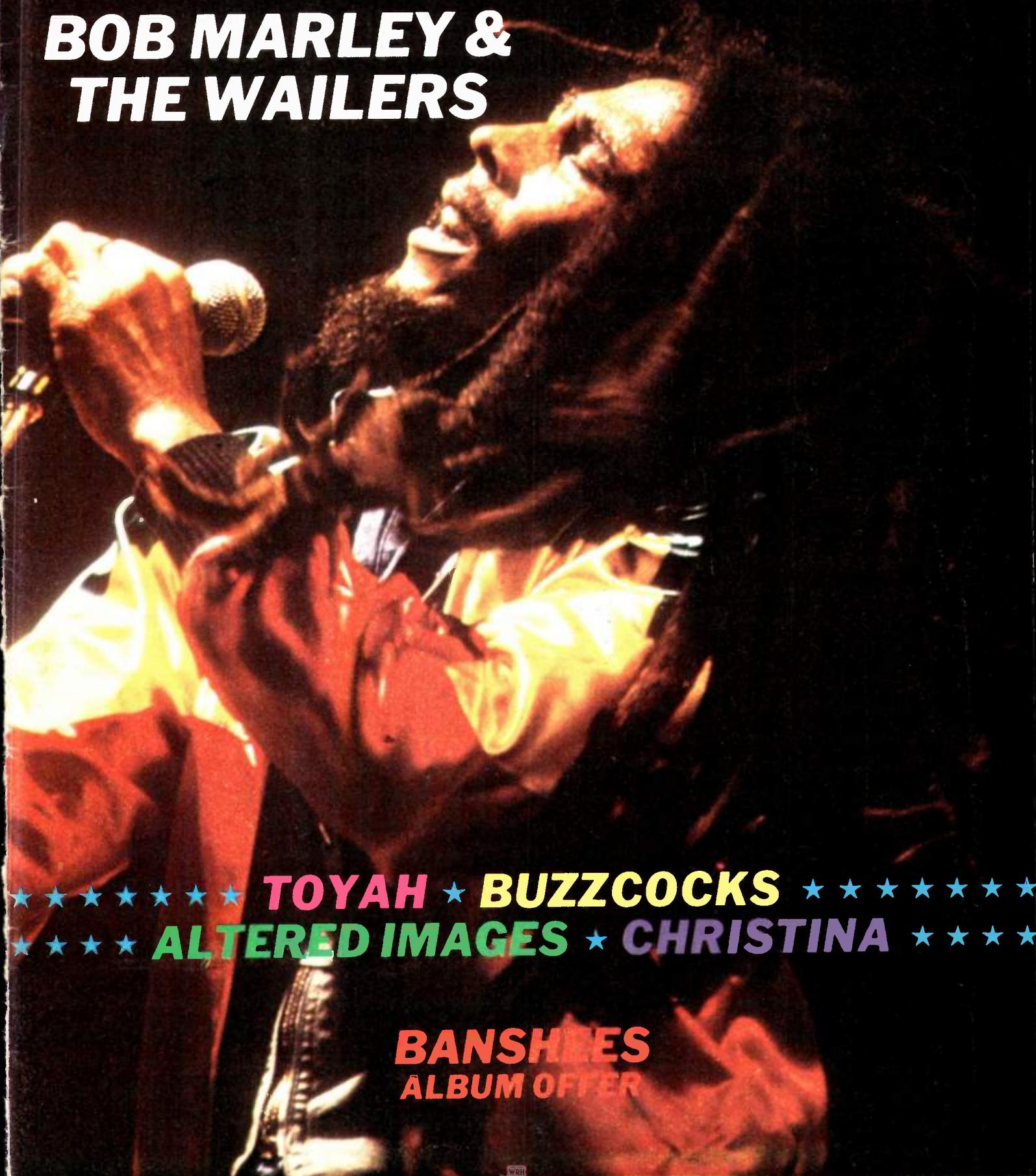


ZIGZAG

**BOB MARLEY &
THE WAILERS**



***** **TOYAH** ★ **BUZZCOCKS** *****
***** **ALTERED IMAGES** ★ **CHRISTINA** *****

BANSHEES
ALBUM OFFER

CHARTS

The

Green Man

Lost half of
it on a day
trip to
Yarmouth
(sorry)

This chart is compiled from the number of plays on the Green Man jukebox, Aylesbury over the month before.
(Last months position)

COMPILED BY RAY DUTHIE

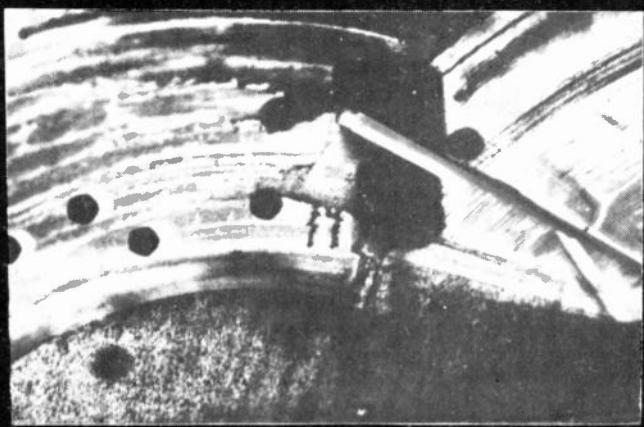


- 1 (-) Did You See Her - Pink Military
- 2 (I) Silicone Chip - Basement 5
- 3 (-) My My Hey Hey - Neil Young
- 4 (2) Bloody Revolution - Crass
- 5 (9) Transmission - Joy Division
- 6 (7) Come Nurse - Jah Thomas
- 7 (-) Emotional Rescue - Rolling Stones
- 8 (-) Betrayal - Jah Wobble
- 9 (8) Non Stop - WKGB
- 10 (4) Ieya - Toyah

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THE LINES



COOL SNAP

RL12-005 OUT NOW!

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- 1 A Figure Walks — The Fall
- 2 She's Lost Control — Joy Division
- 3 Damaged Goods — Gang of 4
- 4 Love Like Anthrax — Gang of 4
- 5 Love Lies Limp — ATV
- 6 Drowning — Graph
- 7 Put Away — The Fall
- 8 Confidence — Scritti Politti
- 9 Boredom — Buzzcocks
- 10 Anarchy — Pistols
- 11 Shared Women — Crass
- 12 Across The Universe — Beatles
- 13 Killing An Arab — Cure
- 14 Religion — PiL
- 15 No Looking — Raincoats
- 16 Fiery Jack — The Fall
- 17 Alternatives — ATV
- 18 Silent Command — Cabaret Voltaire
- 19 The Medium Was Tedium — Desperate Bicycles
- 20 Life — ATV
— Steven, Bradford

NEXT MONTH

KILLING JOKE MARTY THAU
HUMAN LEAGUE GRAHAM PARKER SKIDS
MO-DETTEES VISITORS CLOCKVA SOUL BOYS
PETER GABRIEL (DEF.) COWBOYS INT. NIGHTINGALES
CHELSEA LEVI & THE RICHARDS
AUPAIRS

ZIGZAG

104

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They really haven't given me
much room, have they? Watch out for
our Marley World exclusive — sorry
we're a bit small-blame stingy. See
non-advertising record cos. See
K.x

ONE-EDEE

EXCLUSIVE!

BOB MARLEY!

PLUS!

**BUZZCOCKS
TOYAH
FEELIES** ALTERED
IMAGES
CRISTINA

DRAWING
COMPETITION

MARTIAN DANCE

MAKE A RECORD-EASY!



ZIGZAG DRAWIN

SID VICIOUS

by ANDREW JOHNSON



FROM: ANDREW JOHNSON, PRIMSLAND DRIVE, DROITWICH, WORCS.



Siouxsie

FROM NIGEL BATES, SANDIACRE, NOTTS.



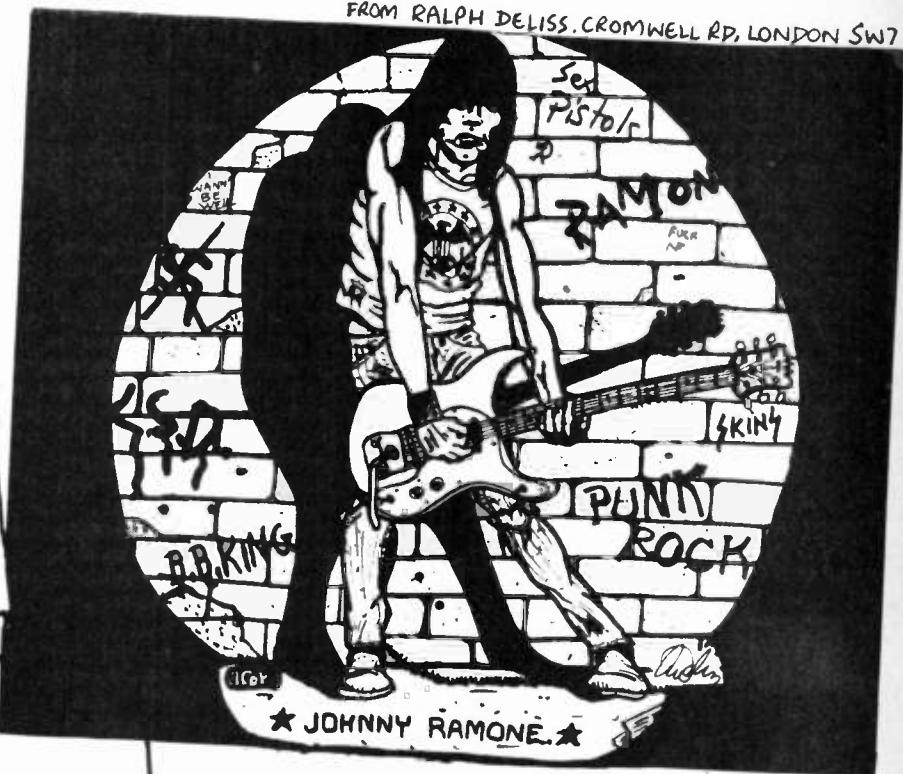
FROM CLAIRE KELLEY, GOSPORT, HANTS.

NGS

HERE THEY ARE! THE CREAM OF YOUR ENTRIES FOR OUR 'DRAW YOUR OWN' COMPETITION. THE THREE ON THE LEFT GET THE NEW ALBUM BY SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES AS A PRIZE. THOSE ↑ RUN UP WITH OTHERS WE'LL PRINT SOON. THANX FOR ENTERING.

FROM CAZ, PRESTON, LANC

TOYAH



FROM TOM PHILLIPS, CHEDDINGTON, BEDS.

STRUMMER ↑

← SIMONON

BENNY JONESY →



FROM HELEN BENNETT, SHENFIELD, ESSEX



BUZZCOCKS have been with us four years now and have consistently proved themselves to be one of Britain's more durable and interesting bands. We've all come a long way since the days of "Spiral Scratch" and so too have the Buzzcocks. Having toured practically everywhere on the planet twice over, except Wigan, and having released what is arguably THE most entertaining and challenging series of 45s by any post '76 concern (their highly impressive singles catalogue — "Orgasm Addict", "What Do I Get?", "I Don't Mind", "Love You More", "Ever Fallen In Love (With Someone You Shouldn't Have)", "Promises", "Everybody's Happy Nowadays", "Harmony In My Head" and "You Say You Don't Love Me" — often reads like an inspiring vinyl guidebook on how to make the perfect pop record) and a trilogy of demanding, listenable, inventive albums ("Another Music In A Different Kitchen" "Love Bites" and "A Different Kind Of Tension") Buzzcocks have used their deserved 'artistic silence' of the past six months in order to draw their collective breaths and consider their current position.

Buzzcocks NOW: On May 22nd Buzzcocks played their first gig of the '80s in front of a rabid home crowd at the Manchester Polytechnic and to an estimated four million Radio One audience on the Mike Read show, featuring the expected greatest hits package and the live debut of unrecorded songs like "What Do You Know?", "Strange Thing" and "Why She's A Girl From A Chainstore". Expect an historical bootleg any day now. Probably even as I write Buzzcocks are in Strawberry studios with 'fifth Buzzcock', producer Martin Rushent, recording what Steve Diggle describes as "a phase of three singles" that differ greatly from previous Buzzcocks works in that they employ brass and strings. The finished results shall be fascinating to say the least. There are no plans for either a tour or an album in 1980, but they're wisely leaving their options open — anything can happen in the next half hour.

Pete Shelley has formed his own record company, Groovy Records, and released a collection of painful drone noises titled "Sky Yen" ("performed on purpose built oscillator" is all the cover gives away) dating from the pre-Buzzcock days of March '74 as his debut solo release. My only advice to potential purchasers is listen before you buy. Bassist Steve Garvey (the only Buzzcock not present at the interview because, as Shelley informed, "he just doesn't like doing interviews.") (I can't blame him, I find them an ordeal myself) and drummer John Maher have been playing in various local Manchester bands, Maher also taking the seat in the studio with Martin Hannett in The Invisible Girls, backing ex-Penetration singer Pauline Murray in her soon-to-be-heard recorded ventures. Steve Diggle has been occupying himself with whatever he does when he's not being a Buzzcock.

The collection of quotes as presented here were recorded in the back room of Buzzcock's manager Richard Boone's New Hormones office and definitely not in the order that they appear.

1/Forget all the crap you've read about Pete Shelley being shy: Pete Shelley is about as shy in conversation as a raving nymphomaniac would be in bed and completely dominated the 'interview' from start to finish — no complaints from me however.

2/Steve Diggle appears painfully introspective. Though outwardly friendly, I would imagine that soul-searching and beer drinking take up much of his waking hours. If Buzzcocks/Beatles comparisons are still in vogue (as if I care) then Steve Diggle is most definitely punk's George Harrison — what a label. Steve Diggle — The Nicest Buzzcock I Ever Met!

3/John Maher is difficult to pin down as he doesn't actually say much, but when he did speak it was more often than not as basic and interesting as his phenomenal drum style.

All Accents Authentically Mancunian.

Devoto'D to you

PS: There's loads of other things we want to do besides being Buzzcocks. I mean we enjoy doing it, but you can take your work too seriously.

SD: We've always been in each other's pockets so whenever we get any free time we hardly see each other. But for the past three years it's been like three weeks at the most.

PS: It's not a career band this, you see, else we wouldn't have had six months rest. We are not a career band. Lots of people think we've

given up entirely, but that's up to them. We just felt like a change . . . The fact that three of us are sitting in the same room and we've only played one gig in six months says a lot.

PS: If any of us were to leave the group it would just be boring for the rest of us. I mean we'd have to find somebody else for a start. One of the main reasons why I wouldn't like Steve to leave is that I couldn't be arsed running around trying to find another guitarist who I could play with as well as I do with Steve.

Roll over Tony Blackburn and tell Peter Powell the news.

PS: Sometimes it's a real disappointment when you think you've done something good and you think it's far better than anything else in the charts. But people don't buy it. But the only reason why we do it isn't because of some chart success but some unknown reason that we've yet to come to terms with, else we wouldn't still be doing it. If we knew what the reason was then we'd concentrate on that.

SD: Personally I suppose we are underrated in some ways, even the fact that we don't sell as much as other groups, as big groups. But in the press and they make people go around gossiping and saying things like 'Oh Christ there's gonna be a war and the sugars short, we better stock up with 50 pounds of sugar'. — things like that. So I just cast it off as a "Harmony In My Head". I mean what's the point in getting involved with all that, it's a joke . . . Plato, I found out recently, used to go on about harmony in my head.

Pop?

PS Popular Music is seen as just being popular music and it isn't seen as being lots of individual things that go on inside different people's heads.

(A popular joke) Has success changed the Buzzcocks?

SD: Far from it.

PS: Well we're not signing on the dole and we don't have to do other jobs. Lots of people probably think we have sold out, but if they ask me whether I'd sold out I'd tell them there's not enough money around. I'd be selling out if I done what everybody told me to do, but I don't.

PS: It's a day to day life this you know, the same as everybody else's. We travel around, see the world, have fun, get drunk and take drugs the same as everybody else does.

The printed word

SD: The music press is just like the general press, there's a lot of policies that stick out. I mean holding on certain bands. They have some specific policies just like The Guardian, the Daily Mirror and everybody. They're all the fuckin' . . . They always label us 'Buzzcocks the fun band', you know, that we're just a band that's out for fun. Well, if you're stuck in on a six month tour — like we did last year — then you've got to seek some sort of comfort, so when people see us they just assume we're only out for a good time. I don't think the songs convey anything like we're being represented in the press. We're blokes, we're human beings and we've been through

things that people go through. Things are not just fun and a joke. If you analyse Pete's lyrics and the feelings and effects of the songs they're not just carefree.

America and what did Buzzcocks learn . . .

SD: Everywhere we went there was a response. It was just like the same sort of people that we deal with over here, like people were really in touch with us. It wasn't just curiosity there's a definite following and they realise we're a band that doesn't patronise the masses.

SD: When John ripped that sign down in America he did it for a reason, he didn't want the fuckin' sign there. A radio station were doing a live broadcast and they stuck their sign behind the drums, so John ripped it down and there was a lot of trouble caused about it.

JM: 'Cos the listeners couldn't see.

SD: The way it was conveyed in the press was like 'oh those naughty chaps the Buzzcocks' as if we're some sort of public school band . . . we're certainly not schoolboys playing to fuckin' headmasters.

Lyrical speaking

PS: I'm not just writing love songs and Steve's just writing soap box songs.

PS: If you're writing a song about something and you're doing the words and all of a sudden you come to a line and you think 'oh, I'll make a little pun here' and it cheers you up that you can do that, so you do little twists with words that make it more interesting to you. It may even completely destroy the concept of the song, but if I like it why not?

PS: I've got nothing else to do. I mean, I'm quite good at it as well.

Diggles harmony

SD: On a simple level it was just walking the streets. It was started off by walking in the Arndale Centre. You could hear all this percolating crowd, just bits of everybody's conversation, odd words jutting out. It came to self-comparisons with those people, people stood at bus stops etc. I was thinking what have they got, what are they doing, who are they? I was comparing myself with them and I realised that all the frustrations that these people have just starts coming out everywhere. It comes out when I listen to what we do and what they do I realise there's a big difference, 'cos the so called big groups are about as influential as a wet fart.

PS: Sometimes it would be good to see/hear 'it's number one, it's Top Of The Pops' and the Buzzcocks come on — just having done it. It would be nice if that did happen, nice 'cos a lot of people want that to happen and it would pay off all the best wishes and hopes that a lot of people have invested in Buzzcocks.

Time's Up — What would Buzzcocks like to see printed about Buzzcocks that never does get reprinted?

PS: Buzzcocks split.

JM: Buzzcocks get knighted.

PS: Buzzcocks get M.B.E's.

JM: Buzzcocks organise tour.

SD: That'll have to be the name of the next one.

Peter Coyne

"Buzzcocks isn't something which is really easy to relate."

Pete Shelley

BUZZCOCKS

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BUZZCOCKS

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BUZZCOCKS

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Cristina Monet is a tiny, brown-haired New Yorker (now) blessed with quantities of presence, humour and talent. She's the real Queen of the offbeat ZE goldmine and epitomises the label's unabandoned disregard for conventional Good Taste, which they substitute with a burning lust for rhythm, mood, loony tunes and the weird.

First ZE record I ever bought was a somewhat ahead-of-its-time Travolta resistance manual called "Disco Clone" a few years back. Cristina done it and it was all twee and glossy but summed the sick thing up in a bowl of sugar.

At that time Cristina was a theatre critic for NY's Village Voice. So was now ex-boyfriend Michael Zilkha, who had this "Disco Clone" song he wanted to put out on his own label. She had ideas to lift it out of the washy

"get down" rut so prevalent at the time. Into the studio she charged to squeak and sigh her identity away to the great God DISCO. It worked.

Prior to this Cris had studied acting at London's Central School while a teenie, done French Lit at Radcliffe college (I forgot to ask where, being stupid) and had a go at modelling — "but I'm too short to do it all the time". When Zilkha got his label really going she started on an album, contributing words and those multi-personnaed vocals to tracks whipped up by Dr Buzzard and the ZE studio gang.

It saw daylight a few months ago but was recorded through '78-'79. Cristina really jumped into public view with her magnificent rendering of Leiber-Stoller's "Is That All There Is?", already made successful by Peggy Lee. She took the out-dated words about the disillusionment of growing up and doing grown-up things and shot 'em with the right amount of jaded 80s seen-it-all bitterness and kicks.

The backing was hard and speedy and Miss Monet's delivery was a razor tightrope between wordly boredom and exhuberance. "NOW what?"

THEN! Stoller threw a wobbler and objected to this thoughtless modern mutilation of his fine song. It got withdrawn (Boo, hiss).

So then came the album. A contagious hotbed of dance rhythms, B movie moods and Cristina's tacky gamut of voices, which could range from a spoilt pouty whine to Queen of the Jungle howl. It's an under-rated delight, despite being marred by a couple of rather watery disco novelties, which Cristina admits to being less than wild over herself.

On the plus side there's the King Kong loin-cloth love lament with Glen Miller brass lashings of 'Jungle Love'. The cold swipe at the occupied-elsewhere snub-lover, 'Don't Be Greedy'. The girl who sold her soul to the thud-thud-thud and diamonds, fur coats and champagne in 'Blame It on Disco'. The fickle 'Temporarily Yours'... It's a treat.

Cristina has just released a new single, a bouncy reading of the almost-forgotten Beatles ditty 'Drive My Car', which she's bathed in an entirely new light from its previous flimsy novelty. Now it shimmers in frivolous lust which only covered in the original — 'It's such a perverted song'. The ~~beats~~ a stomper too.

Now Cristina has been portrayed elsewhere as some darling deb of the decadent Noo Yawn disco scene, an immortal in the portals of filthy '54, having modelled now hob-knobbing for a career carved on looks, oohs and little else. The soft-core soft-focus images on her sleeves and pics could support this but I always did feel she was much more than that. There was talent beneath the icing as the records bore out. Here was a girl with something to say about a previously sacred realm. Apart from those gross and unfunny pissestakes, Disco has rarely been explored within its own realms or distorted into a genuinely enjoyable reflective view. Cristina gives her own answer.

All this and more was spanned when I spent an hour with the lady down at the barbaric Island catacombs in Hammersmith. Cristina was no ice maiden or even bighead. She talked with a level head like someone with something to say; modest, funny and under-rated. Go...



ZZ: Is this your first time in England?

C: Oh no . . . I came here about twice a year for years. My father lives in Paris and I've a lot of friends there, so I go and stop off here too.

ZZ: You've got lots of different voices, haven't you?

C: That's part of the acting thing.

ZZ: Do you see all this as a sort of act rather than being a serious musician?

C: It's more a theatre-to-music thing for me. Not because I don't like pop music just as much but because acting is more what I do. I don't have a real singing voice. Apparently — and I've got this old vocal coach with a pacemaker, about 82, the best vocal coach on Broadway who only takes people she thinks are really good cos she's old. She thinks I'm shit now (launches into high squeaky voice) 'What's this crap you're doing, it stinks!' She thinks I'd have a really good voice if I worked, so I guess I have the potential to have a voice. I've got that sort of small white voice that stinks when it's untrained. I'm not a natural or anything. So what I do is more like a style thing with different voices and talks. Not sort of fagbag stuff or nostalgia stuff, I don't like nothing like that, more people like Marilyn Monroe . . .

The album's more dizzy than what I'm doing now. 'Disco Clone', 'Is That All There Is' and 'Drive My Car' are more what I'm doing now. The album was like a digression. It was released a year too late and created a false impression. When I did it Disco was at its peak and it was my answer to Disco. If I was doing dance music it wouldn't have to be like session singing. It would have a charm of its own more like mood pieces. I think Latin rhythms are much sexier than that chugga-chugga stuff I hate. There's no reason why night music shouldn't have personality. So that's what that album was about. The direction I'm in now has more of an edge, it's heavier! (laughs) I wanted to do 'Drive My Car' because I thought of it as an incredibly perverted song (laughs). I was going to do it

in a more tough way. The reason for doing this cover changed from a thematic to a musical one. Stoney (Dr Buzzard) did this brilliant arrangement. He felt a sort of pillow-talk, breathy, scat-singing would suit the musical needs of this track, so I went along with him. Though I love it I think it's more polished than the album. The things I don't like about the album annoy me because they were against my will at the time. 'Disco Clone' had a lot of critical success but was a total flop — I was really proud of it. So they said do the album but better keep your eye on the old commercial appeal, which was hopeless anyway, because I don't have a Disco voice. I was forced to do certain things against my better judgement. 'Drive My Car' is what the album would be like now.

ZZ: The album is quite old. I think some tracks work better than others, like 'Blame It On Disco' is really great.

C: That's really nice of you because few people mention that one and that's my favourite. I think it's really Damon Runyanish — the blond with the mink coat and the diamond and the Jag. That's what I wanted to do.

ZZ: Don't Be Greedy . . .

C: That's on the back of 'Drive My Car'. The choruses are a bit weird — they're not dated. They're Martian-like choruses!

ZZ: So what direction are you going in now?

C: I'm working on stuff that's more basic. I'm trying to work with Heathcote Williams on a new version of 'Why Did You Do It', which he wanted me to do before Marianne Faithfull's — but I love Marianne's. He wrote it as a duet so I've got a version that sounds like opera, a really weird and macabre, full-orchestrated track. It's more like a tango! There's two voices. There's a really low butch-type man. There's a song by the Brains called 'Money Changes Everything', that I'd like to cover.

ZZ: It's a shame 'Is That All There Is' got withdrawn.

C: Yeah, it's a pity because that's the only thing I did that was really getting into the charts. It wasn't released in America but it was number one in Boston and the most-requested single in LA A1 so it was good for me, because I did the lyrics and the voice is so different. You love the album and I do but people who didn't like it probably thought I was a dumb model, can't sing, made a record. You can't really say that.

ZZ: Do you think you're misrepresented as being part of the plastic New York Disco scene?

C: I don't know, it wasn't my fault. All the underwear shots, this ex-model business. I've done some beauty modelling, but I couldn't be a model, I'm too short, I guess I photograph quite tall. People think the album's shallow but I think it works in a specific context. It's my answer to dance music. The way it came out I think was timely.

What I'm doing is more like pop theatre but it's beyond pop. Whether I can sing isn't relevant. What I like best is Kurt Weill and Jaques Brachet. Do you know 'Malagoni' (hope that's the right spelling, I'm stupid again). It's like a child's fantasy of America — gangsters, Gold Rush, typhoons, whiskey, it's insane. 'Alabama Song' is from it. It's insane, fantastic satire. There's a kind of excitement in that which I'd like to bring back, but not in a nostalgia way, because I think that's a cop-out. There's no reason it shouldn't be there again.

ZZ: It's all that decadent stuff, right?

C: It is decadent but he was anti anything that suggests. I didn't mean 'Is That All There Is?' as a parody really. I didn't really think about it at the time. They just said punk out the lyrics. I'm so ticked off about it being withdrawn. Leiber really liked it, I think, and it's all very for Stoller's wife to say she hasn't seen him so upset in 22 years, but he's the business half of that partnership and it can't be a coincidence that there's a multi-million dollar deal with Bette Midler to cover the original any day now! (oh no!) That's really nice.

It wasn't that I didn't like the original song but those words were all about going to the circus when you're twelve and falling in love, gazing into each others' eyes. It's not that I don't like those words but what kid associates now with being disillusioned at the circus at twelve! It's just not right for now. 'Punk out those lyrics' it doesn't make any sense. I don't think I was being disrespectful to the song. So I just made them up as I went along in the studio, but it's not just a parody. I think the content is much more relevant now. It's a great idea — people desperately visiting nightclubs, trying new crazes. They have this sense of 'Now what?' More than ever. It's so angry and it's so depressed. You can either take it as 'let's do it' or (God how depressing, there must be better ways. It must have a goodie-goodie message or it might be fun!

ZZ: Do you think image is important?

C: Well I much prefer the American album cover to the English one. On the English one they cut off the legs. Full length it looks like a broken doll in a box, the legs are really peculiar looking. Now it looks sort of soft-porn — it's stupid. The American cover is more an image, a different feel.

ZZ: One attitude here is that you're trying to get attention by taking clothes off and all that . . . and some bits on the record are sexy.

C: I think if the album projected sleazy sex I would get different types of fan mail, cos those are the people, not the critics. I wouldn't say it had been a crash success or anything but I get tons of fan mail. I haven't got one sick one yet. Lydia Lunch gets really weird fan mail. I get, 'Will you come to Claremont Men's College graduation, we'd like you to meet our parents'. I think if it came off as too orgasmic or whatever I would have got icky ones. I always see Marilyn Monroe as more of a comedienne. I think it's got too much humour to come off as a Jane Birkin thing. It's tongue in cheek.



We went on for a bit more. Cris said she'd like to work with David Bowie cos she likes his ideas, she described the recording session for 'Disco Clone' where, recovering from a bad road smash and out of her box, she laid down her first studio vocal and continued to voice contempt for the shallow poshness she has been lumbered with. I liked Cristina as much as a person as I do on vinyl and think you should at least take a bit of time to attempt the latter. Put on your loincloth and grab an ape. As in most of these things which come gift-wrapped with stifling preconceptions, an open mind could be the key to fun and pleasure. Don't blame it on Disco if you can't be bothered.

ALTERED IMAGES

Here we go again . . . I didn't really want to write this at all but because the editor of this illustrious journal is such a pisshole and was comatose when I played him their demo-tape, it has fallen to me to tell you of the delights of Altered Images.

There's only really one place to start with all this and that's with Siouxsie and the Banshees, for it was to The Banshees' office that The Images sent their first demo-tape back in early March. The tape was a real revelation, putting paid once and for all to my belief that Kenny Dalglish was all Glasgow had to offer. It also impressed The Banshees enough to arrange for Altered Images to support them on the Glasgow date of their Scottish mini tour. It turned out to be a great night, the Glaswegian punters paying the band their ultimate compliment as they left the bars in their droves to watch them turn in a fine set. Hometown or no hometown they were great and conquered their nerves admirably.

It suddenly occurs to me that you don't know the band so here are the introductions. They are fronted by the diminutive Claire, a real eye-catcher live, Caesar and Donny Osmond double Tony are the band's two guitarists and the lineup is completed by Johnny on bass and manic Kenny Morris sound-a-like Tich, on drums.

The Banshees gig went better than anyone could have hoped despite a couple of minor hitches the crowd loved it, enchanted by Claire and intrigued by the band's radical new sound, a sound that I've tried and failed to capture in words on innumerable occasions. Its music that eludes words with as much ease as it captures ears and I find that encouraging. It points to an exciting and stimulating originality without which no band can be but shadows of their contemporaries. It would be crazy to pretend that the band have absorbed no influences but none are so apparent as to dominate so much as a single song. There is an occasional flash of Steve Diggle-like guitar or a more obvious nod towards Kenny Morris circa "The Scream" but these are always tempered with the band's individual style. After less than 18 months together you'd have to be really mean to criticise them over it.

As a band Altered Images are still only in their infancy, finding their feet after only a little over a year of, at best, sporadic gigging. They formed in April 79 but took a while to get off the ground after a midsummer disbandment that delayed their debut, at the now defunct Countdown Club in Glasgow, until

By Harry Papadopoulos
Pic By



October. As a gigging band they cut their teeth at The Countdown, playing it five times in all as their local following grew, the first acknowledgement of which was a feature in the very excellent Glasgow fanzine "Ten Commandments", a feature that accurately identified youth and inexperience as being the two obstacles standing between Altered Images and widespread success.

Of the five members of the band only guitarist Caesar had previously been in a band, a brief dalliance with the terminally posey Berlin Blondes being his total previous track record. He and bassist Johnny write most of the material and the set is completed by a tongue in cheek version of T-Rex's "Jeepster", a set with which they've now supported Simple Minds, Athletico Spizz '80 and The Cure, each with varying degrees of success.

Of all the bands they've played with only Spizz and Co emerged looking anything other than contrived and calculated beside them. Their inexperience is currently a potent part of their appeal and their nervousness an endearing trait in this period of de rigueur rock 'n' roll robotics. As they mature in their stage-craft they'll develop a rapport with their audiences that is already apparent in their day to day personalities.

Onstage they are obviously only 20 gigs old, at times sloppy but always infectiously enjoyable. Claire is the live focal point, nervously clapping every song herself in her typically coy manner. She's by no means a great performer yet but once she overcomes her own self-consciousness she'll be well on her way to being as vivacious onstage as she is off it. She sings with a high breathy delivery that

is totally her own though individuality is the trademark of her whole stage persona. Its unlike that of any other female singer that I've seen and although not always totally convincing its good enough already to be a refreshing change.

The rest of the band are still developing their own roles within the music and concentration is still very much the order of the day. Eyes rarely leave fingers yet except in the case of Tich the drummer who is rapidly becoming an accomplished Animal the Muppet impersonator. Tony and Caesar both remain pretty stationary throughout the set, probably for fear of being decapitated by Johnny's wildly swung bass that regularly scythes the air only inches from their heads. Claire wisely steers well clear.

From The Banshees' gig till now has been a whirl of activity, capped by a brief trip to London to record a new demo tape at Polydor's West End studios, which should help them secure a recording deal before too long. Whilst in London they also made their English debut, supporting the ridiculous Margo Random at The Nashville. More gigs are in the pipeline. I think a mention is in order for a few of the band's willing aides at this point, Gerry O' Manager, the industrious Kathleen James Dean impersonator Bryn, Bobby the boy wonder and not least the band's long suffering parents.

Altered Images are special. We are now five years away from the blank generation and its starting to show. **POSITIVE YOUTH.**

Suspect O'Typewriter

MARTIAN DANCE

So there I was in my favourite opium den with a few acquaintances and I suggested going to see a gig. Somebody mentioned Martian Dance and I became curious. Then another person said they gave him the same kind of anti-thrill (?) that the Psycho-Furs did the first time he'd seen them. Even more curious. I opened the window and stepped out.

Martian Dance are the kind of band that will grow on you if you like slow-building, haunting melodies and a front man who has a Phil Oakley hair style but displays slow moving elegance (a-la Richard Butler/Iggy Pop). I like them! At least, I am fond of a few things they do because they have some nice ideas. They are all young (the oldest, vocalist Jerry Lamont, is only eighteen) and have a lot to learn.

The band consists of Jerry Lamont (vocals), Kevin Addison (guitar), Duncan Greig (drums) and Daniel Grahame (bass). Four bright young Londoners who display an eerie mood on stage and yet are really a bunch of friendly lads who like a few beers and a game of 'Space Invaders' like the rest of us. Two songs stand out from the rest: the haunting Nico-ish 'Fear' and 'Stand Alone'. The only slice of humour that enters the set is at the end when they bring in their version of 'Twist and shout', though the band are seriously thinking of adding another rocker to the set for fear of being too dreary.

I went along to chat with Jerry and Duncan in Jerry's North London squat, which he shares with his manageress/wife, Tracey.

Jerry: "We'd only played eight gigs before the Ants tour and I think we were a bit naive as to how support bands get treated. We expected a lot, but now realise that all support bands get shit on, whoever they are. I think the tour helped us gain valuable experience from touring as a unit and it enabled us to play outside London for a change, but we'll stick to playing London only until we get a record deal from now on, I think".

How did you go down on the tour?

Jerry: "Oh, we went down okay in most places. In fact I think they appreciate you a lot more outside London in the small places where they don't get many gigs. It's just that looking at it realistically I think it's a bit early for us to think too far ahead of ourselves. We've played the Music Machine twice recently as headliners and I don't feel we should be playing places that big just yet. We get a better atmosphere when we play places like the Moonlight."

Of the four band members, only Jerry was previously in another band, called 'Nerve Gas'. He writes the lyrics, whilst Kevin adds the musical touches. The band recently signed a publishing deal with 'Southern Music', though they have no record deal as yet.

Jerry: "As fas as record company people are concerned I've got no respect for those wankers in kickers and dungarees. We signed a publishing deal because the bloke came down from Southern Music and signed us practically on the spot because he likes us so much and that's what I liked — the spontaneity of it all!"

Jerry admits to not being a part of today's scene, yet he knows that without the glorious days of punk a-la Pistols he wouldn't be in a band, today.

"I used to buy everything before 1975, but then one day I got sick of music and sold all my 350 albums and I hated it all until the Pistols came along and it all changed. All these bands who go around saying "we're not punk" or "We don't owe nothing to punk" are talking bullshit. Without the Pistols, there'd be no Siouxsie & the Banshees, no Toyah, no Psychedelic Furs or anything!"

It's hard to believe the Jerry would have only been thirteen in 1975 and had 350 albums, but he did say he'd been buying albums since he was eight! We finally got to talk about the sound of Martian Dance.

JERRY: "We'd like to do more rhythmic stuff in the future. I'm really into tribal music at the moment and I'd like us to use a bass line and drum beat and write songs around that instead of the usual old guitar riff stuff. We wrote 'Stand Alone' with that in mind and that's our best number. It's really great!"

An endless search for warmth/Trying to get companions/A vase you can break/A vase you can mend/With the human it's not so. Stand alone on street corners/Watch the girls hair in plats/Men with their hair brushed back/Stand alone. These are the people who shroud their lives/with black/People who you may talk to/People who may turn to ice/when you utter the word LOVE.

Love/Love/Love/Love/Love.

Lyrics from 'Stand Alone' (Lamont/

Addison) (Southern Music).

Jerry looks good, but when you see him a few times you realise that he is repeating his performance with every gig. I put it to him that he was putting up an invisible barrier of egotism when he refused to speak to the audience.

Jerry: "I'm not up there to talk about the fucking weather! I'm not going to butter anyone up or lick any arses. They either like the music or go through the door with the big fucking sign with EXIT marked on it!"

We discussed the gig situation in and around London before departing for the boozer to get legless together before I went back to my opium den.

Jerry: I used to be the manager as well as vocalist and we played our first gig at The Nightingale with a band called 'La Starza', but after that I couldn't get gigs because I never knew enough people in the music business. That's when Tracey took over because she'd finished managing the (Psychedelic) Furs. We played a gig at the Hope 'n' Anchor and pulled a really good crowd but when we tried to get another gig there the agency said they never wanted us back because they didn't like our music. These are the wankers who run this fucking business — these old men who need to be pushed away. I know a lot of small bands who are great — like The Cameras — but they can't get gigs because these old cunts are in control. Can't they see their time is up!"

I agree wholeheartedly and reckon it's about time somebody out there started a new club again (bring back the Roxy!). Anyway, one thing's for sure, Martian Dance have a lot to learn but have their first feet firmly on the success ladder and they make a nice sound. Songs like 'Ouija Board', 'Two sides, one story' and 'Transformed' may be new to most of you, but try and give the band a chance and you never know — Martian Dance could catch on everywhere!

Ben

Pic By Rick Prior



CRAZY RHYTHMS OF



EVERY now and then two people, usually best mates who share similar ideas and tastes in music, team up to form what will hopefully be a commercially successful rock band. Examples of this are endless. Well, The Feelies is a result of such integrated teamwork and the guys responsible are Bill Million and Glenn Mercer, both vocalists and guitarists hailing from the quiet New York suburbs of New Jersey. But the Feelies are different in this respect because rather than sticking to the safer commercial rock sounds of today, they like to deal in the experimental and creative side of rock; a la Fripp & Eno sort of, or better still, in "Crazy Rhythms". Appropriately enough it is also the title of their only album, released on the crazy happy Stiff label.

Besides the musical end, the Feelies also look different; like some country farmer's sons in their Sunday best. But that is very much part of their natural suburban image and to them it is "quite normal". This 3 year old band was until recently unknown in the UK, so when Bill & Glen together with bassist Keith Clayton and drummer Anton Fier visited our shores for a couple of promotional gigs, the mighty leading duo took some time off to chat about their mysterious suburban combo.

RB: First of all the most obvious thing about the Feelies are the looks. They're different.

GM: Well we always looked like this except when we were in high school where we had long hair. But we weren't involved in rock at the time; we were just fans of it. Then when we formed the group and started to move a lot on stage and the music got faster and faster we found that we required comfortable

clothing. But really it's like an image that surrounds us out in the suburbs. Lots of people wear the same type of clothes.

BM: It's a real orderly like look. It's just the way our environment is. Actually, I think, even the way we live is a little bit further out. Like our neighbourhood is actually more countryish.

RB: Was the Feelies sound a long time in the planning?

GM: No, there was no conscious effort really. When we started we had written like a group of songs within a period of a week or two and that was the first time we had written anything, so then we decided to put a band together to go out and play the songs. It was more like a gradual process that we evolved at the sound that we have now. Before we had a total different sound.

RB: What was it veering to in those days?

GM: It was a lot closer to the people that we had been listening to, like the Velvets. The equipment we used was very old too. We found that the cymbals and the drums competed a lot with the guitars. We had a very high trebly sound so we just subtracted the cymbals on a lot of songs and we replaced them with other forms of percussion, and went for a wider and clearer type of sound. It just evolved to that stage.

RB: Did you always share the same ideas on sounds and how the band should be?

BM: Well, Glenn and I are old friends and have played in various other bands together and have similar sensibilities for music, so really the Feelies came out of our friendship.

RB: In your music there is a lot of energy of the 60's type bands.

BM: All our influences like the Stooges, Velvets, Who and MC5 had an incredible amount of energy especially when they performed live. Even Jonathan Richman . . . the reason why he is able to do what he does today is because he just has so much energy and that transcends to the audience. I saw him perform with just an acoustic guitar and he knocked me out. His music wasn't that impressive but his energy level was. We have a strong interest in doing these sort of arrangements and besides that it's also a challenge. It's fun.

RB: Your music is very creative and different from the mass of albums coming out from in and around N.Y. It's almost like what Eno did with the Talking Heads.

BM: A few years ago we got very interested in the things that Eno was doing. We liked his production and his mixing methods and his use of the studio as a total synthesizer, making the instruments sound completely different from their usual sound. He gets an amazing amount of sounds particularly from the guitar and the percussion. But we thought he lacked . . . well, after "Another Green World" and "Taking Tiger Mountain" we thought that his songs got a lot slower and lazier. It doesn't really do anything in the way of energy.

RB: Has he ever approached you regarding production work?

BM: No. He came to see us gig once and raised an eyebrow. But we always

felt that we should produce ourselves because we didn't want any confusion. We won't have anybody else working as producer with us. That is why we signed with Stiff because it was the only company to give us freedom on production and that's important for us. I mean we would work with a co-producer perhaps or with a very good engineer.

RB: Is it a coincidence that you look a bit like Devo and give the songs similar treatment?

BM: Not really. Devo have been together for a real long time and when they came into attention it was around the time when we were still playing local clubs. A lot of people do compare the looks but I don't think we've been influenced too much by them, although we do like a lot of things they do.

GM: But really our sound is basically different from theirs. Like, they use synthesizers where we would use percussion effects and guitars. We also like to explore the possibilities of electronically treating the guitars but we also like to maintain balance between electronics and natural sounds. The most interesting parts of a song like "Fa Ce La" are the acoustic guitars and then you have this treated electronic guitar riding on top of it and the natural sounds of the percussion. Other bands would use synthesizer or something else instead.

RB: The Feelies are a guitar oriented band and use a lot of percussion.

BM: I'd say that everything is evenly represented, least the vocals. But we do use a lot of drums and I'd say that a song like "Raised Eyebrows" is a drum song.

RB: The only weak thing on your songs is the bass, like on "Loveless Love" for example.

BM: Yes, but it's there to our satisfaction. It doesn't really have that heavy bass rock sound which is in real evidence these days, and we didn't really want that. We purposely tried to avoid that big rock sound.

RB: What is the atmosphere that you are really trying to capture?

BM: Whatever the song really calls to mind. We treated each song really different. A song like "Moscow Nights" captures that cold chilly feeling and most of that is done with guitar effects and the space between that song and the preceding one. We really try to get a lot of different sounds and soon we will move into that direction for our next album because I think "Crazy Rhythms" was playing it a bit safe as far as effects go.

RB: You earlier said that the vocals are the least evenly represented on the album. Now I've read in your bio that you only use the lyrics as a vehicle for the music and not place too much importance in them.

GM: Usually the melodies are written before the lyrics and improvised for a while, so when the time comes to record it's more or less trying to fit lyrics to the melody. Other than that everything else is pretty much worked out.

RB: So you are really more of an instrumental band.

BM: We are really and we see us going further in to that direction. Some of the most interesting things that we've done recently have been all instrumentals.

THE FEELIES

RB: You also use tapes between songs and also during some of them. Is this a new influence that you drew from people like Gary Numan, John Foxx and others?

GM: I don't think it's a matter of us hearing it from them or them from us. I think people were doing that thing simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. A band like This Heat have been working with tapes for several years. For us it's like a natural progression for the music to go into.

RB: What sort of things do you have on tape?

BM: Mainly guitars and effects.

RB: Are the few lyrics that you use trying to capture the N. Jersey suburban-type life?

BM: Yes, I think they do. They fall in line with certain images that are really apparent to us. There is that sort of middle-class feel to them as well. It's the same with the music really, they're very representative of N. Jersey.

RB: What would you say is a good example from your album on this subject?

BM: All of the tunes are, really. They have certain streamline sounds. We live around by a lot of highways and so we just try to incorporate sound that we hear in early morning. We mixed the album more like the environmental sounds and we found that they go really well with the live sound of the band.

RB: So it's not just a quiet area that you live in.

BM: It's pretty quiet yeah but we hear lots of environmental sounds like traffic etc. I guess a close parallel would be Pere Ubu. Their sound is more the sound of the city of Cleveland which just jumps right out at you on records. Ours is the suburbs type sound. Even our lyrics . . . I don't think that they are unrealistic. It's something that definitely exists but hard to categorise.

RB: Life in New Jersey is not hip at all is it?

GM: It's very boring.

BM: But it's not that hip in N. York either. At least we grow great tomatoes in N. Jersey.

GM: It would be boring to the average person.

RB: So you're not average then.

GM: I think we're pretty average and quite normal.

RB: Do you socialize with other musicians?

GM: No. The people in our neighbourhood don't even know that we're involved in music. We don't really look forward to playing lots of gigs as well, let alone N. Jersey, so not many people know we're musicians.

RB: I've also heard that you play only a handful of gigs and those are on public holidays, like Independence Day etc. So what actually appeals to you?

BM: We have a different attitude. We don't like the usual things that other musicians do. We don't really like to do interviews; we don't like to tour and we like to gig when we feel like it and when we have a reason for playing.

GM: We want to make it more of a celebration.

BM: We don't see any reason why that can't be done. I mean, it's not a hobby either because we work really hard at it

BM: Yeah that's very true.

but just like you said, the mechanics don't appeal to us. There is room for what we want to do, I think.

RB: What happens if kinds want to see you gig. Don't you care for those people who bought your records and want to see you more often?

BM: Well, we also play a lot for ourselves as much as for the audience.

GM: It's not that we have a disregard for the audience. It's almost like we want our gigs to be more special to them. We don't want touring to be another job, another tour and don't even know where you are.

RB: So you want to make it like on a Dylan status, where it will be a privilege for them to see you.

BM: No not really like that. I don't know if it comes off that way to a lot of people. It's just that we play when we have something to say. We don't talk if we have nothing to say. Usually every time we play it's because we have come across a new idea or a change. That's how it actually started with the Feelies. Our songs went through a real long process and we make out a lot of changes and then perform them. Something new each time.

RB: To me although it sounds healthy for the band, it also sounds a bit selfish for the kids.

GM: Well personally I'm more into recording than I am into live playing. We don't like touring that much except for Anton the drummer.

RB: Anton also plays in another band "The Lounge Lizards", does that make things more inconvenient for you or for him?

BM: I think it makes things inconvenient for him because we don't really play that often. And I've heard that the Lounge Lizards want to play lots of gigs now. In order for Anton to come over to England with us he had to be replaced in the Lounge Lizards by another drummer, Dee Sharpe.

RB: Is he actually a member of both or more of the Feelies?

BM: My own view is that he is the drummer for two bands. But the nucleus of the Feelies is pretty much Glenn, myself and Keith. I mean Anton hasn't been doing any interviews for the Feelies at all in England and he doesn't want to get involved in that. I don't really think he is going to be with us that much longer. We already have a few people in mind who are interested in joining us. But as I said that doesn't bother us because the nucleus is still us three.

RB: Where did you play your first big gig?

BM: It was about three years ago at CBGB's. We performed early in the morning for 1/2 hour. It was an audition night for that club.

RB: Do you have a big following in N. York?

BM: We have a large audience but it's still on a cult following as far as the whole of US goes.

RB: You also have set up your own production company "Ball Field Productions". What is the reason for doing that?

BM: We're hoping that in future we can get involved in producing other people. One of Glenn's and my biggest



interests in our lives, is to arrange and produce. We really like to do everything ourselves. We manage ourselves as well. When we started out we were with Terry Ork but we didn't have a contract with ORK records so nothing happened.

GM: I mean this is a good example being here in England. This isn't really my idea of enjoyment or fun, like playing last night, staying in hotel rooms, not being able to eat properly and then doing interviews all day, then playing tonight and later hop on a plane back home. It's not us really.

RB: So if you don't do these sort of things, how are you going to make a living?

BM: We'll manage. We live cheaply in N.J. anyway and both Glenn and I are vegetarians and so therefore we don't spend that much money on food. Our parents had bad eating habits so it was like a reaction to that. We found that being in a good state of health we go together pretty well. We don't smoke, drink or anything. I never liked smoking. I grew up with bad eating habits and my family seemed to be unhealthy. We have a daily discipline. It's not fanatical but it takes up time.

RB: Did you say "Unhealthy"?

BM: Yeah it's very much a norm in America to be unhealthy. Probably 85 per cent of Americans are unhealthy due to bad eating habits and bad food.

RB: I reckon American junk food is like a delicacy compared to English junk food, which is really junk at its best.

BM: That's what we thought when we came here but we were surprised.

RB: Who is "Debbie" credited on your album for keeping it short?

BM: Ah! That's my wife for cutting our hair. She cuts all our hair.

RB: Did you ever have regular jobs?

BM: Yeah. I was a locksmith, Anton was a record distributor, Glenn was only a student and Keith was a shoe-shop assistant. We were just bored with our jobs and did what we know best . . . music.

RB: As a final question, how come you did a version on your album of the Beatles "Everybody's Got Something to Hide"?

BM: We had been doing that as an encore for a long time along with the Velvets "Run, Run, Run", "I Heard Her Call My Name" and the Monkees "I'm A Believer", but we always felt that that Beatles song had a lot of energy which was similar to ours, so we did it. It wasn't really planned at all. We just went in to the studios and did it. It was a studio song.

Pics By
ROBERT ELLIS



Last time I did a feature on Toyah was in March. It was based on an interview with Miss Wilcox just as she and her band began to take off outside London. Since then, Toyah have been regular toppers of the alternative charts, her appearance in Derek Jarman's film of 'The Tempest' has received much acclaim and the band have, by now, completed a UK tour to coincide with the release of the new album, "The Blue Meaning".

Short of doing another interview and bringing the picture up to date, I wanted to do another piece on the band. Luckily, I met Toyah by chance and she asked me if I was coming on the tour. I packed my bag immediately and headed for Scotland, where the tour was about to begin. This tour gave me the opportunity to talk with the rest of the band, who normally get neglected by the press as they live in the shadow of their excellent front-girl.

On my way towards the train to Glasgow I met some punks with Grass, Ants and Toyah badges. I was amazed that they were willing to travel all the way to Edinburgh with nowhere to stay, just to see Toyah.

Real fans. These were not the only far-travelling fans I met on the tour, either. It seems Toyah fans are so dedicated that they come from all over the country to gigs. One bloke called, Michael had taken his holiday from work to follow the whole tour, while Steve Cole travelled all the way from Bristol. There were many more, whose names I've since forgotten, but they are just as dedicated.

ON

As I entered the Glasgow Tiffanys hall, scene of the first gig on the tour, the band were arriving for a soundcheck. I already knew Toyah and Joel Bogen (guitarist) and I remembered Vcharlie Francis, the bass player from when he played with Patrick Fitzgerald, but Steve Bray (drums) and Pete Bush (keyboards) were new to me. I later found that the whole band are a great bunch and not averse to a little after-gig drinking back at the hotel. In fact, there was very little sleep to be had by any of the Toyah entourage during the whole tour.

At the sound check, the band looked a little nervous since this was their first ever gig in Glasgow and they wanted it to be right. They were also breaking in a few new numbers from the album. Songs such as "Ghosts", "Visions", "Insects" and "Love me" (the last two have been in the set for some time, anyway). After the soundcheck, Toyah runs across the hall and pushes me over with both hands screaming, "Do you like my new hair style, then?"

Her bright orange hair has been clipped into a new shape and no longer covers her face. It is also streaked with red. It's effective and I told her so. She acts pleased and runs away again (this girl just cannot keep still). I travelled back to the hotel with Joel, who has been with Toyah from the start and he told me how surprised he was that they stayed together for so long. "It's amazing, really, because I'm pretty middle class and I was never into punk at the beginning and when I met Toyah at a party she was wearing clothes covered with safety pins and everything. I dunno, I suppose there must be some magnetic pull keeping us both together."

The first gig in Glasgow is only half full and the band begin to worry a bit. Toyah arrives and meets some young punks outside who say that they're considered too young to be allowed into the gig. Toyah does one of her many good deeds and smuggles them in the back door. Toyah is probably the most caring person when it comes to her fans that I know of. She helped the kids get in at every gig and considering that the band had never played Glasgow before, the guest list was as long as your arm – full of kids Toyah had met during the day.

The gig itself is a good one. Opening with the old fave rave, "Neon Womb" and then building up to a terrific climax of the new single, "Ieya", taking along old and new stuff like "Vivisection" and "Danced". "Ieya" is more of a chant than a song with its lyrical content of High Magick which predates Christ and most other religions. During this final number, Toyah rips the shirt off Bob the roadie's back and hurls it to the audience. She constantly taunts her road crew in this manner, but they all accept it in the good spirit it is intended.

TOYAH

TOUR

Back at the hotel, Toyah holds a press conference for all the fanzine writers in Glasgow and tells her boyfriend Gem (the tour manager) to put everything on the record company bill. She talks to her fans for hours on end, so I take this opportunity to get to know the others in the band a little bit better. Pete Bush was in a band called, 'Dry Ice' before joining Toyah and they played social clubs and did other people's songs, so he is pretty new to the music scene. He also used to play sessions for a few people. "I never get any sessions now that I'm with Toyah. I don't know why, but I think we have an effect on people".

This 'effect' that Toyah has on people lies deeper than Pete not getting sessions. Joel knows a friend, who on playing the album, was threatened by a normally harmless flat mate who attacked him with a knife. Toyah herself has been threatened by violence many times and that was why for this tour the band decided to bring in their own security/body guards -- three of the legendary Finchley Boys. Dennis, Tom and John are all old mates of the Stranglers and have started their own 'Cool-Hand Security' force for bands. They do a great job as well, because every time one of the band had to go somewhere like down to the shops a Finchley Boy would accompany him/her. They also brought more fun into the proceedings with Tom Taylor allowing Toyah to soak him with a water pistol, rip the shirts off his back and various other assaults on him before he picked her up and locked her away in a flight case before the gig. She didn't seem to mind -- after all, she'd used to sleep in a coffin.

The following day we arrived in Edinburgh to play Tiffanys and a crowd of fans had arrived from Glasgow only to find that they were considered too young to be allowed into Edinburgh Tiffanys. Both Toyah and Joel argue with Highlander bouncers until they are blue in the face. The gig itself was not as good as Glasgow. Far too many of the audience were more interested in grabbing Toyah's legs than actually getting into the mood of the show. Toyah does tease the audience, but sometimes one or two are a little too drunk to believe she's only teasing. Still there was no trouble and a lot of kids came back stage for autographs and it was this that the bouncers were angry about.

The kids in Glasgow and Edinburgh are treated like shit by senseless bouncers who are far worse than anywhere in London. They came backstage and started ordering everyone out of the dressing room. Even Pete Bush was ordered out because he'd neglected to wear his backstage pass. The normally smiling Joel Bogen even flared up to a Scottish bouncer and Finchley Boy, Tom was threatened with going out through the window. Not that the Finsleys were afraid, but their job was to look after the band and that is what they did. Fay Fife (of the Revillos) went out kicking up a

fuss and the law was called in to send everyone packing. The place -- Tiffanys -- is a disgrace and I advise bands to try and steer clear of places where overgrown gorillas try and treat kids like animals.

Back at the hotel everyone tries to forget the animosity of the evening's events and Pete Bush starts playing a grand piano. He plays a bit of boogie and drummer, Steve Bray decides to have a little dance and accidentally knocks over the television in the process. Steve, incidentally ended up wandering around on the roof in his underpants, that night. I finally catch the chance to have another chat with Toyah who informed me that I was wrong in my assumption that she was influenced by Aleister Crowley. "Crowley was evil and had no respect for anyone. He never even respected the God, Pan. She mentions the film, 'Suspiria', which I had as yet, failed to see. "If you hate Crowley as much as I do, then go and see 'Suspiria'. You'll be terrified of the film. I can't sit through certain scenes and I've tried seeing it six times. It's a brilliant horror film".

The following day we're all off to Aberdeen for the third and final Scottish date on this tour. The gig is at a smaller place called 'Ruffles' and most of the large lighting rig cannot be used. Toyah has the last say in all the lighting and works well with Alan, the lights man in getting the lighting just right for the atmosphere. Toyah doesn't do the sound check at Aberdeen because apparently she only does two nights of sound checks and then lets Joel and Charlie scream into the microphone for the third night in case her voice should go. Charlie Francis is the clown of the band and when he teams up with Steve Bray they become like 'Abbot and Costello'. Joel is the cute member of the band who has all the girls chasing him all the time, while Pete is a little more serious and down to earth, which might explain why he told me that he never wanted lost of keyboards and was quite happy with what he already used. With the kind of phantasmagorical feel that Toyah's music needs, it seems strange that Pete Bush doesn't come across more often on synthesiser.

Joel, on the other hand is the individual (alongside Toyah, that is) when on stage. He plays up front more, leaving Pete, Charlie and Steve to link up together more as a unit. Joel has quite a distinctive sound -- like a cross between the regular standard rock axeman and Phil Manzanera of Roxy Music, who has a flare for dramatic guitar playing. Like the other Scottish gigs, Aberdeen isn't sold out, but the crowd gets down to the front as soon as the band stroll onto the stage. Tonight's crowd looked a hard one to win over. Like punk statues waiting for life's blood, they all stood around staring for the first half of the set. Sadly, Toyah tripped over the microphone stand during the second number and injured her ankle. It was later found to be



fractured, but she carried on bouncing around the stage trying to forget the pain so obvious behind her smiling features.

During "Ileya" she poured orange juice and lemonade over the first few rows of the audience, revitalising them. The final two encores made the night into a success. Sadly though, Toyah had to leave for the hospital immediately after signing autographs (she never forgets) and it was there where after scaring all the patients half to death with her appearance, the doctors told her that she was to have two weeks rest.

For Toyah to set down for five minutes is a near impossibility and the idea of her sitting on a stool for the next few dates went right out of the window at the next gig at Guildford. It was obvious how worried everyone was (particularly Joel) at the hotel that night in Aberdeen. Toyah, however arrived for the sound check at Guildford, running and bouncing around with her favourite bright orange tennis ball which matched her hair. It was as if nothing had happened. Scotland had had more than its share of disasters for the tour, though. The road crew bus crashed on its way to the Aberdeen gig and then there was all the trouble with the bouncers. To top it all, the first night in Guildford saw the band kicked out of their hotel for being too noisy. I wasn't actually at the hotel at the time, because Finchley Boy Dennis Marks and myself were arrested and stuck in the nick for the night in York on the way down. We were caught fare dodging and stuck two cells along from the mad vicar-killer. We made it to the gig the following night however and the Brighton gig turned out to be the best yet with the crowd crushing themselves at the front of the stage and the Finchleys working overtime to handle it. "We're alright, thank you", said Toyah over the microphone at one of the club's bouncers. She knows that the Finchley Boys were all fans and can handle trouble far better than any bouncer in a suit and bow-tie. After the third encore -- another go at "Neon Womb" -- Toyah waves at the audience and says, "You've been fucking great".

If only the audience knew the courage, determination, and respect of this little lady they'd appreciate her even more than they do at the moment. I've been on a number of tours with bands, before, but I won't forget this one in a hurry.

Alan Anger

MARLEY

IT NOT WE AGAINST THE SYSTEM

I tell ya it's weird to walk through a door and first geezer you see is the sprouted tarantula head of ropey locks. You always read how he's small in the flesh but I thought he was surprisingly stocky and not as short as I thought. Hand outstretched he clears a chair for me to sit on and starts burrowing through a ZIGZAG I give him. Years of records, gigs where he's a speck in the distance, endless interviews, reviews and Messianic accolades melt...away...

Bob Marley has just wound up a notable stretch of gigs which have taken him all over the place: the now-legendary Zimbabwe concert where emotions ran into riot, the Crystal Palace Garden Party, the biggest one he's ever played (in Dublin to a hundred thousand people) and a provincial jaunt which must have given kids a first taste of Marley magic.

The tour coincided with Marley's latest album, 'Uprising', which, like the gigs, met with the predictable GBH from many Press-lords. It's trendy to knock Marley. The man's slagged for the sin of the great sellout, accused of glossing his conviction to slot nicely into the Wings-ELO-F Muck coffee table sales bracket. He's shunned by so-called reggae purists in favour of another bawling toaster for back-pedalling reruns of past glories. Well let that lot rot in their pre-bins.

Though rich, famous and pre-bins of mega-star status, Bob Marley, the man who did so much to lead white kids into the delights of Reggae, still cares for his people, their problems, the fight against Babylon and a great deal for his fans and the message which success means he can take to even more places in need of the one love Rastaman vibration — most recently Africa. That was the main impression I got when I talked to Marley the other day. What's more, he still pumps records with new ideas and heartfelt passion.

Listen to 'Uprising'. Though not as heavy a statement as last year's 'Survival', it's a remarkably listenable mixture of Marley's varied styles, from the bouncy contagious bounce of top ten-scaling 'Could You Be Loved' through more powerful stuff like 'Work' down to Bob's most spiritually moving song for years, the positive and poignant 'Redemption Song', which for the first time sees Marley on his own with his guitar — bare soul. A couple veer towards standard Wailers



workouts ('Coming In From The Cold' f'rinstance) but the good bits take it on through. And there's always the wicked riddims of the Wailers monster.

Live, the BMW's are still potent. Sure they're a slick machine but the beat won't stop and Bob will give all till he drops, reaching out for power and passion in the nightly self-exorcism. Classics rub riddims with never stuff — Crystal Palace was a corker.

I dismiss as bollock any accusations that Bob Marley has lost the will to fight and explore in favour of a reggae cabaret, specially after getting a first-hand insight into his motivation when we met.

He wasn't doing interviews this tour. As an aide said, "he's said all he can say". However, sterling efforts from the Island press office's dynamic duo managed to gain ZIGZAG entry to his rented West End apartment and a warm welcome (thank you chaps).

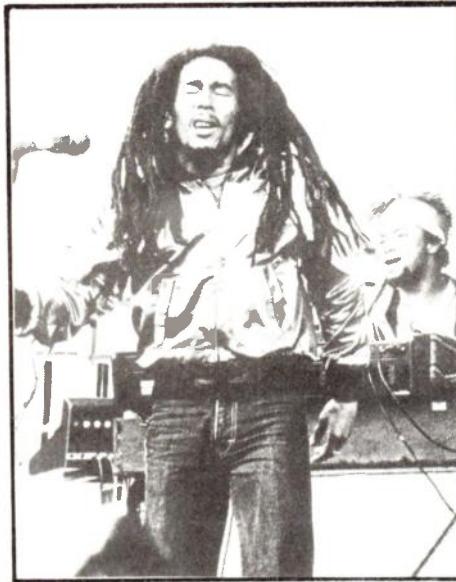
Maybe it was down to the fact that Bob didn't have the strain of the interview conveyor belt to contend with but no way all I got was an answering machine. He talked sincerely, carefully so I could understand (though some bits of extra-vigorous patois have escaped me completely) and his mood was buoyant and friendly. Matters near and dear, like the current state of gun-rule slaughter existing in Jamaica, prompted dark passions from the man.

*Propaganda spreads over my name
Say you to bring another life to shame
Oh man you just playing a game
and then you draw bad card*



UPRISING

M, IT THE SYSTEM AGAINST WE



So, Bob is perched on the sofa, one of his eyes on the soundless Olympics. He's nursing a bandaged ankle, sprained the day before in a footie match the Wailers had with Record Mirror, who were slaughtered 50-30. Bob had been working on a new song called 'Slogans'. Round us the hustle and bustle which surrounds Bob Marley — phones go, ladies whip up ial, people come and go. With the door open it's not really the place for deep stuff but pretty deep we go as Bob warms.

Kicked off safely with feelings on the tour. Bob's happy, citing as memorable Dublin for its enormity and Crystal Palace for the atmosphere. I mention the encore of Bob alone with his acoustic pouring out 'Redemption Song' as one of the best moments.

ZZ: That seems to be the most spiritual song you've done on record...

BM: ... for a long while, yeah. It feel nice. We used to do t'ings like that one time, t'ing I call lyrical spirickle, just guitar, drums and singing, some kind of folk song spiritual, y'know. 'Redemption Song' strong. It's a real situation natural to I and I.

ZZ: Was the Zimbabwe concert a very emotional experience for you?

BM: Strong, y'know. It was very nice. A good experience for me to take part in a t'ing like that. You feel a kind of solidarity with a lot of people who's there. Them support you more than just having the music and just like you have other people who will never really go through the experience them still become a part of it. People just want peace, love and the right thing.

ZZ: Kids who come and see you over here relate to you in a different way...

BM: Them relate to me more as street struggling against System pressure, y'know. A lot of people relate to the same t'ing but kinda more involved in a sense of belief and the roots.

ZZ: Do you still feel as up against the System today now you're got this far?

BM: System up against I and I, cos before there was System there was I and I and then them mek the System fight against I and I. System fight I and I and we just say peace, love and this is a way of life. It not we against the System, it the System against we.

ZZ: You're going around the world spreading this message...

BM: Me write a song called 'Trenchtown Rock' — 'One good t'ing about music, when it hits you feel no pain'. You can talk of the experience in music so after a while it becomes good that you went through all this experience. Music can express it like nothing else can. That kinda nice! (laughs).

ZZ: Do you still get the same excitement out of the music when you play the same songs every night on the tour?

BM: Yes, you see one t'ing: the t'ing that mek the music nice is that the music never perfect. So how can I approach it now so I can get the best out of it? But something must go wrong somewhere so I say have a go again! It become interesting for me to work the music then move on, one day find some new things, some new feelings come. It nice.

ZZ: I read some of your reviews in the music papers and they said you were just trotting out the set. I don't see that because onstage you're too involved in what you're doing — you can't just be switching yourself on and going through the motions.

BM: Naww, man. Unnerstand, see musicians get mad because of music. Living my place in Jamaica a man might have a guitar and it drop on brick and the man get mad because he never get another guitar again for a long while. A musician he must search to find a certain phrase and him just can't find it, it trip him out in the head, y'know. Music is a delicate t'ing in the sense that the musician become a musician and him sensitive. because it tek so much inspiration, you have to be there at all times. Same t'ing happen to me.

ZZ: Do you ever get fed up with the music biz side of things, having to play big halls and all that?

BM: No I wouldn't say I get fed up. If things nah go right then you don't really get fed up you get keep on doing it. I don't get fed up though, I really love the music.

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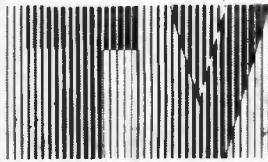
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THIS has to be said, after reading *Zigzag's* poll I was flabbergasted to see only one out'n'out soap opera featuring in the TV Top 10. You lot need putting straight, so, armed only with this week's TV Times and the paperback edition of *Dallas* I bring you the definitive ZIGZAG SOAP OPERA GUIDE 1980. Now read on:

The pick of any discerning TV critic would just have to be *DALLAS*, verily I say unto thee a giant among programmes. For those who haven't seen it, the series tells the story of the turbulent lives of the mega-rich Ewing family carved out against the torrid background of the international oil market. The accent is on raw emotion rather than the financial side of the business and emotion doesn't come much rawer. Who could resist the charms of sultry Pamela as she battles to save her marriage to family wimp Bobby, who, unbeknown to the rest of his family struggles to control the psychopathic side of his nature uncovered in the Vietnam wars as he strains against elder brother's ambition to become total magnate of Ewing oil.

Elder brother is of course the legendary JR Ewing, embezzler, blackmailer and all round good guy. His own driving ambition is disturbed only by his failure to impregnate his wife successfully. The failure towards Sue-Ellen (ex alcoholic beauty queen) is further reinforced by the presence in the family home of Lucy, JR's illegitimate offspring by younger brother Gary's ex-wife. Nobody but JR knows this, Lucy being commonly supposed to be the fruit of ne'er do well Gary's loins, born just before Gary did a bunk in the first series, on his way to *KNOTS LANDING!* All of this and more goes on as JR attempts to have his wife consigned to an alcoholicsd asylum so he can get on with producing a Ewing heir with vivacious Julie, his secretary. Meanwhile the family roost is watched over by the unfaltering gaze of Ma and Pa Ewing, Jock and Miss Ellie, who themselves have quite a tale to tell . . .

Running up a close second to JR and co comes Coronation Street, a mega million dollar production filmed entirely on location in sunny Manchester that accurately grasps and conveys the true melodrama of modern British life. Only recently the urban calm of industrial Weatherfield has been interrupted by the vanguard of the brave new wave in the shape of Pat the chubby punkette and blue haired Norman, the beau of overweight splosher Siouxsie Burchall. Respectable newly wed Brian Tilsley has also done his bit for the cause of new music, constantly playing the Skids in the local cafe and, more mysteriously, carrying around an empty Clash album for weeks on end. Although no bands have yet appeared live there was a cameo appearance by Jilted John a little over a year ago, when he attempted to lure Gail Potter into the famed Weatherfield Roxy. The appeal of the street being what it is, it will be his proud boast that, "I was there." Granada TV should note that I can be contacted through *Zigzag*.

That's the best over with, now for the rest, not all crap as you might imagine but a cross-section of the genre ranging from the gripping to the really appalling — the sort of stuff that's earned the soap opera a bad name.

EMMERDALE FARM is a good place to kick off, real crap set in the barren wastes of the Yorkshire dales and populated by the type of person that gets Northerners a bad name. *THE SULLIVANS* is a real gem, a moving family tale of wartime suburban Sydney featuring Anna, the german enemy within who was married to eldest son John until her tragic death only weeks ago. Other stars are soldier son Tom, busybody Mrs Jessop and barmaid Maggie Hayward, woman from the past of Dave Sullivan, father of the wholesome brood. Should be on primetime TV rather than its current lunchtime slot. Another series bedevilled by bad timing was the mighty *CEDAR TREE*, worth half an hour of anyone's time. A tale of wartime aristocracy set in the splendour of rural England, a tale in which you can almost feel the tension of the prewar years as the commander struggles to retain his stiff upper lip in the face of continued Boche indiscretions. The high point of *The Tree* (as it was known to its many followers) was the omnibus Friday night shows of late 76, two episodes instead of one in a show lasting nearly an hour. Memories are made of this . . . As far as most soap opera fans are concerned *CROSSROADS* just doesn't come into it, the whole saga is just too lifelike. David Hunter is the main culprit, typical of motel managers nationwide with his homicidal alcoholic ex-wife and international terrorist son, I meeaaan, I'm sure you know at least one like him. Could do better if an element of fantasy was introduced.

This is getting pretty boring now so I'll sign off. I hope to see a suitable change in your voting patterns next year.

Suspect O' Typewriter

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DO IT YOURSELF

MAKING YOUR OWN RECORD — a temporary guide

To make your own record you have to start with the recording stage, about which we can advise very little, other than to explain that it is largely dependent upon the sound and the instruments as to the size and equipment that is required. The Music Week Yearbook has a very comprehensive guide to studios in the U.K., and this can be found in public libraries.

Many people have made do with recording in their own front rooms — e.g. The Normal, The Door and The Window.

More to the point is some information about getting from your master tape stage to the point where you actually have records made.

CUTTING

Cutting the record is one of the most crucial stages towards the finished article, and should be approached as seriously as mixing in some ways. There aren't as many alterations possible, but many things can change at this stage. It helps to have a sympathetic cutting engineer. Facilities exist at the following:

Portland Recording Studios (Porky Prime Cuts)	637 2111
C.B.S.	636 3434
Master Room	637 2223
Trident	734 9901
Sound Clinic	748 6065

CUTTING (or mastering)

This is the stage where you transfer what is on the master tape to a 'laquer', which looks like a large, heavy, LP. The music is transferred from the tape onto this laquer, which is like a negative of the record.

The record then has to go through a *processing* stage, whereby the master laquer is put through a chemical bath in order to form two sets of metal plates which then become the originals for any of the record making that follows.

One set of metalwork is the 'masters', which are the original reverse copies of the laquer, the other set is the 'positives' which are the metal plates that can be played on good equipment in order to ensure that there are no defects before the record is actually pressed.

The next stage of the process is where 'stampers' are 'grown'. These are a further stage of metal plates (in fact, very light and thin) which are actually fitted into the pressing moulds to form the final product — the record.

The stampers are used for a varying number of record pressings — more for 'rock' records than for classical, under the "natural assumption" that nobody can tell the difference in 20

quality of rock records, whereas classical records have to be good.

A completely misinformed assumption, but just one of many that you will find that you encounter when you press your own record. Pressing plants seem to have a totally different set of assumptions to anyone else in the recording business — i.e. there is little or no real quality control of the type of music that doesn't fall easily into the MOR category.

FUNDAMENTALS:

One of the first things to organise are the labels. These are normally printed and do require special inks and papers in order to be used in the presses, which is the reason why it is a specialist industry.

You can use blank labels and then stamp the information on them afterwards e.g. Scritti Politti single.

To do this you usually have to present to the pressing plant a letter of authorisation, stating that you have copyright on the record.

These blank labels cost about £12.00 per thousand.

You can print almost anything on the label, but nothing is absolutely required. The MCPS clause is a safeguard against bootlegging, but only duplicates the fact that you are already registered. The copyright info. is useful if you are published as it is the means by which the Performing Rights Society reclaims the royalty money for the band and/or songwriter. Contact the PRS for further information.

You may notice that at the cutting room the engineer usually inscribes the record number in the laquer (e.g. 'Porky Prime Cut') and the use of this is so that at the pressing plant they know which label goes on which side, so it does help if those markings do match up (it doesn't have to be 'A' and 'B').

The labels are pressed with the vinyl, so they should be at the pressing plant in good time for the date when you want to have the record pressed.

Label Printers and Costs

Peter Grey Printers, Wellington Road, Bromley Kent	464 0828
Harrison & Sons	573 3828
Frank S. Manley	965 7326
P.G. Woods	595 5115
Rema Productions	249 0221

With both labels and sleeves it is difficult to give any kind of costing, other than specific print charges which vary with quantity and number of colours (e.g. 2,000 2 colour 7" record sleeves should cost about 4.5p each. 12"2" colour sleeves cost about 12p-15p per unit).

The charges for plates vary a lot according to the difficulty of the artwork, the design, any particular details, etc., and usually will only be given on sight of the artwork. It always seems hellishly expensive. Allow £50 for sleeve

plates (7") & £30 for label plates.

Also allow about £15 per colour for film costs. (Your art-work has to be transferred onto film in order to make the plates).

SLEEVES

Sleeve printing is again a specialist industry, but you can design your own packaging for a record if you really want to. It usually means that you have to sleeve them all yourself/yes, but can be well worth the effort (e.g. Vice Versa E.P., Scritti Politti E.P., The Door and The Window). The sleeve printers are geared to simplicity and quantity runs, therefore as with all other parts of the record making process, the price decreases with the quantity.

Quality is usually good, although on small runs service can be a bit slow.

One of the benefits of having a printed sleeve is that they can be delivered to the pressing plant, and the sleeving can be done there. Quite an advantage if, like Stiff Little Fingers, you start off with a 500 record pressings, and end up with over 30,000.

If an independent record does do well then it is sometimes a problem getting everything to the pressing plant on time, and picture sleeves are usually the biggest problem (apart from getting the pressing plant to press the records), although the printers usually are geared to a quick turnover time, as are the label printers.

Very often different printers do 7" and 12" sleeves, so it pays to ring around and check up first.

Plain white bags come from the pressing plant and are provided free of charge.

It's possible to be inventive about the design of your sleeve if you know a printer who can work to your specifications, and if you are prepared to do work such as sleeving.

CRS, Eastcotts Road, Bedford	0234 56317
Delga Press, 8 Marlborough Road, Bromley, Kent	460 0112
Gothic Press, Mainault Street, London SE9	850 2266
E. Hannibal, Pinfold Road, Thurcaston, Leics	0533 695413
Harrison & Sons, Printing House Lane, Hayes, Middx.	573 5338
Garrod & Lofthouse, 6 Langley Street, London WC2	240 3322
Shalford Press, 85b Bradford Street, Braintree, Essex	0376 21125
Shorewood Packaging Co., Bucks. LONDON OFFICE:	01-437 3015
FACTORY:	0296 63 0421
James Upton, 67 Rosoman Street, London EC1 (also Birmingham)	278 2916
Senol Printing, 4 Hardwicks Way, London SW18	874 5775/6
West Bros.	947 2106/9
Pan Litho, 172/6 The Highway, London E.1.	481 8161/4

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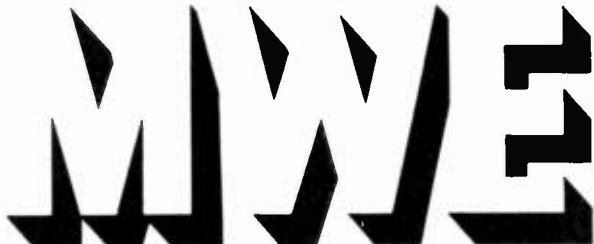
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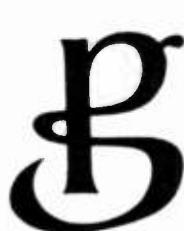
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PRESSING PLANTS

It's difficult not to be completely cynical about pressing plants and their ability to ruin what might have taken you a lot of time, effort and savings to present to them, but they do seem to be totally lost in some nineteenth century backwater, and cannot match in expertise all the technology that now goes into recording and mastering records.

Which doesn't mean that they can't reproduce the sound that you have actually recorded, but due to inefficiency, vary bad organisation, complete indifference to the music that they are helping to put out, and totally archaic conditions in which people have to work, they seem to do all they can to frustrate your attempts at having a good reproduction of your music.

There is also the very pertinent fact that if you place a small order with a plant that is geared to mass produce thousands of Boney Ms and their ilk then your record can get lost in the rush. Obviously, this is more likely to happen with one of the 'majors', than one of the independent pressing plants, although the independent plants are very much dependent on the majors for their livelihood.

However, this disadvantage usually will only affect independent records at busy times of the year, but be prepared to have to push to get your record pressed.

Just remember that the science and technology of the recording industry ends at the gates of the pressing plant. Also, do remember that it can be a shitty job to be on a production line; although invariably it is the management of the place that is responsible for the general ineptitude of the place.

In dealing with pressing plants there are a few fundamental steps to follow:

Register your record matrix no. with the Mechanical Copyright Protection Society (MCPS), or you might have unnecessary delays due to copyright queries.

It's safer to place a written order, dated, and to have delivery notes for all the parts that go to the plant, as they are notorious for losing labels, sleeves etc.

Ensure that you get test pressings of your record, as this will hopefully ensure against faulty pressings, and will offer you some recourse if they are defective. Most plants will do this as a matter of course, although some may put a surcharge on the service - it's worth it!

It's worth the battle to get a good quality pressing in the hope that sooner or later the purveyors of vinyl will be forced to deliver the goods.

One important thing to remember is that you can test the positive metalwork against the test pressings in order to see where the fault lies. If the fault is in the metalwork, then the ultimate recourse is to check that with the processing dept. at the pressing plant, and also with the cutting engineer. If both of them are in any way sympathetic then you should be able to locate where the fault lies, and do something about it.

Be wary of falling into the trap of just finding someone to blame. Pressing plants nearly always blame the cutting engineer. But if you think about their respective conditions of work and attitudes to the work they do, then you'll invariably come to the conclusion

that it is the pressing plant that is at fault. Not always, but more often than not.

Vinyl can be a problem, as various grades are used to press all kinds of different records, and the worst quality, recycled vinyl is used for "pop" records. Recycled vinyl can be OK for 7" records, but there can be duff batches, so it's worth asking about the vinyl if only as a bullshit test.

Recycled vinyl shouldn't be used for 12" records, and even a blend of used and 'virgin' vinyl can be risky. At the prices they charge pressing plants should be able to use good vinyl for 12" records. Just remember that there is no convincing reason for anybody to accept defective records.

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Island Manufacturing, 20A British Grove, London W.4 748 6065
Linguaphone, 252/253 Argyll Avenue, Slough, Berks 0753 31837
Sound Manufacturing, High Wycombe 0494 37526

Most of these plants have their own pressing services as well as pressing facilities. The charges vary quite a lot, as do the pressing charges, and so the only definite way of getting a pricing for your record is ring up and ask for a quote.

As of the beginning of 1980 you could say that the processing charges can vary between about £40 to £60, and that pressing charges vary for a small order from 14p to 19p.

Linguaphone don't do any processing and don't provide test pressings. A custom processing service exists in Leicester, and by liaising with them you can have the processing done there and have it delivered to the pressing plant.

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ZZ: What's the state of things in Jamaica at the moment?

BM: Oh, it worse than it ever used to be, in the sense of political pressure. A lot of people dying every day. Some of dem I know. It pressure, you know, pressure. People no see where these things are leading and dem have an alternative — that's Rasta. Dem cause so much fight against Rasta dat Rasta is the only redemption to fight. But this pressure . . . it not Rasta fight. We're not fighting a revolution down dere. Two people fight. It madness. Dem double wrong.

People in Jamaica, dem have guns. Where people get the guns? Government give people the gun and today that is what happening there. Right now it explode, mon. Something bad have to happen. One of dem American and one of dem Russian.

ZZ: People are gonna have to try to survive.

BM: Yeah mon, survival. So much people have to die to make other people not even live but see the mistake those that die mek. To think what is going on down dere, man, it is a dreadful ting. It's like some mass execution, without control or anyting. And Jamaica is a lickle place. Jamaica is sufferin people who have nuttin else. All dem do is fight. For what? It's prophecy. It just prophecy. Dem fight for nothing. Dem not even fight for Jah or anyting. Just WAR. Foolish ting. But there's an election coming up. Then the problem might solve . . .

ZZ: The music industry over there still seems to be going along alright.

BM: . . . music, music. . . Right now someone call from Jamaica and tell me one political party is using 'Bad Card' that we have and 'One Love Jamdown Style', a ting with a deejay. Music is music, it heal the scars. Yeah man, terrible — it not a joking matter at all down dere.

ZZ: Are you aware of what's going on over here, like the Bristol riots and the police harrassment of young blacks?

BM: There a war, a riot. . . Yeah man, I aware of all dem tings. The most ting we're aware of is that regardless who the yout' is there's a trut' that's going round, because nothing else ting can be. Rasta is all tings — justice, love, peace to all mankind. The God who mek I and I him create technicolour people, and him mek Earth and all resources. Although pressure is dere and all these tings, but which way true, how can you get true? The only truth, son, is RASTAFARI and there are commandments that are mek by God. Judgement catch you because the majority ting that is happening is judgement. A real innocent man, I don't think anything happen to him because God him make a prophecy. Those who him love are those who love him. Dem seek guidance through, so during oppression dem right wrong and will find Rasta. The only way now is Rastafari, which is like. . . the turtle, with a shell over him. That is all the yout' want.

BM: Yeah, the holy protection is Rasta because dem can't have a material protection against them, cos it no work. You got to have Rasta protection. That mean if a man is trying to hurt you in five minutes time he might drop asleep in five minutes and in six minutes time you go out there and him gone. You go out on street with erb and meet police and him a search. Another guy go out on the street and say alright, think about it first. You feel go out on street now. You go out on the street and



street cool. The police round the corner dere. Certain time man, man just go out there and him get search right away, come up against it right away and him say 'Bloodclaat, how did this happen?' But he must check himself when to come from and how it happen. It just time control and if him move a little bit earlier or a lickle bit later him gonna miss it. That's why Rasta is only shield. It a time now brothers fight against brothers, sister fight against sister, the world against the world, y'know, mankind against mankind, all dem ting ting is a sign of the time. The only survival is Rasta. Dem don't wanna kill one man, dem kill a nation.

ZZ: I wanted to ask about your football. You seem to be pretty hot stuff. How did you get into it?

BM: Yes I was playing at school, y'know. I never play for no big club or anything like that, just at school in Trenchtown Football is a part of I, keep you out of trouble. Discipline, y'know. Mek you run in the morningtime. When you run you clear out your head. The world wake up round you — you're going a long time, you know what I mean (laughs)!

ZZ: Ever feel like you'd rather do football all the time, rather than music?

BM: Wha' happen to the music and the football . . . I love music before I love football. If I love football first maybe that a bit dangerous. I love music and then football after. Playing the football and singing is dangerous, because the football get very violent! I sing about peace and love and all of that stuff, and something might happen, y'know. If a man tackle you hard it bring feelings a war! (laughs).

ZZ: Had any police trouble over here at all, Bob?

BM: Well, yeah every time I come through the customs I get a lickle search. Them do according to things you carry with you. If you're carrying a small ting you get a small search, if you are carrying a big ting, about four or five hours, man. They saying, 'well, he mus have somet'ing.'

ZZ: What other things have you been getting into recently? I noticed 'Could You Be Loved' has a Disco influence.

BM: Yes. I tell you I jus right a song called 'Slogans' which is root. Strictly root. Locks. Hear the word. You see people appreciate a variety of things. Like, some man during his lifetime. When he was a child he wish he had a tie. He think when him grow big him can afford ties. Him get all sort of ties! It's like the music now you have musical styles, cos naturally if I go . . . if I go to America and hear that type of music, the music is in the air there. If I pick up the guitar now I have a choice. You can try something that music still have root too and you have a choice. You can try something or you can try the other ting and go deeper, y'know.

ZZ: Any other plans?

BM: We gwan tour of Africa in 1981. Keep on playing somewhere music, see if we can create some roo-oot music.

ZZ: Anything to say before we go?

BM: Everything cool, y'know!

Bob Marley laughed and tossed his locks.

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by Stacey Bridges

A TWISTED NIGHT ON THE PLATTER PATROL

I knew exactly what would happen as soon as I saw him standing there at the front door. It was 4.30 am and there was my good friend and F-Beat Records man Sal Forlenza grinning from ear to ear, a crate of Carlsberg under one arm and a pile, a really ominous pile, of singles under the other.

"Forlenza you crazy bastard, don't you ever need any sleep? Do you realise what the time is?"

"Time you listened to this little lot Bridges, you lazy slob. These records must have been out on your porch for days. Look, they're all covered in dirt and birdshit. I've brought some lubricant just to keep you going!"

With that, Sal tore a couple of beers from the crate and threw one in my direction. The smart-ass was right of course. I had approximately five and a half days to listen to about fifty singles and write something reasonably intelligent and informative about each of them. What follows is part (the rest has been hacked away by the deranged gorilla who 'subs' this column) of the end result of the gargantuan effort it took to focus my attention and enthusiasm on the task at hand and to avoid the excessive boozing and unconventional behaviour of the degenerate who had thrown me headlong into this inescapable situation. The singles reviews had to be done! And when the last full stop had been hammered out Forlenza packed me in the car and drove, both of us in a state of acute exhaustion, to what I now realise was the airport. Two hours later the haze cleared and I looked out over the billowing clouds on one side of me and turned to see the insane, unreal figure of Sal Forlenza slumped next to me on the other side. To my indescribable horror I realised that we were, at best leaving the country, and at worst heading for a foreign and strange land that might offer us all sorts of unknown and undreamt of terrors. But all that is another story...

THE SOFT BOYS - 'Near The Soft Boys'

EP (Armageddon AEP 002).

If and when psychedelia rears its flowry head again, The Soft Boys will have to be considered as the prime exponents in a much-abused and much-misunderstood field of rock. The Soft Boys are undoubtedly one of the most under-rated groups around as well as being one of the most unfashionable. It would appear that they don't take themselves too seriously at all which is always a welcome change from the ridiculous pomposity with which most groups conduct themselves. Also, the spirit of the great Syd Barrett lives very quietly in The Soft Boys, an excellent version of Syd's unreleased 'Vegetable Man' appears on this E.P. In fact the two tracks on the b-side aren't on their current album which you should get just to hear the mesmerising 'Queen Of Eyes'. You should really search all The Soft Boys' records out actually simply because they offer a very satisfying and refreshingly loopy alternative to the madness and the depressing noise raging all around us. A.

THE HITMEN - 'OK' b/w 'That's Not Me'

(Urgent Pronto 2).

Great record! Jesus, I never thought I'd get to write that about a record I had no warning of. Tough as old nails, to the point, and extremely well produced. Buy it and save me the fruitless effort of describing it to you. A.

THE VORES - 'FORGET THAT GUY' b/w 'Stress'

(Family Only Records BOP3D).

From Buffalo, N.Y., one of the more memorable records to emerge from the East Coast of America in recent months. I don't know whether it's my warped view of things or what but everything from America seems so bloody lightweight these days - all the new bands are obviously convinced that 'power-pop', or whatever dumb name they give this soulless crap, is the quickest and surest way to stardom. Records like this don't really stand a chance over here because we do it so much better. They'll probably be enormous in Buffalo, however. B.

COMSAT ANGELS - 'INDEPENDANCE DAY'

b/w 'We Were' (Polydor 2059 257).

This is a vastly impressive record to be sure. Even in my dangerously unhinged state of mind I detect a quality that one associates with bands that will be around for a long time. This has power and subtlety and is sparsely structured around a simple and very effective riff. Comsat Angels are from Sheffield, this is their second single on Polydor, their debut album is out in September, and we all ought to listen out for them. A.

THE UGLY DUCKLINGS - 'THE PAIN IS ALRIGHT'

b/w 'Just Another Rock'n'Roll Band' (Razor RS 002).

The Ugly Ducklings (what a limp name!) have been dormant for eleven years according to the press cuttings that came with this record. They're from Canada where they apparently have quite a following, and if they keep making records like this they will probably do reasonably well elsewhere. "My God, they've just nicked an Elvis Costello backing track and sung a load of bullshit garbage over it. That's a complete rip-off of 'Radio, Radio'". Forlenza's outburst did not fall on deaf ears. I have to admit that I have heard all this somewhere before. B.

THUNDERBOYS - 'FASHION'

b/w 'Someone Like You' (Recent EJSP 9339).

'We formed in November 1978 when I met the others at Art School in Manchester, and our first 'gig' was at the Xmas hop of aforementioned establishment. The verbal abuse we received from a select audience of pissed Fine Art lecturers, students, and a couple of toilet attendants inspired us to pursue our career as a group'. - Carmel McCourt (vocals). This is a curious but not unappealing record, very strong vocally and without an apparently formal structure. In fact it sounds a bit messy at first but such records are easy to dismiss as average after one play; this certainly improves on subsequent hearings. B.

TONY DIAL & SILHOUETTE THEATRE - 'YOU KEEP COMING ROUND'

b/w 'Solo' by 'End Of The World' 9abe 1).

This month's Bowie sound-alike, and a very commercial one as well. If the lyrics were more ambiguous and the chorus less catchy and more convoluted it could probably be mistaken for an out-take from the 'Lodger' sessions. No, maybe that's going a bit too far . . . this hasn't quite got the polish or style of Bowie, and its appeal lies mainly in its danceability quotient. Superior clone music. B.

ITCH - 'ROMANCE'

b/w 'Showpeople' (IPP).

Curiouser and curioser. This lot are, I think, from Belgium. A reasonably good pop record but lacking the necessary sparkle and imagination to lift it out of the doldrums. There are hundreds of bands making hundreds of records like this.

VARIOUS BANDS - 'ROUGH CUTS' EP

(Z-BLOCK Z3)

A most charming letter came with this record thanking me if I reviewed it and calling me a bastard if I didn't. Unable to withstand any more verbal abuse today I will be a wimp and 'review' it. The EP in question features the work of four groups - THE BOYWONDERS THE GHOULIES, THE DECADENT FEW, and THE CZECHS. The first three come from Cardiff and the Czechs come from Newbridge, and the whole thing was recorded at 'Grassroots Coffee Bar' on a portable 8-track over one weekend. The music itself is naturally slightly amateurish but nevertheless interesting and I'd much rather see more joint projects like this that make good economic sense as well as sparing us of four separate records that would have considerably less impact on their own. Worth checking out, you can obtain a copy from Z-BLOCK Records, Flat ONE, 1 Walker Road, Splott, Cardiff for £1.20 incl. p&p.

OTHER RECOMMENDED SINGLES (to be reviewed at a later date where possible). THE CHEATERS - 'TRIPLE A' featuring '(I Wanna Be A) Policeman', 'Baby, What You Want Me To Do' (yes, the Jimmy Reed number . . . do any of you know who Jimmy Reed is?), and 'From The Hip' (Pre-Fab Z-01). Forlenza is muttering something about Andrew Lauder mentioning the band to him on several occasions, which means that they are likely to be hot.

THE STEREOTYPES - 'CALLING ALL THE SHOTS'

b/w 'Lovers Of The Future' (Art Theft Records AT 001). Engineering by Larry Wallis!!

WESTERN HYSTERIA - 'COMPUTER LOVE'

b/w 'Moving Target' (Swerve SW2).

THE ASTRONAUTS - 'PRANKSTERS IN REVOLT' EP. (Bugle Blast 5).

The most impressively packaged record I've seen for some time. Definitely a review next issue.

STACEY BRIDGES

As you can see, Bridges has almost dried up completely. He is at the moment pacing up and down the room, twitching even more than usual, and burbling on about being too tired to go on. There are several unfinished reviews scribbled down on scraps of paper strewn about the floor but he refuses to let me finish them for him. In fact he became very emotional when I suggested that his whole attitude to the job was unprofessional and inconsiderate, and that he should toughen up or hand the entire operation over to me. From this point on the activities of the night became a little unclear.

SAL



SNATCH/SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES c/w JOEY & RED ARMY/FETISH RECORDS

By now, most people will be familiar with the phenomenon that is/was Snatch, and what we have here consists of as memorable a momento as one could wish for. Layer this atop such instant classics as their premier release "Stanley", and the subsequent "All I Want", and you have a trilogy of vinyl gems to make the White Tower look redundant, each release subtly upstaging its predecessor — especially in terms of production.

This then is their third venture into the singles market — if one excludes the exciting R.A.F. collusion with Brian Eno — and it airs, at long last, what was undoubtedly one of their most popular stage numbers, "Shopping for Clothes". And this old Leiber/Stoller melody is immediately transformed into something eerie and almost surreal — a virtual blood transfusion in fact.

The verbal exchanges between prospective buyer — Judy Nylon — and counter-hand — Patti Palladin — become pure vitriol in their hands, the final definitive put down/irony of Patti's "Uh, your credit ain't come thru", being simply the last exchange in what is the most sinister of shopping scenarios.

Add to this the upright double bass and lotsa jazzy finger snappin', the tenor sax gently weaved into the long, lazy fade-out, and the complete cynicism with which the girls deliver their vocal lines, and you have a musical tapestry worthy of note — and it won't cost you more than one and a half!

"That suit there is herringbone".

"That's the suit I'd like to own!"

Coupled with these five minutes plus of pure entertainment are "Joey" and "Red Army" — the former of which is especially recommended — which gives you a grand total of something like fourteen minutes of vintage Snatch material.

"Joey" tells the disturbing story of a friend of the bands' who was fitted up and delivered down to the penitentiary. Musically, there is a delicate melancholy tinged with characteristic bitterness, a radiant, jangling piano and the hypnotic, subdued tension of the bass line(s); all swiftly gel to produce a melodic whirlpool that quickly sucks one into its depths.

"Red Army", a lengthier and somewhat more esoteric version of their venture with Eno follows and concludes, and again, the Nylon/Palladin dialogue coupled with Germanic warnings against terrorist attack, combine in an effective and chilling manner, providing a fitting conclusion to three very superior tracks.

Oh, by the way, Snatch broke up over two years ago.

ROBIN BANKS

albums

VIC GODARD/"WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY?/MCA RECORDS

Despite the interview carried in the last issue, the limited amount of time I was then able to spend with this LP disabled any in depth review. However, I have since had time to assimilate and digest: what I find is an album — a debut album — of a quality that still shocks, stuns and surprises. Not that I ever doubted Vic Godard's ability, simply that a debut long player of this depth, versatility, and sheer energetic *jieu de vivre* is so rare and consequently unexpected. That it still knocks me sideways is not so much a relief, more an affirmation.

Godard's lyrics often belie the basic optimism and up-lifting nature of his music, this is nowhere so evident as here, and although his words can sometimes appear obscure, there does exist a certain, undefinable, current of disturbing despair . . . "Me and my shadow ill at ease" from the track 'Stool Pigeon', supplies a succinct perspective on that side of his writing.

In a typically perverse manner, there is, of course, so much more than that, and, as mentioned last month, he now seems to be writing to a greater extent on slightly more tangible issues — like relationships. Occasionally Godard can become, if not exactly self-indulgent, slightly sloppy, but he will often insert a throwaway line simply to make the following line stronger, or to give him the rhyme he seeks. A ploy often used by Bobby Dylan when he was alive.

Musically, the twelve tracks here-in are a complex Labyrinth of swirling acoustic (and electric) guitars, a subdued but oft present organ, a piano that sometimes steals the show without becoming over-bearing, and solid, imaginative bass lines. Above this are Godard's wailing Bolanesque vocals, now somewhat more controlled and disciplined, yet still retaining that unbridled, savage naivety — so reminiscent of the wildebeest.

With twelve tracks does this goodie abound, each a Godard composition, and all sensitively produced by B. Rhodes, though Vic is credited with the arrangements. Without being laborious and piling through all twelve, maybe a cursory inspection of a few of my favourites will suffice as some sort of introduction.

"Enclave", on the opening side, possesses all the qualities of commercial success on the highest level. Here, the drums are the perfect foil for the acoustic chords that bathe the intro; these, coupled with the biting piano that intersects, provide the base for Godard's vocals to build on. His caustic lyrics — delivered with characteristic venom — add the final dimension. One reviewer stated that to quote Godard's lyrics out of their musical context was a detraction. I must agree to some extent, but to debate the relative importance of what he sings and it's place separated from the tunes he builds around the lyrics, would be to explore areas I have no room for here. Suffice to say that what happens on this LP is complete cohesion between vocal style, lyrical content, and musical accompaniment, (not mere backing!).

"Split up the Money", is the single and opens side two, perhaps as unrepresentative of the album as possible, it is followed by the superb "Stool Pigeon". Here, the fast tempo partially obscures a tune of delicate and subtly haunting qualities. The lyrics, (in part) . . . "Won't you take tea with me, knock me around all over the place and then leave", are as obscure as any here, and leave me baffled, albeit intrigued.

The penultimate track (that means the one before last, schmuck) is, as far as I'm concerned, Godard's best composition to date. It follows the albums only turkey, but is far more than a compensation, more a celebration. "Empty Shell" — the track in question — is a finely honed, piece de resistance. I've quoted lyrics from this in previous Zig Zags', and Godard is surely pushed to do better. That I'm sure he will do is really beside the point, what he has done here is elevate contemporary music to a status that all too few artistes (sic) are equipped to grasp for, let alone reach. Let's just put it this way, there's a turd on the cover of this album, and it ain't Vic Godard.

ROBIN BANKS 1980



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SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: Kaleidoscope (Polydor)
This month's fab Zigzag album offer, for a start...

But first: it's come by my attention that, again, some petty cowson has taken a poke at me in the press (the Hot one this time I head though I can't be bothered to look) for a) liking the Banshees, and b) not being scared to voice that as many times as its topical and still true. Listen you jaded goatpenises, you may be straitjacketed by trends and traditions but I don't give a shit. As long as the Banshees continue to progress and create stuff of the calibre of the last two 45s, and now 'Kaleidoscope', I'll keep saying it loud in my organ (!). Which brings us to...

. . . probably the most varied, diverse, and adventurous offering yet to shimmer under the Banshees' banner. If anything, it makes its two predecessors, seem a trifle one-dimensional now. Tracks veer from the lightest electronic backdrop pulse to surging soundwalls as mesmeric and powerful as anything they've done. But the subtlety evident in 'Happy House' and marvellous 'Christine' are the pointers to the main content of 'Kaleidoscope'.

Sioux's voice, as expected, has gained new strength and depth, but she's also widened beyond singing and writing to include synth, piano and a spot of guitar. Steve Jones also pops up on a couple of tracks, drawn out of mere riffing into extra textures. Elsewhere, Magazine's John McGooey adds to the solid core of Severin and lethal-as-ever Budgie.

I've only heard the tape a couple of times but it's out the same day as this ish. Titles include 'Red Light', 'Hybrid', 'Desert Kisses', the two singles, 'Skin' (about slaughtering animals to cover up fat ladies expensively), and 'Paradise Place'. This is how you remain true to your fans, catch new ones, experiment, then go further yet...

MX-80 SOUND: Out Of The Tunnel (Ralph)

MX-80 sprang from Island Records in 1977 with an anarchic album of convoluted noise and pre-Devo yank lunacy, which was greeted with apathy (except for Mark Perry's ZZ review).

Now another one on the Residents' Label — but it's by no means a clever-clever boring noise. The sound is a honed maelstrom of sheet metal riffing in odd times with all the abandon and sway of "Troutmask" (occasionally, see "Gary and Priscilla"). It oddly teeters on noisy punk thrash sometimes but twists and turns like a castrated otter. Recommended.

THROBBING GRISTLE: Heathen Earth (Industrial)

"This album was recorded on Saturday the 16th of February 1980 between 8.10 pm and 9 pm in front of an invited audience at the studios of Industrial Records Limited.

The object was to make a record of T.G. performing live without the often unpredictable influence of adverse playing conditions on the music and on the technical quality."

Well if you know 'em and read that you'll want this. If you don't or have been put off, but think it's wonderful being into OMITD and turning up at similar gigs in your silly hair and black booties, perhaps that is what you need for a dose of the real, dangerous "new music" which takes out the boundaries. It's heavy-going but doesn't pose (although I'd like to know what's going on if the blood-spewing kid on the sleeve isn't).

THE POP GROUP: We are Time (Rough Trade)

This is a retrospective look at the band many love and some hate. A collection of demos

("Trap" from 78 for example), Peel session ("Kiss The Book"), live excursions ("We Are Time" from Glastonbury 79). So most of its stuff dating from the period when they were ~~barreled~~ offstage supporting John Otway — highly worthwhile and even then hanging on roller coaster skeletons of hacking funk, though Beefheart and Jazz influences ran rampant over and under.

JEFF WOODRUFFE: Opposite Directions (Graduate)

There he is perched in a battery of keyboards, Beard. Denims. The music is jazzy synth noodlings. What's this doing in here? About 70p in Cheapos, I'd say.

FLESH EATERS: No Questions asked (Upsetter)

'Dynamite Hemorrhage', 'Ten Luck Razor', 'Suicide Saddle', 'Cry Baby Killer'. Oh you know, LA punk, fast and scrappy (farce and crappy). X people are a bit involved. A few hints at trying things other than the well-worn path ('Cry Baby Killer's reggae').

Kris

book

BLONDIE by Lester Bangs (Omnibus Press, £11.95)

Couple of years ago me, Chris Stein 'n' Debbie laid ground plans for an official Blondie book, which, for various reasons, didn't materialise. Chris still plans a tome composed of his extensive self-photographed Blondie portfolio, but meanwhile along comes Lester Bangs' whacked together collection of pix and the man's inimitable scrawl. Now not having the blessing of Chris and Deb (i.e. no direct interview source) means the bulk of the prose is Lester theorising, summarising and pulling the history out of acquaintances of the band. It's the pix what make it — many early shots (Stilettos to Blondie I haven't seen before. The latter ones you mainly have. Obviously the Blondie Army will snap it up but I personally wouldn't feel good supporting a cause which seems to take so many petty snobs, especially at Debbie who's never done nothing to stir anyone's vitals.

K.N.

late 45s

GIELE TIERE: Giele Tiere

Bit of a weird one this. Giele Tiere hail from Berlin. Their name means 'Randy Animal'. Now if you strode up to a Kraut and called him that he'd probably ram a wurst between your buttocks and scream at you, 'cos it's their equivalent of f***, b***** or whatever. They seem fairly outrageous and the single is a good blend of Can, electronics and beloved teutonic lunacy. Apparently no label here (including so called modern ground breaking outlets) would handle it, so "Face Out" the esteemed Kraut rock fanzine are importing it. If you're at all in that direction, worth checking out. It can be obtained for £1.25 (inc. P+P) from Chris Furse, Face Out, P.O. Box 315, London S.W.5.

THE DANCE: Dance For Your Dinner (One Apt name. These five certainly serve up a foot-stomping stew (hands up who's hungry — no that's corny). Recorded in New York, four tracks of whacked-out beat topped with assorted sounds and voices (inc. violin). Gets you going. Distributed by R. Trade.

Hugh Jarse

reggae

BLACK UHURU: Sinsemilla (Island)

This is one stunning album, further development for reggae. BLACK UHURU have already made their mark with such ethereal, biting classics as 'Abortion', 'General Penitentiary', 'Shine Eye Girl' and 'Plastic Smile' but this tops the lot! The vocals are haunting and passionate as ever but never have they sat in such HARD backgrounds. Much of the credit must go to the redoubtable percussive genius Sly Dunbar, who's restrained himself from going "Whoop-doo" on his synths too much and started fully investigating the power in the thing for straight new riddims. Here they are bubbling along like robotic jigsaws on 'Happiness', 'World is Africa', 'No Loafing (Sit and Wonder)' and all the rest — the perfect foil for the magic of those voices. Ansell Collins whips out some dynamite keyboard-work too.

So, immensely attractive sounds to pull you in, later to fully appreciate the vocals and sentiments (happiness, love, pain, all that and why not?) One of the year's reggae albums.

MERGER: Armageddon Time (Emergency)

You gotta admire how Merger hang on in there, battling against apathy from all sides. At last their second album surfaces. British reggae takes a hammering (not surprised with the Regulars and now Capital Letters diving into the Ska breadwagon only to be locked in) but at least Merger have stuck to their relaxed, textured sound, and have produced a warm, honest, melodic, though not too adventurous elpee. By far the best one here is the lengthy, intense drama of the title cut. Help thicken Merger's shoestring.

CREATION REBEL: Starship Africa (4D)

Unfortunately by the time I got hold of this it resembled a trampled cow-pat . . . but I can still make out a loopy goldmine in those grooves. The two sides are titled 'Starship Africa' (soundtrack from a forthcoming film, apparently), and 'Space Movement'. But they're actually a collection of dub pieces, doctored and distorted with reverberation, chipmunk voices and other worldly effects. Puts them at the forefront of innovative UK reggae.

SUGAR MINOTT: Give the People (Ballistic)

This is a repackage of Sugar Minott's 'Bitter Sweet' album which helped catapult him to the fanatical forefront. Like Barrington Levy, another of last years ascendent new talents, Sugar tended to flood the market once his name had broken, but this album was part of the torrent that burst the dam — an eight song set of his pretty fine songs. His voice is indeed bitter sweet, mixing the lovers rock fluff with more gritty protest like 'Save the Children'. Backings are solid and mildly dubonic. Worth catching up on.

THE RASSES BAND: HARDER NO RASS (Ballistic)

What we have here is the dub-ups of those great (Royal) Rasses tunes. It's a hard cast of sess-men who do the backings and if you've previously been diverted by Prince Lincoln and the Lad's sweet, oozing harmonies, here's a treat.

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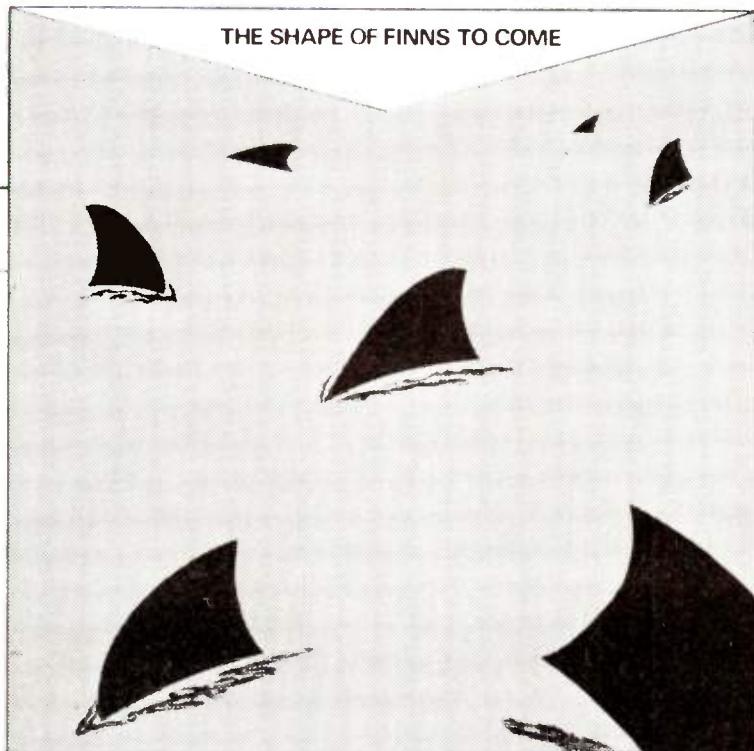
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