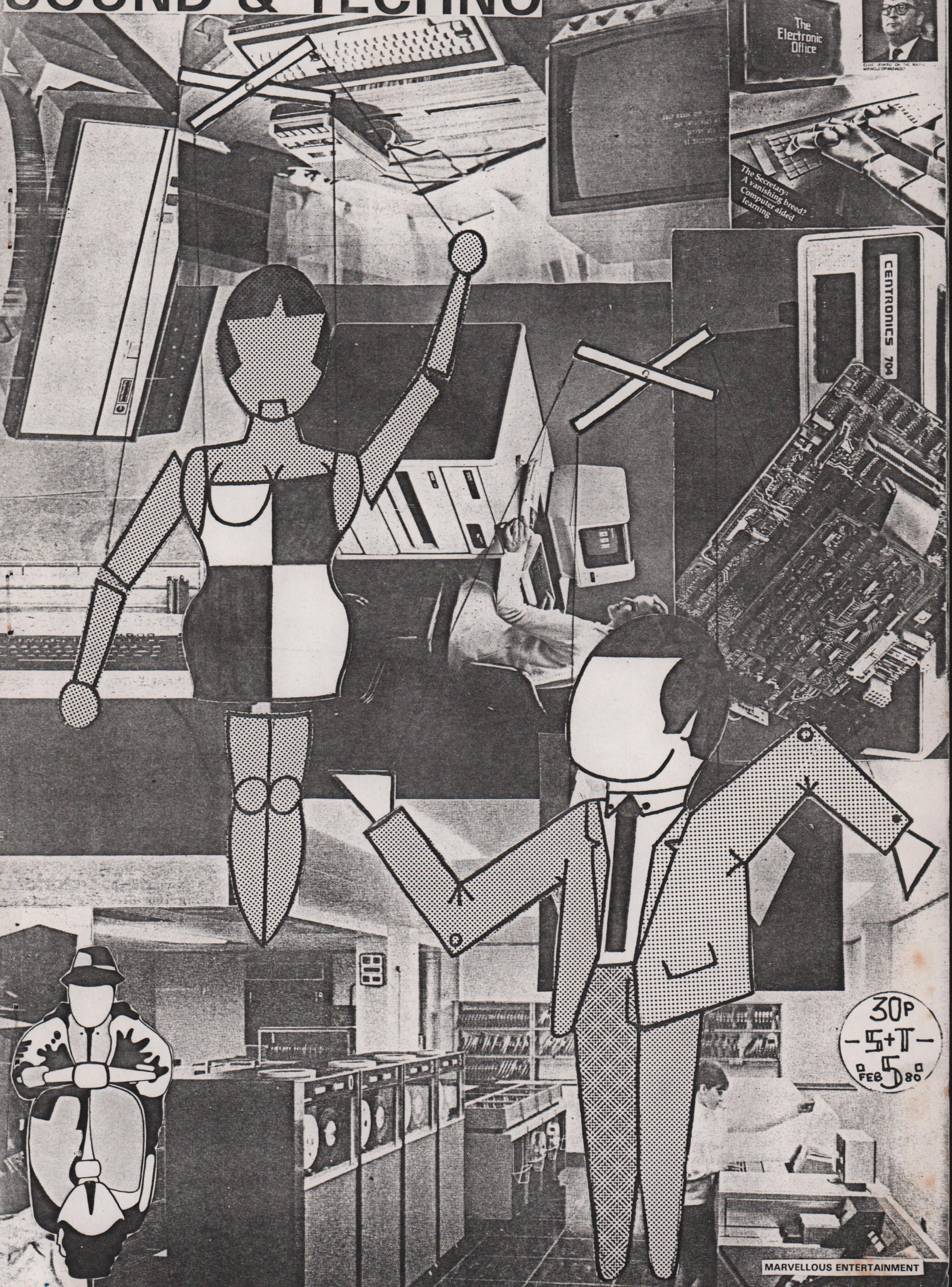
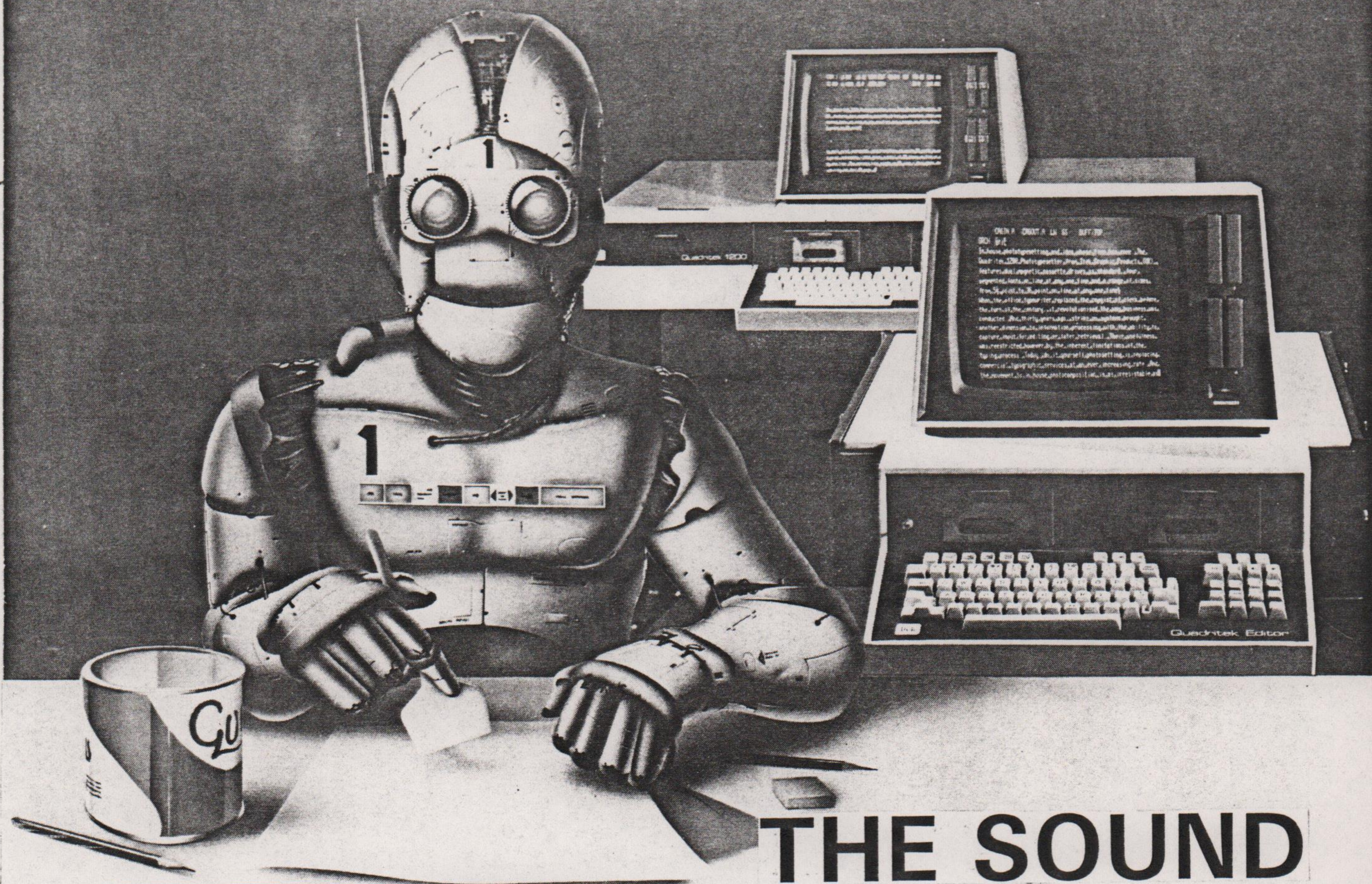


# SOUND & TECHNO



30P  
 -S+T-  
 FEB 5 80





## THE SOUND

Gu'day and welcome to the worlds most expanding rock monthly (and that doesn't mean we're printing on rubber). No, my friends, it is just that, since our last issue (the smash hit "Smooth & Tight"), many things of an interesting nature have befallen us. The people of Leicester and the surrounding area are beginning to realise that something really is stirring in their midst; and we at S & T are playing a part (pat on back).

Those of you partial to listening to local radio at ridiculous hours may well have heard this worthy mag recieve a couple of plugs of late. First of all our good mates at Radio Nottingham did an S&T review on their eternal Rock Show, following which several calls as to the availability of S & T in that city were made to the station. The result is that we are now on sale at Virgin Records there, a gap of over two years since we last had T. Blitzed stocking their shelves. At that time there were three 'zines on sale; ourselves, the original "Rotten To The Core", and the inferior "Varicose Veins" which pinched its ideas from the other two. In Leicester, of course, we had the student pamphlet "Biggot" which fortunately only saw the light of day thrice. Now there seems to be only us. Greetings Nottingham.

Greetings London as well, as we now fill the racks at Rough Trade (Ta Charlie), although we would like you all to know that we are primarily a Leicester paper, and that is what we intend to stay.

The second radio mention was on good ol' Radio Leicester, which occasionally drifts away from its staple diet of Womens Institute and traffic round-ups in order to take the younger citizens into account. We taped a couple of short interviews with the intrepid Andrew Wass in a doorway on Cank Street, the result of which you may have heard on February 5ths breakfast show. A star is born (not you Kev). Talking about Radio Leicester, isn't it about time they devoted a little of their time to the 'Alternative Audience' at least once in a while. We think so, and intend going up there soon armed with a few facts and maybe a petition or something. We'll keep you posted. and finally a warm welcome back to Paul, after weeks of seclusion with a superb front cover of which, as we say in these parts, we are real chuffed. Read on, Rockers... Chris.



# This ish

we got...

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## PRESENT IN THE BIG SHITTY

### SCAMPS STILL ROCKING

Despite the fact that the live gigs at Scamps in Leicester will be very occasional, the Monday night record sessions are still very much alive, and your regular support will increase the chances of keeping this important venue alive.

THOSE OF YOU (UN)FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE READ REVERBO'S EXCLUSIVE(!) INTERVIEW WITH IAN PAGE LAST MONTH MAY BE INTERESTED TO HEAR THAT NONE OTHER THAN THE GREAT JOHN PEEL (EVERTON SUPPORTER) HAD SIMILAR TROUBLE WITH THE TALKATIVE ONE. "...I WOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO BRING YOU DETAILS OF OUR DISCUSSIONS BUT FRANKLY I REMEMBER LITTLE OF THEM..." HE WROTE IN 'SOUNDS'. KEV IS NOW FEELING QUITE VINDICATED.

Wayne reckons next Jam single will include Free Live E.P. You heard it first in S&T.

### HARRYS BOYOS

Lovable HARRY HORMONE, destined for countless mentions in this ish, has himself a band name of RED GLORY SURVIVORS.

+++COBRAS CHANGED NAME. NOW KNOWN AS THE 'STRIPES'+++B

See y'all next month...

### SCOOTER CLUB RUN

Lambretta and Vespa freaks will be interested to know that Leicester Phoenix Scooter Club will be running to Scarborough at Easter. Roving-Reporter Reverb will be phut-phutting along to the rear for an on-the-spot report.

ALEX PEACH NOW SEEKING HIS FORTUNE IN GREECE. EXPECT A REVOLUTION SOON.

### GIG GUIDE

- Feb 12 PRETENDERS - Leics Uni.  
DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS -  
Nuneaton 77
- 13 CHORDS - Nuneaton 77
- 15 CHORDS - Derby Lonsdale Col.
- 18 VIPS - Nuneaton 77
- 19 ASWAD - Leics Uni.  
SPLODGENESSABOUNDS -  
Nuneaton 77
- 21 CLASH - Derby Kings Hall
- 24 PETER GABRIEL - Leics D.M.
- 25 TOURISTS - Leics De Mont.  
COCKNEY REJECTS - Nuneat.77
- 27 SELECTER - Leics De Mont.  
LANDSCAPE - Derby Blue Note
- 28 RUTS - Coventry Tiffanys
- Mar 1 SQUEEZE - Leics Uni.
- 4 SQUEEZE - Loughboro Town H.
- 6 STIFF LITTLE FINGERS -  
Derby Kings H.
- 7 SQUEEZE - Notts Uni.

STOP PRESS

Q-TIPS - LOUGH UNI. FEB 23<sup>rd</sup>  
JOE JACKSON - COV. THEATRE FEB 25<sup>th</sup>



# SCAMPS FREE-FOR-ALL

When Kev said it was gunna be a red-hot evening, I thought he'd got the music in mind. It was the occasion of the club bash at Leicesters Scamps, an occasional oasis in a desert of Disco-Dross, and once again Leon and friends make the only noticable effort amongst our nite-club fraternity to give us some of what we want. In collaboration with Alternative Capitalists (see elsewhere), they were presenting Dangerous Girls, Intestines, the Plague, plus our own lovable Banditz, fronted by the Adonis Ronnie Slicker. The 'red-hotness' of the evening was provided by a blazing automobile beneath the club, sabotaged by person or persons unknown. Everybody out, fire out, Police pushabout ("Come on, clear off! Right away!" - Did it really need seven Police cars and some pushing and shoving of a well-behaved crowd to get the job done. Who was getting mugged or raped elsewhere while these heros in blue were 'controlling' us.) Everybody back in eventually and on with the show.

First time I'd seen RONNIE SLICKER AND THE BANDITZ since Big Ron returned to the fold, and although he'd obviously lost track of some of the lyrics, it didn't matter because Ron retained his cool, and I reckon he ad-libs a lot, anyway. Kev was in superb form with the axe, you couldn't fault Ians bass, and on drums Rob must have a great future if he carries on like that. Kev reckons I always give 'em bad reviews, but I like to be honest, and this time I reckon they were really on the ball. They got a better reception than the Plague or the intestines, anyway. How about "Disco Music" as a single, Kev?

I wasn't too impressed by the Plague, but to be fair I was otherwise occupied for part of their set. What I did hear though was mainly forgettable, cumbersome and unoriginal and they played about 20 songs too many. Any band that includes Silver Machine in its set must be going astray somewhere, which is all I'm going to say.

Headliners DANGEROUS GIRLS recognised the possibility of a dwindling audience so decided not to come on last, and played the third set of the evening. This Birmingham 4-piece have had a fair bit of press coverage recently, and a single is already in your shops. Schooled in the best 999 tradition of disguising Heavy Metal as 'New-Wave', our hairy chums played some hard-edged attacking music which at least managed to pull the punters round the stage. Their roadies were enjoying it immensely,

and took on the mantle of cheer-leaders to the extent of annoying a certain faction in the crowd, an incident quickly calmed by the club management. The band relentlessly ground their way an accomplished but generally uninspiring repertoire of dual-guitar battling with the Nick Cash castrato vocals before retiring for the night.

The unfortunate "Intestines" should have concluded the nights entertainment, but because there was a chance that local heros Standard Issue might get a late spot, the crowd remained unappreciative and heckled them into submission. The droning vocals were eventually thwarted with the abandonment of a projected Ramones number, and the punters got their way as the Intestines surrendered.

Standard Issue got their way and managed to schreech their brand of Banshee Rock for a couple of numbers until beaten by the ever-advancing clock, and it was time to go home.

So there it was; will there be any more? We'll let you know.



BANDITZ

Chris.



# LIFE IN LEICESTER

## SEEKING OUT NEW CIVILISATIONS

THERE IS LIFE IN LEICESTER, AFTER ALL! We here at S & T HQ have dedicated ourselves to the quest of searching for active life forms in and around the city, and just recently we've come across two projects which could mean the beginning of the end of Terminal Boredom in our area.

### ALTERNATIVE CAPITALISTS

...is the brain-child of Dave Dixey and a few colleagues, inspired by the output from bands such as "Here & Now" simply recorded on cassette and distributed by post, who decided there was nothing to stop them putting out material in a similar fashion, by bands they thought were worth some exposure. The enterprise, entitled Alternative Capitalists, set about finding bands with material to release. The compilation tape that has just become available contains tracks by only one local outfit, others being too apathetic to come forward. The running order for ILLIGITTI NON CARBORUNDUM is:-

- Side One
1. Tissue Brain - HEAT ECSTASY
  2. Out Of Touch - THE PLAGUE
  3. No Time To Wait - THE PLAGUE
  4. Exile - THE PLAGUE
  5. Via Satellite - THE PLAGUE
  6. Choleratura - PETER FERRETS PARTLY
- Side Two
1. Low Comotion - PETER FERRETS PARTLY
  2. Rich - INTESTINES
  3. Life In A Cardboard Box - INTESTINES
  4. Family At War - INTESTINES
  5. Armchair Dictators - INTESTINES
  6. Nothing Is Forever - INTESTINES
  7. Today - ANTHRAX FOR THE PEOPLE
  8. Rock Is Dead - ANTHRAX FOR THE PEOPLE
  9. Confusion Strum - ANTHRAX FOR THE PEOPLE
  10. How Come - ANTHRAX FOR THE PEOPLE

The Bands:-

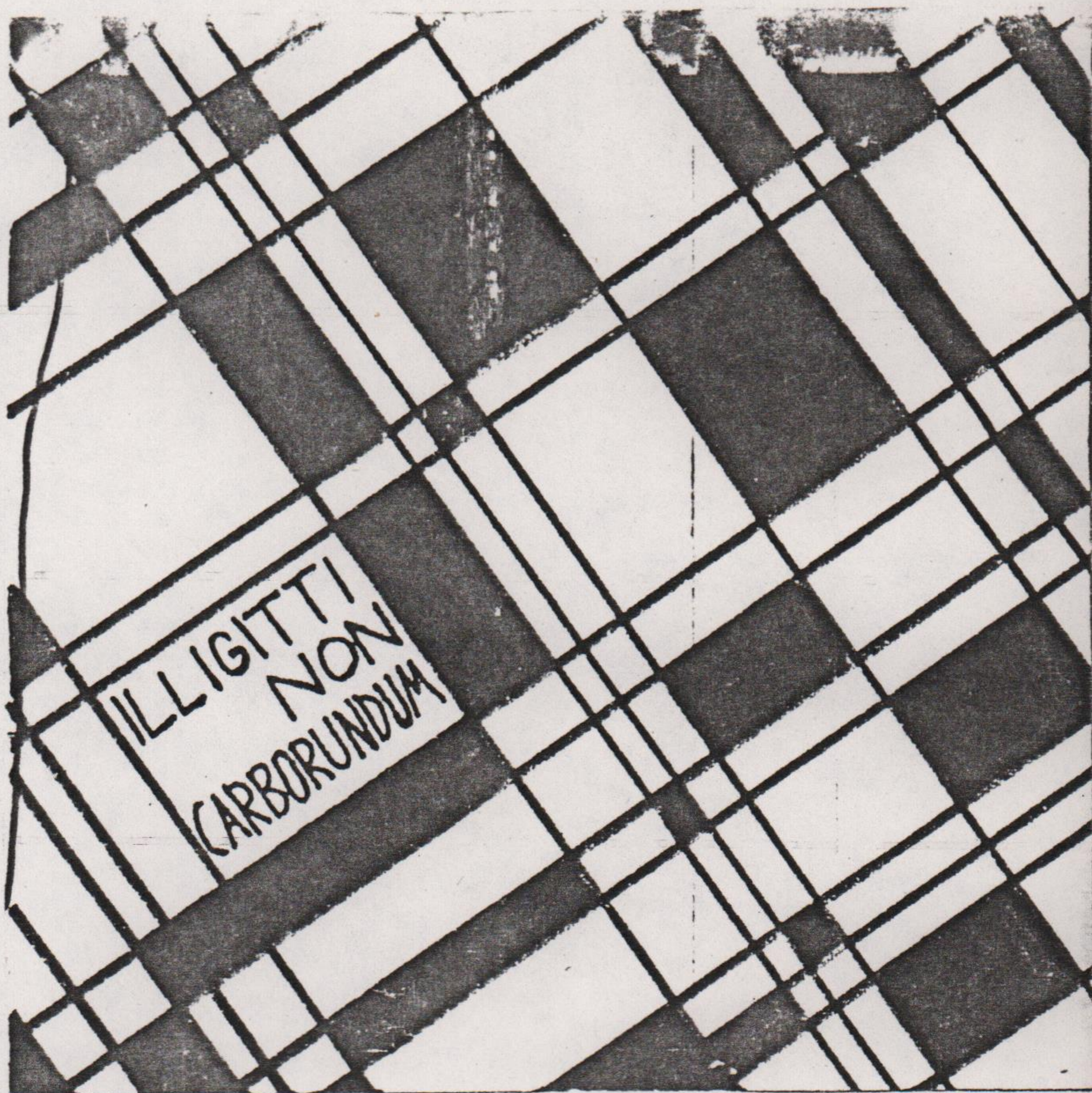
HEAT ECTASY were from Colchester, but have since split.

THE PLAGUE, who appeared at the A.C. Scamps bash (see this ish.) come from Hatfield and are all 17. A complete cassette release is planned from them soon.

PETER FERRETS PARTLY are from Liverpool. Theres only two of 'em, making totally improvised synthesisor music.

INTESTINES also appeared at Scamps, travelling from Bournemouth to do so.

ANTHRAX FOR THE PEOPLE are the only Leicester band featured, and have their own cassette available for £1.30 from Keith Dobson, 47 Stoneleigh St. London W1.





Dave is now working on the next venture, which will be a compilation tape of Leicester bands, so if you're in a band then get in contact with him and see what you can sort out. A.C. are also involved in gig promotion, the first of which - at Scamps- is reviewed in this issue of S & T. Information about all Alternative Capitalists projects can be obtained either by phoning Dave on Leicester 785123 or write to 14, SUFFOLK CLOSE, WIGSTON, LEICESTER.

### STREET MUSIC

Street Music is a shop in Gopsall Street, Highfields, Leicester where you can buy music gear, but also sell gear for clients on a comission basis. Although theres not a lot of gear in stock, they reckon they can get their hands on nything you want, and will sell it for a lower price than anywhere else locally. They also specialize in the sale and hire of P.A. systems to meet any requitements, and for the bigger rigs will also supply a two-man crew.

The guys that run the shop (Wayne, Nigel and Rush) have recently opened their basement to bands for rehearsing in. Some of these groups they have recorded, results of which I have heard, and it seems as if they know what they are doing. The rehearsing is done during the daytime to enable the recording to go ahead in the evenings. Facilities are basic (16 into 2) but good enough for a decent demo, and better gear is planned for the near future.

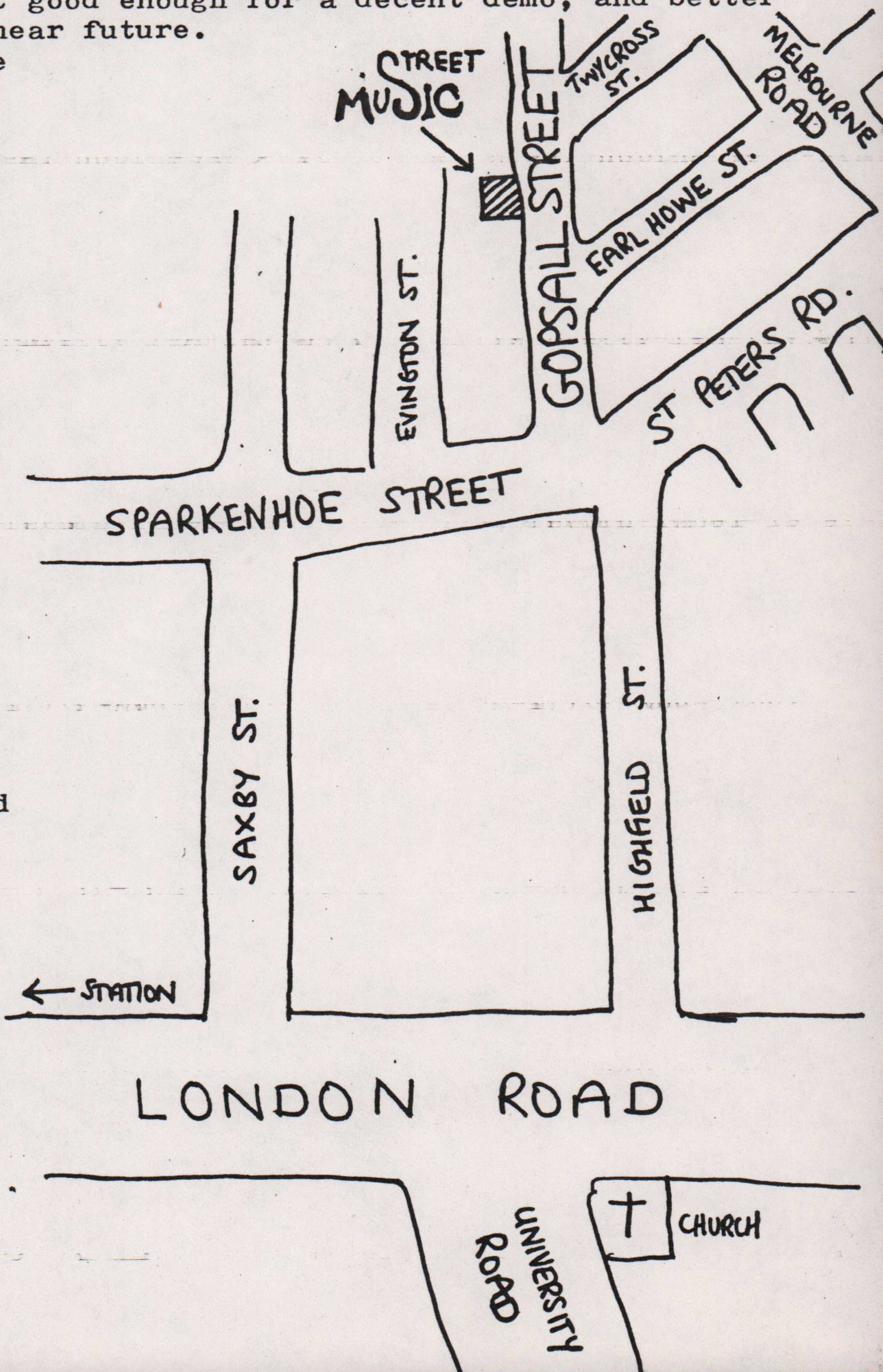
Current project is the compilation of a list of bands in the Leicester area, hoping to feature asxmany as possible in a series of gigs they will be putting on in the not-too-distant future. The list so far is pretty lengthy, but most of these hail from the centre of Leicester and they would like to hear from more bands throughout the county. A record label is also planned, probably to be called 'Scratch Records' and the first release is most likely to be by "Mental Notes" so look out for that too.

So if you want to buy gear, hire gear, talk gear, form a band, record a band, rehearse a band, or whatever, Street Music should be able to help you.

Call in at:-  
STREET MUSIC  
28 GOPSALL STREET  
LEICESTER

or phone  
LEICESTER 57490

Reverb.





# METAL BOX — ONE BLOKES VIEWPOINT



PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. ANNOUNCE AN ATTITUDE  
: 2ND EDITION

The second PIL set is re-released on 22nd of February as a double album, comprising the same tracks as the appallingly packaged METAL BOX. So this is as good a time as any to evaluate the merits of this work at the start of the eighties. It is an hour of some of the best music of the seventies and leads the way into the new decade for themselves and similar bands (Joy Division, Fall), drawing strongly from Punk and other late seventies movements (excluding mod!) but moulding them into a new direction. This is the sound of the future, no amount of rereading old fads can alter that.

We are becoming more accustomed to the PIL sound. Wobbles booming bass sets the pace, giving the music its structure, balance at times, its meaning. Under and around wind Levines guitar and drums. His guitaring follows its own rules, meandering off with obscure minor chord progressions, or squealing, painful single note runs, but always returning to the rhythm of the bass. His drumming is direct but too simple for the music. Levine is a beginner and all too often it shows. He has neither the skill or the experience to develop the drumming with the other instruments. Wobble also adds his synthesiser to certain parts, particularly 'Radio 4', the final and most melodious track on '2nd Edition'.

The set opens with 'Albatros' and like many of Lydons lyrics, concerns his chequered past. He has not yet exorcised himself from the Pistols. 'Albatros', 'Chant', 'The Suit' and 'Memories' all deal with different aspects of that era. His lyrics serve as a depressant; the music opens us up and allows us to appreciate the fright in them. The music and the words hit hard enough to destroy any fantasies we have about them.

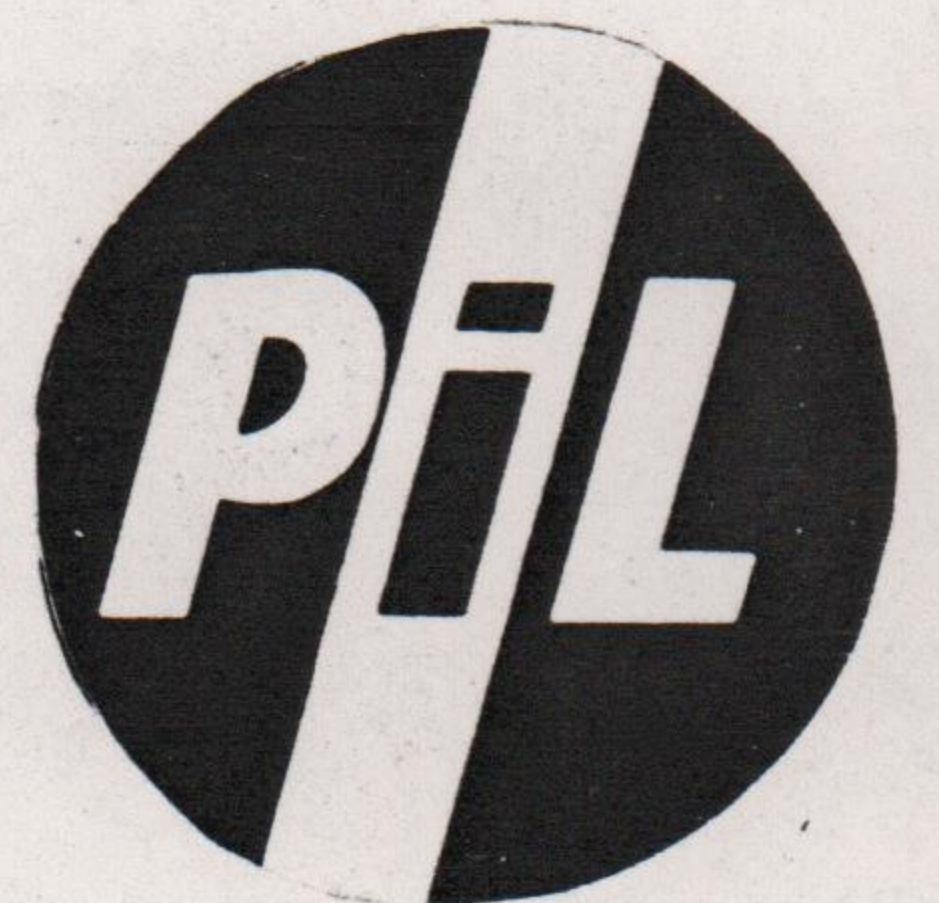
None of the songs, except 'Radio 4' have any set pattern beyond the thundering bass and jarring guitar. The vocals wash over the top, without chorus or structure, making them even more alarming.

'Poptones' and 'Careering' are the most exhilarating tracks and by following each other set us up to expect a masterpiece. In parts they do not maintain that drive, particularly when Levines strident guitaring loses the battle with Wobbles bass. By the time 'Chant' draws to a close, PIL have almost reached predictability - A cardinal sin, But they pull one more surprise as they slip into 'Radio 4', almost "acceptable" but brilliant in comparison to what has gone before.

Public Image have no pretentions. This album has taken little effort, but is a classic within their own terms, an LP to judge others by.

What will happen when they say "What happened to the Pistols". By 1990 I could probably tell you.

Charlie.





# CLASH — THEN

DE MONTFORT HALL - MAY 28TH 1977

The hall isn't very full but I'm not really surprised, as the potential phenomenon known as "Punk Rock" is still a minority interest. There's a hard-core of punks looking very 'individual' at the front, but the edges are occupied by students, who I guess have come down to write something for their degrees. First band on are the Slits who by all accounts are a pretty natty bunch of young ladies, and they bound on stage to give me my first taste of live punk. They sound very raw, and we can't hear the singer 'cus shes got a sore throat. For a laugh I grab her leg and she tries to kick me in the head, which makes me some kind of hero for a while. When they finish, people look at each other and wonder what we've just seen.

Next on are Subway Sect who I have heard of, but don't know much about. The singer stands at the front while the others plug in, and I notice a bandage on his finger. He tells me that his girlfriend bit it. The guitarist makes his axe hiss and whine whilst the bass pummels and the drums crash. The Clash and the Slits are in the audience shouting abuse at the singer, who jumps into the audience, and we join him shouting "Fuck!" down the mike. When he wants to get back on stage there's no problem and we all give him a hand.

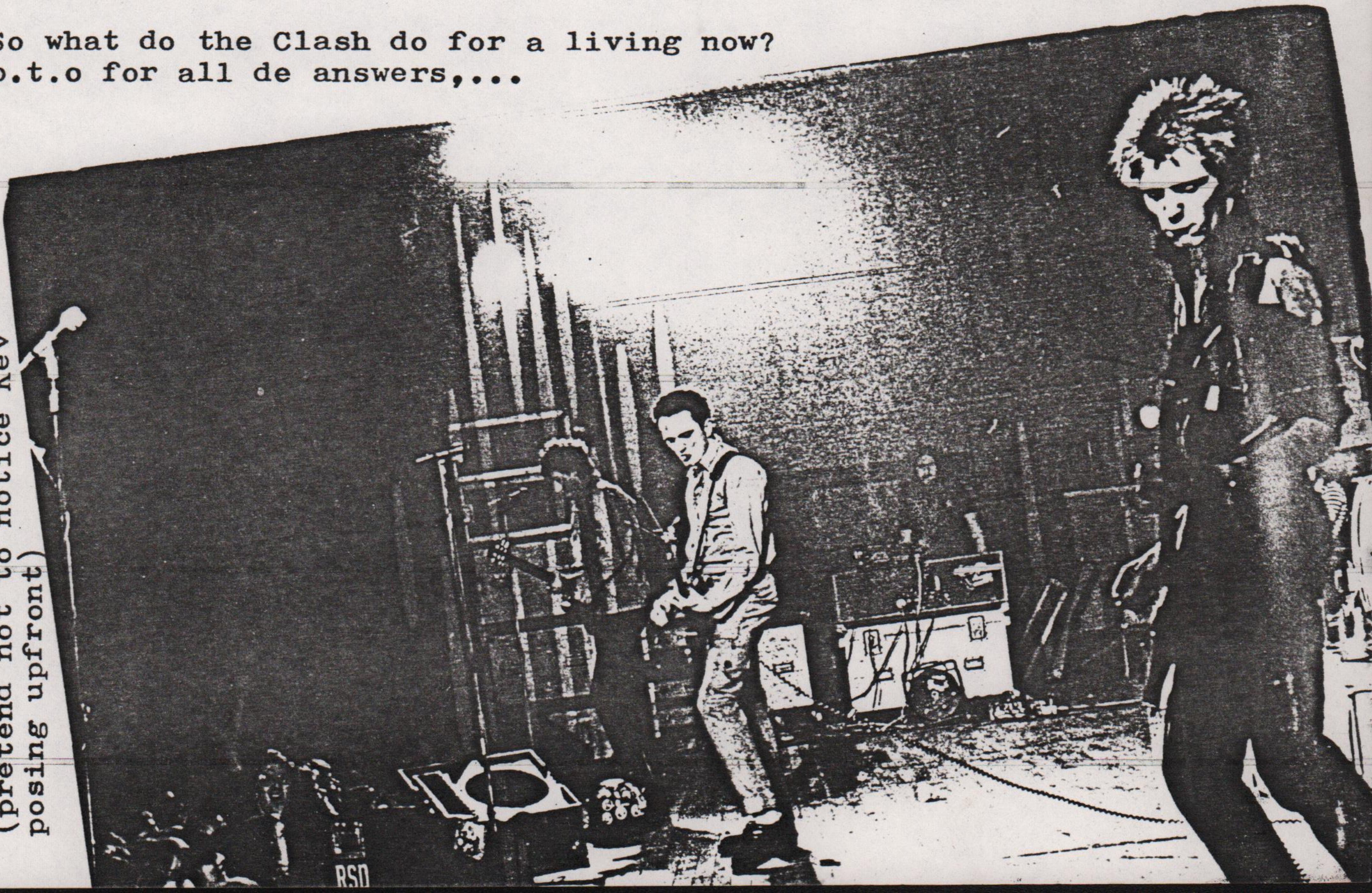
Next, the Buzzcocks; the bass-player is fat, aggressive, and an all-round cunt, but Shelley looks great standing legs apart, scratching at his broken guitar. Some idiots throw things at the stage and he says "It's not a coconut shy, y'know". The crowd pick up on the fact that each song begins with 1.2.3.4, and join Shelley in the count-ins. The bass-player gets annoyed for some reason and shouts "If you don't like it, Fuck off and see Judas Priest!" nice guy I haven't heard any Buzzcocks songs before, but pick out "Boredom" straight away, with it's unbelievable two-note guitar solo.

The Clash stand with their backs to the audience, Strummer turns and shouts "London's Burning!" and the band reply majestically, they storm through the album and also include 1977 and Capitol Radio. I am introduced to the Pogo and am really knackered by the end of the set. Me and Ronnie pass a packet of 'Protex Blue' with a message on it, and "Garageland" is dedicated to us. We can't believe it, we feel so close, really in touch. Seeing this gig has been one of the highlights of my life. I go home declaring that the Clash are the greatest band in the world.

Young Reverb

So what do the Clash do for a living now?  
p.t.o for all de answers,...

The Clash in '77  
(pretend not to notice Kev  
posing upfront)





# CLASH - Now



Well here we are at good 'ole De Mont, the Last Gang in Town are back again, which can usually guarantee a good time for all. All the young punks were out in force, but I'll come to that later.

First on, to a half-empty house, come Lester's own heroes, the New-Matics - or should I say the New-Wendy Tunes. To me, their set was dynamite; the lead singer (I'm not hip enough to know his name) getting superb little digs at the dead audience, in between playing a fistful of original, gutsy and fun songs, enjoying themselves all the way through. This is what Rock'n'Roll should be about.

Whirlwind are the sort of band who could well make the big-time, 'cus Rockabilly will always be popular in certain gutters of our society. But really, what can you expect from a singer whose first words were "I don't want no jackin' spittin' - I don't want to have to tell you again.." treating the audience as inferiors. I'd seen enough by then, I hope he got covered in gob.

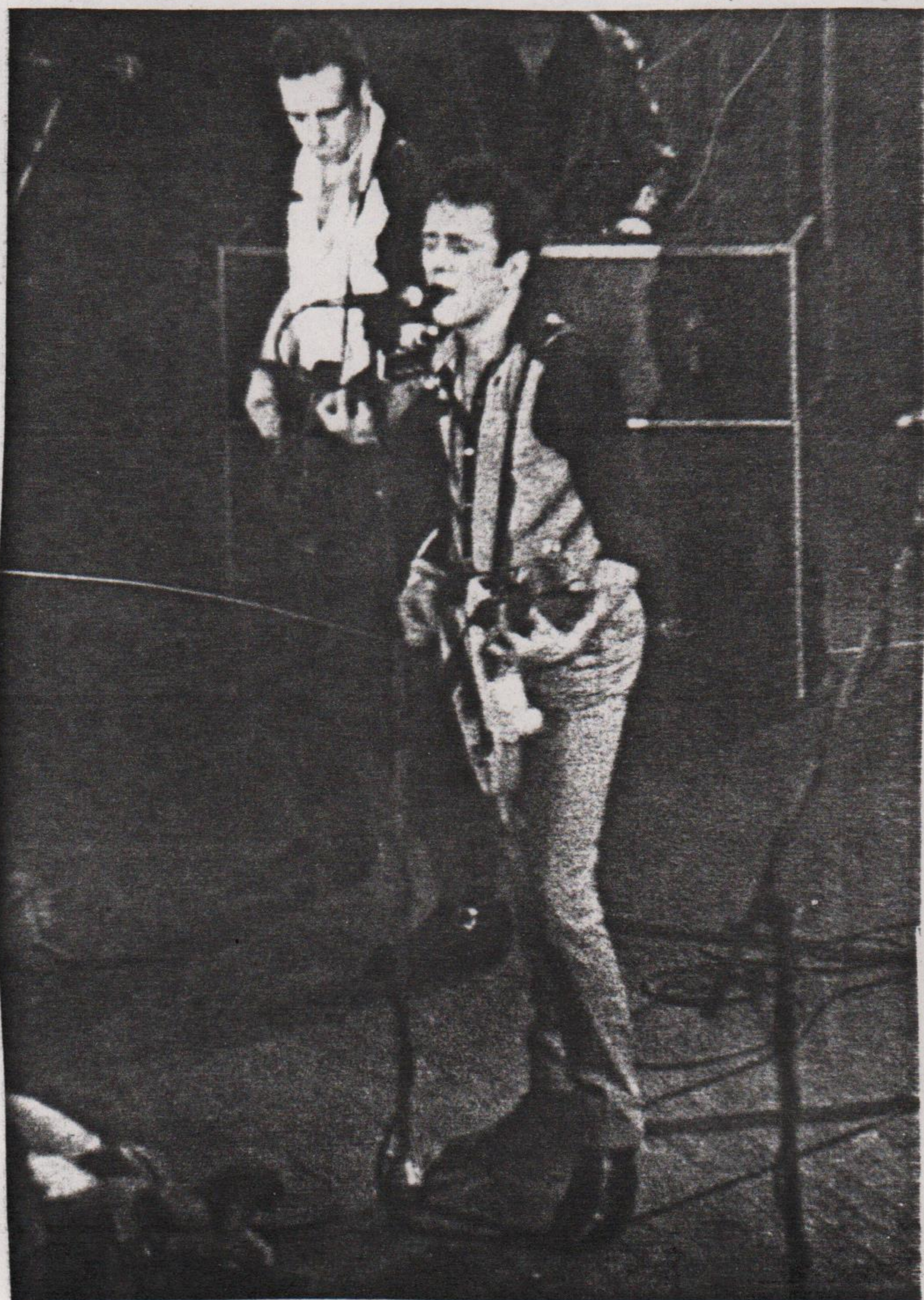
More music from the DJ, who was not bad - Booker T, B52s, Specials, Slits, Devo and many others; then on came the band of the moment - Vuh Clash!

Visually, they appear very Americanised, Micks hair got more grease than Hanger Motors, and looked better in '77. Straight into "Clash City Rockers", the classic show-opener, in the style that was to continue for the rest of the night - Strummer seeming pissed, Headon brilliant, Jones excellent, and Somonen average. As a band, very good indeed. I'm no pro journalist, so I can't give you a chronological run-down of the songs, but I can remember the stand-outs. The material from London Calling, though, was the biggest disappointment of the night. It's a fine studio album, but live fell flat on its boat-race. The attempt on Rudie Can't Fail was embarrassing, bordering on pathetic, to watch, though luckily it was the worst of the bunch. Improvement with London Calling, Jimmy Jazz and Working For The Clampdown, but then Strummer and Simonen swapped places for Guns Of Brixton to prove that Paul can't sing, and Joe can't play Bass. It was dreadful.

The material from the first two albums was so much better. Safe European Home and English Civil War, Stay Free and Janie Jones were total brill, and the encores of White Riot and London Burning took me back to the pleasant memories of '77. All in all, a good gig, but could have been better, lads.

By the way, I saw some strange sights at De Mont. Kids with long hair, ripped T-shirts, Jeans, Baseball boots, denim jackets and "Punk Rules Ok" badges who jumped up and down to the fast songs. Wonder where they were in '77. Oh for those days...

Joe Firkin.





A VERY LARGE "HI" TO ALL OUR  
MILLIONS OF NEW READERS IN  
NOTTINGHAM WITH THIS, THE  
FIRST OF NICKS REGULAR COLUMNS

NICK IN NOTTINGHAM

Some good news to start with:-

- The £8million concert hall will be a 2½ thousand seater job, behind the Theatre Royal (wher Selectadisc is). However, though there will be regular Rock concerts, seats will not be removable (until Sham 69 or UK Subs play, when their respective armies will no doubt change all that).

- The new venue, as revealed in last months ish, will open around September, but as planning permission is going through at this moment, the location is being kept secret. It will hold up to 1,000 people, with live music five nights a week, including top bands.

- The Sandpiper, now called Studio 80, has Mod/Punk discos on fridays and saturdays, but Live music could return in a few weeks, as there seem to be problems over the granting of a license for a straight disco.

- All sorts of fun at the University. The portering staff who take tickets etc., flatly refuse to allow non-N.U.S people in, so the Students Union offered to handle all concerts themselves, but the University then said that they wouldn't allow students to be in complete control of a building. Subsequently they have had to turn down offers from the Pretenders, Squeeze, Only Ones, Clash, Members and The Beat. All these would normally have been open to the public, but as the building is apparantly not fully licensed (they've been having concerts there for ten years and nobodys said anything before), the porters will only let students in. So its no longer viable to run the concerts, and nobody benefits. Great, isn't it? The Students Union is taking the University to court...

One way of getting round the silliness is to have smaller concerts in the halls of residence. I went along to see the Pirates and Nottinghams Drug Squad at the first of these, which was open to anyone, some town kids were there, and it was a great night. The Pirates tore through their set like Harlow through the Leicester defence, leaving everyone, including themselves, totally knackered by the end. Some new material at the start, then the old favourites towards the end, finishing with "We're All In It Together".

- There was a visit from the "Wierd Tales Free Tour" - one of those tours with a bus-load of hippies playing free gigs and bloody awful music. It consisted of the Androids Of Mu, a four-piece all\_girl band sounding like a bad version of the Slits, and that really must be bad; the Mob and Zounds, average and boring Joy Division type bands. They took a collection - "Give as much as you think the musics worth" they said, suggesting 50p to a quid; I didn't give anything.

- Meanwhile, Nottingham band "23 Jewels" have a single out on their own label called "Playing Bogart" which was proclaimed as single of the week by N.M.E. guest reviewer Tom Robinson, but then, is that anything to shout about?

- As if you needed a reminder, don't forget that Radio Nottingham still do their Rock Show on about every night of the week, 6pm to 6.45. They were sporting enough to give ol' S & T a mention a couple of weeks back, which shows they've got good taste.

- and finally, if Dave Chaos, once of 'Rotten To The Core' fame is still eking out his existance in the city, drop us a note into Virgin will ya, cus we'd like your valuable expertise on our side once more.

- S & T Available from VIRGIN records in Nottingham, a veritable mecca for vinyl-freaks.

Nick.



# Trends

SO WHY DO TRENDS PLAY SUCH A BIG PART IN A LOT OF KIDS LIVES? IN THIS FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES ON THE SUBJECT, I'LL ATTEMPT TO PROVIDE A BIT OF FOOD FOR THOUGHT, OR GO MAD IN THE PROCESS.

Chris's brainy bit...

Trends, and how and why we follow them, have long been a great source of puzzlement to many deep-thinking people. It just doesn't seem logical that generations of kids whose ancestors fought a hundred world wars "for their freedom" should appear to want to throw away their individuality in order to congregate under various banners loosely termed as Trends. "They'll grow out of it" is the common assumption, but do they ever? You've only got to look at the amount of middle-aged Teddy Boys around at the moment. And with each new generation there is another trend, and another load of kids get hooked.

So what do we define as a 'Trend'. To put it in so many words, its a state of mind manifesting itself in many forms. Leaving aside the obvious hero-worship kicks of the teenys (usually involving an individual "star"), the trend mainly revolves around a set uniform and a set life-style, with music as a dominant factor. To the hard-core 'Trendy', any deviation from these ideals signifies the offender as a 'Poser', or more occasionally, a trend-setter (usually where a dominant personality is involved ie. Paul Weller and Mods). To some people, the Trend is only fun when it remains comparatively small, as Mod did in the early sixties until the media dragged it through the mud in '64. To others it's a case of everybody jump on the bandwagon. At this point the instigators will jump off and search for pastures new, and the process repeats itself over the years. Media coverage always drags commercialism in its wake, and the bandwagon jumpers are exploited, quite happily it seems, all the way down the line. I got three button-down Bennys in Irish in January '79, only £12 the lot; today these same items are that much each. This has all happened since the film "Quadrophenia" hit our screens; before then there were 20 maybe 30 or so "Mods" in Leicester - I saw a guy in March stroll down Silver Street in his Parka getting all manner of strange looks. On average, about 50 parkas a day walk down there now.

So what makes a kid want to get involved in a 'Trend' anyway? After the initial "hero-worship" bit, the kid gets to the age where they start to become aware of their environment, more is demanded of them by their elders, their outlook changes, their attitudes harden, and they begin to adopt ways of announcing their frustrations. Man through instinct has always derived strength from numbers, so the natural channel is to band together with others in similar mood. What actually governs which trend the kid will follow is, subconsciously anyway, not as important as the reasons for adopting the mode. On the surface, he or she will say "Yeah, I love the clothes, the music etc.," but underneath it all is the need to feel part of something, anything that will spur them on. Being able to escape into this 'life' provides the help the kid needs to get through the difficult years moving from child to adult, an aggressive image also forcing their elders to take notice for maybe the first time in their lives, a self-confidence booster at least.

What originally drove kids into this situation was almost certainly due to the after-effects of World War Two. Up until then, and for a few years after, they were browbeaten by a rigid society into conforming to their outmoded systems of age, sex and class prejudice, pushed into trades or the forces, taught that their elders weren't always right, but were never wrong, and that contention of this system was amongst the gravest of sins. The post-war 'lapse' in these 'standards' allowing greater personal freedom for the younger generation, and a change in education to give more awareness, gave the '50s kids a chance to determine their own present and future. They began to realise that it didn't have to be like the old ways. "Teenagers" began to build up their own culture, one that had previously never been allowed to exist. It was the obvious next step to get together with others to further this new freedom, adopting a 'uniform' in the process, but not one that had been thrust on them, but one they could choose for themselves.

Chris.

NEXT MONTH:- What were the Trends, and where to next?



# WAYNE R.W.'S LONDON STORIES

The Jam at the Rainbow was an event I'd been waiting for, for what seemed like years, because no matter what anyone might say about the Chords, Purple Hearts or Secret Affair, for me the Jam are still the greatest. Until the other bands can produce anything as good as "Tube Station" or "Away From The Numbers", they'll just fade into oblivion; music is about change and you can't get away with doing the same thing for ever. Ian Page can't go on singing "Time For Action" for the rest of his life, and that's why the Jam will survive, for they change from LP to LP - listen to "In The City" and "Setting Sons" and the difference in style is so great, you wouldn't believe it was the same group.

I remember the first time I ever saw the band, it was at a pub called the Rochester Castle in Stamford Hill, Feb 1977. Gary (fellow musician) and I were strolling past the place and noticed the music drifting out; having no money we had to stand outside and listen until some couple came out and gave us their tickets. The Pub was half full, a few punks were standing around trying to look mean, and on stage were the Jam, dressed in black suits, white shirts, black ties, and those two-tone shoes...I hadn't seen a band in suits before and these lads looked great, Rickenbacker guitars, Vox amps with Union Jacks spread over them, the whole sixties image. I can't remember all of the songs they played, only "So Sad About Us", "Heatwave" and "In The City", though Gary recalls them doing

"Much Too Much" a track from the "My Generation" album. But the real stand-out was Wellers stage presence. He wasn't holding anything back, even to a half-empty pub in Stamford Hill - the Townsend leaps and windmills and the non-stop jumping around. From that moment on I was a Jam devotee, and that is why I was at the Rainbow to see the Jam in '79. The place was packed, Spanner and I got there early so we could check out the styles, which is a favourite pastime of mine. Really surprised to see some sparks of originality amid the sea of Parkas (when will they ever realise that Mods were more than just Parkas). A couple of kids were wearing Bicycling tops which looked really good; also somebody was wearing a Fred Perry zip-up Harrington-style jacket. Most of the under 17s were in the usual uniform, Parkas and Hush Puppies.

On came the Jam to thunderous applause and people were dancing before they had even played a note, and continued long after they had finished. The majority of the material was from "All Mod Cons" and "Setting Sons", no greatest hits from this band. The new tracks sound better live than they do on the album, no ringing telephones or cannon fire, just basics and It sounded great.

The only disappointment was that Weller doesn't say much between songs like he used to do, and Foxtan seems to be the only one enjoying it totally..maybe the new songs need more concentration or are harder to play.

The crowd were a bit boring as well, the usual stupid chants of "We are the Mods etc". The best concert I've been to since the last time I saw the Jam.

Wayne R.W.



NICK SHAW REALISES A LIFETIME  
AMBITION, AND GETS TO GRUNT OUT  
SINGLE WORD SENTENCES WITH....

# DER RAMONES

Much has been said about the Ramones/  
Phil Spector link-up, mainly favourable  
I think it's awful, and was fearing  
the worst when they played the De Mont  
on January 17th - but relief!!; the  
Live set is still as fast, as furious,  
and as funny as always. Ramonia, that  
terrible disease, first gripped me in  
1976 with that incredible first album,  
and there they are, four years later,  
thrashing out nearly all of that first album, and little of the new, to  
their punters! Their set is like a train going downhill with no brakes,  
just "Wuntoofreefur" between songs, and occasionally Joey Ramone saying  
"Tekkideede" ("Would you be so kind as to introduce the next song  
please, Dee Dee?") before the afore-mentioned (thats todays big word)  
"Wuntoofreefur". Vintage Ramones this - noisy, fast and awful; but thats  
the glory of them, the Ramones are just so stupid! I found myself in the  
dressing room before the gig, only to find Johnny, Dee Dee and Marky  
practising old songs (Marky tapping sticks on a packing-case for  
percussion, and - what a photo this would have been - Joey Ramone  
practising his stance with the mike stand in front of a large mirror,  
grunting his approval when finally satisfied with his appearance. He



turned out to be a shy, withdrawn  
bloke - he says "Its really  
nice to meet you" to me, when  
there I was having trouble  
calling him Joey instead of  
Messiah. He's the thinnest  
person I've ever seen, he's  
like a matchstick man gone  
wrong, and I thought that I  
might break his arm if I  
shook his hand.

p.t.o

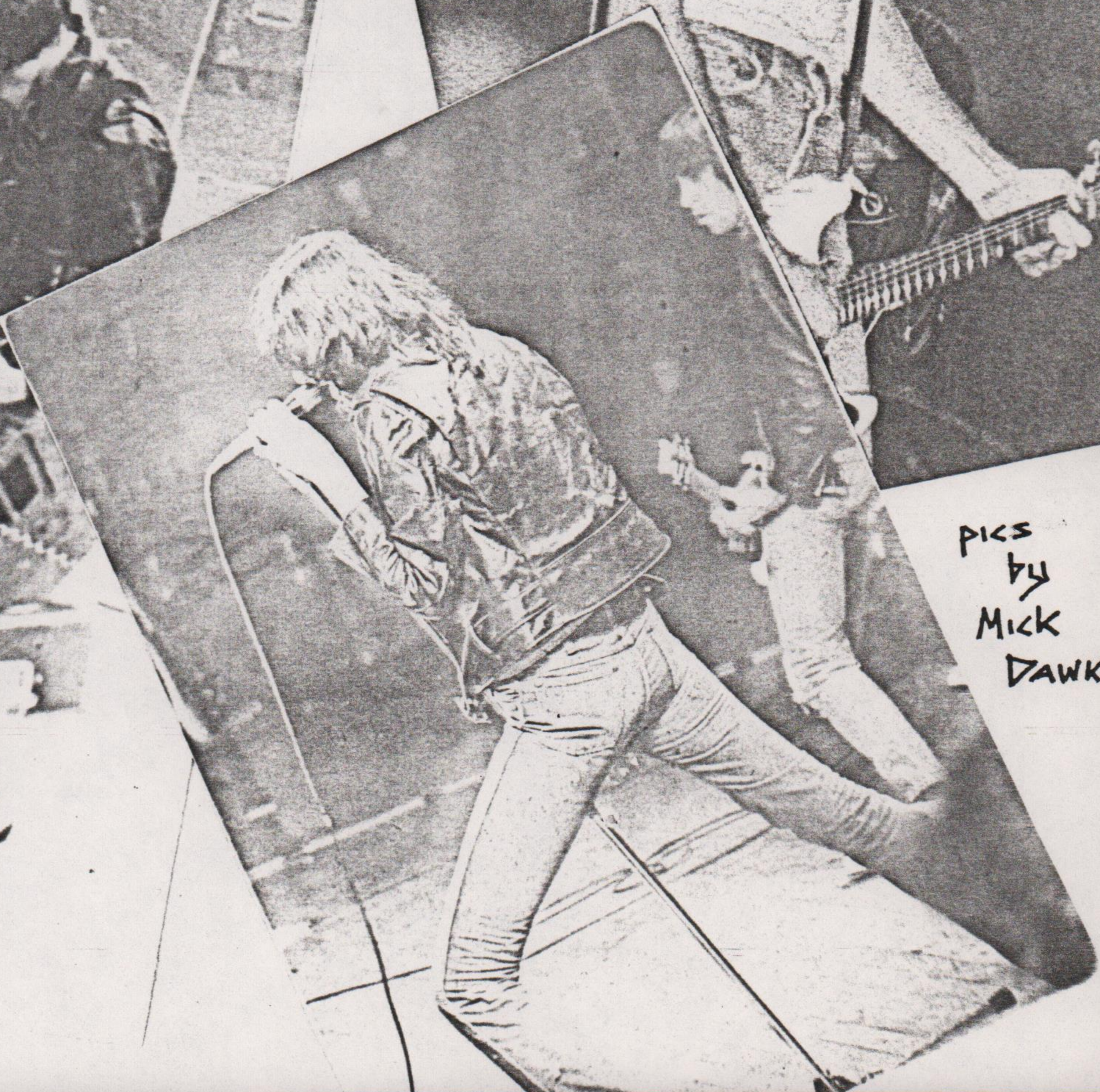
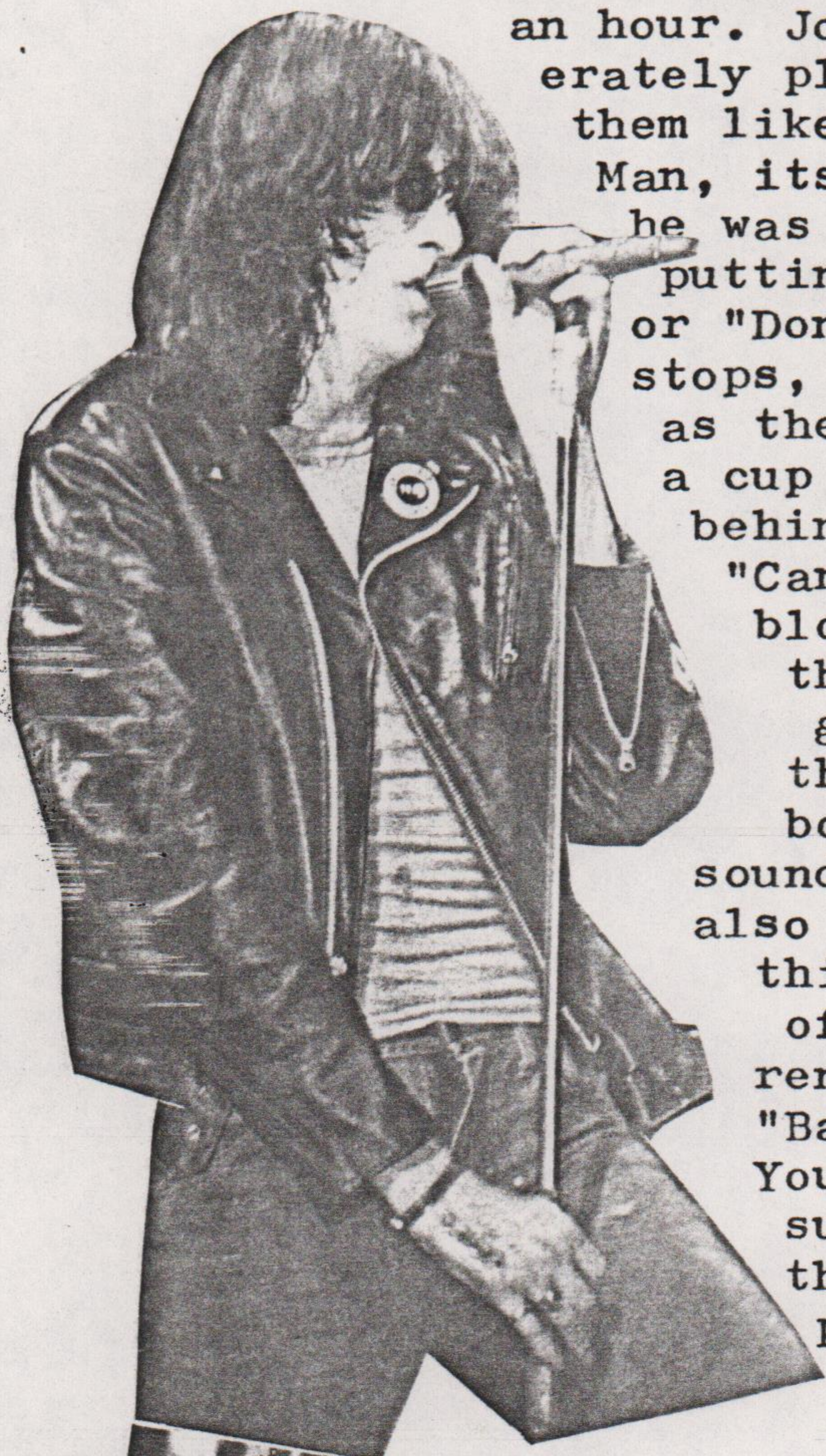


"John, Ramonely dancing..."



What struck me about the band is that they don't quite see what everybody finds so funny about them; for example, the length of their set - a long-standing joke in papers like N.M.E. At the De Mont they played over 30 songs in just over an hour. Johnny says "Yeah, well we don't try to deliberately play faster than the night before, we just play them like we think they ought to be played - I mean Man, its not a race" I almost fell about laughing, he was so serious. Joey, though, has difficulty putting together sentences of more than "Yes", "No", or "Don't know, man", and when hes stuck, he just stops, hoping you'll make the rest up yourself. So as they carried on with the practising, I went for a cup of tea. "Who is it tonight?" the old dear behing the counter asked. "The Ramones" I replied. "Can't say I've heard of them" she said. Well she bloody well had done a couple of hours later. I thought they were great, but obviously the gentleman from the Leicester Mockery didn't think so. He reckoned they were boring, noisy, and the sound was awful. He also didn't think much of their rendition of "Baby, I Love You". I'm not surprised - they didn't play it.

Nick.



PICS  
by  
MICK  
DAWKEYE



# THE INDIVIDUAL

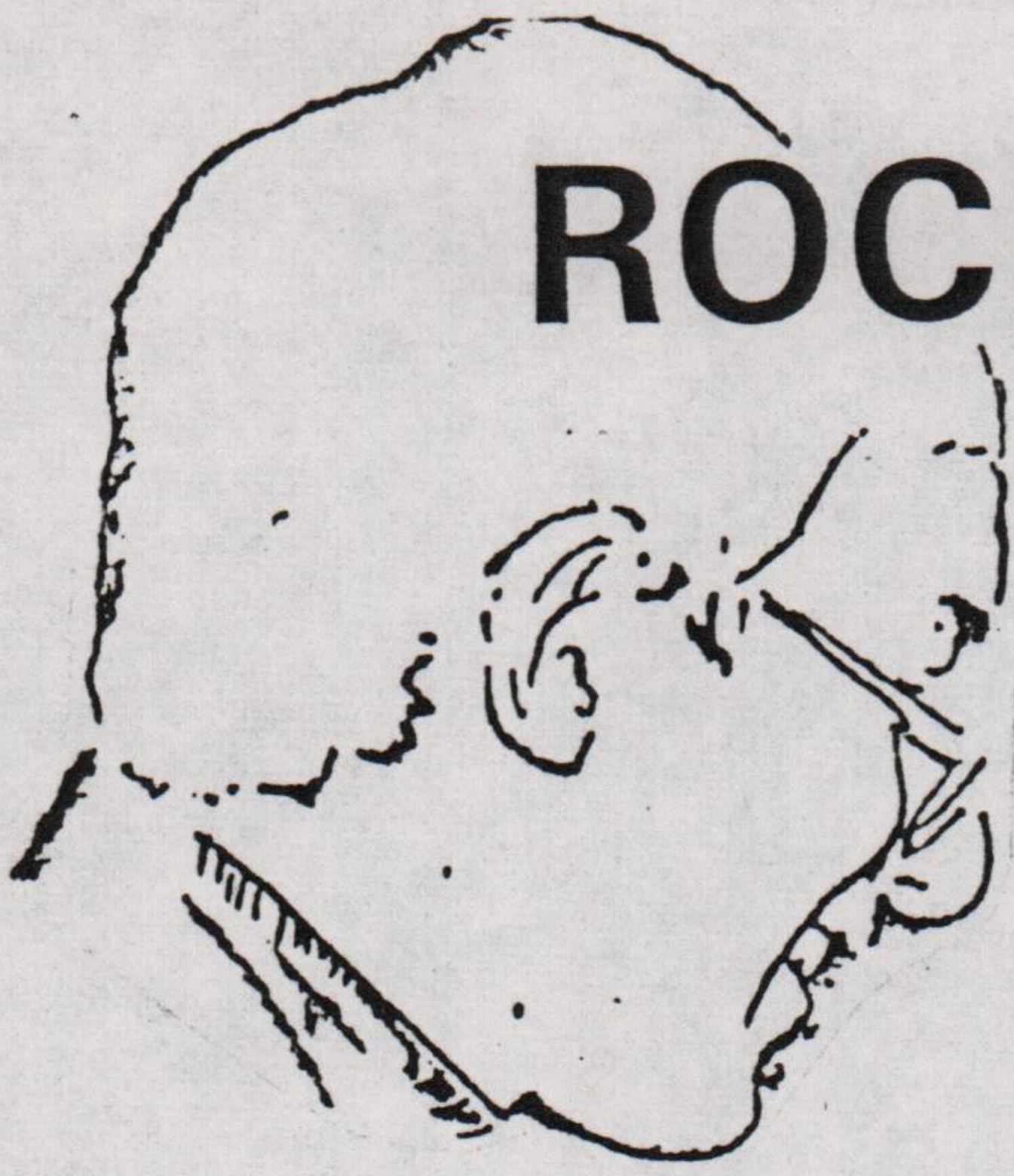


Don't wanna get involved/Rather pose/Don't  
wanna like a band unless they're famous/  
Don't wanna seem interested in case my  
mates see me/Rather pose/Anarchy/Anarchy  
you pledge/But you use the music media as  
your bible/Anarchy is for sale/ignore the  
band-they're not hip/Lose your heart to  
the UK Subs/ Twice as contrived as the  
disco boppers cus they don't pretend/  
you're an individual in your leather  
jacket and combat trousers, you and your  
mates/Cloning isn't fiction, its hard  
obvious reality/you're not differant in  
your green piece of heaven/patches on  
your back declaring what you are in case  
no-one noticed/walk around in gangs/you  
know all the songs/live out the film/'cept  
the film was about some-ones search for  
his own identity, whilst you're searching  
for some-one elses/Live out your shallow  
fantasies/you walk into master schemes/  
you don't know when you're being duped/  
throw away your previous lifestyle/deny  
your previous existance/swallow the bait/  
buy the T-shirts/buy the bondage trousers/  
wear the tonic suits/squirm on the hook/  
but don't pretend to do it of your own  
accord/you've got no mind/don't believe  
that Robots are metal/do believe they're  
frightening/someone, somewhere writes the  
programmes/seek out and envelope/destroy  
self/create replicas/meet with no resist-  
ance/the fodder are helpless, spineless/  
set army against army/Mod v Punk/Punk v  
Skin/Skin v Hippy/Grease v Mod/Punk v  
Grease/They do it cus they want to/so do  
sheep.

Baz Cox.







# ROCK 'N' ROLL REVERBS

Last month we were struggling to find any singles to review 'cus nothing was being released, but this month has been a bumper Jamboree so we'll get through as many as we can..

## SPIZZ ENERGI - WHERE'S CAPTAIN KIRK?

This record deserves to sell even more than Abba. One of those special records that makes you smile every time you hear it.

Spizz has a voice that could sink a thousand Sputniks. No doubt the vast majority of the great British public will overlook it, so nip out and buy it, sit at home and snigger in self-congratulation whilst warping out to kill Klingons (these are not sticky turds) WATCH OUT FOR ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80!

## SIMPLE MINDS - CHANGELING

Blessed with one of the best drum sounds this side of Charlie Watts but the record, although mature and immensely interesting, is more of an album trailer than a serious attempt at making the charts.

## EARCOM III - Various Artists (Double Single)

Earcom releases are always interesting but are not the kind of thing you can play regularly. The sort of purchase you can impress your mates with...

## CHORDS - MAYBE TOMORROW

Their debut single was a potentially great song that was blessed with production that even Crass would heave at. Its good to hear that they've solved this problem and found a Producer with more to offer than six brain cells. I liked the song when I heard it on a John Peel session, but it was dogged with cliched, Townsend-style guitar pick-up switching in the middle, which I'm glad to say have been left off the single. This is proof enough that the Chords will not rely on fashions to earn their keep.

## 9 BELOW ZERO - E.P.

Great R & B that brings back memories of those days when Dr Feelgood were the best band in the land (i.e Before Wilko left). Not really commercial but a good buy if you loke de riddum an de blooze.

## NAAFI SANDWICH - ?

"Lets make a silly noise and get ourselves a silly name". "Yeah, thats a good idea, someones sure to think we're clever".

## THE SELECTER - THREE MINUTE HERO

I thought the Selecter were great Live, but I'm sure they've got Songs with a great deal more single potential than this. A mite disappointing.

## AKRYLYKZ - SPYDERMAN/SMART-BOY

A ska record from a northern independant. The Two-Tone bands are great but tend to dilute the true Ska sound to make it more accessible. Not so with Akrylykz, whose debut release has that real "Feel". Smart Boy would seem to be the most likely side to push for airplay, but it's truely a double A-side. Perhaps they'll take over when 2-tone runs out of ideas which judging by Selecters latest, might not be too far away.



REVERBS

CAIRO - BLUEBEAT

Is it? Sounds more like Ian Dury to me. Needs a good kicking.

CHARLIE PARKAS - BALLAD OF ROBIN HOOD

If in doubt, Ska it. I suppose its fun.

SPECIALS A.K.A - LIVE E.P.

One original and four covers of ageless classics that show the Specials at their Live best. Little point in saying more, as no doubt you'll be buying it anyway.

SPELLING MISSTEAKS - E.P.

Only heard one track, Popstar, which sounds fair enough, but it ain't gonna change the world.

ADDICTS - LUNCH WITH E.P.

Sections sound a bit Banshee-ish. Nice guitar sound, but like the previous one, it won't be the cause of the next World War.

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS - TELL THAT GIRL TO SHUT UP

A new band with a lot of press coverage just lately. For once the biggies are justified. A single that has just got to be heard. Get into 'em now before everybody else does.

SILICON TEENS - JUDY IN DISGUISE

Complete waste of time (I hated the original, and this version just makes me flatulant).

CABARET VOLTAIRE - SILENT COMMAND

One of the premier "New Musik" combos in this fair land. Its Ok 'cus you can dance to it, but I find a lot of this kind of stuff pretty contrived.

KENNY ROGERS - COWARD OF THE COUNTY

Revolver strikes again. A great song by one of my fave singers. It's so sincere and deep it makes me feel like drinking neat phlegm and burning my Julie Andrews lps. This classic doesn't deserve to be in the same paper as the others in this review. Its crap.

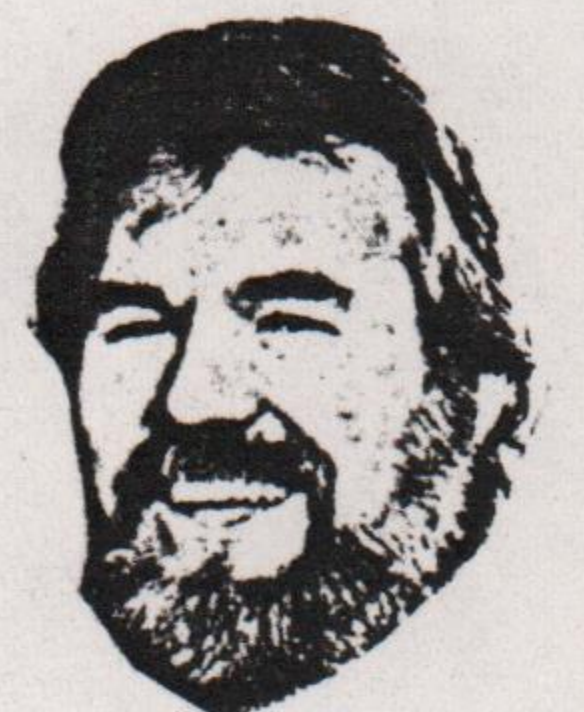
JOHN FOX - UNDERPASS

The uninitiated may think this sounds a bit like Mr Numan, but its the other way round. Its a travesty of justice that whilst Numan is making a packet out of other peoples ideas, the originatores are still struggling for recognition.

REVILLOS - MOTOR BIKE BEAT

Magic.

SMIRKING KEN  
ROGERS →



IGNERENTS - INTERFERNCE ON MY RADIO

Well produced and enjoyable though not a mind-blower.

STANDING FLAT - DATE RIPPER

Wierd version of the beatles song, its good tho'.

"..one of my  
fave singers."  
REVERBS

NEGATIVES - LOVE IS NOT REAL

These lads tell us what love is, and then tell us what it ain't. I wish I knew the answer. I hope I can get a copy of it.

Lots more Reverbs next month so good Buy till then, Kiddies.



# SPEEDY BEARS

## SHEARSBY BATH HOTEL

Its sunday night and theres nothing worthwhile on the telly, someone tells me that theres a band called SPEEDY BEARS playing at Shearsby. I've seen the name around before, but knew nothing about them so I decided to risk life and limb (country roads on me Vespa) and trek to this remote venue. In the company of the intrepid Dawkeye (minus camera WHO PAYS HIM!) arrival is accomplished after a loss of way, only to find the place full of Longhairs and Smellies. The sensible approach is a low profile and stick to the back of the room incognito. The band come on and I think my worst fears are justified i.e. Kaftans and Beards, but something looks differant. Not being too sure of the strength of the beer and by no means being an expert on such matters, I ask Mike whether or not what I think I see is real or an illusion. Mike says I'm not tripping and it is indeed a female on Bass, so being a sexist pig, my interest is aroused. Apart from said bass, the line-up includes Guitar, Keyboards, Drums, and Electric Violin, which is by no means a 'standard' formula. The music they turn out is by no stretch of the imagination breaking new ground, but is still interesting and well-played, although some of the longer pieces do cojure up the odd yawn here and there.

Its a pity that Shearsby is such a long way out because the place is ideal for gigs, and its also a free house (Marstons Pedigree, Kev - Ed.) The band play songs of varying tempos and content, but I just had to laugh when they played one that deliberated the merits of hot air ballooning. Still, its better than jerking...

Baron Von Reverb

## THIS MONTHS QUIZ

PICTURED RIGHT IS A SHADY LOCAL CHARACTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AT LARGE AS "HARRY HORMONE"...BUT DO YOU KNOW HIS REAL NAME?

THE FIRST CORRECT REPLY WILL WIN AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH OF "HARRY" PLUS A NIGHT OUT WITH HIM AT A VENUE OF HIS CHOICE.

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