet project be as appealing as possible to both collectors and casual fans. "This might all sound easy, but it boiled down to a lot of pushing and convincing our vice presidents that it would be a profitable enterprise."

His greatest coup in the packaging department appears on the inside of **Rarities'** gatefold jacket: a full-size reproduction of the once-banned **Yesterday and Today** butcher shot. "I just stumbled across that transparency while I was going through our files; it was just stuck in there between some other stuff. I was amazed nobody had made off with it over the years." Randall hoped at first to use it for the front cover, but was unable to stretch the liberalism of his corporate vice presidents quite that far.

Rarities also sports the unairbrushed version of the picture that replaced the "butcher cover," showing the Beatles gathered around a trunk in the office of Brian Epstein's assistant Geoffrey Ellis. Another nice color shot captures Epstein and his four clients celebrating the unveiling of **Revolver** at Capitol's Studio A. Along with 32 black-and-white photos on the inner sleeve, these emanated from Capitol's own files. The inevitable casualty of this lavishness, however, was the original \$5.98 list price. **Rarities**, at a rarified \$8.98, is now a dollar higher than any other single Beatles LP.

In any case, **Rarities** certainly represents a complete reversal of the traditional superiority of British Beatles albums over their American counterparts. The original Parlophone packaging couldn't have been duller: just the names of the songs, album and group printed on a two-color sleeve devoid of artwork. The British LP randomly wedged the 1968 pop mysticism of George Harrison's "The Inner Light" between the 1963 beat ballads "This Boy" and "I'll Get You"; the new, improved Capitol version is sensitively programmed, more or less chronologically.

Compiling this album, as we have seen, was a noble and painstaking effort, the point of which remains the music captured in the grooves. This falls into two distinct categories. On the one hand are relatively obscure, hitherto uncollected songs such as "The Inner Light" and "You Know My Name," which will interest all Beatles devotees beyond the ranks of the hard-core collectors. Into this kettle of fish I would place "Sie Liebt Dich," the 1968 recording of "Across the Universe," and even the original single version of "Love Me Do." The latter may not differ as radically from the familiar



Reino

cut as "Universe" does, but it was the Beatles' first hit and so retains more than passing interest to any real fan.

"Sie Liebt Dich" is indispensable for its camp value, if nothing else. If George Martin's recent memoirs are to be believed, it was by no means as easy to persuade the Hamburg-weaned combo to record in German as Davis's liner notes suggest.

"The Inner Light" is, for my money, the most beautiful of all George Harrison's Beatles songs. (Paul McCartney said as much when it first came out.) Unlike the sluggish and meandering (albeit better-known) "Love You To" and "Within You Without You," the "raga-rock" music here is economical, melodic and superbly played. "The Inner Light"'s two-and-a-half-minute philosophy lesson is also relatively profound and to the point—perhaps because the words were pinched almost verbatim from a Japanese poet named Roshi.

The *Rarities* version of "Across the Universe" was recorded around the same time, and these two transcendental ditties were supposed to have been paired for single release while the Beatles were blissing out in India with the Maharishi. But John Lennon was dissatisfied with the way his favorite composition turned out in the studio and donated it instead to the World Wildlife Fund's charity album. It's an exquisite lyric, however, and nice to hear in an unadorned, un-Spectorized setting with Harrison's droning tamboura setting the tone (even as a gaggle of chirping Apple Scruffs lose it).

"You Know My Name" boasts but two Beatles (plus guest saxophonist Brian Jones),

and was slated for release as an early John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band single before landing on the backside of "Let It Be." It has since been a consistent vote-getter in polls of the Beatles' all-time worst record. Still, as one of the last uncollected songs in the Beatles canon, it belongs on an album.

Rounding out this group of "rarities" is the album's fifteenth and final selection (time: two seconds). George Martin has reported that it was McCartney's idea to stick "something silly in the *Sgt. Pepper* run-off groove." In true Beatles spirit, Martin responded: "I don't think anyone's ever done it, but why not?"

"The four of them...chanted silly little things," Martin writes, "each one different, without any sense; 'yum tum tim ting' sort of sounds. I snipped about two seconds off the tape of that and put it into the run-out groove so that it went round and round forever." (That is, until the listener—or an automatic changer—shut the damn thing off.) Capitol, in turn, snipped those two seconds off the US pressing of *Sgt. Pepper* (perhaps they felt they had to hold with tradition and leave *something* off the album), and it was left to Pete Townshend and Co. to introduce Americans to the joys of inner groove music with *The Who Sell Out*.

Which brings us to the more problematical zone inhabited by *Rarities*' versions of "And I Love Her," "Help!," "I'm Only Sleeping," "I Am the Walrus," "Penny Lane," "Helter Skelter" and "Don't Pass Me By." As "rarities" these are unlikely to fascinate any but the most obsessed Beatlemaniac and collector; yet, paradoxically—because they are

generally better-known songs than those in the other group—their presence might encourage random non-aficionados to pick up copies of the album.

Only the most perceptive fan, for example, would notice that this edition of "And I Love Her" has several seconds' more guitar music at the end than the usual one, had not Davis's notes pointed it out. In all other respects the two versions are exactly the same. Of course one is intrigued by the existence of such variations. As Davis says, "I can see editing out 30 seconds or whatever to get more Top 40 airplay, but cutting out just *four* seconds? I'd love to ask George Martin about it sometime." Still, the main interest lies in the fact that these utterly trivial differences do exist from country to country or from single to album; they certainly don't offer any interesting new music. Even Podrazik says he "had a hard time getting used to collectors looking at records of music the way they would at stamps."

Even when one does get used to it, one wonders about the validity of compiling such arcane collector's items on a new album. In their original form these "rare versions" had much the same appeal as stamps, issued in limited numbers with some quirk or flaw, that went on to become priceless treasures. If the government responded to philatelists' fascination with misprinted stamps by deliberately reissuing them in massive quantities, wouldn't that actually spoil the game?

Such *Rarities* as "I Am the Walrus" take this yet a step further. "Walrus" was originally issued in three almost imperceptibly dif-

ferent editions: the British **Magical Mystery Tour** EP offered six beats' worth of introduction instead of the US LP's four, while the American single featured a few extra bars of music between the words "yellow matter custard" and "I'm crying." Capitol's John Palladino and George Irwin edited these recordings together to create, Davis says, "the longest, most complete version possible." According to Stephen Peeples's press release, the result is "a new version unique to the new **Rarities**... There are now four versions of the same tune."

"No, they did *not* create a new version," Podrazik counters. "This is an illustrative version, pulling together all the odd points of the other versions, instead of just having six isolated seconds of each oddity, which would be silly. I think it's turned out really nice."

Palladino and Irwin's studio ingenuity also went to work on "Penny Lane." A rare monaural promo single of this tune offered a brief trumpet coda, unavailable elsewhere, which has now (at Furmanek's suggestion) been "punched into" the original stereo recording that Capitol neglected to use for its **Magical Mystery Tour** album. This too is touted as "a third version only found on the new US **Rarities**."

Anyone but the most incorrigible Beatle-maniac or pedant might justifiably question all this fuss over seven notes not even played by an actual Beatle. But Capitol, in finally releasing good recordings of these rock classics, is certainly rendering fans a service. According to Podrazik, **Rarities**' "I'm Only Sleeping" is no "rarity" but simply the finished **Revolver** track that Capitol prematurely issued on **Yesterday and Today** in a form resembling a rough mix.

Even those **Rarities** not mangled on the original American LPs might conceivably have turned up in their standard forms on some random Capitol repackaging anyway. So, it can be argued, why not a slightly different edit?

Perhaps the new album should have been titled **Oddities**; even Podrazik calls **Rarities** "a misnomer." In making their selection, Davis and his colleagues restricted themselves to recordings that had already been issued somewhere in Beatledom; almost all went on to sell hundreds of thousands of

copies in Britain, Germany, Japan or—at 45 r.p.m.—right here in the USA. In the vein Davis was mining there was little left that could truly be called rare.

Will Capitol ever treat Beatles fans to anything as rare as the umpteen songs left off **Let It Be** (including yet a third version of "Love Me Do," originally slated for release on that album)? Or the John Lennon - Magic Alex composition "What's the News Mary Jane?" yanked off the white album at the last minute and then promised (together with "You Know My Name") on a John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band single that was scrapped just days before its scheduled release date? Or "How Do You Do It?" which George Martin wanted to issue as the Beatles' second single?

According to Podrazik, "There aren't that many really good unreleased in-studio tracks left. The Beatles deliberately released almost everything; they even said they didn't want to wind up like Buddy Holly, with all this inferior stuff getting dredged up. But any subsequent album is going to have to draw from new musical sources. Besides the films, the three biggest ones Capitol and EMI could go into are early audition tapes; songs the Beatles recorded and then gave to other people, like 'I'll Be On My Way,' which went to Billy J. Kramer; and songs they did on British radio, especially in 1963, which were cut in the BBC studio: 'Lend Me Your Comb,' 'Memphis, Tennessee,' 'Soldier of Love.' There you have the potential for a really good rarities album. Some of the tapes might have been destroyed, but certainly not all."

"At this point," Davis says, "nobody knows exactly what EMI has in their vaults. It has to be catalogued, and then we have to get legal clearance to release it. But there is a definite possibility."

All that may take years to resolve. Before issuing **The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl** in 1977, Capitol went to some lengths to obtain the four ex-Beatles' permission, though sources differ as to whether that was mere courtesy or a legal necessity. In the meantime Davis is sitting on "an alternate list of 16 songs we couldn't use on this record, with

the thought of another volume if this sells." Even Beatlemaniacs who aren't yearning for an album featuring "All My Loving" prefaced by a few taps of Ringo's high-hat, or the mono mix of the "Sgt. Pepper" reprise and several more from the British white album should welcome clean stereo recordings of the ill-treated "She's a Woman," "I Feel Fine" and "I'm Down."

As far as Davis's superiors are concerned, the final verdict on the present **Rarities** must come from the record buyers. Initial portents within the industry have not been entirely positive. *Billboard* failed to include **Rarities** among its spotlighted album releases; the last sentence of the music-biz bible's review ("This album is geared primarily to the Beatles collector") might be interpreted as a kiss of death. *Record World* likewise declined to feature **Rarities** on its cover as one of the week's hot platters, and sarcastically described the LP's selections as "must-haves." Whether or not this is a case of industry hacks being less hip than the audiences they purport to monitor should be apparent by the time you read this.

In any case, this album so largely devoted to minute variations is likely to undergo a few of its own. "We're making a few minor changes in the packaging," Davis says. "The inside butcher shot is not as uncropped as it's supposed to be. What makes the uncropped picture neat is there's a little piece of meat laying on the floor—and then by mistake they cropped the picture just so you can't see it. I just hit the roof."

"Also they forgot to put 'produced by George Martin' on the cover, which will be corrected. And one word will be deleted from the liner notes, but I'm not going to tell you what it is. Collectors are going to have to hunt for it." But Capitol will have to unload its initial run of 300,000-odd albums.

Should that be accomplished forthwith, Davis will have his signal to proceed with **Rarities Volume Two**. Even if a second **Rarities** fails to materialize, though, Davis—a Beatle fan and professional musician long before he joined Capitol in 1975—would like to see his efforts set a new tone for his company's never-ending line of Beatles product.

"I just hope this is the beginning of a lot of really good Beatles packages; that's what I'm really pushing for." ■



FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE WEST COAST



Godlis

Public Image Ltd.'s new career in the same old towns

By Scott Isler

Don McLean had it all wrong. The music didn't die when Buddy Holly plummeted, but on January 14, 1978. That night in San Francisco the Sex Pistols dismantled their only American tour (all of seven dates), their career as a functioning unit, and—according to John Lydon (Johnny Rotten back then)—the entire rickety structure of rock music as well.

But rock 'n' roll never forgets—unfortunately. Two years and two months later, Lydon is back in the little city by the bay, and to the local yobbos it's like the Pistols never left. The occasion is a press conference heralding the domestic release of Public Image Ltd.'s *Second Edition* LP. Lydon's post-Pistols band (referred to more handily as PIL)

has existed for over a year and a half; scheduling foul-ups, however, prevented their self-titled debut album from coming out here. Now, with a sense of cooperation unthinkable a few years ago, singer Lydon and guitarist Keith Levene have flown over for interviews and publicity. Could they possibly want to (choke) *sell their record*?

The City is a disco with mirrored walls, columns and revolving balls suspended from the ceiling. Twenty years ago this sleazy North Beach area of San Francisco was mecca for beatniks; there don't seem to be any milling around before PIL's conference gets under way, but beards and long hair in casual attire are uncomfortable reminders that this town also gave birth to the hippies, which the Sex Pistols (and/or abrasive mouthpiece Rot-

ten/Lydon) so detested. There are studiously new wave types too, from black-garbed punks in various flavors of hair to the latest porkpie chic. The cross-cultural chaos is impressive, but all will seem irrelevant when the anti-stars arrive.

Lydon and Levene show up looking positively etiolated. Lydon, 24, who selects his wardrobe from second-hand shops ("I never wear jeans"), is decked out in a bulky, dark checked jacket, rumpled shirt and loosely-knotted tie. The jacket and baggy pants almost make him look stocky, accentuating his stumpy proportions. (He is definitely not a hunchback, though, as once rumored.) His red hair is greased back casually; the beady stare—only a sliver of dark blue iris extends beyond large pupils—could melt

glass. By contrast, Levene, 22, looks almost dapper, although similarly attired. Just as intent as Lydon, the blond, tousled guitarist lacks his partner's manic charisma but makes up for it in more conventional good looks. Both clutch Heinekens (Lydon is rarely without one for the next eight hours) and seem a bit unsure (behind glacial facades) about the whole set-up.

Their fears are borne out after they ascend the podium. An intelligent rock press conference is an impossibility in the best of circumstances, and Lydon's former notoriety has brought out thrill-seekers. A much-needed moderator is unable to attend, members of a local band bait the subjects mercilessly, and a video crew blinds them with third-degree lights. Under the circumstances, Lydon and Levene are models of restraint—or maybe it's resignation. Lydon's weary monotone (he does almost all the talking) is so low that the microphone can barely pick up his dry, acerbic comments. "This is definitely not my doing," he says by way of introduction, swigging the Heineken. A portion of the audience—the sympathetic ones—cackle uproariously at his every statement. They've come to see Johnny Rotten and Lydon doesn't want to know.

"The Pistols finished rock 'n' roll. That was the last rock 'n' roll band. It's all over now...Rock 'n' roll is shit. It's dismal. Grand-dad danced to it. I'm not interested in it...I think music has reached an all-time low—except the Raincoats."

And, he forgot to add, Public Image Ltd. Lydon and Levene obviously consider their band of vital importance, which is the only reason they're putting up with this circus. "This is a joke, I think, personally," Lydon injects at one point, "but we'll go on with it." Soon after, while anonymous catcallers repeatedly ask if he's a punk and where he bought his green glitter socks, he adds, "I feel like a fool."

"It is essential that everyone is aware that this band exists," Lydon enunciates slowly. "There's no competition...No one is forced to buy our records. We just want people to know they exist." PIL is "not rock 'n' roll, not disco; it defies any category. It's PIL...We do it; you either like it or you don't. It's simple. There's no intellectual ideology behind it...Call us what you like. It doesn't matter; I've been called lots of things...I'm a pretty good target for people's particular bickerings and hate and their ridiculous egos. I'm used to it."

After what seems like infinity, the conference ends. The crowd strips *Second Edition* cover slicks from the walls for souvenirs, and Lydon and Levene repair to a nearby hotel for one *mano a mano* interview. They've already done lots of these in New York and Los Angeles; the San Francisco sideshow was to avoid more. When their interviewer leaves after an hour and a half, Levene comments, "He acted intently interested." "He didn't act intently interested, he acted intently *dull*," Lydon shoots back.

"Dull" and "boring" are Lydon's favorite expressions of contempt. Not that he leads a swashbuckler's life himself; Lydon says he divides his time between recording, playing with video equipment (the latest PIL toy), writing songs, practicing piano and synthesizer, and watch-

ing television. "I can't be bothered to socialize. I'm not a social person."

Yet PIL in many ways is an exciting enough project. The "Ltd." is not just for effect. "It's a company," Lydon explains. "We're all shareholders. Everything we do we work out together. [Besides Lydon and Levene, PIL currently includes bassist Wobble (John Wardle), and Jeanette Lee and Dave Crowe for "visual assistance".] We don't see ourselves as a group—no way at all. We see ourselves as a company. Music is only one of the things we have in mind." Another is the construction of a video studio.

The Clash sings about complete control, but PIL actually seems to have achieved it. The band produces itself and has no manager, much to the chagrin of Warner Bros. (who released *Second Edition* through their subsidiary Island label).

"They just don't understand," Lydon complains. "They want us to get a manager. They seriously doubt whether they can deal with us as people unless we have some business cunt. They like to have very little personal contact with the bands themselves. Very cruel and savage decisions can be effected with the greatest of ease that way, rather than have me screaming."

He is already annoyed about the American label's pressing only 50,000 copies of *Second Edition*. "I don't understand their reluctance on us at all. I'm sick and tired of listening to these business people going on about how they need something 'new' and 'exciting.' Well, we're new—and we're not dull. So what's happening, baby?"

As part of their assumed responsibilities, Lydon and Levene have used this American jaunt to set up PIL's debut US tour. En route to the San Francisco airport for the return hop to Los Angeles (their temporary base), they negotiate terms with a local promoter. Levene now takes over, going over every detail from ticket prices ("Ten dollars is too much...you'll only attract our ardent fans") to the venue's capacity (PIL is anti-seating) with hawklike vigilance. Expenses are pared to the bone: the band doesn't want fresh-roses-in-the-dressing-room star treatment; they'll even supply their own lighting (a few white spots). ("Everything we earn goes immediately into building the studio and video equipment," Lydon says later.) While Levene is on the offensive, Lydon questions the promoter's every statement, frequently contradicting him. Later the two will joke about the Californian's height.

Lydon and Levene's long-standing friendship is the kind that doesn't require verbal communication. On the evening flight back to LA they huddle together conspiratorially, their blanched faces almost luminescent in the surrounding darkness. Wobble is another member of this select club. "He'll steal your socks and underwear; he's a good mate," Lydon admits in a rare moment of praise. It's not his style to speak well of anyone—sometimes not even excluding himself. Lydon's impenetrable armor consists of simply denying everything and refusing all commitment; cornering quicksilver is an easier task. Only the death of his mother last year is said to have brought a conventional response. He amuses himself by singing "Don't cry for me, Argentina" in a mock-operatic American accent; compliment him on his dialect and he replies, "I think it's poxy." One can't imagine

him asleep, and indeed he says he hasn't been the last few days. He apparently lives on a diet of beer and cigarettes (although he doesn't drink so much as open a bottle, let it go flat after a couple of sips, and open another one).

Back in the Continental Hyatt on Sunset Boulevard, Lydon reflexively turns on the TV ("I was brought up surrounded by noise"), peruses a fan note and collapses on the sofa. One learns not to push him into conversation; confronted with silence, he'll take the initiative. His speech assumes numerous dramatic inflections, and he'll occasionally flash a grin (exuding playful malice) for emphasis. Nearby tables are covered with Japanese toys—robots, model cars—he is bringing back to England. He says he is "blind, paralytic drunk," has a headache and is nauseous from the airplane flights. Calmly, in the deliberate drawl that set off still-reverberating waves four years ago, he runs down the benefits of jet-age travel. "Me guts keep grumbling; I can't fart and I can't burp. I can't bear food. I can't sleep because of central fucking heating and air conditioning. All of my skin is flaking off. I wash my face and come out in a red rash. I'm falling to bits! It doesn't seem to bother anyone else, just me. I've got more problems than the rest put together."

For all his kvetching and nay-saying, Lydon is in deadly earnest about PIL (which he never calls "pill"; he also pronounces his own name LIE-din). He can't conceive of doing anything else: "There is no alternative right now. Anyone who has an idea, it's used. We enjoy it and [*tongue in cheek?*] it's very relevant to society today as we know it."

It's hard to think of another (so-called) rock band that's provoked as much extreme reaction as Public Image Ltd. People tend either to fall head over heels for them or dismiss them as unmitigated poseurs. The band's musical orbit has steadily removed them from anything normally thought of as commercial pop music.

The Sex Pistols (with Johnny Rotten) were still a fresh memory when the "Public Image" 45 debuted; it was conventional enough for Lydon to claim that the Pretenders ("whom Keith has been giving a few lessons to") swiped its guitar lick. Their first album, though, struck many as a prolonged exercise in self-indulgence, from Lydon's caterwauling on the first cut ("I wish I could die"—a pretty good set-up line) to the intentionally



obnoxious falsetto chanting ("We only wanted to be loved") on the last. The album cover and inner sleeve are parodies of different magazine covers; Lydon incredulously (and contemptibly) notes that some reviewers didn't even get the point.

"I just thought it was a real fun piss-take: the 'public image.' I mean, we looked as ridiculous as you could possibly hope. There's no fun left," he complains. "People are just prepared to condemn without seeing."

One of the album's numbers, "Religion," appeared to be an excoriating attack on organized worship. On an album whose vocals are buried under bass, guitar and echo, "Religion" is remarkable for being preceded by an unaccompanied recital of the lyrics "This is Bibles full of libel/This is sin in eternal hymn," etc.). In view of Lydon's Catholic-school upbringing, one might conclude that he was holding a grudge. "It wasn't serious," he states gravely. "It was totally over the top—for the sheer fun of it." Earlier in the evening he had expressed annoyed disbelief over Los Angeles radio stations' late-night religious broadcasting.

About a year elapsed before Public Image Ltd. released another album. (In the meantime they issued one 45, "Death Disco," which, Lydon notes amusingly, made number eight in a British list of the year's best disco singles.) They were not particularly visible. "We don't like gigging—not continuously," Lydon says, and estimates the band has only played live 15-20 times prior to their nine-city US tour. Their most recent pre-America date—in Paris, where they've performed three times before—was "brilliant; we never even rehearsed for it."

The band had been recording bits and pieces here and there, according to "how much studio time we could get for half price"; Lydon estimates about 20 studios, scattered throughout England, were used. The results comprised **Metal Box**, three 12-inch 45s wedged firmly inside what looks like a film can embossed with the PIL logo. Virgin, PIL's British label after the Sex Pistols defaulted, was resistant to the custom packaging. "They made us pay for it. They thought, we were, like, pissing about." There was "no intellectual reason" behind the design; "it just looked good." (At the press conference Lydon hinted it was to make it hard getting the records in and out.) His voice rises in undisguised anger when discussing **Metal Box's** stiff price tag (about \$25) in this country: "I'm getting sick of being blamed for imports. That's fuck-all to do with us." He says the package sells for the price of a regular LP (about \$11) in England; actually it goes for more like \$20.

Once **Metal Box** sold out its limited supply, PIL's 60-minute opus was transferred to a two-LP set titled **Second Edition**; this is the album Warners has issued in America, after refusing to produce a **Metal Box** of their own. There's a minor change in song sequencing, but for once Lydon is resigned.

"That's the only way we could get the fucker out here. The quality's still quite superb [on LP] but on the 12-inch 45s it's absolutely excellent. That's where all the effort that we put into it shows. There's so much scope on a 12-incher: you can go to an all-time low on bass, and incredibly high. I loved that. I'm definitely into hi-fi."

One advantage **Second Edition** has over **Metal Box** is the printed lyrics on the back cover. A lyric sheet was left out of **Metal Box** when Virgin informed the band it would drive up the price another \$2. Although indecipherable on record, Lydon considers his stream-of-consciousness phrases more than sound effects.

"I wouldn't waste my time writin' 'em down if it wasn't important. Each song deals with a separate story. They all deal with people. I'm not one to moan about fucking wildlife, or fucking buildings or airplanes—or anything abstract." "Suit," for example, is about social climbers, "people of low origins trying to be posh." Lydon had specific individuals in mind, "as in everything I do." "Poptones" had its origin in a newspaper account of a rape; mass media often inspire him. "I'll read a newspaper article, tap my foot to it and get a tune. Those songs definitely create illusions, patterns...nightmares."



Lydon admits PIL was "going in all ways at once" on their first album, a charge that cannot be leveled at **Second Edition**. Its monomania no doubt encourages violent reactions. Wobble's overwhelming bass is derived from reggae (Lydon, a reggae fan, won't acknowledge any musical influences), but Levene's ethereal guitar and Lydon's variety of vocal timbres—"I'm adapting brilliantly to each situation," he smirks, trilling the last syllable—unite in a disturbing challenge to all preconceptions of "pop" music.

"We don't make music—it's noise, sound. We avoid the term 'music' because of all those assholes who like to call themselves musicians or artists. It's just so phony. We don't give a shit about inner attitude, just as long as it sounds good. We're not some intellectual bunch of freaks. I think we're a very, very valid act. For once in a lifetime a band actually has its own way, its own terms—that would really make extreme music. We just want to make sure you have a choice. I mean, we can only be hated on a large scale. I'd much rather be hated by millions than thousands. That's why I'm here: I want people to know that we exist and let them make the decision for themselves."

Lydon knows what he likes, though, and isn't afraid to say so. "Maybe it's very egocentric of me but I do think it's a fucking good album. We spent a lot of time—we always do—on our stuff. I think our ideas are better than anything available—most definitely. It's a jolly good record. It's danceable. It has strength. It exists on many levels. It's a

serious effort by so-called incompetent assholes actually proving any cunt can use a studio and get what they want.

"Of course we revel in our own fucking genius. Why the hell not? Self-indulgence is what we're full of and we're proud of it. 'Self-indulgent' means totally involved with what you're doing. We consider no one's viewpoint until we're finished. I'm quite aware of the fact that we can make good records and bad records. There's no guarantee; just give us a chance. I think we deserve a listen."

One would think from the above that Lydon might have appreciated the *New York Times'* rave review of **Metal Box**; Robert Palmer wrote that the album "sounds suspiciously like a genuine masterpiece." But PIL is equally suspicious of enthusiastic outsiders.

"I suppose it would be boring if people just permanently thought, 'Oh man, everything you do is so great.' I find that more irritating [than being put down], frankly, 'cause that's patronization. I find it vile. We're not brilliant; we make mistakes, just like everyone else." For example? "I'm not telling you. I'm not here to condemn myself."

"I don't like that 'masterpiece' shit; that's a real put-off. The normal person just reading that thinks, 'Fuck you, cunts.' It's bad news when people do that, going over the top. It's only music; so? Music isn't the be-all and end-all of the universe."

What is?

"Nothing. Well, actually, politics is."

In contrast to Lydon and Levene's deadly serious demeanor, PIL maintains a loose approach to music-(sorry, sound-)making. Lydon says a lot of PIL's songs are made up on the spot, "literally live recordings." "Albatross," **Metal Box/Second Edition's** longest cut (ten and a half minutes), was done in one take. "I had about four ideas running around me brain. I knew I could do it and I just went off and did it. Had some good fun—was jolly pleased. We almost threw that away."

The same casual attitude is evident in the band's internal organization. There are four drummers on **Second Edition**; Wobble ("We call him that to get him really annoyed") is currently cutting a solo album. (Lydon claims that by using tape loops it will take longer to listen to than it did to record.) Levene, however, is meticulous about his share in the group.

"Guitar playing is sometimes an effort—a real effort, when I don't bother to walk out. Sometimes it flows, when I'm on form, and that's good 'cause I'm only on form when I'm inventing by the second. It's hard to do; I've always got synthesizers to turn to."

A standing joke in the band concerns Levene's classical music training, mentioned by Palmer and others.

Lydon: "Bullshit. That was just to annoy someone; it works a treat." He turns to the guitarist. "Remember all that 'classically trained' crap?"

"Yeah. Three people said to me, 'I can see how well you fit in since you had 17 years of classical piano.' They're all taken in. Big lie."

"The only way these crummy English journalists would consider him a guitar player was by waffling shit to them. And they swallowed it."

(One impressive—and factual—credential



in Levene's past is his founding membership in the Clash, although he didn't stick it out long enough to record with them. Typically, Lydon finds them detestable; at the press conference he called Joe Strummer his favorite comedian.)

Lydon, as well as Levene, "messes about" with synthesizers, particularly string synth (*vide* *Second Edition's* "Chant"). "That's my favorite instrument," he almost gushes. "I just love murdering it; you get such glorious tortured violins."

He's not obsessed with technology, though. "Machines aren't props, they're there for you to use. Use them properly; don't fucking use them as gimmicks or fronts to your lack of personality."

Humanistic, no? Yet Lydon's views on interpersonal relations remain fiercely scabrous.

"I've grown very far away from human beings. I like being detached; I don't even like shaking hands. I don't like sweat. I think everyone is ugly. Faces disgust me and feet really make me reek. I think the human body's about one of the most ugly things ever created. It's abysmal. Everyone has lumps and distorted bits and pieces." He laughs mirthlessly. So what does John Lydon find attractive?

"Machines. Lots of buttons on record players. Knobs and gadgets, electrical equipment of any kind. They're man-made creations; that's what's so good. They're here to make life better. The flaws come in when people let machines dictate. A vacuum cleaner's a machine; my god, I'm not gonna let that run my life, should I? People shouldn't be frightened by things like that." For the first time this grueling day he seems relaxed; maybe it's just fatigue. He leans his head on the sofa arm—flicks cigarette ashes on the carpet—belches.

"Do you know," Lydon confides, "when I

was in the Pistols, Malcolm [McLaren, notorious manager] and the rest of the boys thought it was a *bad idea* me mixin' with Sid [Vicious], Wobble and Keith. Definitely leading me astray with those people." Lydon usually refuses to discuss his past, but he seems in a (relatively) expansive mood. He says he didn't find the death of his close friend Vicious upsetting.

"Between Malcolm and Sid's old dear [mum], they fucking just about killed him. He didn't know what the fuck was going on. Malcolm was getting him to sign contracts left, right and center. During all that business, in and out of jail, they were getting him to record songs—while Sid's mum and Malcolm shared the money half and half. Sidney, even if he'd remained alive, would never get a penny of it. It's just *sick*, what was happening—really fucking sick. Then they went and got him the worst lawyer in the world; he doesn't win anything, he just makes a big showcase out of it. Well, that was definitely not for Sid's benefit. So I set about trying to get Sid another lawyer, and had no way of contacting him except through Sid's mum, who wouldn't speak to me. So they definitely had him sewn up. I don't like what happened then. Someone's got to pay their dues for that." He sounds ominous. "I don't think Sid's life was made very easy by those bastards. Not that he was a very wonderful person, anyway."

Well, enough nostalgic strolling down Memory Lane. Lydon (and PIL) is here and now, and expects everyone to be similarly progressive.

"I'm quite disgusted the past is still here. That's boring; now I'm doing something else. Why can't I be appreciated for just that? It took the Pistols four years, and then they had to break up before people knew of their presence. The only reason we ended up in

America is we wanted to see the country. We were tourists. In Frisco there was like this hate—seething hate. Now in San Francisco the Pistols are god's gift to the universe." He laughs again. "The Ayatollah could be a folk hero here soon. It's the way America runs. They need to absorb everything into their system.

"I'd like to make it very clear that we want no assholes turning up [at PIL gigs] expecting rock 'n' roll or third-rate punk riffs, 'cause they won't get it. We don't want people who are only interested in what we were; we also don't want trendies. We don't care a tub of shit what we look like or are part of or any of that. Life is fun and people should stop squabbling over silliness," he sneers.

"After all that fucking shit today it makes you fucking wonder whether it's really worth the bother. Of course it is. That fiasco in San Francisco—if that's how press conferences are run, they're really inefficient. We're here to get publicity, which is important. I'll never go through that ever again. I should have known better. It appears to me that I have to tolerate more bullshit than just about anyone in this entire business. I don't understand it."

Like a Beckettian hero, Lydon seems to exist apart from the world, yet must remain in contact with it. He can't go on. He'll go on.

"I don't want to be no superstar. We just want to make enough money to continue doing what we're doing. We do nothing but improve. We've been slagged off because we firstly make [music] for ourselves. We do not sit down and think, 'What will people like?' That would be very wrong, and I don't like bands that do that. We do what we enjoy. I think we guarantee we come up with the goods."

Or, as Lydon stated at the press conference, "I just do what I want. As long as I can get away with it, I'm smiling." ■



Father-Figure Knows Best

Rock managers from Elvis to Elvis

By Dave Marsh

Ever since Col. Tom Parker, genius entrepreneur of Hadacol, dancing chickens and Eddy Arnold, signed Elvis Presley to an exclusive (on both parts) contract, managers have occupied a peculiarly prominent position in rock 'n' roll. In movies and TV, managers are often little more than glorified accountants and investment counselors, responsible for money management but not the more glamorous aspects of career direction and deal-making which make, if not headlines, at least one-liners in the gossip columns. In almost every other area of show business, the agent plays that role.

But in rock the mystique is managerial, largely thanks to Parker. Only after he took over did Presley's career—and rock 'n' roll—begin to boom; certainly, it was Parker who engineered Elvis's move from tiny Sun Records to giant RCA, who made the television appearances possible, and who engineered Presley's movie career. That the long-term effect of Parker's career direction was disastrous is also archetypally perfect. Parker was a great manager in that he maximized the income deriving from Presley's talent; Parker was a disaster in terms of his meddling with the artistic direction of Elvis's music. And it's mostly been that way ever since.

Parker was an autocratic manager; his commission was reputedly 50 per cent of Elvis's gross earnings. But that also meant that what he did was specific: Parker did everything. For most managers, whose commissions are usually 15 to 20 per cent, the situation is considerably less clear. Theoretically, the manager handles all business and contract negotiations, pays the bills, arranges tours and other exposure (TV, movies). In fact, almost every one of these areas is handled by other parties—bookings by an agent, bill paying by accountants, contract negotiation by attorneys—for which the artist pays a fee *in addition to* the manager's 20 per cent. And the manager's fee comes off

the top, before any of those other expenses are deducted. That's an awful lot of money for career advice.

But these are all dealt with in the management contract. What isn't is the reality that gives the manager his or her *real* power. It's expensive to pay those bills, and it takes an extremely large amount of capital (from a working band's viewpoint) to mount a proper stage show, which is the only hope for exposure until a record deal is made.

To a great extent—even more important than reputation or clout that makes getting a record deal easier—what a manager does is capitalize aspiring bands and performers. If it took Peter Frampton, for instance, five

years and several money-losing cross-country tours as an opening act to score his breakthrough commercially, someone had to come up with enough cash to balance the books. The only possible sources of that revenue are the manager and the record company (provided there is one). It's partly the manager's responsibility to wheedle as much assistance as possible from the label. Whether this is called tour support, equipment financing or whatever doesn't really matter; it amounts to subsistence capitalization, an interest-free loan recoupable from royalties, or not at all.

In that situation, the manager risks nothing except credibility; after all, if he/she signs too many acts that don't recoup, the record companies are hardly likely to continue listening (though it's amazing how long it takes labels to catch on sometimes). If the record company won't come through with the cash (or enough of it), the manager must make it up personally or the whole project comes to a dead halt.

There is a second alternative. In the event that the present manager can't invest further, the management contract can be sold to someone who can. The price is negotiable, but more often than not the former manager takes a slice not of the new manager's percentage but of the artist's future earnings. That's one reason why a band's affairs often become more and more byzantine as its career progresses; so many people are slicing up the pie that the musicians are forced to desperate measures despite enormous success. The net effect is that even rock superstars become little more than highly paid employees of businesses that would not exist

without their skills; "over-rides" paid to former business associates can total as much or more than the artists make themselves. Performers in this situation are legion and some of them are legend: Jimi Hendrix is only the most tragic example.

Perhaps the best object lesson in how an artist's management career progresses is offered by the Beatles. In this respect, they were startlingly typical; all the bands that followed in their wake seemed forced to repeat the Beatles' errors, if only to determine whether there were any workable solutions.

Like most bands, the Beatles started out managing themselves. (The alternative is the fabled "fifth kid on the block," in which the chum who can't play becomes manager.) The bandmember with the best head for business usually (one hopes) takes on the role; Paul McCartney played promoter for the early Beatles. His pushing eventually got them on the Larry Parnes tour of Scotland which was their first big break.

But the key to getting the Parnes tour was Allen Williams, who owned the Jacaranda night club in Liverpool, and served as a booking agent's middleman. Williams also got the the Star Club booking in Hamburg. But he was more than an agent; he actually drove the band to Germany himself. Whether Williams was ever contractually the Beatles' manager or not, he certainly played that role for them at this period—and he didn't do a bad job of it, at his level. But there are areas in which such middle-level businessmen do not excel, and after Hamburg Williams had more or less reached them.

Enter then the second most famous manager in rock history: Brian Epstein, scion of Liverpool's largest record store, Nems, and eventual proprietor of the *Merseybeat* newspaper. In order to reach the next stage of their career, the Beatles needed exactly what Epstein had to offer: enough capital to relieve the economic pressure, and enough clout (as a major record retailer) to get them taken seriously by the London-based labels.

Like Parker, Epstein had a mind that immediately saw dozens of ways—from lunchboxes to films—to maximize the Beatles' profits. From that viewpoint, Epstein was indeed the genius everyone has always claimed. If you figure that, after "Red Sails in the Sunset" in Hamburg, "A Taste of Honey" was as inevitable as "Michelle," Epstein was indeed the Beatles' greatest benefactor, a far more important figure than even George Martin.

On the other hand, when Epstein first signed them the Beatles did not look terribly marketable. On their return from Germany they looked so scruffy that Liverpoolian teenagers were surprised the band spoke English so fluently. Epstein scrubbed them up, got them uniforms (another marketing device—one would like to know if he had a cut of the collarless jacket concession), and made them entertainers in ways the Reeperbahn could never have done. If it's hard to guess whether "A Taste of Honey" was unavoidable, it's impossible to know whether the Beatles could have had such international impact if they had continued to look so seedy. (The Stones got away with it, but the Stones did not blaze the trail.)

This is a tangential issue, and maybe it doesn't matter very much unless, like John

THE MULTIMEDIA ALBUM

**ROBERT SHECKLEY'S
"IN A LAND OF CLEAR COLORS"**



Text : ROBERT SHECKLEY
Narration : PETER SINFIELD
Music : BRIAN ENO
Illustration : LEONOR QUILES

READ IT...HEAR IT...SEE IT...

IN A UNIQUE FORM THE TALENTS OF FOUR LEADING ARTISTS ARE COMBINED IN THIS SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION.

THIS ELEGANTLY BOXED ALBUM OFFERS THE COMPLETE TEXT, FOURTEEN FIRST QUALITY REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND AN LP RECORDING OF MUSIC AND HIGHLIGHT NARRATION.

DIMENSIONS OF THE ALBUM 13 x 13 INCHES (33 x 33 CENTIMETRES). WEIGHT: 2 lbs.

PRICE \$100 US plus \$10 postage and handling.

Payment to:

MARTIN WATSON TODD
galería el mensajero

santa eulalia del río - ibiza - baleares - spain

EDITION LIMITED TO ONE THOUSAND COPIES

But what of Eno's music? Let me say immediately that there's not a whole lot of it—perhaps 20 minutes' worth, total, out of the approximately 50 minutes' playing time of the record. Most of it is atmospheric and specifically keyed to the narration. None of it can be described as "rock," although any of it could have appeared on any album labelled "progressive rock." The music is a seamless sonic tapestry; it is soundtrack music, as specifically functional as soundtrack music must always be, and as such it is excellent, reinforcing the imagery of the narrated story. It fades in and out behind Sinfield's voice, never intruding, always supporting.

Ted White—*Heavy Metal*

Lennon, you were a Beatle who felt trapped (at least part of the time) in an image that had little or nothing to do with who you thought you were. (Elvis Presley might have felt the same.) If Epstein's version of success amounted to adopting poses precisely the opposite of what the band really felt, one might wonder whether he was really such an heroic entrepreneur after all.

Whatever aesthetic compromises Epstein may have asked, he really raked in the dough, right? Well, sort of. In the end, Epstein was still a provincial, and in several ways he was taken by big-city sharpsters. When the Beatles asserted themselves artistically in ways beyond his control and ima-

pecially among psychedelic bands, but there was not a great deal of difference between, say, Epstein with his stable of Mersey acts and Albert Grossman with his coterie of Woodstock performers (Dylan, Joplin, the Band, Todd Rundgren). The most symptomatic case among American managers was Dee Anthony, who worked with Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Ten Years After, Humble Pie, Peter Frampton and the J. Geils Band, fresh from stints with Jerry Vale, Buddy Greco and Tony Bennett. As agent Frank Barsalona told Anthony, "Dee, it's the same thing you used to do...but with a different cast of characters."

America was mostly a land of regional

his claim that the Pistols were a band that couldn't play is undercut by the film itself, whose live footage and soundtrack recordings proclaim him a liar.

McLaren did worse. If a manager's principal job is to ensure the well-being of his clients, McLaren's behavior amounts to criminal negligence in the matter of Sid Vicious, and (at the very least) decadent irresponsibility in the case of the others. Fortunately, the forces the Pistols set in motion were beyond McLaren's control long before the band cracked up in San Francisco.

Those forces did very little to alter rock's basic power relationships. Bernie Rhodes, who stands in relation to McLaren as Stig-

In the end, the Beatles' Brian Epstein was still provincial.

gination—beginning with *Rubber Soul*—the marketing proceeds petered out. It was not part of Epstein's vision to market Beatles mandalas and hash pipes (possibly because he underestimated their market potential). It does him no disservice to say that the Beatles' most important breakthroughs were achieved independently; that's the nature of rock music. To the extent that Epstein counseled against jeopardizing what they'd already created in order to grab more, he was the archetype of managers of the '70s.

Worse yet, the Beatles never earned a fair share of the cash their enormous success generated. Their original contract with Parlophone/EMI called for a royalty of about 2 cents per song—less than 25 cents per album. To the best of my knowledge, even after their success gave them tremendous leverage, Epstein never even attempted to have the rate raised, despite that in the US the Beatles (as foreign-based artists) were on *half-royalties*. It was not until after Epstein's death, when Allen Klein entered the picture, that the Beatles' contract with EMI was renegotiated.

What made Epstein a typical manager was partly his ignorance of rock 'n' roll ideals, but that doesn't mean that others haven't played more creative roles: the Who's Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp, Chas Chandler with Jimi Hendrix, and Andrew Loog Oldham with the Rolling Stones are the most obvious examples. None of these record-producing managers was an especially distinguished businessman; however the Who, the Stones and especially Hendrix were locked into contracts even worse than the Beatles'. (To be fair, many of Hendrix's problems stemmed from dealings before Chandler entered the picture, and got worse once he left it.)

For most managers, the constant struggle is to legitimize rock in conventional show business terms; their varying degrees of success in doing so accounts for the relative stature of John Reid (Elton John), Billy Gaff (Rod Stewart, the Faces), Brian Lane (Yes, the Fabulous Poodles) and Stuart Young (Emerson, Lake and Palmer). Of them all, Young might be fittest for his job—he is trained as an economist—and he has certainly done the most with the least.

The American situation was similar through the '60s. The "fifth kid on the block" syndrome was perhaps more prominent, es-

managerial fiefdoms. Phil Walden, the Macon, Ga. kid who'd handled Otis Redding, lined up the Allman Brothers Band, Marshall Tucker and most other Southern rock; on the West Coast David Geffen and Elliott Roberts developed a stable including Neil Young, Joni Mitchell and much of the rest of the singer/songwriter school. Both Walden and Geffen went on to found record labels (Capricorn and Asylum, respectively), while Roberts continues with Tom Petty and Randy Newman, among others. Also on the West Coast was Irving Azoff, a transplanted Midwesterner who'd apprenticed with Geffen-Roberts and took several minor clients with him, notably Glen Frey and Don Henley, who formed the nucleus of the Eagles. Azoff's other clients currently include Steely Dan, Warren Zevon, Dan Fogelberg and Joe Walsh, making him at the moment possibly the most influential American manager in rock—comment enough on the pop music business in the States.

Azoff learned from Geffen-Roberts, much as Robert Stigwood did from his former employer, Brian Epstein. But while Stigwood was able to parlay his clients (Cream, Bee Gees) into an international show-business empire, Azoff has so far failed as a film producer (*FM* was the only musical disaster film of 1978, the year of the rock musical) and, aside from Fogelberg, his Full Moon Records has failed to produce a significant hitmaker.

However odious, however much they pushed music towards mediocrity, these men at least did well by their clients' business interests. Still, they lacked the razzle-dazzle promotional instincts of people like Lambert and Stamp, Oldham and even Epstein. The Rolling Stones' touring manager, Peter Rudge, did his best to create a carnival atmosphere on the Stones tours of 1972 and 1975; perhaps because the band was over the hill, perhaps because the audience simply wasn't in the mood for genuine hysteria, the results were a pathetic spectacle.

That brought it down to Malcolm McLaren, impresario of the Let It Rock and Sex boutiques, and rock's third most famous manager. Like his predecessors, McLaren (at least according to his memoirs and *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*) did fairly well in the matter of accumulating cash—over \$1.5 million, he claims in the movie. Even more than Parker and Epstein, however, McLaren was a disaster as a visionary:

wood to Epstein and Azoff to Geffen, was worse than no manager at all for the Clash in their early days. Jake Riviera, who has taken over the mantle of manager-as-superstar from McLaren, seems to instigate more problems than he solves for his clients, including Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe.

The reason is simple: In order to assume and maintain any controlling role in a performer's career, it is necessary that the manager perform sleight-of-hand feats which leave the artist in the dark about even basic self-interest. Just before he left the music scene for a year to study at Sherbourne Academy, Robert Fripp had a conversation with his manager in which, he says, the matter boiled down to this: "It's really in your best interests to keep me unconscious, isn't it?" No one denied it.

The best-managed artist, then, is one who maintains the most career control. The manager is there if the artist does not want to be concerned with every petty detail; when a performer is told, even once and no matter how indirectly, that an issue is beyond his ken or is inconsequential, a warning flag ought to go up. A really good manager works wonders in the background; consider Steve Paul, who keeps David Johansen, Johnny and Edgar Winter, Rick Derringer and Dan Hartman going at full speed without the constant pressure for a Big Hit common to most managerial empires.

Experience is not the major factor, as witness Jon Landau's metamorphosis from critic to producer to manager of Bruce Springsteen. Landau's role is not necessarily enhanced by his dual role as co-producer and manager; it is abetted by his ability to keep these situations separate, and his willingness to do things the way the often quirky Springsteen desires.

Beyond that, the solution is the old punk rallying cry: D.I.Y. It's no accident that Fleetwood Mac's career blossomed when drummer Mick Fleetwood assumed the managerial reins, any more than it is coincidental that the Clash finally made their US breakthrough when that band started running its own affair. If "Train In Vain" doesn't go Top 10 at least, Strummer, Jones, Simonon and Headon will know that they have no one to blame but themselves. That's a major step toward assuring that they'll discover the answers to other, more important questions as well. ■

Quick,

Run down to your
favorite music store.
Grab a pack of Dean
Markley strings and
slap'em on.

Twang it,
You and your music
will never be
the same.

Go home and play your
guts out.

Oh yeah! Don't forget
to pay the man.

Dean Markley
— Strings —

DEAN MARKLEY STRINGS 3350 Scott Blvd. #29 Santa Clara, CA 95051 [408] 988-2456

© 1979 Dean Markley Strings

THE ELUSIVE

JOAN ARMATRADING



Eber Roberts

By Marianne Meyer

The 32 floors that separate A&M Records' Manhattan offices from Madison Avenue street level are going by *very* slowly. Having picked up publicity materials for an upcoming interview with Joan Armatrading, I am surprised to see the artist herself sharing the downward elevator ride, and my attempts at light conversation are not going over well. We have both been caught off-guard, outside a safely "professional" context, and Armatrading seems no less shy or ill-at-ease than I am at having to make superficial comments about the city and the weather. There is also a coolness in her demeanor and a lack of enthusiasm for the interview mentioned that makes the sight of the ground floor lobby that much more welcome.

Four days later, we meet in the Mayfair Hotel lounge to speak in earnest. Although this meeting went better than the elevator ride, first impressions are not totally untrue. The black singer/songwriter's press clips are rife with reports of her desire for privacy and reluctance to divulge personal detail under friendly cross-examination. (One frustrated writer even calls her Joan Armorplating.) That reputation is enough to make the pro-

ceedings somewhat tense at the start. Dressed unassumingly in a dark blue sweatshirt and pants, and a pair of sneakers, Armatrading answers questions in a slow, deliberate manner; the cool efficiency is frequently punctuated with a short, clean laugh.

She is recording in New York for the first time, working with producer Richard Gottehrer at the Record Plant. "Derek Green, who's managing director of A&M in England, suggested [Gottehrer and I] might get together. I fancied a change in studio, and since Richard was here, and he knew totally different musicians than the ones I was used to, it just seemed a good idea to do it here."

The interview barely begun, we are interrupted by the incessant drilling of a pair of telephone men. I have to wait until we relocate in an unused dining room to ask what Gottehrer's involvement means to Armatrading's longstanding collaboration with Glyn Johns. He was responsible for producing the last three of her five albums, including the 1976 breakthrough *Joan Armatrading*, which went gold in England and was, according to Johns, the best work he'd ever been associated with—not faint praise from a man who's worked with the Eagles and the Rolling Stones.

"We worked together up to a point,"

Armatrading explains, "but it was just a matter of my wanting to try something different. Glyn is an engineer as well and he has his sound. When I worked with him, I was into what I was doing then, but by the third album I was sort of getting out of that." Can she be more specific? "Just the way I wrote, the structure of the songs. I was getting into a very jazzy thing, on stage it would be even more jazzy than on the record. Now I'm into a more rocky thing, simpler chord structures, and just to get that across, I felt I needed to change producers."

Change is a recurring process in Armatrading's musical methodology. A renowned perfectionist, she prefers to use new session players on almost every album and to reshuffle her line-up again when she goes on the road. She says the subtle injections of new styles keeps the music fresh. The real surprise may be that she was with Johns as long as she was.

Unlike many singer/songwriters, Armatrading avoids self-absorption or cosmic commentary in her work. Her lyrics have an intimate narrative quality (which she insists is not autobiographical) balanced with innate intelligence and a strong (albeit sometimes vulnerable) sense of self-worth. Her as-

toundingly versatile voice explores every crevice of tone and scale suggested by the lyrics, and is the focal point around which the music revolves. The songs, rooted in her folk acoustic guitar playing, incorporate undercurrents of blues, soul, rock and jazz. The sum of these parts is vaguely reminiscent of Joni Mitchell or Phoebe Snow but with a sharper edge and eclecticism that is wholly unique.

Armatrading's first two albums were cluttered and a bit grandiose, betraying the elegant simplicity and taste of her songs. Johns's largely acoustic-based production, with its jazz-tinged passages, was the first to focus her lyrical passion and crystallize her musical style. **Joan Armatrading** became one of 1976's best-selling albums in England, spawned two hit singles (one, "Love and Affection," was a minor hit here) and was named album of the year by British weekly *Sounds*.

Hitting full stride as writer and singer, Armatrading's 1977 release, **Show Some Emotion**, was another European hit, but when **To the Limit** came out the next year, some felt her work with Johns was growing stale. One writer cited her static musical settings and blamed Johns for apathetic production, terming the LP "Joan's Armageddon." (Such are the problems of having a punnable name.)

While these critical rumblings did little to hurt Armatrading's headliner status in England and Europe, they certainly didn't help in the US, where she maintains a fierce if cultish following stabilized in the large-club/small-hall range. Her first tour of the States was less than triumphant (supporting such acts as the Ozark Mountain Daredevils) but she looks back with the good-natured understanding of one who knows about paying dues. "They weren't difficult times. I was just new, and I imagine everybody goes through that." She tells of one particular gig in Chicago in which the headliner canceled and she was left playing to an audience of ten people. "But it's not as if it's staying to those ten people; all the time it's growing and growing." She professes to be quite happy with the size of her American audience.

Uncomfortable on stage at first, and a bit skeptical of her frequently fanatical listeners, Armatrading says she is much more at home now in the spotlight. "I really enjoy it now. The audience puts you in a good mood to try to do it better. It's really nice when they come to the gigs and they're all singing along and shouting out what they want to hear."

It's a long route backwards from that stage to the West Indies, where Joan Armatrading was born 30 years ago. To hear her biography one would think the journey was simply a series of fortunate accidents. Her father was a fireman and carpenter who played bass in a band at night; far from encouraging his children musically, he used to hide his guitar. Armatrading admits that the air of secrecy made music that much more attractive to her.

While she was still a child, the family moved to Birmingham, England. Although an exotic influence in her rhythms would seem to be a product of those early years in the Indies, Armatrading dismisses the idea with a slightly incredulous, "I was seven!"

The music she was conscious of was Jim Reeves, Otis Redding and Aretha Franklin—records owned by her brothers—but even these did not particularly impress her.

"The first person who made me listen to a record properly," she has often been quoted, "was Van Morrison." Her enthusiasm for his work is obvious. "I go to all [his] shows and I'm the last one out." Curiously enough, she had steadfastly refused offers to sing backup on his records. "I like him too much and I don't want anything to spoil it. I've heard so many weird stories about him."

Settled in England, her mother bought a piano "as a piece of furniture," and Armatrading was assigned the task of cleaning it. That led to playing it and around the age of 14, the girl who had thought of becoming a lawyer started to write. When an elder brother heard her songs, he convinced her to play at the local school; by 16 she was playing cover material in local clubs.

Not long after, she accompanied a friend to an audition for the London company of *Hair*, just as a lark. The friend didn't get a part but Armatrading did, and toured the provinces for 18 months; afterwards she went on the dole and spent a year writing songs in almost hermetic solitude. She read the poems of a woman named Pam Nestor, suggested some music of her own to augment them and "before you know it, we were writing songs and that's how it started."

A British record label, Cube, liked the songs and Armatrading's voice, and offered her a recording contract. The first album, **Whatever's for Us**, was produced by Elton John associate Gus Dudgeon and released in 1972. Up to that point Armatrading had al-

ways considered herself primarily a songwriter ("In my head, that's how I started off") and she wasn't sure she enjoyed being in front of a microphone.

"I think I had to get used to that," she says thoughtfully over a glass of orange juice. "I enjoyed writing, but I never thought in terms of 'this is what's going to make me money' or 'this is going to make me famous.' I was still trying to figure out what job to get, not to fall back on—just what job I was going to do to run my car and stuff like that. I didn't consider music my job."

When did she? "If you want to say when did I decide that music was my career, it was definitely after I made the second album [**Back to the Night**, released in 1975]." Between the two records was the all-too-typical case of a new talent's problems with record company legalities. Some observers felt that Cube pushed Pam Nestor into the background on the first LP, causing tensions that sundered the women's relationship and led Armatrading to seek release from her contract. The artist herself says, "Pam was just involved in publishing and that was a different thing. I always wrote songs on my own anyway, so it wasn't as if I had to find somebody to work with." (Nestor has since recorded a few songs on her own in England.)

Armatrading does have harsh words for Cube, though. "They were just a terrible record company," she recalls, "and it took me 18 months to get away from them. It wasn't easy. I didn't just say 'bye' and that was it." But for the most part she stayed out of the battle.

"I certainly kept writing, anyway. But because I didn't think, 'This is what I have to



PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. SECOND EDITION.

The new
double album
from John Lydon,
Keith Levene
and Wobble.



Manufactured & distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc.

do, I have to be famous,' it didn't get me in a state. A couple of times it would get me down because the legal thing was a bit frustrating—not because it was stopping my career, it was just a boring thing to be involved with. My manager, Mike Stone, who's still my manager, was really good so it was his job to sort all that out. When you've got a good manager a lot of worries are taken off. All I did was sit and wait for him to finish and then begin again."

By 1975 she had traded Cube for A&M (who had released the first LP on these shores), and Dudgeon for Pete Coge to produce her second album. Then followed her first concert appearances, the steady growth of her audience and, ultimately, the success of her first recordings with Glyn Johns.

Which brings us back to Joan Armatrading today. Naturally, A&M would like to see her achieve the status in America that she has elsewhere in the world, but the label has proven its willingness to stand by her for as long as it takes. I wonder if earlier in her career she might have been given a make-it-or-break-it ultimatum. "A&M is not that sort of label," she contends. "Not just for me, but for all their artists. They tend to think in terms of growth. They don't like to just sign people for a year, hope for the best and then drop them. They tend to build their artists." She mentions Fairport Convention (perhaps because guitarist Jerry Donahue was in her touring band for a few years) as an example of a group that recorded seven or eight albums without having to live up to the gold standard.

The only charge that might be leveled against A&M is that the promo department is sometimes too clever for its own good. Last year Armatrading recorded four songs which were released on a one-sided 12-incher called *How Cruel*. After a steady diet of gimmicky releases to promote other A&M artists, many fans thought Armatrading's EP was yet another tricky promo item unavailable for commercial sale. Meanwhile, misinformed DJs were touting the songs as a sampler from her forthcoming album, due sometime in May. Neither fan nor DJ assumption is true. The EP is an independent collection of material for regular sale and Armatrading is a bit perplexed by all the confusion. "I thought people knew what an EP was," she asserts with a trace of annoyance.

How Cruel's appearance also undermined plans for the US release of a live album circulated in every other country. Armatrading fans will have to seek out the Canadian import because it will not be showing up in domestic racks. As for the rumor that Armatrading was dissatisfied with the live tapes and fought their release, she contends it was just a matter of not wanting an album and EP to compete. "It sounds alright," she says of the concert LP, "but it's not my all time favorite live album; Van Morrison's is. It sounded good at the time, but somewhere along the line it lost something."

As a young black woman growing up in England, Armatrading takes on charged political symbolism. "All that means is I'm a young black woman growing up in England,"

Ebet Roberts



she exclaims with a slightly irritated laugh. She doesn't feel her position as one of England's few major black/female performers gives her the right to comment on things?

She softens. "If you're gonna do something, you should be able to follow it through a bit." She mentions the Rock Against Racism movement as one in which the musicians didn't follow through. "I don't know because I didn't get involved in it, but from what I read and what I saw of different bands and how they behaved, I just felt they did it for the publicity. They got onto the bandwagon because whoever did that at the time got in the papers, and it was misleading a lot of kids who tried to follow them. It's a serious sort of business and I don't feel qualified to try to tell anybody what to do in that sense."

She pauses for a moment, then returns to the subject. "The other thing, I think, is that it gets in the way of what you're really trying to do. If you're trying to say 'vote for me,' then do that. If you're trying to say 'listen to my music,' then do *that*, because the two sometimes get so mixed up that you're gonna lose out on one." She expresses no doubt about the sincerity of Tom Robinson's "gay thing," but wonders if he might not have hurt himself in becoming such a politicized performer. "His music became something totally different. He's still trying to be a singer, and he's trying to get more people interested in his music, which I think could be hard now."

Relieved that the interview has proceeded with no incident to affirm Armatrading's reputation as a "difficult" subject, I ask her why she feels she has been pegged as such.

"It depends on the interviewer," she states simply. "Sometimes you get funny questions, or an awkward person you just don't want to talk to."

And yet, within minutes, we are in just that kind of situation that gives rise to a sense of tension between reporter and subject. In response to an off-hand question about her new album, Armatrading says it will be a rocker, as Richard Gottetehrer's name would lead one to believe. She begins to speak of the session men who will be playing on it. "If you're going to mention anybody," she suggests, "I'd mention Anton Fig," and she points to a small pad on which I am keeping minimal notes. "Write that down, he's incredible." Her manner has such a quiet authority that I instinctively obey. While Armatrading goes on about the South African drummer, the publicist with us mentions Chris Spedding, who is also helping out with the album. "I'd rather you just mention Anton," Armatrading interjects casually, and I promise to highlight her remarks about him. No, she insists firmly, don't mention Spedding at all, just Anton.

That, perhaps, is the essence of Armatrading's tenuous relationship with the press. It is not so much arrogance as an unyielding desire to reveal only that which she considers relevant.

Whatever ill-feeling Armatrading may occasionally create in presenting her personal image, her musical one stands solid as a woman of great talent. As I pack up to leave, she points to my portfolio case and bemoans her unfortunate loss, in a New York cab, of a similar case filled with notebooks of unrecorded songs. I hope she's gotten it back. ■

Pete Comes First

PETE TOWNSHEND

Empty Glass
Atco SD-32-100

By Wayne King

Pete Townshend's new solo record is truly the first one he's made on his own. **Who Came First** was split evenly between Baba ballads and Who demos; **Rough Mix** was earnestly laid back, a halfhearted effort while Townshend sidestepped ongoing Who conflicts. **Empty Glass** is—finally—a solo work with a life of its own.

I think everyone was understandably concerned with the direction Townshend's writing would take after Keith Moon's death. Would he pack it in, or be inspired anew? As perverse and unlikely as the latter seemed at the time, Moon's death has liberated Townshend; a rejuvenating return to the stage, a recharged muse and this record are the proof. **Empty Glass's** opening "Tough Kids" is a rough and vibrant rocker with more abandon and drive than anything on **Who Are You**. "Jools and Jim" (a musical version of his poison pen letter to NME's Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons) kicks off with Ramones-dumb drums; it thumps and pumps like nothing Townshend has written in a while. As with the concluding "Gonna Get You," there is a carefree lilt to his voice that has been absent for too long. Townshend's singing throughout is a joy, demonstrating more life and passion than he has delivered in years.

The other positive sign this work offers is the eccentricity of many of the lyrics—not in the old pop art style ("Joker James," "Pictures

of Lily"), but in an odd, engaging sense. "Keep On Working" is a simple little number about a man getting a letter "from Southampton way"; while recalling everyday events and feelings he constantly hears an inner voice urging him to "keep on working, keep on working." It's the lightest piece of writing Townshend has done since **Rough Mix's** slight, boastful "Misunderstood."

Like most of Townshend's '70s Who work, this record reflects a preoccupation with synthesizer. All too often this has damped his songs' impact. Here it's employed well, always fitting in, never intruding. The effective use highlights the keen sense of dynamics permeating the disc.

The title track is the album's centerpiece. The song alternates between aggressive blasts led by charging guitar and snarling voice ("I've had enough of the way things have been done"), and moments of quiet and anxious confusion. This internal struggle is similar in feeling to **Quadrophenia's** "The Punk Meets the Godfather," but goes deeper. "My life's a mess, I wait for you to pass/I stand here

at the bar, I hold an empty glass." It sounds desperate, but this time Townshend, in true Baba style, comes through: "don't worry, smile and dance." Still doubting himself, Townshend has created images of open doors, as on the confusing **Who Are You**. The difference here is that he seems ready, willing and able to step through them.

Since the end of his **Life House** dream Townshend has always known it was up to him to lead the way for his audience. He has not always been willing to bear up under his burden, however, often reacting with extreme cynicism and anger (**The Who by Numbers**). It appears that by singing "let my love open the door" he's going to renew his effort. In "Little Is Enough" he becomes again the questing captain en route to Rael:

*Life would seem so easy on the other tack
But even a hurricane won't turn me back
You might be an island on a distant horizon
But the little I see looks like heaven to me
And I don't care if the ocean gets rough
Just a little is enough.*

This time around he has done more than enough. Keep on working, Pete. □



The Selecter: LP lacks image.

THE SELECTER
Too Much Pressure
Chrysalis CHR1274

The Specials opened a door for bands they were friendly with by making their 2 Tone label available as a jumping-off point. But with the good comes the bad: the Specials set a formidable standard for subsequent ska revival bands. Their shadow looms almost too large for the Selecter.

Almost, because the Selecter has had two large UK hits ("On the Radio" and "Three Minute Hero") in its own right. Vocalist Pauline Black is a valuable asset; her female viewpoint is unique in the male-dominated world of neo-bluebeat.

But this isn't enough for an album. **Too Much Pressure's** 14 tracks yield no overall impression or image of what the band is about. Sometimes the Selecter aims for commercial, fun music, sometimes more ambitious and message-oriented territory; they don't succeed much at either. The title tune is moderately enjoyable, as are five cover versions, but even the most successful, "Carry Go, Bring Come," adds little to the Charms' original (available on Mango's **Intensified** anthology)—although trombonist Rico Rodriguez is on both, 16 years apart. Guitarist Neol Davies (who wrote six of the tunes) doesn't quite harness a series of almost-hooks on "Out on the Streets." Neither does Black in her two compositions; moreover, despite an apparent attempt at personal lyrics, her mumbled, double-tracked vocals obscure the words.

"On the Radio" combines a message and tuneful dance appeal in a clever arrangement, and stands out for it. For that matter, you might prefer to pick up the import 45 (with "Pressure" on the flip) and forget the LP. (The grating "Three Minute Hero" and its cover of "James Bond" on the back are also on the LP.)

Perhaps the Selecter will have to grow together more before ironing out the bugs. They don't sound ready yet on this album. A case of "too much pressure"? —Jim Green

**ROBIN LANE AND THE CHART-
 BUSTERS**
Warners BSK3424

Robin Lane and the Chartbusters' debut album pushes that old-time punk-rock in a direction large audiences can appreciate. Like **London Calling** and Elvis Costello, Lane and the Chartbusters presuppose a punk foundation and then add whatever else they feel like to the songs. This is quite the opposite of the Knack or the new Linda Ronstadt who embellish MOR pop with new wave affectations.

On record, Lane's songs divide more easily into punk and pop categories than they do live. "When Things Go Wrong" and "Kathy Lee" emphasize Lane's gifts for melodic hooks and the Byrds-like guitar interplay between Leroy Radcliffe and Asa Brebner. But these songs, hit-bound though they may be, are only the most accessible in a package that never allows itself to get too pretty or avoid tough questions.

In concert the Chartbusters are a finely balanced rock group. The album downplays the guitars somewhat, focusing on Lane's songs and singing—and the songs deserve emphasis. Lane hammers home a rock 'n' roll vision that extends the concept of the aggressive female rocker. She probes the tension between the glory of rock and the awful hunger for it.

The high point of the LP is "I Don't Want to Know," Lane's frantic, ballsy song to Sid Vicious, written and first performed in the days between the murder of Nancy Spungen and Sid's own death. Lane's aggression is mixed with horror and (here's a twist) fear. "I still don't understand what a man can do," she shouts, and sounds a lot more real for admitting it. When Lane concludes, "I still could love him," we're aware of the courage that commitment takes.

The record finds Lane split between the aggressive stance of "Be Mine Tonight," in which she refuses to take no from a desired lover, and the tense self-doubt of "Many Years Ago." In that song, Lane defends her missing

lover against vile accusations. "I know he'd never hurt anybody!" she sings with enough self-doubt to let you know she ain't so sure.

Robin Lane and the Chartbusters demands emotional honesty in rock. Lane deals with familiar themes—aggressive sexuality, self-destruction, potential violence—but she peels back the next layer and reveals the anger, fear, and risk of loss beneath those strangely romantic passions. This is a tough and honest record. —Bill Flanagan

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL
The Original Sin
Virgin VA13138

"Cowboys International" (a registered trademark) is one of those near-solo studio creations with imposing handles, *a la* the Buggles (two people), Flying Lizards (one and a half), New Musik (two), M (one), Motors (two), et al. This "group" boils down to one Ken Lockie, but there are other humans involved: Terry (Tory) Chimes (Crimes), Jimmy Hughes, Evan Charles, Rick Jacks and (on one cut) PIL's Keith Levene. Not a bad crew; they sound good and integrated, making music that recalls John Cale's **Fear** period as well as sophisticated synth-disco. Lockie's accomplished singing sounds quite wrong for this Eno-descended modern mechno-pop. No Gary Numan Bowieclone he; the one ghost that keeps cropping up is Crispian St. Peter, and the style recalls Carnaby Street moppets of the '60s. Despite high-tech backing, Lockie might have stepped out of a bubblegum hit parade and into the future.

The Original Sin is loaded with hits for a raised-consciousness America that allows the Clash, the Numans and the Pretenders into its record charts. The title number (a discofied version of "I'm Waiting for My Man" and all the other E-A romps) really cooks, with lots of melody, chorus and hooks to set recalcitrant toes tapping. Who said progress rock couldn't be entertaining? "Pointy Shoes" and "Thrash" ring true to the band's successful style; a few others veer towards musty old Bowie turf and are best ignored.

I have only two quibbles about **The Original Sin**: the drums, which are mixed loud, stick to a fairly repetitive (albeit jolly) tempo; and the colored plastic British cover was better than this routine band shot. In any case, this is a well-justified US release, and one hopes it will find the same success as humorless Numan's music. —Marc Mayo

THE JAGS
Evening Standards
Island ILPS9603

The Jags walk a fine line, satisfying both the slick, hooky needs of chartdom and the aggression of rock 'n' pop. Their world is charted in England by the Jam-to-Nick Lowe axis, in the States by the Knack at one end, Pezband at the other. With one transcendent pop single ("Back of My Hand") as their calling card, this British band is now trying to make an impression in the US market. One tune does not a career make, but there is enough of quality on **Evening Standards** to indicate a viable future.

The Jags deserve more than the scorn of the British music press, which finds their Costello-soundalike 45s irritating if catchy.

Beside "Back of My Hand," standouts are "Woman's World" (the band's second 45),

which sounds a lot more like Thin Lizzy than EC, the title track and "The Tourist." Strong guitar dominates throughout, but vocals make the songs soar. An occasional horn section succeeds where Secret Affair falls flat; the Jags know what they want and how to get it. They have some heavy spot assistance: the Buggles twosome remixed "Hand," originally produced by Jon Astley (see the last Who LP for credentials). The rest of the album was written and co-produced by the band with Simon Humphrey.

I've grown to enjoy this record a lot in a fairly short time, and certainly look forward to more and better Jaggings in the future. American radio should have no trouble fitting **Evening Standards** into playlists, so we may actually see this crew on these shores shortly. Watch this space!
—Ira Robbins

URBAN VERBS Warners BSK3418

It's a great name, Urban Verbs; the way it rolls off the tongue conjures up images of city activity. But the group seems more concerned with sound textures than, say, dancing, and singer Roddy Frantz's lyrics are more inner-directed than inner city. There are no melodies to speak of, nor is much attention paid to rhythmic movement or development within the songs; these rely almost solely on experiments with sounds for their interest.

The Verbs have been compared to Talking Heads (Frantz's brother Chris is the Heads' drummer), but that's wishful thinking. Both groups can be thrown under the large "art-rock" umbrella, but even when speaking his lyrics David Byrne's inflections retain rock phrasing; Frantz's vocalizing merely gives away his background as a performing poet.

With their military rhythms and tuneless vocals, Urban Verbs resemble Scotland's Skids more than anyone else. Frantz's lyrics aren't as impenetrable as Richard Jobson's, but they do make you wonder. While "Subways" captures the escape and confusion of an underground train ride, other songs are vague or, worse yet, trite (e.g. "The Good Life"'s put-down of materialism in LA).

What really bogs this album down, however, is the music. There simply aren't enough shifts in mood, rhythm or dynamics to stave off tedium. Despite flashes of musical verve, the synthesizer-dominated songs drone on without resolving or, in most songs, even building to a climax.

Unlike Talking Heads, Urban Verbs have yet to find their way past the inherent contradiction in the term "art-rock." As an experimental band, though, they bear watching.
—Jerry Milbauer

RACHEL SWEET Protect the Innocent Stiff/Columbia NJC36337

Fool Around, Rachel Sweet's debut LP, gave off misleading signals. Because she recorded for Stiff, Sweet was presumably another one of those lovable zanies, an impression reinforced by fellow Akronite Liam Sternberg's persistently clever material. The truth lay in the way Sweet enthusiastically and unambiguously belted out her lyrics, apparently with little concern for the finer points of Sternberg's compositions or production. **Protect the Innocent** effectively clears the air: no more Sternberg and no more tunes that call at-

tention to their own wit. Her (uncredited) backing band only wants to tear through the songs in the most direct way possible. In the last year Sweet has shed the nerdy though charming inflections reminiscent of Brenda Lee and adopted a tougher, gutsier approach. Skillfully wringing simple words for all they're worth, she transforms Robert Palmer's "Jealous" and Moon Martin's "I Got a Reason" into exciting drama. **Innocent** shows that Rachel's still-developing gift is the ability to grab hold of songs with barely-contained passion and make them seem worth caring about even when they aren't. It's tricky to invest the ancient pop tradition of song interpreter with a rock 'n' roll sensibility, but she succeeds.

Except for "Tonight Ricky," which propagates a jailbait image she's better off without, even the failures are honorable. Lou Reed's "New Age" is done with taste and respect, but (fortunately for her) can't summon up the appropriate amount of world-weariness. Graham Parker's "Fool's Gold" is now perky and smooth, thus sure to offend those who take GP as more than light entertainment. And nobody should cover the Damned's "New Rose," which is more an attitude than a song. Besides, breakneck tempos don't give Sweet a chance to emot.

Rachel Sweet's second album showcases her impressive voice far better than her first one. With all respect to the competent band, it remains for Sweet to find a foil that will challenge, provoke and push her to new heights. If good is so easy, why not great? It's time someone knocked Linda Ronstadt off her perch.
—Jon Young



SLAUGHTER Bite Back DJM DJM-32

In 1976 there was Slaughter and the Dogs, a British punk band that never entered the charmed circle of their more ideological musical associates. By 1978 they were no more; by 1979 they had gotten back together. By 1980 they shortened their name to Slaughter (only half the present quartet dates back to original Dog days) and even had an LP (their second) released in the US.

Don't bother looking for a moral in the above; the record business doesn't run that way. But you might want to check out **Bite Back**, especially if you hunger for bloodthirsty rock 'n' roll that's as out of fashion now—when new wave has learned how to play nice for the radio people—as it was in the clarion-call days three years ago. Practically everything here is built the same way: a token verse or two, after

which the song settles down to the real meat—the title repeated continually over a sound thrashing. It's a formula, and it's surefire. Why get hung up on arty details like lyrics when all you want is a headbanging good time? Singer Eddie Garrity is longer on lung power than character, which is just fine. Guitarist Mike Rossi provides the main thrust, as well as lead work that tends to hover around one note.

A good portion of credit for this album's effectiveness must go to producer Dale Griffin. Formerly Mott the Hoople's drummer—does anyone remember when he was called Bufin?—Griffin has created a crisp, deceptively simple sound allowing Slaughter to roar right out of the speakers. (He's naturally sympathetic to the band's own skinbeater Phil Rowland.) Griffin's also brought along another Mott alumnus, keyboard man Morgan Fisher, for some classy piano ("Chasing Me") and Mott-like soulful organ on the change-of-pace "East Side of Town," a good-natured acoustic-guitar swinger.

Repeat: This is not subtle or trendy music. Imagine a less sophisticated Eddie and the Hot Rods (!) and you'll get the idea. If a cut isn't a minimal two-chord basher, chances are it's a minimal three-chord basher; there's even a minimal four-chord basher ("It's in the Mind"). Only "Hell in New York," an "I Wanna Be Your Dog" rewrite, suffers from pretension; where do these guys get off slamming the Big Apple? They do know how to slam their instruments, though, and that's what **Bite Back** is all about. (Beware of excess surface noise on side two.)
—Scott Isler



CARVIN
Catalog
FREE!
1980 Pro-Line Guide

- A comprehensive 64 pg. color guide to all Carvin Pro-Line equipment including illustrations, technical information and specifications with Special Direct Prices.
- Carvin's new products for the 80's include; double neck guitars, modular power amps up to 700w RMS. Recording and road mixing boards, JBL Pro speakers, bi-channel tube guitar amps, Parts, plus much, much more.
- As we introduce you to the finest Pro Equipment available, you'll appreciate Carvin's policy of selling Direct for exceptional values.

Write: CARVIN Dept. TP80, 155 Industrial Ave., Escondido, CA 92025 • Phone: (714)747-1710

CARVIN FREE CATALOG

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____ TP80

THE FOOLS
Sold Out
EMI America SW17024

The Fools first attracted attention with a parody of Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer" called "Psycho Chicken." Their debut album is more mainstream and less comedic than that might indicate ("Psycho Chicken" is not even included), and they seem a likely candidate for a hit single soon. They're not especially innovative, but they're pleasant, accessible, professional and flexible—plus they can write and arrange a solid rock song.

Drummer Chris Pedrick loves to bash away, particularly at his cymbals, and he saves several of the songs from Easy Listening land. As it is, Mike Girard echoes Eric Carmen's high sweet singing on "Sad Song," and "Easy for You" needs only marimbas to fit on a Jimmy Buffett album. "It's a Night for Beautiful Girls" veers toward the leisure-suit crowd with its disco/reggae beat.

Yet the Fools maintain enough of a hard edge not to lose their rock status, thanks mainly to Pedrick and some nifty guitar interplay between Rich Bartlett and Stacey Pedrick. When Bartlett plays a fluid, melodic lead up top, Stacey rips off gutsy bass riffs down below. On "Spent the Rent" and "Don't Tell Me" it all comes together for some pounding, energetic music; "I Won't Grow Up" (that's correct, from *Peter Pan*), is done in the spirit of early punk trashings, albeit with a slightly lighter touch.

The Fools can be insipid (the lyrics to "Sad Song" and "Mutual of Omaha") or just plain tame, but they play everything well. If they maintain their balance between rock and semi-rock, they could conceivably provide some of AM's perkier moments. The thought of driving to work with a throbbing, buzzsaw version of "I Won't Grow Up" on the radio is not to be sneered at.

—Jerry Milbauer

HUMBLE PIE
On to Victory
Atco SD 38-122

I cannot believe I am sitting here listening to a Humble Pie album in 1980. Even stranger, I can't believe the photo on its back cover: in glorious sepia-tone stands (from right to left) a perfectly punky Steve Marriott, cigarette dangling roguishly from his mouth; Bobby Tench, the man who sang for Beck and played guitar for Roger Chapman; Jerry Shirley; and Anthony Jones—former Planet, Close Personal Friend to this writer, and all around wonderful guy. The Planets were the one New York band that never even got a shot, much less a break, and all of a sudden here's Tony looking supercool on the back of a Humble Pie album. Ain't life strange.

Just to tie the bundle up right, **On to Victory** isn't half bad. If raunchy rock 'n' rolling doesn't sound interesting, don't waste your money here. This new Pie is same as the old Pie: a kickass outfit powered by one of the voices in the business. Rod Stewart's singing's been down the drain ever since he moved to Hollywood, and that makes Marriott's soulful belting the best of its kind. With a powerhouse band behind him, who cares what the songs are about? Marriott looked doomed after the re-formed Small Faces debacle, but this shows him revived and stronger than ever. It's been ages since Pierre Frampton soloed for 12 minutes on "I Don't Need No Doctor" at the Fill-

more East, but the Pie's still alright. Get earned and sweat!

—Ira Robbins

GENTLE GIANT
Civilian
Columbia JC36341

I find it easier to recite the convoluted lyrics to Gentle Giant's "Knots" than to recall the titles of their last three albums, and I'll wager most of their fans feel likewise. Giant's composers were the most adept contrapuntal arrangers in all of progressive rock (which meant all of rock, period) until they decided that sort of work was too pretentious. **Civilian** is their third attempt to produce simpler, more direct songs and thus salt the mainstream audience's tail. I give it marginally better chances than **The Missing Piece or Giant for a Day**.

Acting in their favor is the euphemism "power pop," which didn't exist when Giant first devolved but accurately defines the sound they're after. Their proven progressive chops couldn't masquerade as punk, but can easily be parlayed into a hybrid of frenetic 4/4 and perky chords. Their experience as rock orchestrators also helps them assemble the rhythmic stunts, massed vocals and extraneous noises that serve for hooks.

Once they abandon such "pretentious" stunts, the tunes get mighty barren. The unrevered progressive Gentle Giant of yore treated vocals as one thread in an intricate pattern, often sacrificing the innate rhythm of lyrics to the demands of the setting. They've never learned how to write a melody that stands out, or a verse to accommodate one. **Civilian's** themes are thoroughly hackneyed: modern artifice, alienation, programming—none too potent when Gary Numan or Devo enthusiastically embrace what Giant finds shocking. And of course Gentle Giant isn't a trendy monosyllabic name, like the Now, Next, Knack, etc. If only Keith Emerson were to re-form his old group and go new wave...

—Michael Bloom

THE CRETONES
Thin Red Line
Planet P-5

The Cretones are a punk band. No, scratch that. The Cretones are a new wave band. That's not it either. The Cretones are a power pop band? Not exactly. Perhaps comparing the three Mark Goldenberg songs on Linda Ronstadt's new LP with the versions on **Thin Red Line** will help. Hmmm. Not that different, are they?

Frontman Goldberg sings with the stylistic care of someone who's just heard Elvis Costello and can't shake the effects. Though he never summons up real spite or menace, his voice does take on forced urgency a few seconds into each tune. Adding to the EC-and-the-Attractions resemblance, Goldenberg plays little guitar, leaving it to organist Steve Leonard to color in the backdrop. The failings of **Thin Red Line** are not the product of the band's serviceable light-heavyweight playing, but of Goldenberg's shortcomings as a writer. Most songs refuse to go anywhere (static pop is maddening!) and occasionally the lyrics stoop to real language abuse: "But love came down like a hammer/Then it blew her away." "Cost of Love" holds out hope for better to come, with an arresting guitar figure and words that are as inventive as some others are (ahem) dumb.

Of course, how earnest could they be if the band is called the Cretones and the publishing company Twist Party International? One wonders what they would have sounded like without the peer group pressure of the new wave. I can't forget hearing them on radio for the first time and thinking it was Poco. —Jon Young

BOWLING BALLS FROM HELL
Clone CL011

All too often, when major labels discover a musical community they hit it with all the finesse and gentility of an armed invasion. Saturation-bombardment hype decimates the artists who fail to snag contracts; those who do get signed suffer the horrors of the Russian Front: mass marketing, slash-and-burn touring, recording sessions reminiscent of boot camp. When the tides of fashion ebb, the most pliable and least idiosyncratic acts have usually found careers, while the best exemplars of a unique scene get the axe.

Bowling Balls from Hell is an update on the Ohio wave from the indigenous Clone label, operated by the underrated (and now unsigned) Bizarros. The best cuts are four contributions from the splinters of a bitter (also unsigned) Tin Huey. Guitarist Chris Butler revises his Waitresses, last heard on Stiff's **Akron Compilation**, for "Wait Here, I'll Be Right Back," in which a nubile Machiavellian brat describes how she gives all the guys blue balls—an apt left-field analogy to a cancelled contract. Saxophonist Ralph Carney revels in the found sounds and chaotic parodies of the Residents, only with a Devoesque sense of humor. Again, his topics point at disillusionment: a flaky but faithless lover in "Closet Bears," staying at home bored in "Hose Anna." Pere Ubu's David Thomas, in "Sunset in Hibernia," gurgles a William Burroughs-flavored lyric indicating that the players are clearly among the walking wounded.

As to the other tracks, Hurricane Bob's "Andrea" is nice breathless pop, with Chi Pig accompanying. "Ride Rider" by Haff Notz tries for Bizarros terror and fails. There are also a half dozen synthesizer excursions by one Denis DeFrange, apparently recorded live. None of the ideas will be new to fans of the genre, but he deserves credit for controlling lead, rhythm and bass all in real time.

—Michael Bloom

THE METEORS
Teenage Heart
PVC/Passport PVC7911

Holland's hottest? Not exactly, by the sound of their debut US issue. But **Teenage Heart**, produced by guitarist Danny Lademacher of Herman Brood's Wild Romance, suggests the Meteors are looking for a sound which will accommodate their punky guitar grind with a more refined pop sensibility; selected tones here indicate they're getting warmer.

"It's You, Only You" is the blueprint: a dark, Lovich-like rocker propelled by a harsh Kraftwerkian beat and softened in turn by Roxy-style interplay of guitars and synthesizer. The song includes one of the album's strongest hooks and gives vocalist Hugo Sinzheimer a chance to affect a neo-Alex Harvey growl. Their anthem to masturbation, "(One Hand) On the Wheel" (reportedly changed from the original "My Balls Ache"), is more straightforward in style and execution but just as fascinating by virtue of another lazily infec-

tious chorus and a sweetening dash of synthesizer.

Most of the songs don't sound nearly as fulfilled but reveal a potential that might be better realized by a producer with a firmer, more imaginative hand. The Meteors also come off more like rock impersonators at times than musicians assimilating influences. Sinzheimer croons with a Bryan Ferry baritone one minute ("Action"), then does a convincing David Bowie the next (the title cut).

If the Meteors can (literally) get their act together, they may be a Euro-wave act to be reckoned with. The pogo punch of "Action" and "Blitzkrieg" indicates they can cut it live, but **Teenage Heart** succeeds only as a promise of what they could accomplish in the studio. Maybe next time they can do it all.

—David Fricke

IMPORTS

THE PURPLE HEARTS

Beat That!
Fiction FIX002

THE MERTON PARKAS

Face in the Crowd
Beggars' Banquet BEGA11

PHIL DANIELS & THE CROSS

RCA PL25259

More neo-mod fallout: The Purple Hearts sound better than ever on this debut album, but all that amounts to is a moderately enjoyable revival of early Who-isms. For variety

they take on the early Stones (Wilson Pickett's "If You Need Me") and young David Bowie ("Can't Help Thinking About Me"). The Hearts can be exhilarating on occasion, but they are a thoroughly marginal band—then again, so was Badfinger when it started out as a Beatles clone. There may be hope yet.

Unfortunately, the Merton Parkas are shallow and unconvincing. On their album cover, photographed at Brighton beach, the band looks more out-dated collegiate than retro *au courant*. What's in the grooves places them nowhere at all. There is a somewhat Who-ish "Empty Room," and the otherwise faceless "When Will It Be" quotes musically the Jam's "When the Time Comes." Whee. Three cuts are previously released Parkasingles; the best of them, "Plastic Smile" ("It's the latest fad/To look really glad"), spins off the theme of "Tears of a Clown," which they cover with far more conviction, not to mention sheer oomph. The Parkas also do the Monkees' "Steppin' Stone," but after hearing the Sex Pistols rip through that number, versions this limp should be banned by law.

Phil Daniels's balanced portrayal of the protagonist in **Quadrophenia** (the movie) hardly hinted at any musical talents, nor his overly thespian approach to vocals. Speaking of the Pistols, Daniels sounds more like Johnny Rotten than Roger Daltrey. Not that he tries to look like either—he's gone to lengths to disassociate himself from the new mods, and he's no punk—but too often Daniels employs some rather Rotten phrasing: archly accented vocals, rolled r's and extra syllables tacked onto words at the end of lines (e.g. "stop-watch-ah").

Daniels should be encouraged, though. He



Purple Hearts: enjoyably marginal.

wrote (or co-wrote with keyboard player Peter-Hugo Daly) all the songs, which focus on youthful alienation in an Anglo-urban setting—his nod to mod, maybe. When he doesn't try too hard the results are worth hearing: articulate pop-jazz-rock like a low-rent Peter Gabriel. Daniels's main problem is a preference for theatrics over musical punch. If the new mod is just a pose, it's surely no worse than Daniels's overly selfconscious stylings. He can well afford to moderate his posing; it would profit us all to hear him without some of it.

—Jim Green

VAULTAGE 79

Attrix RB/08

Last year Attrix Records, a small outfit in Brighton, issued **Vaultage 78**, a compilation of local groups. Now that it's 1980 we have

ATTENTION RECORD COLLECTORS!

There's more to Trouser Press than meets the eye, and its name is **Trouser Press Collectors' Magazine**. Every two months the tabloid TPCM brings its readers collector-oriented articles, discographies, lists of new British 45 releases, and page after page of auction/set sale ads. All this vinyl heaven can be yours for a meager \$5 a year (\$10 overseas). If rock means more to you than a casual spin around the turntable, TPCM should definitely be added to your playlist. (Checks or money orders payable in US \$ to *Trouser Press* only.)



TROUSER PRESS COLLECTORS' MAGAZINE

02

PO Box 2450
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10017

- OK, let me have it for one year (six issues). Enclosed is:
- \$5 for a domestic subscription.
 - \$10 for an overseas (airmail) subscription.
- This is a renewal.

(Allow eight weeks for first issue to arrive)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Vaultage 79, subtitled **Another Two Sides of Brighton**. The six bands here (down one from last year) are presented in amateur-hour, two-songs-and-off fashion. The word "amateur" is not derogatory in this case; these groups have a fresh sound that's quite engaging after a steady diet of high-tech radio pop.

Indeed, there's something almost ethnic about small-label round-ups of this sort; who wouldn't agree that this is urban folk music? **Vaultage 79's** anonymous production reduces all the bands to a stark, straightforward level, with the emphasis clearly on songwriting. (There are also no personnel listings, which seems a bit unfair.) Regardless of its mod mecca location, Attrix has again picked bands playing in a variety of styles: rock 'n' roll cum new wave pop, reggae and garden-variety rock.

Organs are definitely back, and the Vandells' close vocal harmonies further recall the British Invasion's heyday. The Chefs feature cheerfully flat female backing vocals on one cut, a cute shopping list of "Food" on another. The Golinski Brothers are a bit more sophisticated, i.e. they use sax and tempo changes. Ijax All Stars contribute a pair of instrumentals with a dub feel: bass ostinatos out front over sax and melodica (?) noodling. Woody and the Splinters combine greasy vocals with Ramonesy three-chord riffs (on "I Want You to Be My Girl") in a true cultural pastiche.

In all fairness, **Vaultage 79** cannot be called required listening, but it is a valuable reminder that rock wasn't born in a 24-track studio. How are things in your town? —Scott Isler

HOLGAR CZUKAY
Movies
EMI EMC3319

MOEBIUS & PLANK
Rastakraut Pasta
Sky BEST.NR.039

For almost 10 years, Holgar Czukay was one of the four basic members of Can, a German group that probably exerted more influence on music in the long run than any other Continental group. Czukay's solo album sounds peculiarly similar to one of the better Can records. No wonder; the other players are Michael Karoli, Jaki Liebezzeit, Irmin Schmidt and Reeboop Kwaku Baah, all members of the august group. We now know with reasonable certainty who was responsible for the sound collages that made up much of Can's best work. On **Movies** Czukay structures these collages

around strong, sweet melodies which were often lost in Can's cacophonous glee.

There are only four numbers on the LP. "Cool in the Pool," released as a single in England to outstanding reviews, is a sunny, upbeat paean to summer fun, with a funky backbeat, mocking horns, chicken organ and mercilessly chipper vocals from Czukay. He follows with a breezy, layered collection of melodies, random sounds and fragmented vocals called "Oh Lord Give Us More Money." On side two Czukay parodies the lounge-act circuit in the exquisite, crystalline "Persian Love," which is closer to "standard" German rock than anything else here, and finishes with "Hollywood Symphony," a manic, determined collage of shifting melodies, rhythms, vocal noises and synthesizers. Czukay keeps his work enjoyable without covering old ground; virtually alone among his fellow mu-

A Collection of Collections

FAST PRODUCT
PVC7912

LABELS UNLIMITED
(UK) Cherry Red A-RED4

L.A. IN
Rhino RNL009

In the liner notes for **Labels Unlimited**, David Marlow writes that recently "a very healthy percentage of the contenders [in the British charts] have some small label history or connections in their pedigree...the creative initiative has now been seen to be in the hands of the small labels." True enough, but equally true is the difficulty most of those labels have in staying afloat without co-optation by the majors. The bombast used in the indie's self-promotion can often be as misleading or off-putting as that of industry giants.

The collection of **Fast Product 45s** and EPs documents the now-defunct label that supplied the majors with several bands exploring the use of instruments as (largely jarring) colorations for intense personal messages. Slightly different from the English version on EMI, the US **Fast** sampler features six bands, and successfully minimizes the crazy-quilt tessellation common to all such collections by slotting each act's tracks together.

The first side groups less "accessible" bands (if so only by a fine gradation). The Mekons' debut (also the first **Fast 45**) may have seemed an obvious choice when the LP was initially planned, but its urgent ineptness only points up how far they had developed by the time the band cut "Where Were You," a bitter, pounding accusation that is the finest three minutes of **Fast Product's** first side (and is better than anything on the Mekons' recent Virgin LP). The Scars' music is as ugly as their name, with slashing, pulsating guitar chords. The Human League's black-humored electronic paintings have become easier on the ears since their Virgin signing, but less engrossing than these as well. The album climaxes with the trio of sides from the excellent **Gang of Four** maxi-single, ending with "Dam-

aged Goods," the brilliant perversion of the disco beat that succeeded where former labelmates 2-3 and the Flowers failed. (Re-recorded, it's also the highlight of **Gang of Four's** LP.)

Cherry Red's Business Unusual was a consistently excellent sampler of small labels; **Labels Unlimited**, its second collection, is less so. It emphasizes the weird, funny and the trivial: on "N.C.B." Llygod Ffyrning (Welsh for Ferocious Mice) complain in their native tongue about the National Coal Board; Those Naughty Lumps celebrate the acquisition of "Iggy Pop's Jacket"; the Shapes protest having beans for lunch again, etc. Also included are a mediocre track by the Piranhas (now on Virgin) and a punchy, promising discourse from **Girlschool**. Standouts are the on-the-money rock 'n' roll of the Newtown Neurotics ("Hypocrite") and "Big Time" by Rudi, who inexplicably missed getting signed when the big labels copped all the top young Belfast-area bands. Too many amusing but marginal one-offs to take seriously, but fun if you can afford it (16 tracks in all).

Rhino's collection suffers mainly from self-hype. All the tracks on **L.A. In** are termed new wave, but most of them are as new as yesterday's papers. The liner notes quote all sorts of critical bombast (like a comparison between the Twisters and the Beatles) which obscures the record itself, a mostly listenable series of recreations and extrapolations of past rock stylings (Spector, Who, '60s US punk, heavy metal psychedelia). **Oingo Boingo** is clever, cute and has a good beat; **Charm School** successfully resurrects Anglo-glit-pop; the **Furys'** "Say Goodbye to the Black Sheep" is a distinctive blend of Springsteen and the Who that grows on you with repeated listening. It's annoying that the notes rave as though almost all of these LA bands were genuinely prominent and consistently gigging—most aren't—but the value is in the grooves, if you can get past the hype. **L.A. In** is like a gumball machine: put in your change and you might just get your favorite flavor. —Jim Green

HEY YOU!
DONT LOOK
THERE...
LOOK
HERE—



ATTENTION BOOK AND RECORD RETAILERS:

*Don't cut your trousers short this summer. Carry **Trouser Press** in your store. We cover the best of rock 'n' roll on vinyl and in print. Call David Fenichell at (212) 889-7145 for information. Free display racks and color posters are available. We'd like to hear from you.*

sicians, he is attempting to expand the range of both what he can say and how he can say it. Lately there's been a rash of people (at least in my apartment) mistaking earlier Can albums for later Public Image albums. Get a copy of **Movies** and see where all the inspiration is coming from.

Rastakraut Pasta represents the first major recorded appearance of German producer and electrosynth guru Connie Plank. It isn't a totally auspicious debut. Plank seems to be having fun with Moebius (half of Cluster and one third of Eno and Cluster) sharing synthesizer duties and Czokay occasionally appearing on bass, but the songs never quite go anywhere. Interesting components—oompah organ, occasional reggae beat, filtered voices—fail to hang together, a flaw that also hinders Cluster (without Eno) albums. Only on the closing "Landebahn" do Moebius and Plank actually get going; it is too late and not enough. Coming from a man who has aided and inspired more musicians than anyone else in Europe, **Rastakraut Pasta** is dismally plain. Any half-accomplished German synth group could have done it. —Steven Grant

SPHERICAL OBJECTS

Eliptical Optimism Object Music OBJ 004

The advance word on Spherical Objects, a Manchester five-piece, lumped them in the Magazine camp. Whoever originated that opinion, however, needs a crash course in roots. True, they have a common instrumental lineup: prominent keyboard drones and punchy Rickenbacker bass define both bands' sounds. And both front men are the declamatory lead

singer/songwriter type, spitting emaciated angst. But Magazine aches to be modern; they slather their arrangements with ponderous Enoid effects. Moreover, Howard Devoto's charisma abstracts the more sinister aspects of Bryan Ferry and Bill Nelson. The Objects' Steve Solamar's rheumy voice doesn't allow for that sort of commanding presence, so he's an ironist.

The real difference, though, is that Spherical Objects are a throwback. **Eliptical Optimism** resurrects the first great garage era, when protest folk-rock was just beginning to spill over into psychedelic experimentation. The two strains play tug of war across the album; generally the material on side one satirizes prevailing social and musical conventions while the flip side offers eccentric chord patterns, sparse arrangements, echoplexed vocals and ruminating lyrics. The spirit of Bob Dylan gradually surrenders to that of Syd Barrett.

What's remarkable is how completely and unselfconsciously they've immersed themselves in this anachronism. Much of the new wave harbors psychedelic influences, but either in distilled form (Television) or crossed with other bloodlines (Pere Ubu). Spherical Objects recall the unfocused woolgathering of too many flower-power bands, when the search for new ideas turned up dry. Hardly a great album, **Eliptical Optimism** is still fun as nostalgia that never was. —Michael Bloom

ORIGINAL MIRRORS Arista AB4269

Someday Deaf School may be recognized as one of the great overlooked endeavors of the

NO BOOTS OR PIRATES

THE MULTIMEDIA ALBUM \$100

Hardcover, slipcased book & Lp. Sci-Fi story by Robert SHECKLEY, illustrations by Leonor QUILES, music by Brain ENO, narration by Peter SINFIELD. Strictly limited edition of 1000 hand numbered copies from the Galeria el Mensajero, Ibiza, Spain. (One per customer, please)

TEUTONIC ELECTRONICS 5 reissues from the dawn of Krautrock

FAUST Clear Lp (clear vinyl/cover/lyric insert)	10
FAUST So Far (w/9 lithographs)	10
KLUSTER Klopzeichen	10
KLUSTER Zwei Osterei	10
MYTHOS 1st	8

ENGLISH INVASION REISSUED English Pressings, original covers/liner notes/mono mixes

KINKS The Kinks (w/« Stop Your Sobbing »)	8
KINKS Kinda Kinks	8
KINKS Kink Kontroversy	8
KINKS Face To Face	8
YARDBIRDS Five Live Yardbirds	8

NIPPONESE NEW WAVE Japanese pressings (see TP 48)

ANARCHY (Japan's CLASH « Tokyo's Burning »)	12
HYKASHO!	12
LIZARD (produced by JJ BURNEL)	12
P-MODEL In A Model Room (DEVO meets XTC)	12
YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA Solid State Survivors	12
YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA Public Pressure	12

OZ ROCK original Australian pressings (key a = dif cover, b = dif tracks, c = dif mix, d = not released, compared to domestic version)

THE ANGELS (aka ANGEL CITY) 1st (d)	8
THE ANGELS Face To Face (b, c)	8
THE ANGELS No Exit (new! d)	8
THE ANGELS Out Of The Blue (live 12" Ep, d)	5
AC/DC High Voltage (a, b)	8
AC/DC TNT (a, b)	8
AC/DC Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap (d)	8
AC/DC Let There Be Rock (a, b)	8
MI-SEX Graffiti Crimes (a, c)	10
SPLIT ENZ Beginning Of The Enz (early material, d)	8
SPLIT ENZ True Colours (new! d)	8

AUSSIE ODDITIES available only 'downunda'

BEATLES Greatest Hits Vol 1	8
BEATLES Greatest Hits Vol 2	8
BEATLES Essential	8
BUZZCOCKS Amazing Buzzcocks (12" 45, colour vinyl)	5
ROLLING STONES Box Set (6 Lps including « Ltd edition Collectors Item » Lp + T-shirt that really fits)	60
BOB SEGER Collection	8
WIND IN THE WILLOWS (w/Debbie HARRY, dreadful music)	8

ETC

KEITH EMERSON Inferno (1st solo, all instrumental)	8
NY DOLLS Too Much Too Soon (Japanese pressing)	8
GENESIS Selling England (Italian pressing w/gatefold jacket & Italian lyric translation)	8
ROXY MUSIC Angel Eyes (Disco 12", French pressing)	5

EUROCK #15 THE magazine of progressive musik. Current issue features a FAUST history and much more

150 CATALOGUE of imported records, annotated & illustrated, + new release update subscription: \$5 (\$10 outside USA/Canada/Mexico). Send SASE (foreign customers 2 IRCs) for Free sample update.

TO ORDER send cheque or money order made out to PARADOX MUSIC (foreign customers send postal/international money order or bank draft payable thru a US bank, in US\$) for the value of the records (CA residents add 6% sales tax) + shipping.

SHIPPING includes packing & handling

USA: UPS SURFACE \$2 - first Lp, 25c each add'l
UPS AIR \$2.50 first Lp, 50c each add'l
SURFACE POST \$1 - first Lp, 25c each add'l
CANADA/MEXICO: \$2.50 first Lp, 50c each add'l
OTHER COUNTRIES: \$2.50 per Lp (w/ship worldwide)

Call (213) 373-1262 to place COD & CREDIT CARD orders

Dealer inquiries welcome

Prices valid thru 7/31/80

The MULTIMEDIA Lp counts as 5 Lps & the STONES BOX as 7 Lps for shipping computations

Paradox Music Mailorder
23703 MADISON ST. TEL 213 373-1262 TLX 181892
TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA 90505 U.S.A.

ALL THE WORLD'S BEST IMPORTED MUSIC

ROCK/PROGRESSIVE/ELECTRONIC
CLASSICAL/REGGAE/JAZZ/FOLK

NOW AVAILABLE

- Original recordings and label releases • Up-to-date complete listings and selections
 - Finest quality imported pressings • Hard to get albums
 - Free monthly newsletter on new releases and availabilities
- Send \$3.00 for complete catalog over 150 pages

SORTIE FALL 1979 FRANCE
SORTIE WINTER 1979 BRITAIN

PASSPORT IMPORTS

ALL THE WORLD'S BEST IMPORTED MUSIC

FORMERLY INTERGALACTIC TRADING CO.
3146 E. Burnside Portland, Oregon 97214 503/233-0916

'70s. When the band is recalled at these days, it's likely to be as an unwieldy eight-piece that never transcended its art-school rock influences to make a distinctive impression. Among the group's currently active alumni threatening bigger things in the future are Bette Bright, Steve Lindsey and Clive Langer. Another of Deaf School's three singers besides Bright was an excitable gent named Enrico Cadillac, who echoed Bryan Ferry to an often unnerving degree; the coincidence/emulation even spilled over into the visual. Under his less-sensational real name of Steve Allen the former Cadillac has now returned as frontman of the Original Mirrors.

The name may have been changed, but Allen is still guilty of his old tricks. Fortunately, he's a very convincing crooner. At times his impression of a man driven almost mad by passion even surpasses Ferry's; Allen is more ragged, less in control. The band does its best to furnish appropriate settings but no one emerges to pick up the slack, despite occasional exotic burps from sax and keyboards.

Successful use of dynamics is the key to this theatrical rock. At their best ("Sharp Words," "Night of the Angels") the Mirrors are a tense, controlled outfit that shifts gears on a dime, creating a dizzying sense of anxiety. At their worst ("Flying") the music consists of glib, empty gestures. The old Supremes hit "Reflections" was an ill-advised choice, despite its apparent appropriateness; the band's tunes seem contrived by comparison. But don't dismiss Steve Allen as just a poseur, though he has yet to find his own voice. Romanticism and rock are a volatile combination that allows for a wide variety of expression. Even in their current green state, the Original Mirrors are a welcome addition to the field. —Jon Young

CABARET VOLTAIRE
Live at the YMCA 27-10-79
ROUGH 6

THROBING GRISTLE
20 Jazz Funk Greats
Industrial IR008

Cabaret Voltaire's **Mix-Up** was one of the more interesting indie albums of 1979, even though it was difficult to get a grip on. **Live at the YMCA** is much more accessible, if only because the band has restricted itself: pseudo-Arabic rhythms are wrapped around Germanic melodies, and the edges filled in with sinuous electronics—the Berlin Wall of Sound. Like its closest American counterpart, Pere Ubu, Cabaret Voltaire invests its music ("songs" would hardly be an appropriate term) with much that is familiar: here a few Animals riffs, there a quote from "Amazing Grace," over there a few krautrock synthesizer ripples. Yet it doesn't really show its influences (unless we count Karlheinz Stockhausen); unlike the majority of new British art-rock groups, Cabaret Voltaire is obsessively syncretic. There are strong intelligences at work here. What's fascinating is that live they maintain the style and imagination displayed in the studio (whether the nine tracks here are improvised is impossible to tell), and absorb ambient sounds (audience, hall) into their music.

On the other hand there is Throbbing Gristle, facing the deadly question: how do you match the sheer, stark bleakness of their third album, **DOA**? The answer, obviously, is

you don't. Unfortunately, the band does nothing else, either. On **20 Jazz Funk Greats** it has descended to little more than comedy music: Klaus Schulze with a sense of humor. The jokes, though, are only amusing in concept. Throbbing Gristle has abandoned many of the old techniques—sonic tricks that made the earlier work relentlessly interesting—in favor of bland accessibility. They now have clarity of sound; too bad they haven't anything left to say. —Alec Ross

SPARKS
Terminal Jive
Virgin V2137

Most hard-core Sparks fans swallowed a bitter pill when the Mael brothers "went disco," as they say, and made an album with producer Giorgio Moroder. **Terminal Jive** offers little consolation to the disheartened. It reunites Ron, Russell and Giorgio, which is understandable; the trio's first effort yielded a UK hit single and rescued our boys from almost certain commercial oblivion. Calmly considered, Sparks' transformation isn't bizarre at all. In their hyperactive mid-'70s heyday the Maels were preoccupied with the good life and its attendant pleasures and pitfalls—something much disco, with its glamorous packaging and veneer of "class," purports to consider as well.

Because **Terminal Jive** is an equal collaboration between Sparks and producers Moroder and Harold Faltermeyer, some tracks emphasize the virtues of one or the other party and some showcase nobody. Curiously, all of the duds are on side one, where Russell just sings silly and thumping percussives underline the nondescriptness. (Include among the



bombs the promisingly titled "Rock 'n' Roll People in a Disco World.") Elsewhere the Sparks aesthetic combines with Moroder's inventive synthesizers for some brilliant if fleeting moments. "Young Girls"'s expression of desire would seem seedier if Russell weren't so angelic; "The Greatest Show on Earth" is more of the giddy cartoon sexuality Sparks has always been partial to. Ostensibly filler, the instrumental version of "When I'm With You" is a fine example of Moroder's enthralling Milky Way electronics; "enlightened" disco meets "progressive" rock.

Is this LP terminal jive? If you're offended you'd no doubt like to think so. The mundane truth is that Ron and Russell Mael probably take this style as seriously as their previous ones—that is, not very. —Jon Young

MX-80 SOUND

OUT OF THE TUNNEL

MX-80 SOUND leaps into the Eighties with this exciting, hard-hitting LP. Heavy metal guitars battle art rock in an unpredictable clash of sound that leaves no survivors... a truly amazing new-rock masterpiece.

Fish Records

BOMP RARE RECORDS

BOMP RARE RECORDS, P.O. Box 7112T, Burbank, CA. 91510

BOMP is the original one-stop mailorder service for '60s and New Wave music, in business since 1972 with thousands of satisfied customers. We offer guaranteed fast service, the most complete fill, and personal attention to each order. All records 100% guaranteed; if unhappy for any reason, return for a complete refund. We stock the largest selection of independent 45s and LPs—anybody will sell you the hits, but we offer the hard-to-find items for discriminating collectors. And check our prices—singles are \$2, not \$3, and **BOMP**-label records are always in stock at the lowest price anywhere. **NOTE:** We specialize in overseas orders.

BOMP RECORDS

Our own label has some new releases and a back catalog full of neat stuff you should have:

- WAVES II - new LP featuring 15 local bands** \$5.95
[previously-unreleased tracks by Gary Charlson, Pointed Sticks, Psycotic Pineapple, Jumpers, Toasters, Dadistics & lots more]
- New BOMP Singles:**
- Stiv Bators - Not That Way Anymore (PS) \$2.00
 - Rodney & Brunettes - Little G.T.O. (PS) \$2.00
[Rodney Bingenheimer in color!]
 - Dadistics - Paranoia Perception (PS) \$2.00
- Still Available:**
- Shoes - Okay/Tomorrow Night [diff. & better version] (PS) \$2.00
 - "B" Girls - Fun at the Beach (PS) \$2.00
 - Nikki & Corvettes - Honey Bop (PS) \$2.00
 - Stiv Bators - It's Cold Outside (PS) \$2.00
 - Iggy & Stooges - Sick of You EP (PS) \$2.50
 - Poppees - Jealousy (PS) \$2.00
 - Willie Alexander - Kerouac (PS) \$2.00
 - Romantics - Tell It To Carrie (PS) \$2.00
- Albums:**
- Vampires From Outer Space [Fowley compilation] \$5.95
 - The Last - L.A. Explosion [fast of the great garage bands] \$5.95
 - Best of BOMP [all the early stuff + unreleased Stooges] \$5.95
 - Waves Vol. 1 [incl. Romantics, 20/20, Beat] \$5.95
 - No-Disco \$4.95

OTHER STUFF:

- Rotters - Sit On My Face, Stevie Nix \$2.00
- Sire New Wave Sampler [double-EP, promo only. T. Heads, D. Boys, Hell, Saints] \$5.00
- Troggs - Just a Little Too Much [Raw import 45—limited, exclusive] \$3.00
- Gorillas - Outta My Brain [Raw import, scarce] \$3.00
- Orchids - Advance collectors EP [4 songs by Fowley's latest girl band, now on MCA] \$2.00
- Toys - Livin' Fast [like Undertones, Romantics] (PS) \$2.00
- Enemy - Bang Bang You're Dead (PS) \$2.00
- Magnetic Head Cleaners - Mechanical Rights (PS) \$2.00
- Penetrators - Stimulation [fine T. Heads from San Diego band] (PS) \$2.00
- Suspects - Talking Loud (PS) \$2.00
- Zeros - Getting Nowhere Fast (PS) their first in 2 years! \$2.00
- ***The New York Blondes - Little GTO (PS) \$5.00
Rare German release, taken off market after lawsuit!
- Jan Berry - Skateboard [A&M promo] \$3.50
- Flyboys - mini-LP, 12". GREAT! Like Buzzcocks, Gen X. Super-low price \$3.95
- The Siren - compilation LP of L.A. bands, excellent \$5.95
- Ramones - Official "Rocket to Russia" Tour Poster, 12x20 \$4.00
- Dwight Twilley - official LP poster from first LP, large \$5.00
- Move - vintage poster, big [20x28] record co. promo; photo of band \$5.00
- Yardbirds - [17x21 b/w featuring Jimmy Page] \$2.00
- Freak Out - [17x21 repro of L.A. show featuring pix of the Count Five] \$2.00
- the Mothers and West Coast Pop Experimental Band, etc. Great!
- Nick Lowe - Truth Drug (w/Dave Edmunds) \$2.00
Scarce '76 single on Dutch Dynamo label

Ask for catalog containing thousands more, plus LPs, imports, posters, badges, books, mags, auction & set sale oldies, more than we can ever list here.

Include 15 cent stamp or coin—overseas \$1 or I.R.C.'s to equal \$1.

Payment by postal money order or bank draft preferred. Postage: (US) \$1 first LP, 30 cents ea. add'l. \$1 first 45, 5 cents ea. add'l. (OVERSEAS AIR) 1-3 LPs, \$3 ea, \$1.50 ea. add'l. 1-8 45s, \$2.50; 9-16, \$3.50 (OVERSEAS SURFACE) \$2 first LP, \$1 ea. add'l. \$1 first 45, 25 cents ea. add'l. (CANADA SURFACE) same as overseas surface. Posters count as 45's.

THE SIXTIES FOREVER!

- The Klan - Pushin' Too Hard [Damned-style remake of Seeds hit] \$2.00
- Seeds - all the original LPs, mint [sealed] ea. \$6.50
First; Web of Sound; Raw & Alive [in concert]; Future; Spoonful of Seedy Blues; Falling Off the Edge [incl. rare, unreleased]
- Barbarians - Rhino reissue of their classic LP \$5.95
- Turtles - unreleased 12" EP [Rhino] great vintage material \$3.95
Same record on full-color picture disc \$7.95
- Remains - fantastic LP by Boston's answer to the Beatles; incl. unreleased songs \$5.95
- Com*Pact - EP with PS by classic Australian mod/pop '60s band \$3.50
- Billy Hancock - Boogie Disease (PS) special low price: \$1.50
Frantic rockabilly remake of Flamin' Groovies classic

MOXIE RECORDS: KEEPING THE GARAGE BAND TRADITION

- ALIVE.** All the great Moxie releases always in stock:
- BOULDERS - just released, LP includes 18 wild punk records \$5.95
 - Punk Sampler #1 - Dirty Shames, Emperors, Sparkles, etc. \$3.00
 - Punk Sampler #2 - Teddy & Patches, Thee Sixpence, etc. \$3.00
 - Surf Sampler #1 - Avantis, Teenbeats, Gamblers (LSD 25), etc. \$3.00
 - Tongues of Truth - Talk About Girls [orig. of Watchband hit] \$2.50
 - Chocolate Watchband - EP: 4 rare songs \$2.50
 - Huns - EP: unreleased '65 punk, sounds like Choir, Seeds. Great! \$2.50
 - Individuals - EP: more unreleased '60s punk, pre-Turtles \$2.50
 - Roques - Train Kept a Rollin' [BEST version ever—torrid!] (EP) \$2.50

VOXX RECORDS: sounds of the '60s today.

- Rockin' Horse - Biggest Gossip in Town \$2.00
authentic Merseybeat, ex-Kirkbys]
- Crawdaddys - Why Don't You Smile Now (color PS) \$2.00
new 45, cover of rare Lou Reed/Downliners Sect song
- Crawdaddys - EP: 5x4 [color PS] 5 new songs, raw and punky \$3.00
- Crawdaddys - Crawdaddy Express - their first LP, 15 songs in early Pretty Things style. \$4.95

BFD RECORDS: the world-acclaimed Pebbles series continues!

- Vol. 5 - Dirty Wurds, Danny & Counts, Plague... 17 cool punkers \$6.00
 - Vol. 6 - (Special British Mod/R&B set, incl. rare JAGGER, BOWIE \$6.00
RONSON), Fairies, David John, Wheels, Bo&Peep, Cowies, Rats.
 - Vol. 7 - Watchband, Craig, Painted Ship, Descendents, more \$6.00
 - Vol. 8 - Lollipop Shoppe, Gants, Morfomen, Human Beinz... \$6.00
18 songs. Great!
- ...and still available
- Vol. 1-4 Each with 16-18 monster punk trax. Vol. 4 is a special surf/Calif. sound set featuring rare Brian Wilson, Jan & Dean, Jim McGuinn, more ea. \$6.00

SURFING SOUNDS

- Jon & Nightriders - Rumble at Waikiki EP (PS) 4 raw surf instr's \$2.50
- Illustrated Discography of Surf Music, by John Blair \$4.95
[John is the star of the Nightriders & this book is essential for all surf fans]
- Original Surfing Hits - great '60s LP including Sentinels, Breakers. \$6.50
Orig. sealed
- Challengers - Original, sealed LPs incl. Sidewalk Surfing, Vanilla Funk, Wipe Out, Pipeline, and 25 Greatest Hits [double] ea. \$6.50
- Dick Dale - Greatest Hits (GNP) \$6.50

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Wicked - Spider & the Fly [featuring Lenny Kaye/Andy Paley] \$2.00
[limited collectors disc, remake of 'Pebbles' psychedelic classic]
- MC5 - I Can Only Give You Everything (PS) [Dutch import] \$2.00
[bone-shattering punk sound on this Troggs song & flip...their first!]
- Stooges - 1969/TV Eye [live '69 from TV broadcast] [import] \$2.00
- Ned & Nelda - Hey Nelda [reissue EP of rare early Zappa Trax] \$2.50
- Customs - Bring My Cadillac Back [great rocker, ex-DMZ guitarist] [PS] \$2.00
- Rare Disques of the '60s - super new booklet [French import] with pix & listings of 100's of rare EPs—Kinks, Yardbirds, Move, Creation, etc. \$8.00
- Moving Sidewalks - EP [incl. 99th Floor + 3] fine psychedelic punk \$3.00
- Hypstrz - EP [incl. blistering versions "Action Woman", "Can't Stand the Pain", "Hey Joe"] \$2.50

GRAB BAG: \$2 ea. or 6/\$10 for all these current indie 45s, most w/PS:

Zilch-Jerk Teens Jerk /Scientists-Frantic Romantic/Blitz-Panic Button/A Band-Lowly Worm/ Ramones-Rockaway Beach/Locket Love/ Beex-Beat Beat/Rodney Bingenheimer-Let's Make the Scene/Dickies-Silent Night (white)/Boys-Make Me Shake/Bad Little Girl/Chainsaw-Polaroid Pix/Gary Charlson-Real Life Saver/Shark/Chinas Comidas-Peasant Slave/Crap Detectors-Police State/Cubes-Spaceheart EP/Jeff Dahl-RocknRoll Critic/DangerRoads-Metaphysical Friend EP/Dils-I Hate the Rich/Distorted Levels-Hey Mister/DOA-Prisoner/Kevin Dunn-Oktyabrina/Dot Vaeth-White Collar Worker/Exit-Out in the Street/Extremes-Mr. Moto EP/Chelsea-I'm On Fire/Ian Fisher-Girls Like That/Furors-Desperate Man (flexidisc)/Hates-Whites Going Negro/Gerhard Helmut-Under My Thumb/Peter Holsapple-Big Black Truck/Hot Knives-Hey Grandma/Human Switchboard-I Gotta Know/Immune System-Ambivalence & Spark Plugs/Janis & Bumblebees - B Movie/Just Boys- Hook Line & Sink Her/Larry Lazer-Green Light/Low Numbers-Shok Treetments/Luxury-Green Hearts/Martyrs-Pig Pen Victim/Earle Mankey-Mau Mau/Nervebreakers-Hijack the Radio/Mutnts-Insect Lounge/No Fun-At the Disco EP/Normals-Hard Core/Pink Chunk-Louie Louie/Ramones-Sheena/Babysitter/Realtors-Not Acceptable/Eyes-TAQN/Los Microwaves-Coast to Coast/Radio Heart/Rik L Rik-Meat House/Rattlers-On the Beach/Reactors-EP/Secrets-Get Your Radio/Shake Shakes-You Can Run/SVT-Heart of Stone/Skinnies-I'm a Dullard/Shirkers-Suicide/Ramones-Don't Come Close; Don't Want You /Sky Saxon-Universal Stars/Stumblebunny-Possibilities/Suicide Commandos-Match Mismatch/ Denny Ward-Show Me /Tigers-Psycho (Sonics tune)/2 Timers-Good Die Young/Toledo-Crime Doesn't Pay/Marc Thor-Holiday Fire/Toasters-Babys on the Rag/John Volles-Every Little Thing/Units-Japan/Vores-EP/Ramones-Do You Wanna Dance/Baby Sitter/

HIT AND RUN

By Jon Young

THE KINGBEES (RSO-1-3075)

Real, real gone! If Robert Gordon weren't so transfixed by the past he'd probably sound like this hot trio. The Kingbees play lean, tense rockabilly, not as supple as Dave Edmunds's but just as authentic. Their material ranges from terse originals to an unusually smart Holly cover ("Ting-a-Ling") without any distracting affectation or nostalgia; even the tinny production seems a perfect touch. Required listening and a sure cure for the blahs.

THE BUZZARDS/Jellied Eels to Record Deals

(UK Chrysalis CHR1213)

This 17-track feast chronicles the (formerly Leyton) Buzzards from early demos through the end of their first incarnation last year. The band's "bloody racket," as they call it, is nothing special—a lively amalgam of punk, reggae and heavy metal—but the guys *must* be heard for the cheerful way they cut up everything from punks ("19 & Mad") to Pink Floyd ("No Dry Ice or Flying Pigs") to themselves ("We Make a Noise"). Winners of this month's mental health award.

PHILIP D'ARROW/Sub Zero

(Polydor PD-1-6271)

There's this guy on the barstool next to you—a little out of it, not overly refined but with a lot of soul. And meet Philip D'Arrow, a gruffly haphazard singer whose songs sound like aftermaths of real life events. Mostly he rocks hard without getting too serious about it (Willy DeVille take note), which is a real sensible way to behave. Betcha he's not really a lout, though, just someone who values believability most of all. Another round, bartender.

THE TAZMANIAN DEVILS

(Warner Bros. BSK3400)

There's nothing devilish about the way this charming quintet crosses sleepy funk, lightfingered rock and mainstream tunefulness. Most bands with so much finesse and optimism end up on the wrong side of cute; even the immortal Lovin' Spoonful had that problem. Fortunately the Devils aren't addicted to phony cheer, as evidenced by the Chuck Berryish chronicle of decadence on the "West Coast" and the sullenness of "My Obsession." But they never blow their cool. Delightful froth.

JERRY LEE LEWIS/When Two Worlds Collide

(Elektra 6E-254)

From the opening strains of the bragging "Rockin' Jerry Lee" there's no mistaking the Killer's distinctive swagger. And it's hardly

idle boasting: Lewis can bend any material to fit his huge ego and raise a first-class ruckus in the process. Thus the ancient "Toot, Toot, Tootsie Goodbye" is effortlessly transformed into glorious impertinence. This album's tilt is more country than rockabilly, but don't let that deter you—mostly it's just pure Jerry Lee, shakin' it one time.

JOAN ARMATRADING/Steppin' Out

(Canadian A&M SP4789)

Too bad this impressive live disc isn't out here, because it's an excellent, no-nonsense display of Armatrading's power as a performer and composer. Avoiding the extremes of folkie mawkishness and safe detachment, she goes for a smoldering middle ground where emotions and canny intelligence reach a temporary truce. As in a great blues, all that tension shows up in taut singing; she never lets the pressure drop for a second. It's enough to give the singer-songwriter a good name.

999/The Biggest Prize in Sport

(Polydor PD-1-6256)

So punk is dead; the members of 999 have discarded their weirder clothes and unbleached their hair. What's left? Plenty. Aggressive and concise, 999 excels at conveying a sense of urgency without succumbing to delusions of grandeur. If the material occasionally slips into nondescript hectoring, Guy Days's bristly, Berry-influenced guitar and Nick Cash's sneering vocals always insure at least some grimy excitement.

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD./Second Edition

(Island 2WX3288)

THE CURE/Boys Don't Cry

(PVC 7916)

Released domestically just in time to unseat Pink Floyd: the severe version of John Lydon and friends comes on two records in a boring old cardboard sleeve, but it's attractively packaged and has printed lyrics (a necessity). The Cure LP differs significantly from the British **Three Imaginary Boys** LP reviewed back in TP 44, dropping four ("Foxy Lady," "Meat-hook," "So What," "It's Not You") and adding five ("Jumping Someone Else's Train," "Boys Don't Cry," "Plastic Passion," "Killing an Arab," "World War"). A wise commercial move, since some of the newer tracks are the catchiest examples of their wiry, unnerving approach.

SUZANNE FELLINI

(Casablanca NBLP7205)

Fellini's first is the sort of calculated product that might offend if it didn't turn out so well. This is aggressive pop: slick, busy rockers and melodramatic slow ones, delivered with a touch of good-humored sleaze by a nimble poseur. She would have fit right in with the bubblegum punk of Suzi Quatro and

Sweet. The only sincerity you'll find here is in the desire to entertain, but more often than not that's enough.

BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND/Against the Wind

(Capitol SOO-12041)

You gotta hand it to Seger for the way he's retained a sense of proportion in the face of massive success. His music continues to offer the same unassuming good vibes it always has, with pleasantly corny ballads and sturdy rock 'n' roll boogie woogie. Modest Bob disproves the tenet that you need arrogance to get down; can you think of anyone else these days who could sing about a train ("Long Twin Silver Line") and sound like they mean it?

THE JOE PERRY PROJECT/Let the Music Do the Talking

(Columbia JC36388)

Hot on the heels of his last LP with Aerosmith comes guitarist Perry's unveiling of The Project (the JP Experience?). Joe's the same ol' vigorous chainsaw axeman, occasionally stunning and always fervent. Though they're already competent, it remains for his support musicians to get into close step and make more active contributions. Maybe Perry would like to throw restraint out the window and just go crazy—the instrumental "Break Song" makes a strong case in favor of excess.

CRUISING/Motion Picture Soundtrack

(Lorimar JC36410)

The soundtrack to the film that offended legions is inevitably not as appalling, although Madelynn Von Ritz's "When I Close My Eyes I See Blood" does its surly best. Other punks and pseudo-punks—the Cripples, Rough Trade, and Germs (G.I.)—follow suit. Fans of Willy DeVille (now Minkless) will definitely get off on his three streetwise tracks, the first he's released in some time. Best of all, however, is John Hiatt's menacing "Spy Boy." A whole LP that imposing would be too frightening.

BEACH BOYS/Keepin' the Summer Alive

(Caribou EZ36283)

On recent releases the Beach Boys have sounded so tired and bored with each other that their continued activity has become a puzzle instead of a cause for celebration. This time the situation has improved noticeably, thanks to Bruce Johnston's glistening production, and—most importantly—because those wonderful voices have retreated from self-parody. (Also, no TM songs.) Still, where's Brian? Or Dennis, for that matter? You'll be hard-pressed to hear much of either one. Maybe next time they'll really join forces and quit, uh, treading water.

THE ADVERTS/Cast of Thousands

(UK RCA PL25246)

The second and final Adverts LP sadly finds them in the disarray that claims other punk bands when they run out of ideas and enthus-

iasm. Though they play with the usual rattle-trap verve, singer/writer Tim Smith's loss of nerve leaves the group high and dry. Always a humanist, he's withdrawn into a fear of society and a desperate longing for friendship that's sad rather than defiant. Spare a moment of silence for the Adverts—one of the great bands, however briefly.

GRACE SLICK/Dreams
(RCA AFL1-3544)

JESSE BARISH/Mercury Shoes
(RCA AFL 1-3420)

Those unhappy with the current Jefferson Starship may not feel better after hearing Grace Slick's newie. **Dreams** could be show music, favoring as it does a big, lavish sound that tends to dull the tartness in Slick's voice. Sometimes the grandiosity works, but the possibly autobiographical "Do It the Hard Way" holds more personal charms. Jesse Barish, author of the Starship hit "Count on Me," won't win any points for his singing, although his second LP does have the witty "Too Hip to Be Happy" as well as other originals with conventional commercial potential. Co-produced by Marty Balin.

RED RIDER/Don't Fight It
(Capitol ST-12028)

A group and not a person, Red's finest moments evoke the Byrds and Tom Petty through restrained use of 12-string and Tom Cochrane's slightly stoned singing. Unlike Petty, though, they're not true believers. Some songs on this well-crafted debut are in an easy-listening vein, indicating that the Riders are more concerned with entertainment than art—

so don't look for any heavy stylistic or lyrical statements.

HEROES/Border Raiders
(Polydor PD-1-6264)

A few months ago Heroes would have been lost in the post-Knack avalanche of pop bands, due to their fondness for familiar nice harmonies and compact tunes. Actually the group isn't even *that* radical, subsisting on a mixture of Badfingerish melancholia and less impressive oozy sweetness. Judgement should be reserved until Heroes decide which way to go, although breathy Chris Bradford already croons with authority.

MATTHEW FISHER
(A&M SP-4801)

This is only Fisher's third LP since leaving Procol Harum over a decade ago. As always, he epitomizes taste; his wistful romanticism gracefully suffuses the few uptempo songs as well as the prettily passive ballads. One might, however, question the value of nonstop moroseness. Cheer up, Matthew, it's not *that* hopeless.

ANDY ADAMS/One of the Boys
(DJM 30)

Very much in the mold of Billy Joel comes Andy Adams, who belts 'em out with admirable gusto. Like Joel his energy is essentially theatrical, better suited to Broadway than rock 'n' roll. Got the idea?

Fellow Travelers

While we ponder the deeper meanings of

this month's trendiest release, it's business as usual out on the lowbrow circuit, where scores of boogie and heavy metal bands tour incessantly, put out as many LPs as the market can bear, and sometimes are rewarded for their perseverance with true stardom. Case in point: hard-rockin' REO Speedwagon which commemorates its success with **A Decade of Rock and Roll 1970 to 1980** (Epic), a two-disc compilation with an informative booklet unpretentiously detailing the band's downs and ups. Kindred spirits Trooper have become biggies in Canada without making a dent here, but they soldier on; **Hot Shots** (MCA) collects the band's greatest nonhits. This year's pick to click has to be Triumph, a workaholic Canadian trio that could follow Rush into the Top 10 with their similar blend of big chords and artier pretensions; **Progressions of Power** (RCA) is their third US LP. Hopefuls back in the pack include Max Demian (a band, not a person) with **The Call of the Wild** (RCA)—down to earth plodding—and Axe, with **Living on the Edge** (MCA)—grand shlock *a la* Styx. **Departure** (Columbia) again reveals Journey as adept at pomp-rock, but they also take more care with their songs than some, which may be one reason they're so popular. Barclay James Harvest has been touting its inflated pageants since 1969 with cult success in native England, although **Eyes of the Universe** (Polydor) is unlikely to help here. Finally, a cheer for **The Johnny Barnes Story** (Nightcrawler) which proves a homemade LP can boogie with as much thunder as big-label discs—and more personality. (Nightcrawler, Box 663, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215.)

RECORD RUNNER
5 Cornelia St.
New York, NY 10014
Phone 212-255-4280

Specializing in imports, promo items, oldies, pic discs, out-of-print LPs, Beatles

45s	*reissue	
Who The Relay/Wasp Man		\$3*
Rundgren I Saw the Light dj/blue		\$3*
Yardbirds w/Page Goodnight Sweet Josephine/Think About It		\$3*
Mudcrutch (Tom Petty) Wild Eyes/Depot St.		\$3*
Who Anyway Anyhow Anywhere/Any Time You Want Me		\$3*
Arnold Corns (Bowie) Moonage Daydream plus 2		\$4*
Iguanas (Iggy) Mona		\$3
Elvis Costello My Funny Valentine promo red		\$15
Elvis Costello Can't Stand Up/Girls Talk UK PS		\$3
Blondie Atomic UK PS		\$3
Pearl Harbor & Explosions Drivin' (Orig. 415 label)		\$3
SVT Heart of Stone PS		\$3
The Rattlers (w/Joey Ramone) On the Beach PS		\$3
Tom Petty Refugee UK PS		\$3
Todd Rundgren Rundgren Comes Alive EP 5 cuts PS		\$6
Joe Jackson I'm the Man 7" LP boxed set (5 records)		\$8.98
Stiff Box Set Stiffs 1-10		\$35

Stiff Box Set Stiffs 11-20	\$35
Beatles & Murray the K "As It Happened" EP PS	\$4
David Bowie Prettiest Star/Conversation Piece/Holy Holy PS	\$3
Eno Baby's on Fire PS	\$3
Elvis Costello Accidents Will Happen Japanese PS	\$6
Blondie Kidnapper (Japanese) PS	\$6
Blondie Rip Her to Shreds Japanese PS	\$6
Blondie Heart of Glass Jap. PS	\$6
Blondie Denis Japanese PS	\$6
Blondie Sunday Girl PS	\$6
Blondie Dreaming Japanese PS	\$6
Special set of 6 Blondie Japanese imports for:	\$30
Zappa (early) Ned & Nelda/Baby Ray & Ferns EP	\$3
Richard Hell/Neon Boys Love Comes in Spurts plus 3 EP	\$3

LPs	
Blondie Call Me 12" promo	\$7.98
Blondie Atomic/Die Young Stay Pretty/Heroes (live w/Fripp)UK PS	\$6.98
Bowie John I'm Only Dancing 12" promo	\$10
Hall & Oates Post Static 12" promo (inc. No Brain No Pain)	\$5.98
Monkees Monkee Mania (Austr.) 2LP set—many rare cuts	\$25
Police Regatta de Blanc 2-10" LPs	\$10
Tom Petty Here Comes My Girl/Casa Dega/Don't Bring Me Down (live) UK 12" PS	\$7

Beck Bogert Appice Live in Japan 2LPs/Japanese	\$25
Bowie 1980 All Clear RCA promo sampler	\$25
Iveys Maybe Tomorrow	\$12
Todd Ballad of Todd (Dutch)	\$12
Todd Runt (Dutch)	\$12
Springsteen Rosalita 12" disc PS (Dutch)	\$8.98
Nazz Nazz Nazz	\$8.98
Sex Pistols Very Best of (inc. 2 unreleased tracks) Japanese	\$15
B-52's 12" Rock Lobster (edited ver.) Planet Claire plus one	\$10
N.Y. Dolls 1st LP Dutch	\$12
N.Y. Dolls Too Much Too Soon Japanese	\$15

Movie Posters	
Who The Kids Are Alright-1 sheet	\$6
Ramones Rock & Roll High School 1 sheet	\$6

Miscellaneous	
If It Ain't Stiff T-shirt S-M-L	\$6
Promo Photos (8x10):Springsteen, Benatar, Petty, Graham Parker, Forbert, Robert Gordon, Johansen, Madness, Ramones, Patti Smith, Pretenders, Fab. Poodles	\$2 each

Min. Order \$6. Money orders or checks (held for clearance). Overseas cash (US currency) or IMO's only. **NO BANK DRAFTS.** Postage \$2 per order (US), \$3 per order (Canada). Overseas \$3 per LP (air). 45's—\$2 for first, .75 each add'l. Please **PRINT CLEARLY** full name and address on all orders. Want lists welcome.



By Jim Green

The Guv'nors

The Jam: "Going Underground" b/w "The Dreams of Children" + "Away from the Numbers" & "The Modern World" b/w "Down in the Tube Station at Midnight"—(UK) Polydor POSPJ113. Jam-watchers let down by the rambling song structures of *Setting Sons* may prefer hearing live takes of older Jam tunes (on the bonus 45 enclosed in the first 100,000 copies of "Going Underground"); these new tunes, though, will reinforce their faith in Weller as a creator. This 45 entered the British charts at number one, and deservedly so. As usual, Weller chews up the words as he spits 'em out, making it difficult to discern lyrics after just a handful of plays. The topside's protagonist sounds fed up with politicians' war-mongering ("the public gets what the public wants") so he's going underground. It's stirring but not blatantly anthemic, a thundering portrait of personal rebellion that's everything the Jam is at its best: plangent, urgent and pungent. "Dreams"—soul-searching with a stiff upper lip—is dynamic rock 'n' roll linking haunting lines like "I fell in love with the dreams of children" with the contrasting "Someone's gonna crack your dreams tonight." Includes (at no extra charge) the "Taxman" guitar riff and dramatic, piping keyboard. Moral: Never write off the Jam.

Old, New and Borrowed (and Pretty Good)

Rocking Horse: "The Biggest Gossip in Town" b/w "Oh Carol, I'm So Sad"—Vox 45-1001. I can't help it, I love this kinda stuff. So what if it's Merseybeat revamped? Rocking Horse sounds remarkably new and refreshing, even more so considering this 45 was first released in Britain nine years ago! But then these are two original Merseymen, Billy Kinsley of the Merseybeats/Merseys ("Sorrow") and Jimmy Campbell (the Kirkbys). "Gossip" is an OK nick from Neil Sedaka's "Calendar Girl," but "Carol" makes imaginative use of early-Beatles stylistic devices (and snappy playing, too). Could make non-Liverpudlian revivalists hang up their Grétsch (or, ha ha, Vox) gear in frustration.

Hansie: "Automobile" b/w "Lovely Love"—Millenium YB-11783. She's Dutch, blonde, over six feet tall and sure she can make mincemeat of Debbie Harry. Women's wrestling aside (can she take on Holly & the Italians?), "Automobile"'s got nothing on most Blondie singles, but is nonetheless a perky piece o' plastic. This jolly rocker (produced, for all you trivia experts, by Kayak's drummer) is equal parts Chuck Berry and Abba. The flip's as unbearably fluffy as the title suggests.

Dexy's Midnight Runners: "Dance Stance" b/w "I'm Just Looking"—(UK) Oddball R6028. Bernie Rhodes's latest protégés borrow from the Stax '60s soul sound, but there's a synthesis goin' on: horn harmonies are rather unusual, and prominent trombone

lends a distinctive tone. "Dance Stance" isn't quite a melody you'd find on an Eddie Floyd record either, and the refrain's a jaunty roll-call of Irish literati (plus obligatory "unh!"). The other side's effective evocation of stale-cigarette-smoke-and-fizzless-gin-and-tonic blues. These guys could be hot.

You Don't Have to Be Jamaican...

UB 40: "King" b/w "Food for Thought"—(UK) Graduate GRAD 6. This indie label has (until now) gone justly unheralded, represented by fledgling bands like the Venigmas (recorded too soon, trying too hard). This should raise some eyebrows, though. Believe it or don't, UB 40 plays jazz-tinged reggae that proves "mellow" doesn't have to be an insult. Call it relaxed, if you prefer, but the music is smooth without being trite or inane; tasteful guitar, sax and keyboard fills snake lazily around Mose Allisonesque nasal vocals. Interesting words, too.

Mark Kjeldsen: "Are You Ready" b/w "Something's Happening"—(UK) Back Door DOOR02. Kjeldsen is the Sinceros' main man; if you saw the Sinceros when they toured here, you may remember them doing "Are You Ready," which he recorded with (I think) an early edition of the band. "Ready" is inescapably catchy reggae-pop. The verses are "bleak" with adolescent fear of rejection, and the choruses skank with a swagger towards a favorable resolution: "Are you ready/To go steady?" B-side's a lively, tuneful pop-rocker of the Nick Lowe School, dominated by jangling phased guitar, cheesy organ and handclaps.

The Akrylykz: "Smart Boy" b/w "Spyderman"—(UK) Red Rhino/Polydor POSP128. Unlike the Tigers (TP 50), this does seem like bluebeat bandwagon-jumping of the crasser sort; maybe a singing horn player or two is black (can't rightly tell), but composer/guitarist Nik Townend (not to mention the Polish drummer) certainly isn't. Copycats or not, the Akrylykz have two diabolically catchy horn riffs going for 'em—that's what the songs are basically about—and infectious "Spyderman"'s hook line is nearly as stellar as anything the 2 Tone crew has come up with.

Jim et Jules

Jules & the Polar Bears: Economy Package—Columbia 1-11204. The second side of this EP ("Alive Alone" and "This Fabrication") suffers from Jules Shear's tendency towards overlong, breast-baring monologues, but the first is worth a listen—and not just for Jules fans. "Born Out of Heat"'s direct, coherent lyrics explore the "coping with life" theme Shear writes so fuzzily about elsewhere; "Sometimes Real Life," while less cogent lyrically, blends the engaging charm he is capable of with good old-fashioned rock 'n' roll. This US pressing of previously unreleased rough mixes lists for just a buck and a half, so it's still a good deal. Some copies are available in pic sleeves with lyrics on the back.

Apocalypse Now?

The Pop Group: "We Are All Prostitutes" b/w "(words taken from) Amnesty International Report on British Army Torture of Irish Prisoners"—(UK) Rough Trade RT023. A hellish combination: protest-era Dylan mates with the Residents. The Pop Group is certainly anti-"pop"; any doubts should be erased by a short quote on the label about entertainment being a sop for the masses to set 'em up for enslavement. The A-side—funk with a vengeance—rides on a distorted, evil-sounding bass and screamed lyrics; some miscellaneous noises lurk about too. The flip's disjointed "music" attempts to convey the tortures listed in the aforementioned report, and gets a high score on the dolorimeter (measures pain, geddit?). Seriously, folks, both are impressive, if brutal-sounding, artistic constructs, but—talk about contradictions—isn't it queer that the message is most compelling on the more listenable (i.e. entertaining) "Prostitutes"?

Time for a Change

The Fall: "Fiery Jack" b/w "2nd Dark Age" & "Psykick Dancehall #2"—(UK) Step Forward SF13; **Joy Division:** "Transmission" b/w "Novelty"—(UK) Factory FAC13; **John Ellis:** "Babies in Jars" b/w "Photostadt"—(UK) Rat Race 1RAT; **The Electric Chairs:** "So Many Ways" b/w "J'Attends les Marines"—Safari SAFE18. Drastic departures all. The Fall's tracks are easier on the ears than the dense, tense, "Rowche Rumble." Heck, the topside has a rockabilly rhythm! But it rambles on a bit, and who can take noodling guitar and Mark Smith's arch, off-key monotone for that long? Turn it over and Smith babbles about another dark age in which he might form a pop group ("like Bjorn and Benny/I am Bjorn"). Hmm.

Judging from their previous output, our next band should be called Joyless Division; doubtless their moniker's the result of an irony-laden outlook. This latest single, however, is a pretty good imitation of an entertaining band, what with stirring guitar clanging away atop a rocking beat good enough to (gulp) dance to. Heavens! More irony: the song's about radio!

The technology of wires and signals may have obscure symbolic meaning, but if a radio song's good enough for Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson, the Selecter and just about everybody else, why not Joy Division? (Never mind that in keeping with their ugly-is-good aesthetic the singer sounds like Jim Morrison at 16 r.p.m.)

John Ellis used to play guitar for the Vibrators; now he's abandoned such passé stuff for the realm of new musik (man). Accompanied by Rapid Eye Movement, he explores a grisly theme on "Babies in Jars" (cut live), which could pass for the Stranglers the morning after the night before (although bass and JE's vocals aren't quite nasty enough). On the back, he played with himself (instrumentally) in the studio, conjuring

up all sorts of wonderful synth sounds—one can do it—and declaiming some words backwards, I think. All I could make out was “manure,” which sounds apt enough.

The Electric Chairs have made the most drastic transition of all: once Wayne (now Jayne) County’s backing band (before that, guitarist Henry Padovani preceded Andy Summers in the Police), here they sound like the Flying Lizards. Not so surprising when you consider that saurian czar David Cunningham (who’d done the last County/Chairs LP) produces. And it’s great! Bass and guitar lay down a steady 32-to-the-bar thrum, drums are modified disco style, there’s lots of squink-squonking (guitar, keyboards and such), a dash of clarinet, and robotic, munchkin-like vocals. Like, wow!!

Down Under Underground

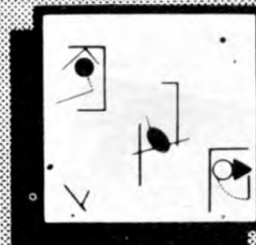
Little Murders: “Take Me, I’m Yours” b/w “Things Will Be Different”—(Australian) Au-Go-Go ANDA-3; **the Credits:** “It’s You” b/w “Fazed Dazed”—(Australian) Thunder FV 001; **Mental as Anything:** “The Nips Are Getting Bigger” b/w “Instrumental as Anything”—(UK) Virgin VS309. The Aussie underground lives! Little Murders play gutsy, cheeky rock ‘n’ roll that stands up to Anglo and Yank new wave counterparts; a bit more concentration on arranging to enhance the hooks could take them a long way. The Credits feature long-time TP subscriber Bruce Anthon on drums (Bruce Milne of Au-Go-Go has let his sub lapse, tsk tsk). “It’s You” is a sharp update of what’s evidently an old beat boom number; “Fazed Dazed” lovably mixes Who-ish power chords, ‘60s psychedelic punkiness and new wave punch, despite muddled engineering and hesitant production.

Angel City’s Doc Neeson cited Mental as Anything as one of the best up-and-coming bands Down Under, and Virgin picked up their locally issued 45 for the UK. They sound talented, but I can’t figure out what the hell they mean; is the growth in the title ethnic or anatomical? Both? Neither? Regardless, it’s an easy-on-the-ears chugger regretting too many doses of chemical amusement (that’s why they call it dope, as Ira would say). The back’s a genial ‘60s/‘80s guitar instrumental that’s great for dancing toward a bar for another glass (and I don’t mean Nehi Root Beer). (Inquire about the Murders and various other acts Au-Go-Go’s got cooking at PO Box 318, Hawthorn, 3122 Victoria, Australia; the Credits’ 45 costs \$3 Australian in an IMO to Thunder Prods., 158 Adelaide, Brisbane, Queensland 4000, Australia.)

Treading Water

Dave Edmunds: “Singing the Blues” b/w “Boys Talk”—(UK) Swan Song SSK19422. Is Edmunds marking time ‘til he can leave Swan Song? This is a forgettable cover of the Jimmy Rodgers chestnut. “Boys Talk” is a companion piece to “Girls Talk” in name only; it’s merely a happy recital of all the girls’ names immortalized on vinyl that you can remember (including Alison, Carrie Anne, Layla—even “Who’s that girl from Ipanema? It’s the little old lady from Pasadena!”). Also the first songwriting credit for Rockpile as a group; does anybody care? ■

TUXEDOMOON HALF-MUTE



TUXEDOMOON's long awaited first LP paints a picture of modern day isolation. The album is built of rich instrumentals with minimized vocals supported by innovative electronic manipulation. HALF-MUTE is truly musical art at its best.

THE BRUNETTES GO CAR CRAZY!

Little GTO

FEATURING RODNEY BINGENHEIMER

RODNEY AND THE BRUNETTES

THE APPROVED VERSION

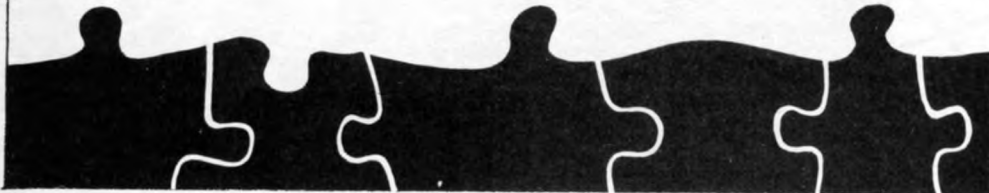
AVAILABLE NOW ON **BOMP RECORDS**

**NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE THE MUSIC...
MAKE THE CONNECTION...**



**RECORD AND TAPE MANUFACTURING
JACKET AND SLEEVE FABRICATION
RECORDING/EDITING/MASTERING
GRAPHIC DESIGN & PRODUCTION/PRINTING**

200 W. 57th St., Suite 702, New York, NY 10019 (212) 586-3537



BAND AIDS

We know how hard it is to be a new band in this business, and we offer special advertising rates to unsigned bands who have gone to the trouble of putting out a record on their own label. This rate applies only to advertising mail order records of that nature, and the only sizes available are:

1/6 page 2 3/8" by 5" \$75
1/3 page 4 7/8" square \$100
1/2 page 7 1/2" by 4 7/8" \$150

Ads must be camera-ready. Photo-screening (when required) costs \$8.00 as do reverses, reductions and tints. Deadline is the first of the month, two months before cover date. Payment and two copies of your record must accompany your artwork; if there are any additional art charges incurred, you will be billed.

Please make an effort to do a nice-looking ad. If it looks bad, we probably won't run it—we'll just send it back to you. We work too hard making TP look nice to have it messed up by a hasty, scribbled ad.

4 St Marks Pl at 3rd Ave

PANTS! VELVET, LEOPARD, LEATHER, SPANDEX, JEANS OF ALL COLORS & STYLES

FOR YOUR **FEET!** STILETTOS, SNEAKERS, BEATLE BOOTS

ETC.

PLUS! SHADES, SKINNY TIES, LOTS OF ANTIQUE CLOTHES, JACKETS, LEATHERS, **HUGE SELECTION PUNK** T-SHIRTS AND BUTTONS

SHIRTS! BUTTON-DOWN COLLARS, WESTERN, BOWLING, HAWAIIAN

WOMEN'S MAIL ORDER

NYC 212-674-9658

HEY! SEND JUST 25¢ FOR A COMPLETE MAIL ORDER CATALOG!

OUR T-SHIRT \$3.00
+\$1.00 POSTAGE
SHORT SLEEVE
WHITE OR BLACK OR BLACK ON RED

\$25.00 BASEBALL JACKET
+\$2.50 POST

STRAIGHT LEG BLACK JEANS
100% COTTON (ALL 36" INSEAM)
WAISTS 25"-36" **\$19.00** \$2.00 POSTAGE

50'S WRAP SUNGLASSES
\$6.00 + \$1.00 POSTAGE
JUST IN!
BLUE GREEN RED, BLUE

JACKETS	JEANS	T-SHIRT'S	SUNGLASSES
SIZE _____ COLOR _____ \$27.50 ENCLOSE	EXACT WAIST _____ SIZE _____ \$23.00 ENCLOSE	<input type="checkbox"/> S <input type="checkbox"/> M <input type="checkbox"/> L \$4.00 ENCLOSE	<input type="checkbox"/> \$10.00 ENCLOSE

SEND TO **TRASH & VAUDEVILLE**
4 St Marks Pl. NYC NY 10003

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NYC RESIDENT MUST ADD 8% TAX • CAN. CUSTOMERS: MAKE ALL FUNDS PAYABLE IN US \$ BY MO OR BANK CHEQUES ... PLEASE ALLOW 4-5 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY



Box 836TP
Madison Square Station
New York, NY 10010
(212) 243-4793

RECORDS, POSTERS, ETC.
WE BUY COLLECTIONS & REVIEW COPIES

45s:	All items new and as priced.	*Reissue
PATTI SMITH/LINK CROMWELL, White Christmas		\$3
ROLLING STONES, Sad Day PS It.		\$8
IGUANAS, (IGGY'S FIRST), Mona		13
ROLLING STONES, Andrew's Blues & 3: Cops & Robbers		\$4 ea.
BOWIE, Bella y la Bestia 12" 45 Spain		\$9.98
V.A., Psychedelic Unknowns Vol. 1		\$5
GENERATION X, Perfect Hits, Vol. 2		\$4
JAN & ARNIE, Gas Money; Jennie Lee		\$3 each
BOWIE, Rebel, Rebel & 3 EP Australian		\$12
GRAHAM PARKER, Mercury Poisoning (Blue wax, PS)		\$10
DAVID BOWIE, Ragazza Solo	\$5 (color wax: \$6)	
YARDBIRDS*, Questa Volta PS, Boom Boom PS		\$4
DAVID JONES, Liza Jane (Vocalion re)		\$3
ABBA, Chiquita (Sung in Spanish) (Fr. PS)		\$8
JETHRO TULL, Aeroplane		\$4
JIMI HENDRIX, I'm a Man/No Such Animal PS		\$3
JETHRO TULL/ROBERT PALMER, Interview 45		\$12
BLONDIE, demo EP (4 unrel. tracks)	\$25 (1st press), \$5(2nd press)	
MUDCRUTCH (T. PETTY), Depot Street		\$3
WHO, Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere; The Relay		\$3 each
YARDBIRDS*, Goodnight Sweet Josephine		\$3
ENO, Seven Deadly Finns PS	\$4/Babys on Fire PS	\$3.25
DAVID BOWIE, London Bye Ta Ta PS		\$4
DEVO/DIRE STRAITS, Interview 45		\$12
ELVIS COSTELLO, My Funny Valentine (red wax-DJ)		\$10
ARNOLD CORNS, Moonage Daydream & 2*		\$4
PSYCHEDELIC UNKNOWNNS, Vol. 3		\$3.50
STRANGLERS, All Quiet (In Swedish)		\$12
ROLLING STONES, Disco Poker EP (It.)—\$8; Respectable (Spain) PS		\$6
dBs (w/CHRIS STAMEY), Black & White PS		\$2
MOVING SIDEWALKS, Need Me & 3, Moxie		\$3
EASYBEATS, Mean Old Lovin' & 4, PS		\$8.98
MISSING LINKS, PURPLE HEARTS (Aust.), PS		\$7.98 each
THROB/WILD CHERRIES; RAY BROWN & the WHISPERS, Aust. PS	\$7.00 ea.	
ROLLING STONES/BEACH BOYS, Interview 45		\$15
DAVID BOWIE/BOB DYLAN, Interview 45		\$15
ROTTERS, Sit on My Face Stevie Nicks		\$5
KINKS/REX SMITH, Interview 45		\$10
BLONDIE/JA WARNES, BADFINGER/MANCINI, Interview 45s		\$12 each
BEACH BOYS, Pamela Jean & 3 PS		\$3
RICHARD HELL, Don't Die & 3 (featuring TOM VERLAINE) PS		\$3
BEATLES, Souvenir of America, VJ EP Pic Disc		\$15
K. RICHARD & CO., Let It Rock/Exile Blues		\$4
BEATLES, Long and Winding Road/KFWB		\$3
PETER HOLSAPPLE, Big Black Truck; CHRIS BELL, I Am the Cosmos		\$2.25 ea.
THE WICKED, Spider & the Fly (LENNY KAYE/PALEY)		\$2.25
CHRIS STAMEY, Thought You'd Like to Know; Summer Sun		\$2.25 each
ZAPPA (NED & NELDA/BABY RAY & FERNS), Hey Nelda & 3 EP		\$3
V.A., Moxie Punk Sampler Vols. 1 & 2		\$3 each
DAVID BOWIE, Starman & 3 EP PS (Portugal)		\$7.98
DAVID BOWIE, Boys Keep Swingin' (Portugal) PS	\$7; D.J. (Fr. PS)	\$6
ROCKING HORSE, Biggest Gossip in Town		\$2
TEX RUBINOWITZ, Hot Rod Man; Bad Boy PS (Ripsaw)		\$2 each
BILLY HANCOCK, Rootie Tootie; Boogie Disease		\$2 each
FLESHTONES, American Beat PS		\$2
SON OF ADAM, Feathered Fish & 5 EP		\$3
ROBERT FRIPP, Silent Night (red flexi)		\$10
DAVID BOWIE, Prettiest Star & 3		\$3
V.A., Moxie Surf EPs, Vols. 1 & 2		\$3 each
STOOGES, T.V. Eye, live		\$4

LPs (RARE AND IMPORT):

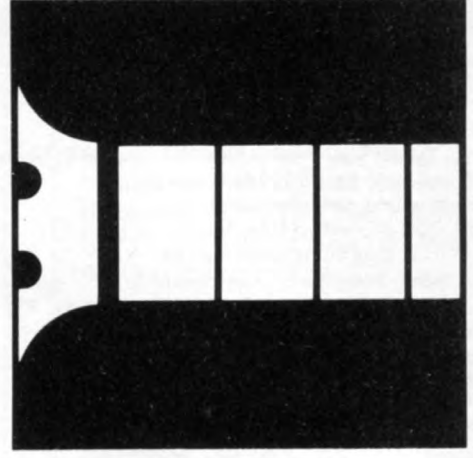
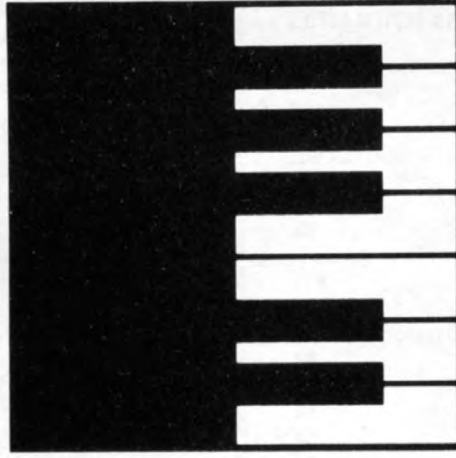
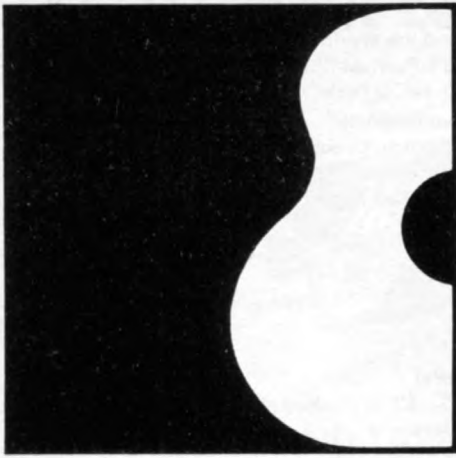
BEE GEES, Birth of Brilliance	\$25
YARDBIRDS, 2 (w/Paff Bum), Rave Up	\$9
ROY LONEY, Return to Senders, DJ 12"	\$7.98
GRAHAM PARKER, Mercury Poisoning 12" (orig.)	\$25
YARDBIRDS, My Beck Pages (rare)	\$25
V.A., inc. CLASH/DURY Alternatives (DJ only)	\$10
V.A., So You Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star, Australian;	
2-LP comps. Vol. 1 & 2 \$25 ea.	
MUSIC MACHINE, Turn On	\$15
ROY LONEY, Out After Dark	\$5.98
BARBARIANS, Are You a Boy	\$5.98
IVEYS, Maybe Tomorrow	\$11
CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND*, One Step Beyond	\$10

TELEVISION, Arrow (Live-M.F. Place)	\$10
SHADOWS OF KNIGHT, Gloria	\$10
KINKS, Low Budget—DJ only, Interview LP	\$25
ALEX CHILTON, Like Flies on Sherbet	\$8.98
BEACH BOYS, Smile, cover slick	\$8 front, \$15 back, \$20 pair
WHO, Arenas de Fresus, 3 LP, Italy	\$45
RAMONES, Rock Around the World	\$15
RY COODER, NYON Folk Festival (Italy)	\$20
JOHN CALE, LOU REED, NICO Paris '72 (limited import)	\$25
PETER GABRIEL, Geneva (Import)	\$20
GENE CLARK/V.A., American Dreamer ST	\$10
DAVID JOHANSEN, Live (Orig.)	\$25
ROBERT WYATT, (re-imp.) End of an Ear (It.)	\$25
COPPERHEAD, Live '78 (It.)	\$25
STONEGROUND, On Stage (It.)	\$25
BYRDS, Older than Yesterday (2 LPs)	\$25
LENE LOVICH, Interview LP; IAN GOMM—"Talks"—DJs	\$25 each
PEBBLES, Vols. 1-4	\$7.98 each
FUSE	\$12
RATTLES, Star Club (2 LPs)	\$25
SNEAKERS, (first EP) PS—\$3; In the Red (12")	\$5
BEATLES, Here's to Veterans	\$9
BEAU BRUMMELS, Live '75 (It.)	\$25
PATTI SMITH, Free Music Store (Italy)	\$20
BJORN & BENNY, Lycka (Swed.)	\$16.98
AGNETHA FALTSKOG, Som Ja Ar (w. S.O.S.)	\$16.98
AGNETHA FALTSKOG, Vol. 2, Elva Kuindor Ett Hus	\$16.98 each
ANNIFRID LYGSTAD, same, Frida Ensam, Min Egan Stad	\$16.98
JAN & DEAN, Studio Outtakes	\$12
DAVID WERNER, Live WBCN, DJ only	\$15
FIRE ESCAPE, Psychotic Reaction	\$9
RUNDGREN/PATTI SMITH, Interview (DJ)	\$30
STONES (w/BECK), Reggae & Roll	\$22
CRAWDADDYS, Crawdad Express WEIRDOS, Who, What...	\$5 each
LAST, L.A. Explosion	\$5.98
V.A., (FOWLEY, etc.) Vampires from Outer Space	\$5.98
V.A. (LITTER, etc.) Gathering at the Depot	\$25
DIRE STRAITS, Road to Philadelphia (It.)	\$20
TELEVISION (ENO demos) US press	\$12
V.A., City Lights (inc. J. Cippolina)	\$5.98
IGGY, Knocking Em Down & 3 (12" DJ only)	\$8
STONES, Have Mercy & 4 (BBC '65-12")	\$10; Sucker Blues (12")
CHUCK BERRY, American's Hottest Wax	\$7.50
DIRE STRAITS, Sultans (unrel. version!) (12")	\$20
BJORN, BENNY, ANNA & F, Ring Ring	\$25
ZAPPA, Dancing Fool PS (Ger.) (12")	\$9.98
BUZZCOCKS, I Am the Amazing (clear) (12")	\$8.98
V.A., Boulders Vol. 1 (Moxie's first LP—a la PEBBLES!)	\$7.50
TERRY & PIRATES (Cippolina), Too Close for Comfort	\$10.98
THE FAMILY WAY, Soundtrack	\$10
ROY LONEY, Phantom Tracks	\$4.98
GRAHAM PARKER, Live Sparks (Live DJ)	\$40
PEBBLES, Vols. 5&6 (British R&B etc.)	\$7.50 each
PEBBLES, Vols. 7&8 (punk/psychers)	\$7.50 each
HONEYES, The Definitive LP	\$35
BILLY SYNTH, Off the Deep End (300 made!)	\$7
TOMS, same (Like E. Rhodes/Badfinger)	\$5.98
FLY BOYS, Home Track Mind	\$4
AVENGERS, American in Me & 3	\$4
CHRIS DARROW, A Southern California Drive (Italy)	\$10.98
MINK DEVILLE, Le Chat Bleu (Dutch)	\$10.98
ZAKARY THANKS, A Texas Band	\$7.50
LOVE, Best of	\$6.98
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, Medley-Devil, DJ 12"	\$30
V.A. (inc. J. Lennon interview), History of Syracuse Music, Vols. 8&9	\$20
CHEAP TRICK, From Budokan to You (DJ)	\$15
V.A. No Experience Necessary (New Orleans punk)	\$5.98
HENDRIX, Stay Groovy, Free (Danish book)	\$5
BLONDIE, Heart of Gold, gold satin tour jacket	\$80
WHO, Ready Steady WHO: Good Lovin' & 4 (BBC '65) 12"	\$10 each
DAVID BOWIE, 1980 (DJ only LP)	\$25
CARS, Live (2 LP promo)	\$13.98
MOVIE POSTER BOOK	\$4
EDMUNDS/LOWE Flasher badge; CLASH I Want Control badge	\$3 each
IGGY, Soldier-color mock-up poster	\$5

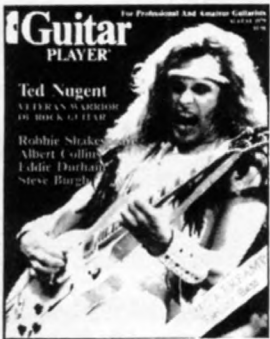
Minimum order \$6. Payment by mo/draft/check (allow clearance)/IMO. NY State residents add 6% sales tax; NYC residents must add 8%. Post-age: \$2 per order (U.S.). **Overseas:** \$3 per LP via air; for 45s, \$2 for first and .75 each additional. **Canada:** \$3 per order (surface).

Want Lists welcome, accepted and processed with SSAE only!

Attn. stores and dealers: Inquire about special wholesale offerings!
"Free Ed Chapero"



Musicians speaking to musicians



Guitar Player

All electric, all business. Tips, solos, interviews, new records,

latest equipment. A Who's Who of monthly columnists—Larry Coryell, Lee Ritenour, Howard Roberts, and others. All styles from rock to jazz to classical to folk to blues.



Contemporary Keyboard

Electric piano, synthesizer, organ, piano. Monthly

writers such as Bob Moog, ex-Santana's Tom Coster, jazz authority Leonard Feather, and more. Plus interviews, new products, how-to highlights, books, LP's, electronics.



Frets

The acoustic side. Guitar, banjo, mandolin, dulcimer, violin, bass.

All styles and all levels. With such columnists as Bill Keith, David Grisman, Happy Traum, Dan Crary, Ron Carter. Also construction tips, playing hints, reviews of products and records.

If you're a musician who wants to keep in touch with other musicians, subscribe now. *Just \$18 per year. TROUSER PRESS SPECIAL: Any two only \$30 (save \$6!); all three just \$45 (save \$9!).* Send your payment now, or charge it by calling Toll-Free 800-821-7700, Ext. 805 to charge to your Master Charge or Visa.

One fine deal. I'm a musician, and I'm interested. Here's my check or money order for \$_____.

Guitar Player Contemporary Keyboard Frets
(\$18. Any two just \$30. all three only \$45.)

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

GPI Publications, Subscription Dept. 4444, P.O. Box 28836, San Diego, CA 92127. Allow 6-9 weeks for shipment of 1st copy.

AMERICA UNDERGROUND

By Tim Sommer

The Nuns: "World War III" b/w "Cock in My Pocket"—Rosco Records 4166. West Coast headbangers overdrive through two relatively explosive live sides. Hard, steaming fast 'n' loud that doesn't rely on Anglo clichés. "Cock in My Pocket" is the legendary Iggy tune; not to knock Ig, but the Dead Kennedy-ish "World War III" is a better song. Recording itself is a bit murky, but that doesn't detract—just play it real loud like the label sez. These sides fit nicely with the Misfits 45s reviewed last issue, but the Nuns are far less nostalgic. Only criticisms: inappropriate organ, and both of these sides, though great, seem like live B-sides to an A-side that's not here. Chords, chords, chords! (\$3.00 postpaid to: Rosco Records, 51 E. 42nd Street, Room 517, New York, NY 10017.)

Stiv Bators: "Not That Way Anymore" b/w "Circumstantial Evidence"—Bomp X=128. The Anglo posings of this ex-member of the third-generation nation wear a little thin here; this pleasant jolt of Brit-pop is perhaps unnecessary after Stiv's last 45, the fine "It's Cold Outside." Another great hyper-radio tune, and 25 silver dollars to the super drummer, who has (wisely) been mixed louder than the guitars. The scarcity of worthwhile powerpop in this column

makes me sympathetic to Stiv, but another disc with this same formula (energetic and hummable though it is) will be too much.

Tin Huey: "English Kids" b/w "Sister Rose"—Clone Records CL011. Stiv ain't the only one who's been spending a lot of time at the import record shop. Though it starts a bit slow, "English Kids" soon explodes into well-put-together Akron mod of the first order. Nifty Chords/Jam hooks are so irresistible that you might miss the lyrics about a "rock 'n' roll band come across the ocean to play for us...they know more about me than me!" "Sister Rose" is strictly B-side material, but "English Kids" is a lovable tribute and Chris Butler has said it pretty well. (Clone Records, PO Box 6014, Akron, OH 44312.)

The Offs: "Everyone's A Bigot" b/w "O°"—415 Records; "Johnny Too Bad" b/w "624803" (no label information). On the basis of these two 45s, one ("Johnny") a couple of years old and the other relatively new, San Francisco's Offs make the most convincing Britishers of the lot. Both A-sides are tough, gritty and loud reggae-rockers reminiscent of the Members and the Ruts; convincing down to the accents. Flips are equally energetic and appealing, particularly "O° (Zero Degrees)," on which Members similarities are even more evident. Definitely worth hearing more from. (415 Records, 596 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.)

Curtiss A: "I Don't Wanna Be President" b/w "Land of the Free"—Twin/Tone Records TTR7912. An on-target aural blitzkrieg with Chris Osgood and Dave Ahl from the late Suicide Commandos: riffs and beats fly all over the place, but it's all held together just enough to be cohesive. *Real* sharp guitar work cuts and slices through your speakers like the vegomatic that doesn't exist. Curtiss A.'s amphetamine vocal imparts a Slade feel. Both songs, particularly "Land of the Free," are clever and stand up to repeated listenings. Sounds like there are about 35 guitars per side. Neat neat neat! (Try sending \$2.00 to Twin/Tone Records, 445 Oliver Avenue S., Minneapolis, MN 55405.)

Los Microwaves: "Radio Heart" b/w "Coast to Coast"—Soundchaser Music. A carousel organ swirls around driving drums in an almost danceable beat. Quick, fast shouts and weird, original, intense music. Hard listening, but well worth the effort. Los Microwaves tread the fine line between rhythm and melody, noise and music, too much and just enough. If this high level of ingenuity can be maintained, they could be an extremely intriguing band.

Boogabilly Rock

Tex Rubinowitz: "Hot Rod Man" b/w "Ain't It Wrong"—Ripsaw Records 214.

TUXEDOMOON — SNAKEFINGER

RALPH RECORDS



ABSOLUTELY FREE!

A FOR ONE DOLLAR
PSEUDO BIG TIME RECORD DEAL

If you are one of those people who have a taste for Pop Music with a twist of lemon rather than Mid-American sugar, we have a real deal for you.

You fill out the coupon below, attach it to a dollar bill, and mail it to Ralph Records. In exchange we will send you:

1. The 1980 Ralph Records Sampler Record featuring cuts by **The Residents, Snakefinger, Tuxedomoon, and MX-80 Sound**. Beautifully packaged, this record alone should be a part of any knowledgeable collection.
2. The Ralph Records Spring 1980 Catalog to prove that the above sampler is but the tip of an iceberg.
3. And finally, a coupon good for \$1.00 off your first purchase.

The supply of Sampler records is limited so get your order in NOW!! Valid in USA only. One per customer, please.

Almost Free
Ralph Records
444 Grove Street
San Francisco CA 94102

Dear Record Company:
I have enclosed \$1.00 and written my name & address so that even an idiot can read it.

Name _____
Address _____

DEALERS/WHOLESALEERS — CALL OR WRITE FOR OUR AMAZING PRICES.

MX-80 SOUND — THE RESIDENTS

Billy Hancock: "The Boogie Disease" b/w "Knock-Kneed Nellie"—Ripsaw Records 213. Two smooth, hot and original rockabilly sides. Tex recreates a Sun/Warren Smith sound while still maintaining a contemporary feel. No nostalgia here, just great picking and an effective mix of acoustic and electric guitars. I prefer the steaming raunchiness of Charlie Burton and Rock Therapy (reviewed last issue), but this disc is well worth shaking and bopping to. Hancock, who plays on and co-produced the Rubino-witz 45, goes for a more traditional feel on his own record, especially the slower "Knock-Kneed Nellie." Rockabilly aficionados should take note of Ripsaw; there's some red hot stuff coming out of Easton, Pennsylvania. (\$2.25 each from Ripsaw Records, 121 N. 4th, Easton, PA 18042.)

The Pack: "Cadillac Joe" b/w "Run Chicken Run"—Slash Records 5860. These are the renamed Raymen, who used to back Link Wray ages ago. The A-side is innocuous boogie with silly lyrics and clever guitar tricks. The real grabber here is (Link's own) "Run Chicken Run," in which Jack Van Horn's six strings burn up before your ears. Guitar instrumental fans should run, not walk to get this. (Slash Records, PO Box 2509, Falls Church, VA 22042.)

This Is Art

Art: The Only Record in the World EP—The Only Label in the World EP-001. Though it's not so obvious on this EP, Art (the band) is something New York's local band scene desperately needs: a Bonzo Dog Band for the '80s, savagely parodying and taking the piss

out of musical trends. They contain two singers, one fittingly talentless guitarist, a metronome and a sign language translator (!) and aren't so much a rock band as a cabaret ensemble; their performances resemble an intimate theatre group. Mykel Board, who looks like Iggy Pop as NYU Med student, contorts himself onstage while shouting the anthemic "Ugly People with Fancy Hairdos (We're All Boat People)" on one side of the EP. Turn the record over and you get a bizarre but workable gimmick: two different songs on each channel of the stereo mix, including a spot-on parody of "Rock Lobster" ("Somebody asked me for a safety pin and it was a rock/But it wasn't a rock/It was a rock trendy!"). Some to-be-expected amateurishness keeps **The Only Record...** from being totally satisfying, but it's a pretty good representation of Art, one of the more intelligent and unique bands on the NY scene. Produced by Tin Huey's Chris Butler. (\$3.00 from Venus Records, PO Box 166, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003.)

This Might Be Art

A lot of new music employs jerky rhythms, barely melodic chants and shouts, pounding bass/drums and bizarre instrumentation—a sort of compromised anti-pop, compared to the total anti-pop of Britain's This Heat or Pop Group. The B-52's, though more accessible than most, have spearheaded and influenced this movement, as have Talking Heads and XTC (in less melodic moments). A superior example of the genre (such as Los Microwaves, *q.v.*) rivets the listener's attention and demands a strong com-

mitment between ear and speaker. Here are a few recent 45s that fit roughly into this vague category.

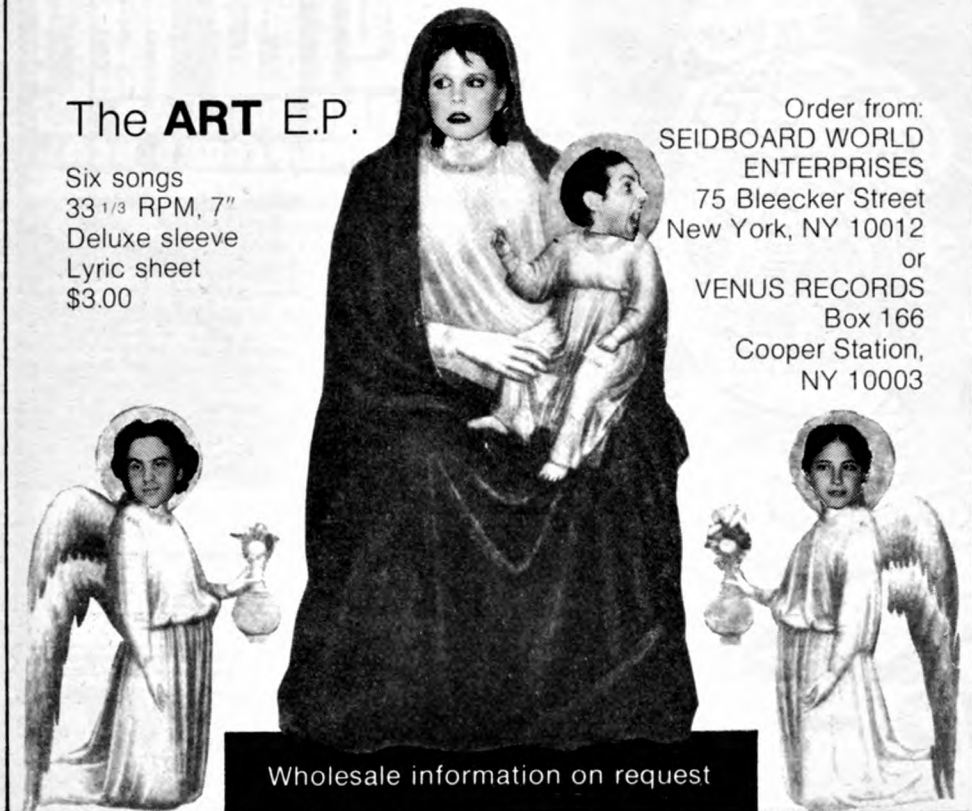
The most impressive of this month's bunch (Los Microwaves excluded) are the **Rhythm Method**, who include ex-Sharks bassist Busta Cherry Jones. Both sides of "Alligators Have Fun" b/w "Rockin' Shack" (Rhythm Records 999) are over five minutes long, and "Alligators" never varies from one droning chord. It's primitive stuff: howls, shrieks and all manner of instruments and non-instruments flying in and around a pounding rhythm section. This hard meca-nik-dance music is just the thing to catch on at rock discos. (Rhythm Records, c/o Richard Forlenza, 249 W. 26th St., #5-C, New York, NY 10001.) **Pylon** hails from the same hometown as the B-52's; their "Cool" b/w "Dub" on Caution Records is well worth noting. Pylon uses more guitars in the trad sense than their better-known neighbors, but the pounding rhythms are still present, along with a sinister tunelessness. "Cool" in particular is an intelligent and well constructed song. Ace production. (Caution Records, 432 Moreland Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30307.) **US Ape** wears its Television/Talking Heads influence well on their debut disc, "Ignorance is Bliss" b/w "The Way We Are" and "All Washed Up" (USAPE Records USAA)—perhaps too well. "Ignorance" is nice, upbeat and punchy with a great hook; Tom Goodkind's vocal, however, isn't quite satisfying. "The Way We Are" deteriorates into a mediocre tune; ditto for the third tune on the disc. USApe shows some potential here, there are some truly neat and curious songwriting tricks, but the cards could fall

THE ONLY RECORD IN THE WORLD BY THE ONLY BAND IN THE WORLD

The ART E.P.

Six songs
33 1/3 RPM, 7"
Deluxe sleeve
Lyric sheet
\$3.00

Order from:
SEIDBOARD WORLD
ENTERPRISES
75 Bleecker Street
New York, NY 10012
or
VENUS RECORDS
Box 166
Cooper Station,
NY 10003



Wholesale information on request

Zig Zag Records
2301 Avenue U
Corner of E. 23 St.
Bkln., NY 11229
(212) 648-5115

For the best in:

Import 45s

Import LPs

Rare 45s

Rare rock & jazz LPs

Current LPs & 45s

Used LPs

Cut-outs

Collectors' items

KINKS Interview LP w/Ray Davies
\$25.00 plus \$2.00 postage

Open Sunday

Reasonable prices

New & used LPs and 45s

Bought—Sold—Trade

**Zig Zag's new second
store is now open in**

**Manhattan at
1733 First Ave.**

(at 89th St.)

either way. (No direct mail order, but USApe claims wide distribution; look around for the record.) The **Static** is led by Glen Branca, who also heads up the Theoretical Girls. Their new single, "My Relationship" b/w "Don't Let Me Stop You" (Theoretical Records TRO2), is noisy stuff; it comes as no surprise that it was produced by Mark Bingham, who also produced the new MX-80 single for Ralph Records. "My Relationship" consists of those two words yodeled over a churning, nightmarish white noise. Residents devotees might be amused. (\$2.55 from Theoretical Records, PO Box 468, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013.)

Enough of Being Serious

David Roter Band: "I Think I Slept with Jackie Kennedy Last Night" b/w "He's A Rabbi"—Unknown Tongue Records DR 101. It isn't quite rock 'n' roll, but the lyrics are every bit as good as the titles and worth a couple of spins (if you're not offended by either the subject matter or Roter's off-key voice). "She was looking really nifty/You'd never guess she was pushing 50," Roter tells us of last night's pick-up at the bar. "I mean, I think it was her...it could've been Jacqueline Bisset...it could've been Princess Lee Radziwill..." On the other side, Roter plucks his heartstrings over his Rabbi, who made him "the happiest girl in Hebrew school" (?). (Unknown Tongue Records, Inc., 202 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10025.)

Barnes and Barnes: "Something in the Bag" b/w "Boogie Woogie Amputee"—Lumania Records. This second 45 from the fellows who gave us the demented "Fish Heads"

sounds suspiciously like Cheech and Chong doing Gary Numan impersonations. "Something" is a mini-horror flick, a three-minute creature-feature backed by drum machine and demonic synthesizer riff (and on blue vinyl to boot). More serious and ambitious than I would've expected, particularly if I had listened to the other side first; "Boogie Woogie Amputee" is an unfunny and silly song that you can bet Demento fans will chuckle over. (\$2.50 from Barnes & Barnes, PO Box 67215, Los Angeles, CA 90067.)

Pits and Bieces

Seattle's **The Enemy** have a 45: "I Need An Enemy" b/w "Want Me" on King Tut Records. To quote from their bio: "Punk? Sure, we're punk...We push limits, we go out on limbs, we try things. We're unique and contemporary. We work the leading edge." 'Nuff said? (\$2.00 from RHA, 1305 Third Ave., Seattle, WA 98101.)... "They Call Me Mister Moderation" is an EP from mystery artist **Mister Moderation** on Ameliorated Records, a new project from the good and wacky folks who used to bring us *Living in Paradise* magazine. It contains a couple of good Britpop songs with unusually clever and amusing lyrics, and one truly heart-wrenching ballad, "Room at the Bottom." Nice 'n' sleazy pic sleeve. (\$2.00, including postage from 241-08 140th Ave., Rosedale, NY 11422.)...The **Shane Champagne Band** from Boston have released a 45 of "Stepped On" b/w "Love My Baby Like a Car" on Pure and Easy Records. "Stepped On" is moderately catchy mainstream American pop 'n' roll, nothing too special. I prefer the

(Bolan sentiments?)...**Gary Wilson's** new "Forgotten Lovers" EP (MCM Music 911050) is a bit of a disappointment, featuring clichéd, almost MORish pop filtered through synthesizer arrangements that alternately sound sopy and progressive. There are some good songs, like "Debbie Knows," but Wilson's modus operandi almost prevents them from taking off. (\$5.00 from Gary Wilson, 204 Bermond Ave., Endicott, NY 13760.)...There are two new solo singles from members of St. Louis' **Symptoms**, who recently backed Steve Forbert. **J. Wunderle**, who sang briefly for NY's Marbles, has an EP, "Pushin' Too Hard" (Ayatollah Records PSHA 0001). It includes that song and a few other covers: alright and not terribly interesting. (Ayatollah Records, 2936-A E. Sunshine, Springfield, MO.) The other Symptom is **Bobby Lloyd**; "Gas Money" (Borrowed Records BORO 4501) updates the Jam and Arnie oldie to reflect current market values. Johnny Otis's "Crazy Country Hop," the B-side, is a good Bo Diddley-type bopper. (Borrowed Records, 2820 West State, Springfield, MO 65802.)



NOTE: Unless you aspiring idols don't care about selling your records, please include complete address and price information when sending them in to this column. ■



THE ALBUM



send check
or money order
for \$5.98ppd.
to **FOOLS FACE**
P.O. BOX 4406
springfield mo.
65804

FOOLS FACE/ HERE TO OBSERVE
... far more diverse and invigorating than much of
the product turned out by the big boys.
— Jon Young T. P.

"A Thoroughly Absorbing Listening Experience.

(Kvaran is) Definitely a Singer to Monitor"

— NEW YORK ROCKER

Ragnar Kvaran
Group

PHOTO: ERIC MUNCH



'ECCENTRIC,
ARRESTING,
ROCK & ROLL'
— DETROIT FREE PRESS

DEBUT SINGLE "FRENCH VANILLA/IT'S ALL DIFFERENT NOW" ---\$2.00/ FOUR SONG EP "DESPERATE CHARACTERS" --\$2.25 (BOTH \$4.00)/ STIGMATA RECORDS 1101 POMONA ANN ARBOR MI. 48103

the Grubbies



"The Grubbies are the band that will get us through the 80s."

- *Rollin' Drone Magazine*

"They are fucking fantastic!"

- *Cream Magazine*

"Mr. Grubbie's marvelous EP will hold a place in the anals of rock n' roll."

- *The New York Thymes*

"The Grubbies are better than Cheap Trick!"

- *Trouser Papers*

"The perfect combination of both the old and new wave."

- *Imagination Magazine*

This EP is dedicated to Nastassja Kinski, living proof that a "10" does exist.

Our First
EP
featuring:
YOU'RE MINE
LANE ENDS
FOR TONIGHT
NASTASSJA
Available
Now!
only \$3.00

Send check or money order to The Grubbies, Box 2715, Waterbury, CT 06720

Singles—All Mint, Import/Domestic—\$3.00

Talking Heads, I Zimbra/Paper
 XTC, Wait till Your Boat Goes Down/Ten Feet Tall
 Members, Romance/The Ballad of John and Martin
 Holly & the Italians, Tell That Girl to Shut Up/Chapel
 of Love
 Wings, Mull of Kintyre/Girls' School*
 Wings, Give Ireland Back to the Irish/(version)*
 Snakefinger, The Model/Talkin' in the Town
 Tuxedomoon, What Use?/Crash
 MX 80 Sound, Someday You'll Be King/White Night
 Philip Lynott, Dear Miss Lonely Hearts/Solo in Soho
 Tin Huey, English Kids/Sister Rose
 Siouxsie & the Banshees, Happy House/Drop Dead/
 Celebration
 Tubeway Army, Are 'Friends' Electric/We Are So Fragile
 Magazine, Thank You (Falettnim Be Mice Elf Agin)/
 The Book
 Records, Rock & Roll Love Letter/Wives and Mothers of
 Tomorrow
 The Blessed (featuring Walter Lure), Deep Frenzy/Ameri-
 can Bandstand
 Any Trouble (Stiff BUY 74), Yesterday's Love/Nice Girls*
 G.T.'s (BUY 60), Boys Have Feelings Too/Be Careful
 Dirty Looks (BUY 66), Lie to Me/Rosario's Ashes
 Rachel Sweet, Fool's Gold/I've Got a Reason (BUY 67)
 Rachel Sweet (BUY 55), Baby Let's Play House/(live)
 Wildwood Saloon*
 Wreckless Eric (BUY 64), A Popsong/Reconnex Cherie
 Blondie, Atomic/Die Young Stay Pretty
 Bodysnatchers, Let's Do Rock Steady/Ruder than You
 (TwoTone)*
 David Bowie, Alabama Song/Space Oddity (new version)
 Comateens, Cool Chick/Danger Zone
 Cowboys International, Today Today/Fixation
 The Cure, Boys Don't Cry/Plastic Passion*
 dB's, Black and White/Soul Kiss (pts. 1 & 2)
 Dave Edmunds, Girls Talk/Bad is Bad*
 Fastball, R.S.V.P./What's It to You
 Bryan Ferry, Tokyo Joe/She's Leaving Home*
 Bryan Ferry, Sign of the Times/Four Letter Love*
 Kinks, Father Christmas/Prince of the Punks
 M, Moderne Man/Satisfy Your Lust
 Magazine, A Song from Under the Floorboards/Twenty
 Years Ago
 Bob Marley and the Wailers, So Much Trouble in the
 World (vocal)/(Instrumental)
 Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Red Frame-White
 Light/I Betray My Friends
 Only Ones, Another Girl, Another Planet/As My Wife
 Says*
 Shirts, Out on the Ropes/Maybe, Maybe Not
 Stiff Little Fingers, At the Edge/(live) Running Bear/(live)
 White Christmas
 TV Toy, (Don't Blame It on the) Weekend/Young
 Men/String
 Vibrators, Gimme Some Lovin'/Power Cry
 Richard Hell & the Voidoids, "Don't Die"/Time b/w
 Neon Boys (Hell and Verlaine, pre-Television), That's
 All I Know/Love Comes in Spurts
 Jam, Eton Rifles/See-Saw*
 Pretenders, Brass in Pocket/Swinging London/Nervous
 But Shy
 Distractions, Time Goes By So Slow/Tears on My Pillow
 Stiff Little Fingers, Straw Dogs/You Can't Say Crap on
 the Radio
 Joan Jett, You Don't Own Me/I Love Rock 'n' Roll (pro-
 duced by ex-Pistols Cook and Jones)
 999, Found Out Too Late/Lie Lie Lie
 Lene Lovich, Bird Song/Trix
 Feolies, Fa Ce La/Raise Eyebrows
 Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Electricity/Almost
 Wire, Map Reference 41N, 93W/Go Ahead
 Wire, A Question of Degree/Former Airline
 Police, Walking on the Moon/Visions of the Night
 Police, Message in a Bottle/Landlord (live, US poster
 sleeve)
 Joy Division, Transmission/Novelty
 Split Enz, I See Red/Give It a Whirl/Hermit McDermitt
 Dave Edmunds, Crawlin' from the Wreckage/As Lov-
 ers Do
 Gary Numan, Complex/(live) Bombers
 Gary Numan, Cars/Asylum
 Tubeway Army, Down in the Park/Do You Need the
 Service?
 Greedies, A Merry Jingle/A Merry Jangle (with Phil Ly-
 nott, ex-Pistols Cook and Jones)
 Madness, One Step Beyond/Mistakes
 Madness, My Girl/Stepping into Line
 Pointed Sticks, Out of Luck & 2 (Stiff, produced by
 Brinsley Schwarz)
 Motels, Closets and Bullets/Kix
 Blondie, Sunday Girl (French/English)*
 Blondie, Union City Blue/Living in the Real World
 Bowie, Do Anything You Say & 3 EP*
 Bowie, Boys Keep Swinging/Fantastic Voyage*
 Joe Jackson, One More Time/Don't Ask Me
 Joe Jackson, I'm the Man/Come On
 Davy Jones & the King Bees, Liza Jane (Bowie)*
 Kinks, Moving Pictures/In a Space
 Kinks, Superman/Low Budget*
 Nick Lowe, Crackin' Up/Basing Street

THE GOLDEN DISC

239 Bleecker St., NYC, NY 10014
 (212) 255-7899

"All Previous Ads Void"

MAIL ORDER ONLY!

All have picture sleeves
 unless marked with an *.

Nick Lowe, American Squirm/Peace, Love and Under-
 standing (with Costello)
 Nick Lowe, I Love the Sound of Breaking Glass/They
 Called It Rock*
 Pretenders, Stop Your Sobbing/The Wait
 Elvis Costello, Pump It Up/Big Tears*
 Elvis Costello, Radio Radio/Tiny Steps
 Elvis Costello, Can't Stand Up for Falling Down/Girls Talk
 Only Ones, Trouble in the World/Your Chosen Life
 Rattlers, On the Beach (vocal by Joey Ramone)/Livin'
 Alone
 Selecter, Three-Minute Hero/James Bond*
 Silicon Teens, Judy in Disguise/Chip 'n' Roll
 Psychedelic Furs, We Love You/Pulse
 The Pop Group, We Are All Prostitutes/Our Children
 Shall Rise Up Against Us
 John Foxx, Underpass/Film 1
 Mo-dettes, White Mice/Masochistic Opposite
 Lene Lovich, Angels/The Fly
 Sex Beatles, Well You Never.../Fatal Fascination
 Adverts, No Time to Be 21/New Day Dawning
 The Beat (TwoTone), Tears of a Clown/Ranking Full Stop
 The Beat, Hands Off...She's Mine/Twist and Crawl
 Clash, Complete Control/The City of the Dead
 Clash, London Calling/Armageddon Time*
 Clash, Remote Control/(live) London's Burning
 Clash, English Civil War/Pressure Drop
 Devo, Come Back Jonee/Social Fools (grey vinyl, B-side
 produced by Brian Eno)
 Eddie and the Hot Rods, I Might Be Lying/Ignore Them
 (Always Crashing in the Same Bar)*
 Ian Hunter, England Rocks/Wild 'n' Free*
 Jags, Woman's World/Dumb Blonde
 Greg Lake, I Believe in Father Christmas/Humburg*
 Little Nell, Fever/See You 'Round Like a Record
 Pearl Harbor & the Explosions, Drivin'/Release It (orig.
 version)
 The Pop, Shakeaway/Falling for Carmen
 Roxy Music, Trash/Trash 2
 Sex Pistols, C'mon Everybody/God Save the Queen Sym-
 phony/Whatcha Gonna Do About It
 Sex Pistols, Pretty Vacant/No Fun
 Sex Pistols, Holidays in the Sun/Satellite
 Siouxsie & the Banshees, The Staircase (Mystery)/20th
 Century Boy
 Siouxsie & the Banshees, Mittagessen/Love in a Void
 Patti Smith, Frederick/Fire of Unknown Origin
 Patti Smith, Because the Night/Godspeed
 Stranglers, Duchess/Fools Rush Out
 Stranglers, 5 Minutes/Rok It to the Moon
 SVT, Heart of Stone/The Last Word
 Records, Starry Eyes/Paint Her Face
 Undertones, Here Comes the Summer/One Way Love/
 Top Twenty*
 Undertones, Jimmy Jimmy/Mars Bar*
 Richard Hell & the Voidoids, The Kid with the Replace-
 able Head/I'm Your Man (produced by Nick Lowe)
 Wayne County & the Electric Chairs, Blatantly Offens-
 ive EP
 X-Ray Spex, The Day the World Turned Day-Glo/I Am
 a Poseur
 Johnny Allan, Promised Land/One Heart One Song (Pete
 Fowler) (Oval-Stiff LOT 1)
 Jane Aire & the Belvederes, Yankee Wheels/Nasty Nice
 (Stiff BUY 26)
 Ian Dury & the Blockheads, What a Waste/Wake Up!
 (buy 27)
 Ernie Graham, Romeo/Only Time Will Tell (OFF 1)
 Lew Lewis, Lucky Seven/Night Talk (BEW 1)
 Lew Lewis, Win or Lose/Photo-Finish (BUY 48)
 Kirsty MacColl, They Don't Know/Turn My Motor On
 (BUY 47)
 Wazmo Nariz, Tele-Tele-Telephone/Wacker Drive (BUY
 33)
 Rumour, Frozen Years/All Fal Down (BUY 43)
 Rumour, Emotional Traffic/Hard Enough to Show (BUY
 45)
 Rachel Sweet, I Go to Pieces/Who Does Lisa Like
 (BUY 44)
 Wreckless Eric, Crying, Waiting, Hoping/I Wish It
 Would Rain (BUY 40)
 Wreckless Eric, Reconnez Cherie/Rags and Tatters (BUY
 25)
 Graham Parker, Protection/I Want You Back (Alive)*
 Suzy & the Red Stripes, Seaside Woman/B-side to Sea-
 side (yellow vinyl, produced by Paul McCartney)
 Bob Dylan, Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis
 Blues Again (live)/Rita May*
 Pete Townshend, Rough Boys/And I Moved*

12-Inch Singles & EP's (\$4.98 unless indicated)

The Beat, Hands Off...She's Mine/Twist and Crawl (long-
 er versions)
 Madness, My Girl/In the Rain/Stepping into Line
 M, Moonlight and Muzak/Woman Make Man
 David Bowie, John I'm Only Dancing (Again) (1975 ver-
 sion/1972 version)
 4 Be 2, One of the Lads (dub)/Umbaba/One of the
 Lads (vocal)
 Pink Military, Spell Bound/Blood and Lipstick/Crown
 Town/I Cry
 Red Crayola, Micro-Chips and Fish/The Story So Far
 Distractions, You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That
 EP (4 tracks)
 Material, Temporary Music 1
 Blondie, Atomic/Die Young Stay Pretty/(live) Heroes
 Patti Smith, Gloria/(live) My Generation
 Patti Smith, Hey Joe/(live) Radio Ethiopia (\$6.98)
 Scritti Politti, P.A.s./Confidence/Doubt Beat/Bibby O Tek
 Love of Life Orchestra, Extended Niceties/Reprise/Be-
 ginning of the Heartbreak/Don't Don't (featuring Ernie
 Brooks, David Byrne) \$3.98
 Cramps, Gravest Hits, Human Fly/Domino/The Way I
 Walk/Surfin' Bird/Lonesome Town
 James White & the Blacks, Contort Yourself/(Tropical)
 Heat Wave
 Bram Tchaikovsky, Lullaby of Broadway/Rock 'n' Roll
 Cabaret/Who Wants to Be a Criminal
 Clash, London Calling/Armageddon Time/Armageddon
 Time (version)
 David Johansen, Swaheto Woman (longer version)/She
 Knew She Was Falling in Love
 Elvis Costello, High Fidelity/Getting Might Crowded/
 Clowntime Is Over (alternate version)

Rare LPs, 45's, Imports

Speedies, Let Me Take Your Foto/No Substitute \$2.00
 Peter Gabriel, Games Without Frontiers/The Start/I
 Don't Remember* \$3.98
 Mekons, Teeth/Guardian/Kill/Stay Cool \$4.98
 Lene Lovich, What Will I Do Without You/Joan/(live)
 You Can't Kill Me \$4.98
 John Cale, Mercenaries (Ready for War)/Rosegarden
 Funeral of Sores (U.S.) \$2.00
 Elvis Costello, Accidents Will Happen/Talking in the
 Dark/Wednesday Week (Jap.) \$4.98
 Flys EP, Four from the Square \$3.98
 Eddie & the Hot Rods, At Night/You Better Run/Look-
 ing Around \$3.98
 Max's Kansas City, 1st LP (Wayne County, Suicide, Pere
 Ubu, etc.) \$7.98
 Modern Lovers 1st \$9.98
 Beserkley Chartbusters \$7.98
 Rolling Stones, Beast of Burden sleeve w/out record \$5.00
 Frank Zappa, 200 Motels \$13.98
 World of Marianne Faithfull LP \$7.98
 Who 12" Substitute & 2 \$15.00
 Kinks Yesteryear EP, Long Tall Sally & 3 \$3.98
 Cars picture disc, "My Best Friend's Girl" \$3.48
 Bowie, "Heroes" (German or French) \$5.00 each
 Beatles flexi-disc Xmas singles, '67 & '68 \$100.00 each
 Buddy Holly Complete 6-LP set \$39.98
 Ramones, "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend" plus 2 live \$10.00
 Beatles butcher cover \$225.00
 The Beatles Collection (import, 14 LPs) \$125.00
 Roxy Music, Manifesto picture disc \$75.00
 Mike Rutherford, Small Creep's Day acetate \$75.00
 Beatles & Tony Sheridan LP on Metro label \$60.00
 Police, Regatta de Blanc 10" (2 10" LPs & poster) \$7.98
 Beatles, 25 Mexican EPs \$100.00
 Tubeway Army, double single, Bombers plus 4 \$4.98
 Victims, Real Wild Child LP \$5.98
 It's a Beautiful Day (1st LP, US reissue) \$12.98
 Stiff Box Set II (singles BUY 11-20), includes 4 Costello
 45s ("Radio Sweetheart," 2 live), 1st Ian Dury, Wreck-
 less Eric, Adverts, etc. \$40.00

Special Offers

With each \$25 order, your choice of one of the following:
 Sex Pistols, "Anarchy in the U.K." 12"
 Genesis, Match of the Day 12"
 Television, "Marquee Moon" 12"
 Jefferson Starship, Freedom at Point Zero LP
 With each \$50 order, any two \$3 45s;
 or Kinks, Low Budget LP
 or Max's Kansas City Vol. 1
 or Frampton Comes Alive, gold vinyl
 With each \$75 order, the Ramones End of the Century
 or Public Image "Memories" 12"
 With each \$100 order, Public Image Second Edition LP
 or Elvis Costello, Armed Forces import with EP
 or 1st Modern Lovers LP
 or Beserkley Chartbusters
 With \$200 order, 2nd Stiff boxed set of 45s (BUY 11-20)

Please Specify Alternates. Do not send cash.

Postage: \$2.30 first 5 records; 25¢ each additional record.
 N.Y. State, add sales tax. Canadian: \$3.50 first 3 records;
 40¢ each additional record. Overseas: Surface mail \$4.50
 first 5, 50¢ each additional. Payment in U.S. funds only.
 Phone orders accepted on credit cards—Mastercard and
 Visa.

MEDIA EYE

Pure Reading for Gutenberg People

By Scott Isler

The last time *Media Eye* looked at rock books (TP 47), a look was about all they were good for; photo collections seemed to be crowding out heavier fare. Since then, a number of good old-fashioned tomes—more words than pictures—have spewed off the book presses. Maybe inflation has convinced publishers that a book should hold one's interest for longer than it takes to flip the pages (or listen to an LP). Whether intended or not, this renaissance of rock education should not pass unnoticed. Who knows when there'll be another one?

Roots Revisited

In 1971 Peter Guralnick published *Feel Like Going Home*, a collection of essays on and interviews with blues and country artists whose paths criss-crossed the rock 'n' roll superhighway. That book is (sadly) now out of print, but in its place we have *Lost Highway; Journeys & Arrivals of American Musicians* (David R. Godine, Boston), Guralnick's end-of-the-decade update. Most of its chapters were written in the mid-'70s for various magazines and they form a mosaic of styles: country, blues, "outlaw" honky tonk, rockabilly. Guralnick's sensitive portraits are heavier on personality than musical exegesis, but in all cases he tries to get behind his subjects' facades to the (usually tortured) soul underneath. The book is cleverly structured to progress from an older generation of country and Southern-circuit stars (Ernest Tubb, Hank Snow, Bobby Bland) to rebels past and present (Elvis Presley, Charlie Feathers, Waylon Jennings) and north to blues territory (Otis Spann, Big Joe Turner). For dessert there's an interview with Sun Records godhead Sam Phillips himself. In his typically revealing introduction, Guralnick confesses he is no longer the naive youth who wrote *Feel Like Going Home*; *Lost Highway*, however, retains an ingenuous tone (no matter how), to the benefit of both interviewee and reader. If the purpose of writing about music is to make you seek out the music itself (and what could be a higher compliment to the writer?), then Peter Guralnick has—once again—succeeded admirably.

Island Records

The same praise could be applied towards much of *Stranded: Rock and Roll for a Desert Island* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York), a volume that harks back to the rock books coming out a decade ago. Editor Greil Marcus asked 20 writers which one rock album they would take to the fabled land of exile (yes, forgetting about lack of electricity, etc.). The results, predictably enough, are long, loving record reviews—a high order of fan gushing. Some writers unfairly forget about the desert-island hypothesis merely to propagandize for favorite sons (e.g. Joe

McEwen on Little Willie John, Robert Christgau on the New York Dolls, Jay Cocks on Huey "Piano" Smith). One can't argue against sincerity, though; *Stranded* is nothing if not a survey of what rock means to the displaced philosophy majors who (try to) influence your taste. Highlights include Grace Lichtenstein's defense of the Eagles, who are attacked by other contributors; John Rockwell's technical discussion of Linda Ronstadt's voice; and Ed Ward's scenario involving the "5" Royales, which turns into an attack on all rock criticism, *Stranded* included. As a considerable bonus, Marcus has compiled a selected discography of rock 'n' roll past and present: 45 pages of all the music you'll ever need, with comments. It's a bit heavy on the Van Morrison (who emerges as *Stranded*'s closest thing to a unanimous hero), but the flood of superlatives and evocative song titles make this probably the most enjoyable shopping list you'll ever read. A fun volume all around.

Subjective Facts

The Rolling Stone Record Guide (Random House/Rolling Stone Press, New York) is a more prosaic shopping list designed for genuine shopping lists. Swathed in red like its big brother, *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll*, the *Guide* aspires to similar authoritativeness by critiquing "almost 10,000 currently available rock, pop, soul, country, blues, jazz, and gospel albums." Any project as ambitious as this—and the *Guide* is nothing if not ambitious—is doomed to less than total victory against overwhelming odds, as co-editor (with John Swenson) Dave Marsh cops in his introduction. (He also states, "It is shocking that there is not a book like this for the jazz listener," apparently unaware of Frederic Ramsey, Jr.'s noble 1954 effort, *A Guide to Longplay Jazz Records*.) Plowing ahead regardless of record industry vicissitudes, the *Guide* represents the vinyl marketplace as it existed from 1976-78, the years of this book's compilation. Keeping that in mind, the work is a handy musical Michelin; records are rated one to five stars, with an additional "worthless" classification (applied to AC/DC in toto, among others). Critical opinions, from a variety of writers, are amusing if not always accurate: The Band's "two-keyboard approach was quickly picked up by a number of bands, most notably Procol Harum." Indeed, Procol picked it up so quickly that they had an album out a year before their supposed influence, *Music from Big Pink*. The Beach Boys' *Smile* is referred to confusingly as *Smiley Smile*; Ian Hunter's book, *Diary of a Rock and Roll Star* (listed in a "selected bibliography") was issued (in abbreviated form) in the US, etc., etc., carp. The *Guide* deserves praise for coming off as well as it does—only whose idea was it to scatter five-star album covers throughout

the text with complete disregard for placement?

Woodstock Dismembered

One of the books reviewed last time around was *Woodstock Festival Remembered*, a photographic souvenir of the final solution to the hippie problem. That review ended with an open plea for some enterprising historian to contact all the principals involved for an objective view. Lo and behold, Robert Stephen Spitz appears to have done just that in *Barefoot in Babylon; The Creation of the Woodstock Music Festival, 1969* (Viking, New York).

For better or worse, this work will have to stand as the definitive treatise on the event. Better, because of the great deal of research and interviewing that obviously went into this 500-page drama of hip capitalism vs. capitalist hipness; worse, because of Spitz's extensive use of reconstructed dialogue. This technique admittedly makes for a highly readable volume, but one can't help being suspicious; surely Spitz wasn't hiding under a table with a tape recorder all the time. The vocabulary abounds in hippie phrases and neologisms, including pre-consciousness-raised sexual lingo (some of which is Spitz's own: "togetherness converted to enmity, and brother began fucking brother"). When Spitz isn't inventing conversation he's indulging in florid imagery: "It was a dingy New York morning, callous and impersonal, the kind that often betrays the city's brittle, subliminal self." There are also some unattributed quotes and dubious value judgements about groups (was the Incredible String Band ever a "pop band"?), but overall Spitz's personality portraits appear to ring true—unfortunately for Michael Lang, who comes off as less than beatific (compare his own recollections in *Woodstock Festival Remembered*). Between the melodramatic lines, *Barefoot in Babylon* savages the wily hypocrisy of the hippie movement; this, besides the manic situation of the festival itself, is the real basis of the Woodstock saga. Except for the cover, the book is devoid of photographs—an odd omission that makes it a perfect companion to Lang's book. Strange bedfellows are what the Woodstock Festival was all about.

Triple Bill

A trio of band-oriented books: *Genesis; I Know What I Like* (D.I.Y. Books Inc., Hollywood) is a rather astounding labor of love. Photojournalist Armando Gallo has revised and redesigned an earlier tribute (*Genesis; the Evolution of a Rock Band*) under his own D.I.Y. imprint, and the large (8¾" x 11¾") volume has been beautifully printed in Italy. The text recounts the band's history, probably in more detail than most people will want to know. There are also chapters on individual band members, an annotated disco-

graphy, astrological charts, a Pete Frame tree and lots of Genesis-as-children photos. Gallo's photography is as straightforward as his writing, and a 32-page color section frosts the cake. This is the apotheosis of the fan book; Genesis should be proud to have Armando Gallo as an admirer.

The Who in Their Own Words (Quick Fox, New York) is considerably less impressive but still of interest to the novice. Following the format of *Elvis [Presley] in His Own Words* and *The Beatles in Their Own Words*, compiler Steve Clarke has pillaged interviews and arranged quotes (mostly Townshend's, understandably) by subject matter: songs, drugs, history, fights, etc. A nice selection of photographs (more kiddie shots) is ruined by horrible reproduction—not artistic, just flat.

Finally (we hope), the "now updated" **Sex Pistols File** (Omnibus Press, London; distributed by Quick Fox), a cheap assemblage of British press clippings, Ray Stevenson's mildly interesting photographs, and hand-typed captions. This curious revision (as of November, 1978) takes in the formation of Public Image Ltd. and the murder of Nancy Spungen but misses out on Sid Vicious' death. Too little, too soon. ■

YARBIRDS

+++YARDBIRDINGS+++

Due to continuous reader demand for information on the legendary Yardbirds, we are yet again making available the Complete Yardbirds story by Ben Richardson. This is the same piece of work that appeared first in several early issues of *Trouser Press*, then as a special reprint (TPP1, not 3 as suggested in classified ads in this magazine), then as an issue of the *Collectors' Magazine*. Round four is a four-page newspaper complete with discography. The price is \$1.50, postage included. (From overseas, add 50¢ per issue.) Order as many as you wish—although supplies are limited—from *Trouser Press*, 212 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

SCHEHERAZADE RECORDS

Large selection of Japanese, Australian and European imports. Best domestic new wave and independent rock. Giant catalog—\$1.00 (deductible from first order).

(Retail Only)

PO Box 607TP/Carrboro NC 27510

BACK ISSUES

CURRENTLY AVAILABLE (Don't order unless listed):

- TPP 3 (Greatest Hits '74-'76):** Best of TPs 1-12, Who, Nazz, Beck, Y'birds, etc.
TP 14: Keith Moon; Genesis; Free; Lou Reed; SB&Q; Michael Brown.
TP 15: Dr. Feelgood; Boxer; Roy Harper; Russ Ballard; Nazareth; Sailor.
TP 16: Queen; Kevin Ayers; Graham Parker; Steve Hillage; Peter Bardens.
TP 17: ELO; Grimms; Be-Bop Deluxe; Easybeats; Tommy James; A. Bender.
TP 18: Bowie 1; Entwistle; Eddie Jobson; UK new wave; Little River Band.
TP 19: Thin Lizzy; Bowie 2; Spedding; Gentle Giant; Dave Stewart; Australia.
TP 21: Jimmy Page 1; heavy metal; Kevin Ayers; Hammill; Dave Edmunds.
TP 22: Sex Pistols; new wave R.I.P.; Jimmy Page 2; Small Faces; Nick Lowe.
TP 23: Bryan Ferry; Jimmy Page 3; Gentle Giant; rare Stones; Blondie; Twilley.
TP 24: Elvis Costello; Boomtown Rats; Be-Bop Deluxe; Man; John Martyn.
TP 25: Winwood/Traffic; Graham Parker; Jam; Rods; Horslips; Nick Drake.
TP 26: McCartney; Clash; Cheap Trick; Syd Barrett; Tom Robinson.
TP 27: Pete Townshend; power pop primer; Hot Rods; Rich Kids; Devo.
TP 28: Pink Floyd; Townshend 2; ELP; Television; Pere Ubu; Peter Hammill.
TP 29: Oldham/Stones; Dave Davies; Tom Robinson; Dictators; Elvis Costello.
TP 30: Todd Rundgren; Blackmore; Ian Dury; Buddy Holly; Bowie; Groovies.
TP 31: Cheap Trick; Lowe/Edmunds; Bill Bruford; Be-Bop; Generation X.
TP 32: Ray Davies; Peter Gabriel; Robert Fripp; Brian Eno; Troggs; Blondie.
TP 33: Entwistle; Ramones; Joe Perry; T. Heads; Cars; Stranglers; Sweet.
TP 34: Guitarists 1; Thin Lizzy; Kiss; Petty; Greg Kihn; Wazmo Nariz; Luna.
TP 35: Devo; Guitarists 2; Buffalo Springfield; John Wetton; UFO; Paley Bros.
TP 36: Lou Reed; Elton John; Clash; Capt. Beefheart; Pat Travers; Brand X.
TP 37 (Fifth Anniversary Issue): Who film; Zappa; '74-'79 chronology; 10cc.
TP 38: John Lennon; Roxy Music; J. Lydon; Jam; Badfinger; Joe Jackson.
TP 39: Elvis Costello; Dylan; Dire Straits; Ian Hunter; Clash; Pub Tree
TP 40: Stones; Ramones; Van Morrison; Stanshall; Faces/Beck/Who Tree
TP 41: Cars; Mick Taylor; Police; Tom Robinson; Who; John Hiatt; Pretenders.
TP 42: Blondie; Devo; Robert Fripp; rock in Japan; Kenney Jones; John Cale.
TP 43: Bowie; Rundgren; Brian Jones; Ian Dury; Lene Lovich; B. Tchaikovsky.
TP 44: T. Heads; Modern Lovers; Kinks; Johansen/Dolls; Kinks/Stones tree.
TP 45: Police; Joe Jackson; Shoes; Abba; Undertones; Pop; Brand X; Skids.
TP 46: (Special Decade's End Issue): '70s history; best LPs; '80s predictions.
TP 47: Zappa; Iggy Pop; Aerosmith/Joe Perry; Richard Lloyd; Ian Gomm.
TP 48: Clash; Tom Petty; Records; Roy Wood; Boomtown Rats; Specials.
TP 49: Neil Young; Elvis Costello; Fleetwood Mac; Genesis; Inmates; Searchers.

Send to **Trouser Press, 212 5th Ave., New York, NY 10010.**

Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

All previous back issue ads void.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 14—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 25—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 34—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 43—\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 15—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 26—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 35—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 44—\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 16—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 27—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 36—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 45—\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 17—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 28—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 37—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 46—\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 18—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 29—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 38—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 47—\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 19—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 30—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 39—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 48—\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 22—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 31—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 40—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 49—\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 23—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 32—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 41—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TPP 3—\$4.00* |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TP 24—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 33—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 42—\$1.75 | <input type="checkbox"/> TP 21—\$2.50 |

Domestic or Canada—no additional postage.

Overseas—add .50 per copy ordered for surface postage; \$1.00 per copy for air postage.

*New York State residents must add sales tax on TPP 3 only.

All orders must be payable in US dollars. No foreign currencies.

Enclosed is \$ _____ in check or money order for the indicated issues.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

WANTED

NEW HORMONES (oxide, celluloid, newsprint) needed. Howard DeVoto is The One. Magazine is a loaded question. M. Mom, WRUW 91 FM, 11220 Bellflower Road, Cleveland, OH 44106.

WANTED: Rickie Lee Jones concert or publicity photos. Please send brief description and price to: Kurt Luedtke, 2915 Spring St., Racine, WI 53405.

RECORDS

LELAND: "Live at Mabuhay Gardens, SF" and "This Is My World." \$6.50 each or \$10.00 both. Contempt Records, Box 4433, Berkeley, CA 94704.

SONICS "Boom" and "Here Are"; Wailers "At the Castle" and "Out of Our Tree"; Paul Revere and the Raiders, Sande LP; "NW Vol. 1" including Galaxies, Rockin' Robin Roberts, etc.; now available as deluxe 6 LP box set entitled "Northwest Collection." From the original masters, with original album artwork. On Etiquette Records. \$50.00, plus \$2.00 postage. Distributed exclusively by Park Avenue Records, PO Box 14913, Portland, OR 97214.

ITALIAN "WIZZARD" LP featuring "See My Baby Jive," "Angel Fingers," "Ball Park Incident" and seven more. Color cover. \$5.99 + \$1.00 postage. Music Matters, 175 Melrose St., Melrose, MA 02176.

LISTS

WAYSIDE MUSIC deals exclusively in avant-garde rock, jazz and import cut-outs. Amazing music at astounding prices. Please write: Wayside Music, Dept. T., Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906.

THE PENETRATORS 45s. Many new/used/rare LPs and 45s for sale. Send for FREE catalogue. Fred Records, PO Box 1422, Albany, NY 12201.

RARE AND special records by mail order. Collectors discover hundreds of news, used and out-of-print titles. Rock, jazz, soundtracks and more. Six issues (one year), \$5 US, \$10 international. Beggar's Banquet Records, c/o Jason Janulis, 65 Mt. Auburn St., Harvard Square, Cambridge, MA 02138. (617-661-7731).

ELVIS COSTELLO, Nick Lowe, the Clash and more British and American albums, EPs and singles. Big selection of British and American publications. Send 15¢ stamp for list. Cross-Country, Dept. 119, PO Box 3584, Washington DC 20007.

SIXTIES PUNK and psych. Write for our 20-page quarterly lists of the rarest '60s punk, beat and psychedelic records. Metro Music, PO Box 32390, Washington DC 20007.

DYLAN, BOWIE, Zep, new wave, etc. Australian rarities. Send two IRC's for list. MRA, PO Box 286, Collins St., Vic., 3000, AUSTRALIA.



Judy Steccone

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified ads cost .50 per word for one insertion (minimum charge of \$8.00) or \$1.75 per word for four consecutive insertions (minimum charge \$28.00). Name and address are free. Display classifieds are \$15.00 per column inch (1 1/4" wide by 1" tall). Deadline is the first of the month, two months before cover date.

FREE COLLECTOR'S catalogue. 1000's of listings, rock, jazz, soul, space, New Wave, imports, easy listening. Send want lists. Rather Ripped Records/TP, 1878 Euclid Ave., Berkeley, CA 94709.

RECORDS! Cost too much? At least we charge a little less. Imports, independents and collectors' items. Send stamp for catalogue. Venus Records, PO Box 86, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003.

PICTURE DISC, colored vinyl, imports, rare rock records. Free catalogue. Write to Recycled Records, PO Box 5223, Dept. 2, Stockton, CA 95205.

NOTHING IS FREE except my illustrated catalogue of over 200 different punk buttons and shorts. Buttons, 50¢; shirts, \$4.95. Catalogue free! Posters and records too. Wholesale prices available. No Action, Suite 214, 28052 Camino Capistrano, Laguna Miguel, CA 92677.

FRENCH IMPORTS! Set sale LPs reissues of rare '50s/'60s rock, rare US rock movie posters ('50s/'60s), '60s punk/psychodelia LPs. Send stamp for lists. Midnight Records Mail Order, 229 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10011.

SWAP tapes and records! Buy, sell, trade. One free ad in national magazine. Write for details. Audio Trader, 4352 Broadway #114C, Oakland, CA 94611.

RARE RECORDS: Collectors' items, promos, imports, magazines. Thousands of albums. 45s. Free catalogue; send 15¢ stamp. Terry Wachsmuth, 2659 N. Weil St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.

TAPES

RARE TAPE recordings of rock shows from the 1960's and 1970's. Send 25¢ for catalogue to: Acme, PO Box 14438, Minneapolis, MN 55414.

ZAPPA tapes, lots of them. Also Pink Floyd, Hot Tuna, plenty others. Send stamp for list. Colonel Zip, PO Box 223, Staten Island, NY 10306.

MISCELLANEOUS

PHOTOS: Iggy, Heads, Television, Cale, Buzzcocks, Roxy, Zippers, Stills, Gabriel, Devo. From LA shows. Send SASE and wants for samples. Alan Blonder, 8449 Gainford, St., Downey, CA 90240.

SI CONCERT PHOTOS: Color rock photos from Abba to Zappa, all \$1. Who, Stones, Clash, Bowie, Springsteen, Cars, Blondie, Heads, every other rock/new wave act. Send \$1 for sample/catalogue. Front Row Photos, PO Box 484-TP, Nesconset, NY 11767.

TO GET your hands on color photos of Blondie, Jackson Browne, Clash, Costello, Fogelberg, Forbert, Jam, Kinks, Mac, Numan, Petty, Pretenders, Rats and Wings, write for details to: Happy Snaps, 1301 Ridgeview Circle, Downingtown, PA 19335.

CLASSIC ROCK PHOTOS: Guaranteed dynamite backstage and front row shots. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for catalogue and sample: BR Photos, Box 2011, Rockville, MD 20852.

PHOTO-BUTTON: Clash, Blondie, Ramones, Pistols, Boomtown, NY Dolls, Pretenders, Police, Devo, Doors, Who, Stones, Bolan, B. Jones, Vicious, Hendrix, Eno, Petty, Springsteen, Costello, Lowe and A-Z artists. Button: b/w \$1.25, color \$2.00. Color photo: \$1.50. Catalogue, .50; free w/purchase. V'kriengkai, PO Box 657, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY 10021.

NEW WAVE BUTTONS: mods, rockers, Two Tones, Selecter, Specials, Pretenders, Police, Pistols,

PIL, Downchild, Teenage Head, Iggy, XTC, B-52's, Nash the Slash, etc. Round, square, mirrors, plus all-new enamel and crystal imported from Britain. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for catalogue of T-shirts, programs, buttons, posters, imported singles, etc. to: Naughty Bits, PO Box 157, Station "B," Toronto, Ont. M5T 2T3, CANADA.

BADGES, imported and domestic: PIL, Wire "154," Clash, Numan, hundreds more! For catalogue send 15¢ stamp to: P&P Ltd., 810 W. Mitchell #322, Arlington, TX 76013.

FRIPP AND ENO T-shirts; also Pretenders, Lene Lovich, Dave Edmunds, Public Image, Keith Richards, B-52's, early Eno, Eno (For Your Pleasure), Eno ("Science"), Talking Heads, Syd Barrett, Marc Bolan, Clash, Roxy Music, Buzzcocks, Brian Jones, Peter Dinklage, Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, Nick Lowe, Lou Reed, Ultravox, Gary Numan, Keith Moon, Ian Dury and more. \$5.75 each. Specify size. Also "Eno is God" bumperstickers, \$1.50 each. 6-8 weeks delivery. 1980 catalogue, 50¢. Send to: Burning Airlines, 530 Pingree Ave., Trenton, NJ 08618.

ROCK AND ROLL INSTITUTE now awarding diplomas. \$5 includes postage and handling. Arthur's, 501 Baxter Ave., Louisville, KY 40204.

GENUINE solid brass belt buckles, 1 1/4 inches. Excellent value. Elephant, eagle, buffalo, Star Trek, John Peel, Clockworks, Maple Leaf and sun. One for \$5, two for \$9.50, four for \$19, six for \$27.50 or all eight for \$38.00. Add \$1 postage. Glenn Ward, 2B-786 Gilford St., Vancouver, B.C. V6G 2N4, CANADA.

PUBLICATIONS

SEARCH AND DESTROY magazine: Get a complete set (Vols. 1-11), for \$15. Write to: S&D, 20 Romolo St. (#B), San Francisco, CA 94133.

COLLECTORS! Why aren't you reading Trouser Press Collectors' Magazine? Articles, discographies and hundreds of auction ads each issue. \$5 for one year (six issues), \$10 for overseas airmail, from Trouser Press Collectors' Magazine, PO Box 2450, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

FAN CLUBS

THE WHO CLUB: T-shirts, buttons, stickers, quarterly magazine, etc. For further details send stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Who Fan Club, PO Box 731, Princeton Junction, NJ 08550.

PERSONALS

ROCK 'N' ROLL bankrobber wants letters from you—that is, if you're a superfine punkette who likes to be entertained for hours on end by a true rocker. Send pix as well. Shane Williams, 00214-122, L Unit, Box W, Lompoc, CA 93438.

OUTER LIMITS

Beyond Punk and Jazz: The New Fusion

By John Diliberto

While the promise of fusion music has degenerated into empty clichés and pointless virtuosity, there is a new movement blending jazz and rock that has nothing to do with fusion. Several groups have sprung up in the New York area in the last year or so and been gathered under the banner of punk-jazz or funk-jazz by various writers.

These terms were coined to describe a music that has the coarseness, electricity and volume of new wave coupled with the improvisation, harmonic freedom and exploratory nature of jazz—all bound by the rhythms of R&B funk. Defunkt, Law and Order, Materials, James "Blood" Ulmer, the Contortions, James White and the Blacks and the Flaming Demonicos are some of the artists that fall into this grouping.

The most visible exponents have been James Chance—the mover behind the latter three groups—and Ulmer. They represent two diverse viewpoints accentuated by contrasting backgrounds. Ulmer is a black guitarist in his late 30s. He's a veteran of R&B groups from the late '50s and early '60s. In the late '60s and early '70s he stepped into the jazz avant-garde, playing with such acknowledged masters as Rashied Ali (John Coltrane's last drummer). At the same time he began studies with saxophonist/composer Ornette Coleman and his "Harmolodic Theory of Improvisation." He subsequently played in Coleman's electric group, a stylistic precursor to Ulmer's own.

James Chance's credentials are a bit more obscure. He claims to have started by playing avant-garde jazz with several "kids" in New York. He was on keyboards at the time and "I got tired of that" so he switched to saxophone. He has two albums out on Ze Records under the name of the Contortions (*Buy the Contortions*) and James White and the Blacks (*Off White*). Chance (real last name: Siegfried) now denies his background and doesn't want to be associated with avant-garde jazz, punk or funk-jazz. "I wouldn't call it jazz at all. I really dislike jazz. To me it's more in the line of funk than jazz. The only thing that really has any jazz influence is my own sax playing. But I never listen to any jazz. If I listen to sax players I listen to Maceo from James Brown's band, or Junior Walker."

Despite the disclaimers, Chance's music does bear the marks of the avant-garde. His squealing, honking sax lines often splinter across chord changes in the style of Albert Ayler. To be sure, the music of James White and the Contortions is indebted to R&B, but the rhythms and side-sliding guitars are too sharp and angular ever to be confused with disco. "I'm mainly interested in making music for dancing and I consider jazz too intellectual."



Coming at it from the other side is Ulmer, who does anything but refute his roots. His band was one of the first jazz- and dance-oriented groups to play new wave venues like Hurrah in New York. He too has difficulty with the funk-punk-jazz nomenclature given his music. "I think it's visual jazz—like the punk-rock thing was a more visual kind of rock 'n' roll, where the images can be seen right at that time."

Ulmer's solo album, *Tales of Captain Black* (Artists House), is a jagged and often ascetic recording that doesn't even approximate his live performances. He uses two drummers, a constantly modulating electric bassist and the volatile sax of David Murray (who lists James Chance as one of his former students) to create a vortex of sound pierced by his shrapnel guitar lines. The music has the presence of new wave but the ambience of a psychedelic ballroom, with swirling decibels propelled by a throbbing pulse.

Ulmer considers rock a minor influence in his music. "The one ingredient that I was conscious of was having something that the people could relate to in a song that we played. That's the only thing I thought about in making it rock or not." Though comparisons to Jimi Hendrix are somewhat off-base, Ulmer's denial of his influence is also a bit suspect. "But I'm older than he [They were both born in 1942]. I first heard of Jimi in '59 or so, when he was playing in the Coasters or something, and I was in this group called the Del-Vikings. Everybody moved out of that stage. When you've been playing a certain length of time you've already picked who you like. You can't wait for someone who's the same age as you or younger to get inspired."

As far as Ulmer is concerned, labeling is simply a convenient marketing concept. "I believe it's time now to really package your art to sell. The new wave which is bringing people out to these clubs is the right stuff. They're looking for something new but they don't want it to be jazz or avant-garde. Terms like punk-jazz have created a little interest in this music now."

Marketing is what it's all about for Chance, who affects cocktail lounge blazers, narrow ties and a hair style out of a James Dean movie. "I'm in show business, and to me you have to project an image or you're not worth anything. I can't stand people who think they can just get up there in T-shirts and play. That's really boring to me. I can't stand people who make a big deal about how honest they are because they don't have an image. That's crap!"

Chance's concern for image and the entertainment value of his music does not necessarily translate into commercial viability. His most recent group, the Flaming Demonicos, has been roundly criticized in these pages and elsewhere for being too disconnected and avant-garde. "It's not coming from that direction at all," he claims. "It's coming from African music like Fela Ransome[-Kuti]." Chance runs the risk of falling into a no-man's land: too funky and lacking in harmonic references for the white rock audience, too dissonant and coarse for the black R&B crowd. Recently dropped from Ze, he'll have an even more difficult time carving out what will have to be a new audience.

Ulmer, on the other hand, is riding a wave of positive press from jazz and rock critics that alternately tout him as the fruition of Albert Ayler's dream and the next step after Jimi Hendrix. Meanwhile, musicians from both jazz and rock are trying their hand at this new blend that has nothing to do with fusion. At its best it synthesizes the abandon of inspired improvisation with kinetic rhythms that make the whole body shake.

Or, in Ulmer's case, "It's just bad harmolodic funk."

HOT SPOTS

Wilko Johnson

My doubts about Wilko Johnson are only partly musical. After his sacking the written-off Feelgoods were doing great shows within weeks and refusing to snipe at him, while he whined and bitched to a horde of respectful journalists. Since Johnson's return to the boards he's been reviewed—and praised—to death, so the moderate turn-out and sparse applause at London's Venue were probably a bit of a shock.

Kicking off with "Everybody's Carrying a Gun," the set soon settled into a series of archetypal riff-songs, the newer stuff showing minimal advance for a man whose latest album is nearly two years old. His red and black shirt just back from the laundrette, Johnson still goes walkabout on every solo; only now he adds little to the endless riffs, failing to transcend his technical limitations the way he used to.

Johnson's current rhythm section is brisk and obedient, but the ex-drummer Alan Platt's idiosyncratic drive is sorely missed. Two Dylan songs and the skimming backbeat of Muddy Waters's "All Aboard" vary things a bit, but the only unquestioned triumph is a ferocious new blues, "The Whammy," in which Johnson frenziedly takes his limited voice places one never knew it could go. It's these soul-stirring bouts that are the Feelgoods' principal loss.

Restrained clapping is enough to retrieve the band for two encores. Some experimental stuff on "Highway 61 Revisited" suggests what might have been. In songs like "Back in the Night," Wilko Johnson has shown himself able to dig beneath the surface in apt, simple language. That's why we should refuse to settle for tired guitar boogie.

Harry George

Searchers Records

Appearing as unbilled support act at London's Venue, this was the Records' first gig with new guitarist Jude Cole (formerly with Moon Martin); from Will Birch's apologetic opening "hello," they could hardly have made it more low-key. The music picked up after a tentative, plodding start, but dull uniformity was not confined to the layered haircuts and drab gear of the front three. Cole's singing (on occasional lead vocal) and playing merely contributed to an impression of well-meant competence. Most of the first album's songs failed to sparkle, while "Rumor Sets the Woods on Fire" and "Injury Time," played back-to-back, were easily the best of the new material. "Girl in the Golden Disc," a contrived teen romance, was the Records at their self-conscious worst. Only a finale of "Rock & Roll Love Letter" and "Starry Eyes" roused the patrons from apathy. All in all, not a good night for the Records' comeback.

The Searchers were extraordinary. Twelve years in cabaret should have dulled their edge for good, but the dual spur of strong new material and a chance to be taken seriously again has worked wonders. Opening with "Feeling Fine" from the new album, they threw in various oldies, but not just the obvious ones: "Take Me for What I'm Worth" and "Goodbye My Love" have to be played and sung, not merely vamped through. John McNally's guitar constantly embellished and updated. More surprisingly, the Searchers really rock: Mike Pender's soaring voice made even "Johnny B. Goode" sound fresh. Best of all was a magnificent "Sick and Tired," a slice of "Long Tall Sally"-ish mayhem recorded only on a prehistoric Hamburg live album.

Bassist Frank Allen's between-songs banter and a quiet glow of pleasure at audience response is as demonstrative as this band gets. Billy Adamson's drums ignited a superb "Love's Melody" and set up an inevitable "Needles and Pins" finale as a prelude to four equally inevitable encores. All the Searchers need is a hit single, and an old-and-new live album—such as the Hollies scored with in '76—should clean up.

Harry George

The Boomtown Rats

The Boomtown Rats demand to be loved. Live they display maximum exuberance and liveliness; they're totally comfortable with their material and profession, but not in the least bored with it. Being on stage comes naturally to them.

The stage set-up at New York's Palladium was surprisingly formal. A curtain bearing a reproduction of the cover of **The Fine Art of Surfacing** parted to reveal the Rats carefully and symmetrically frozen in front of a huge futuristic grid and light system. A massive tic-tac-toe crossword loomed in back (alluding to the Hollywood Squares?). Long neon tubes occasionally flickered above the stage. All this apparatus would have upstaged many a band, but it augmented the Rats. The gloomy "Wind Chill Factor (Minus Zero)" wasn't the best choice for an opening number; it doesn't lend itself to the band's athletics, particularly since bassist Pete Briquette, who dashes and darts around nearly as much as singer Bob Geldof, spent the opening two songs atop a stack of amps.

Like Ray Davies, Geldof has a tall, thin, gangly frame you wouldn't associate with a band's frontman. He puts his body to good use, though, clawing, leaping, windmilling, acting and interacting with the rest of the band and crowd. For "Having My Picture Taken" Geldof beckoned all those in the audience with cameras to join him on stage. The resulting swarm of people worked neatly into the context of the song. Modest Bob ("There's someone with a Clash T-shirt—get 'em off my stage") isn't above taking the piss out of himself; he introduced "I Don't Like Mondays" as "the masterpiece—an old Lawrence Welk song." His personality and brash charm easily ranks him with Davies or Mick Jagger.

The other Rats are far from faceless back-up. Drummer Simon Crowe expertly anchors the band and handles nearly all the Rats' backing vocals. Keyboard player Johnnie Fingers, in ever-present pajamas and rat-tailed hair, is the token virtuoso. Guitarists Gerry Cott and Garry Roberts both draw appropriate attention to themselves. All in all, the Boomtown Rats are one of the most engaging packages I've ever seen.

Tim Sommer



**Three debut albums from Mercury
which may deeply affect you.**



ON MERCURY RECORDS AND TAPES.

The Brains. Four intelligent musicians from Atlanta who'll take control of your senses with their chillingly unique new wave sound.



ON MERCURY RECORDS AND TAPES

Def Leppard, "On Through The Night." With an average age of 19, these highly-touted British boys play heavy metal wilder than you've ever heard before.



ON DJM RECORDS AND TAPES.

Slaughter, "Bite Back." High-energy English rockers whose frenetic sounds will leave you gasping for breath.



Give the gift
of music.

MARKETED BY PHONOGRAM/
MERCURY RECORDS
A POLYGRAM COMPANY



"A neatly wrapped package of nervous energy, she sounds for all the world like Kitty Wells traveling down Highway 61 Revisited."

— Boston Phoenix

"On her way to being a female Nick Lowe"

— Boston Globe

"This record cuts like a diamond."

— N.Y. Rocker



The music behind the talk:
**ROBIN LANE &
THE CHARTBUSTERS**
Produced by Joe Wissert


Give the gift
of music.



An electrifying debut on
Warner Bros. Records & Tapes