

NOVEMBER 1978

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PREMIER ISSUE

Surfin' Bird.

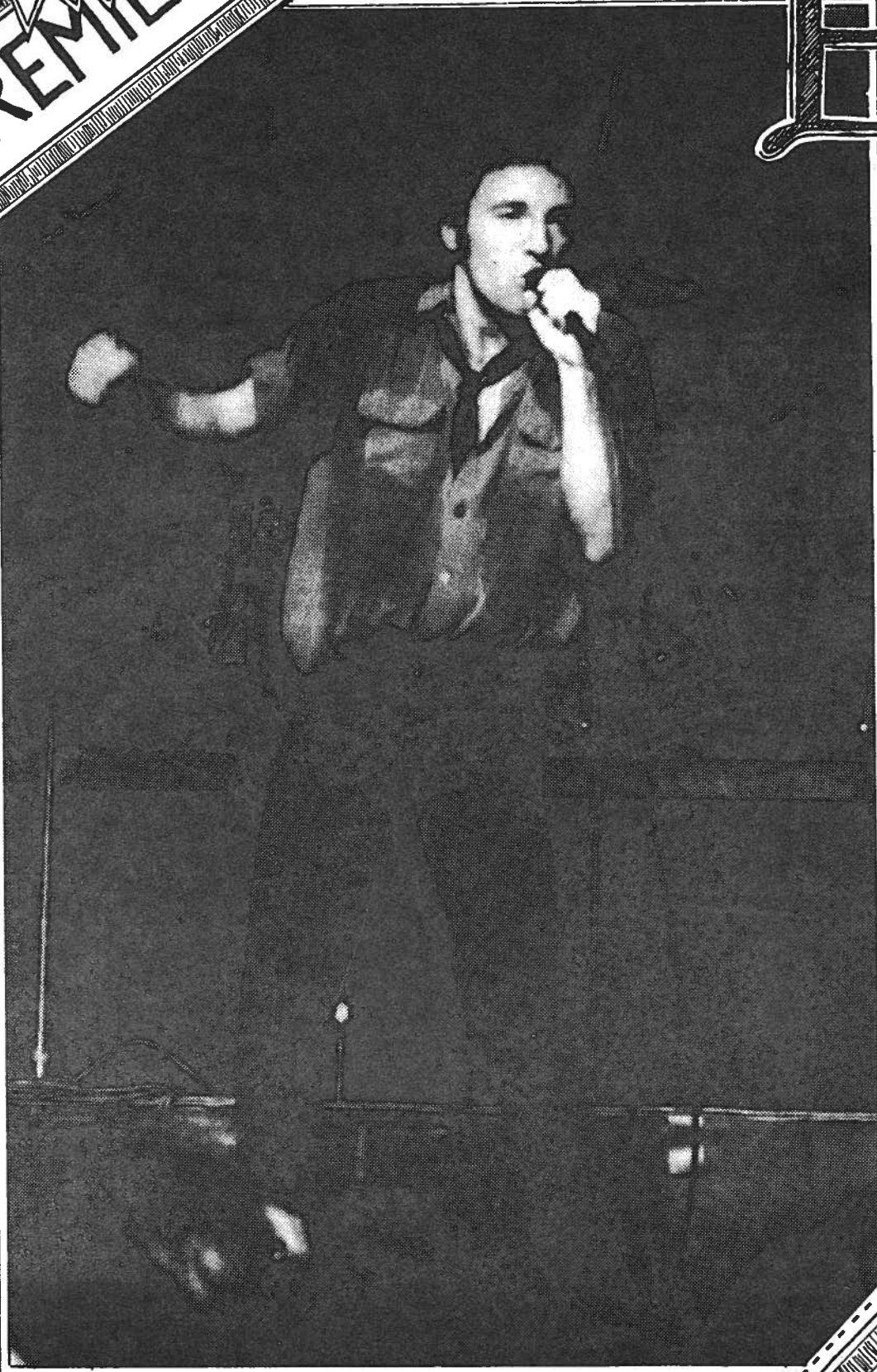
inside;

**SPRINGSTEEN
comes to town!**

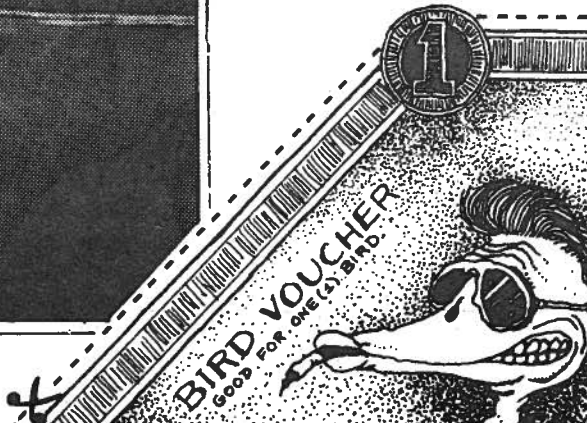
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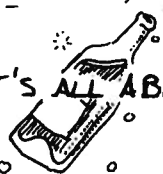
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IN THIS ISH (hic.)

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WRITE TO:

Surfin' Bird

NO. 6,

1278 ST. MATTHEW ST.

MONTREAL

H3H 2H8

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS:
OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR READERS:

Hi kidz + welcome to the first edition of Surfin' Bird. the mag that eats records for breakfast (us's only pleeze, trying to watch our weight).

You may be wondering why we've decided to publish a magazine. You are wondering aren't you? Well there are lots of reasons, not least of which is that it's a terrific way to get rid of all the excess money that's cluttering up our homes (hell - with our vast financial holdings, blah blah blah...). Most of reasons are very selfish actually. We want to hear the music we like on the radio every day and we'd like to meet more people who are crazy about rock n' roll but are frustrated by its lack of presence here in Kay-bec. we know you're out there!

There are lots of people out there who don't even know of an alternative to much of the boring crap that passes for rock n' roll in this town.

(In fact, there are lots of people who actually LIKE it! Assholes!)

So play your old Pagliaro and Wackers albums kidz; call your "favourite" dee-jay and give him shit; don't buy Led Zep albums cuz they're "on sale"; form a band or start your own zine...

BILL VARVARIS

What is it really all about? Well, let me put it to you this way. Passing thru the pinball arcade the other day, a thought struck me. (I still have the bruise to prove it.) I thought to myself, all these new pinball machines are shit. All of them. They're all Disco. They sound disco, they look disco, they're played by disco faggots in tight pants and pointy boots and hairy chests covered with little gold razor blades. They're all big noise and bright lights, all chrome and flash.

Fortunately, they're not the only machines around. There are still a few good old Alpha Balls or Volleys or Big Deals tucked away in some arcade, good old rock'n'roll machines that are fun to play and make real pinball noises, not computerized machine language.

The point is, even though the new trash stands out because of its noise and lights, you don't have to get sucked into the foolish idea that it's better. You can ignore them totally and get down to the real Rock'n'Roll. And that, friends, is what it's really all about.

D. Saps

Battered Wives

The magazine that subscribes to itself.

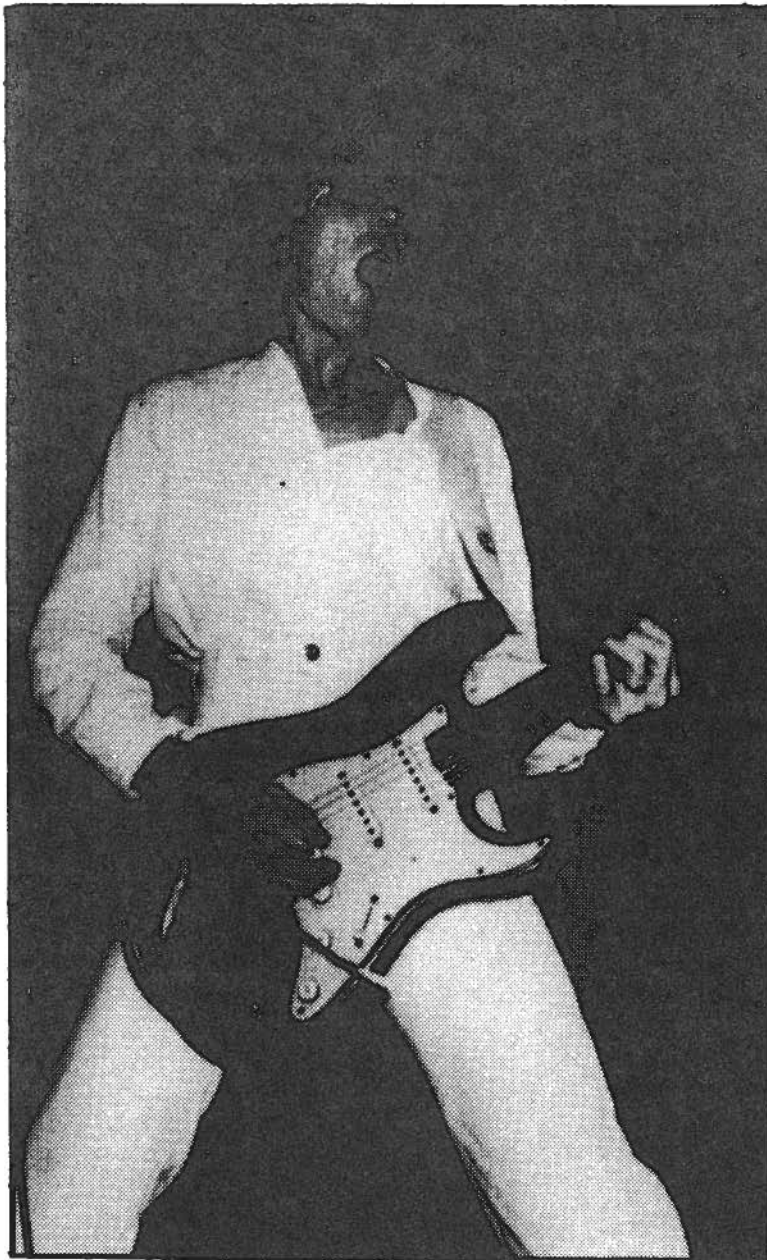
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MAKE IT IN MONTREAL

S'who,

Anyone who saw the Battered Wives on Monday October 16 at the Maples Inn in Pointe Claire will tell you - it was a great show! A few skeptical friends who also came along left the Maples praising the Battered Wives and even calling them "amazing"! The place was electric and there was alot of excitement in the air.

The band did 3 sets - including songs like "Freedom Fighters" which was dedicated to Ontario Colleges (where they have been banned); "You Better be Right" dedicated to those



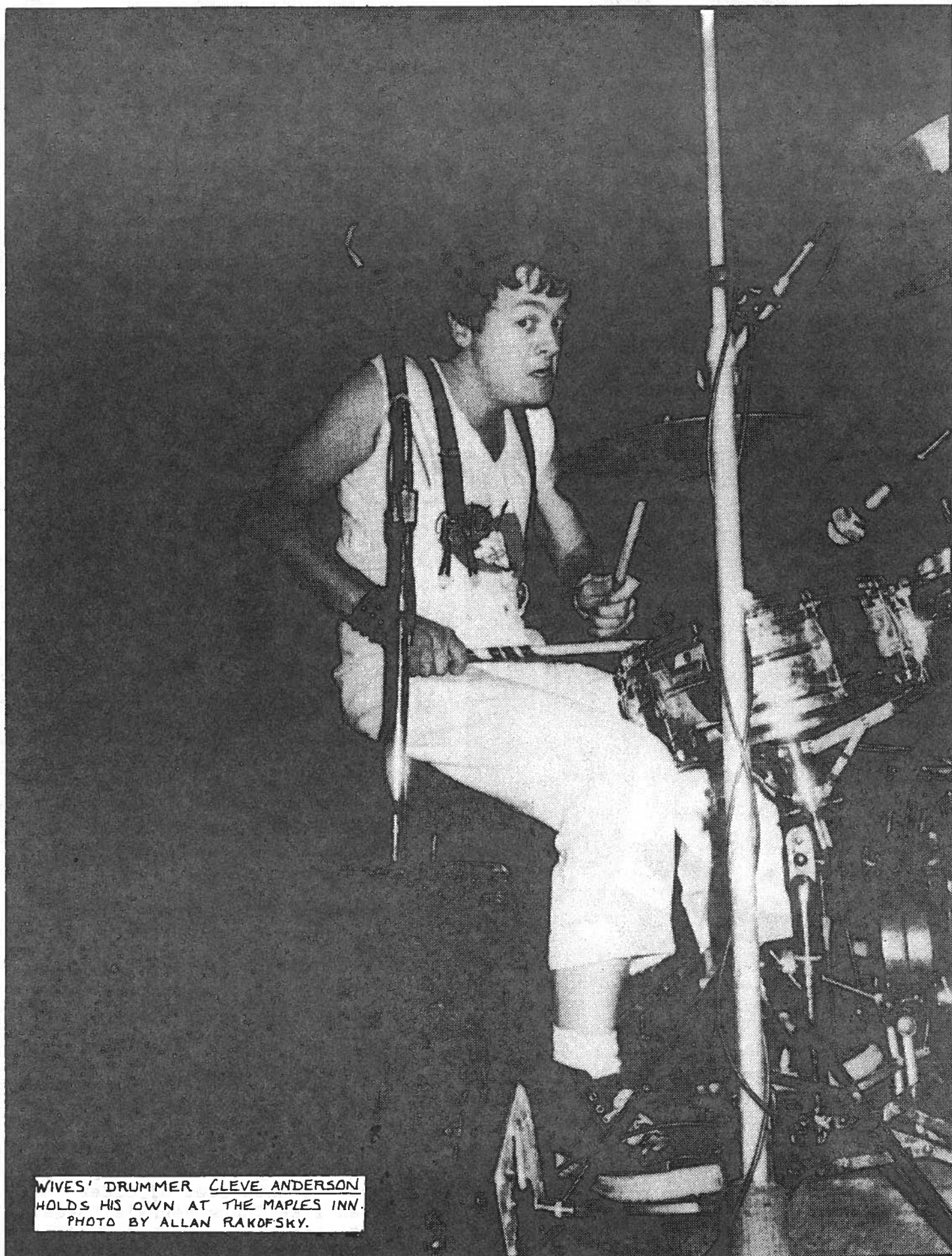
JOHN GIBB

PHOTO BY ALLAN RAKOFKY



dear Montreal women from WAVAW; "Everybody Loves a Loser", a song Surfin' Bird's own Dermot Kelly asked them to dedicate to the people of Pointe Calire! and all the other songs from their debut lp for Bomb Records.

Their show also included other originals such as John Gibb's "Disco is Dead"; "Giddy", the flip side of their recently released single; and "I think I'm gonna Pass Out" with Toby Swann doing vocals. They also surprised us with alot of older favorites like Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen", the Kinks' "You Really Got Me" - a song that really



WIVES' DRUMMER CLEVE ANDERSON
HOLDS HIS OWN AT THE MAPLES INN.
PHOTO BY ALLAN RAKOFFSKY.

got Billy-the-editor bopping (*NOW LOOK HERE, KID!* - Ed) - The Who's "My Generation" and "Sex and Drugs and Rock'n Roll", Ian Dury's anthem. These last few selections once again emphasizing their love for 50's and 60's rock.

The band members were all dressed in white un-flared pants with white army undershirt type things and those big black boots they wear in the air force. On stage, the Wives are all manic: Cleave Anderson constantly pounding away at his drum kit, somewhat reminiscent of the late Keith Moon -- John Gibb furiously strumming his guitar in the style of his old buddy Jimmy Page when comes the time to play to participate in their enthusiasm and also doing his share of both lead and rhythm guitar, lead vocals and harmonies -- and finally, Jasper the bass player with the Bill Wyman eye makeup who, unlike his Stones counterpart, actually moves onstage: quite a bit, in fact. And, in case you were wondering, Jasper in the one whose lead vocals sound alot

like Elvis Costello.

Like all great Rock 'n Roll bands, the Battered Wives are at their best live. They hold a lot of promise and excitement for the future and I'm very happy to say they're Canadian. It's about time we see a move away from the BTO cum Rush style in Canadian Rock - and the Battered Wives truly have their heart in the right place. I sincerely wish them all the best.



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Another Elvis Obituary

By Dave Sapin

The first time Elvis Costello played at the Theatre St. Denis was a very new and exciting experience for all who attended. From the minute he first stepped out on stage, when the evil red spotlight hit his tortured face and exaggerated his devilish features, he exuded sheer hatred as he spat out his anti-media /establishment anthems with a power and intensity that made the audience cringe in their seats. This hatred was all-encompassing, extending itself towards the audience itself, stripping away the feeble insect carapace that hid the spectators' petty hypocrisy and jamming it right down their throats. If you didn't believe what he was saying, you had no right to sit there and cheer, you had no right to enjoy the music for its' own sake.

On stage, he had a presence so imposing that he could manipulate the crowd like putty. You were all a bunch of fucked-up bastards, he hated you because you were worse than the radio that he denounced so intensely in his ultimate hate-anthem, "Radio Radio". You were the sheep who allowed these people to exist, you were their bread and butter, and you'd just better get up off your asses and dance, beg his forgiveness and show that you were at least good for something.

After he got the audience up, that still wasn't enough. He played with them, teased them like a cat playfully battering a crippled mouse, prolonging its' misery before viciously consuming it, head first. The entire audience grovelled at his feet, begging for a chance to redeem



themselves. He wouldn't give in to them. Instead, he just dragged out a song at a slow, bluesy, casual pace for a few minutes before finally coming down on them with a nerve-shattering rendition of 'Mystery Dance', and suddenly you could hear the tiny skulls splintering as they were mangled in the terrible jaws of his anger.

Apparently a lot of changes have occurred since then. With Elvis's second stab at the Montreal audience he again made us his victims, only this time not of his terrible anger but of some cruel joke. The vicious weapon that he had used to shatter the barriers between him and success had worked too well. He achieved his goal,

but because he no longer had any barriers to surmount, the weapon, once fuelled by intense hatred, anger, and a fanatical desire to succeed, now lies useless at his feet. He no longer lives the pain and intensity that forged his music, it's reduced to a modest stream of three-minute pieces of merchandise crooned out by some jaded Frank Sinatra. It no longer matters whether or not you believe in the music, as long as you buy the records....

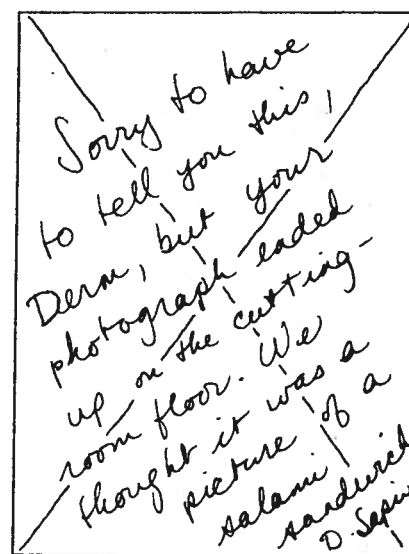
In the first show, every element was thematically appropriate. The intensity of the music coupled with the pained voice and the lighting created a barrage of sound and vision that inspired both fear and respect for the little man on the stage. The lighting in his second show was still very clever, at points blacking out Costello's features completely so that he appeared as a two-dimensional cardboard cut-out super-imposed against a brightly lit background.

He still possessed the awesome power to manipulate the audience, but this time it was only a toy, a cheap gimmick which he threw in halfway through "Pump it up", the last song he did before disappearing from the stage. Like chinese food, the end of his meager set left a tiny nagging hunger, a vague feeling of dissatisfaction, and I suspected that there would be no encore. The crowd touched by his power, had risen to their feet as they had done before, only to see him disappear minutes later. I had a vague afterimage of Elvis' backlit figure, empty, black, two-dimensional faceless cutout against a bright, colourful background.

There was no encore.



Dermot the Hermit
By Dermot Kelly



What is this life? Looking for a touch of sanity on the air and in the press, this is what I found out: the only ass Juan Rodriguez will kiss is Dylan's and Doug Pringle considers the Beatles a fair enough excuse for his reactionary broadcasting. Both policies are fine as long as these gentlemen realize that the Clash and the Ramones are next. Elvis let us grow our hair and the Beatles turned us into hippies; at least Elvis made movies with a T. and A. factor: now that brother Bobby's gotten rid of Sara and Joan, why doesn't he settle down and buy an amusement park or something? Now if Messrs Rodriguez and Pringle really want to be reactionary ass-kissers, then they should have been pogoing for their lives to "Pretty Vacant" in August '77 when Elvis Presley passed away and John, Paul, Sid and Steve gave us hope. The Pistols gave us sanity too. I mean the Dylan gag is all right, but Elvis Costello will be winking at us from the skyline of Nashville before we know it. I'm interested in new ways of doing the old things and if Costello can give us his model with inverted parts of Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Buddy Holly, Elvis Presley, Bob Dylan, the Who, the Stones and David Bowie, then more power to him! I mean the Beatles phenomenon was real good, but they didn't have the guts to quit altogether when they gave up touring in '66.

Now that the flowers are in the dustbin and the Pistols know what a hideous thing a rose really is, once again the makers of this American music rock'n'roll eat their hearts out on plastic trays. We all saw a hoarse and cockless Mick Jagger trying desperately to keep the eyes of the Saturday Night Live cameras off the mediocre garage band he was fronting. We paid a buck to see Battered Wives at the Maples and we all had a ball; they ran amuck looking like the young "Oo and acting like Clash. I don't know if they deserve an elpee contract, but they are up to a really good single. It was the hottest act I've caught at the Maples since Delbert McClinton hauled in there with that Yoknapatawpha county aroma of his in early August; Battered Wives were easily the best brain-meltingly loud stooges in town since the hiccupping vocals, trashcan drumming and double-time axe-chopping of Arthur's Dilemma.

Elsewhere, I hope the bad breath of Quebec politics brings Strummer and Jones Kerouacking up from the States to play in Montreal because the slumming reggae beat and plaintive harmonies of their last single "White Man" sound like they were made in N.D.G. where the beat busts out of the cheap apartments and the streets are full of the sundresses of those red-blooded urban gypsies. Strummer's up-against-the-wall singing has a John Lennon

toilet bowl echo to it and Mick Jones oohs and aahs like strawberry beetles forever. The tune is built to last like an old Dylan hook and claw protester.

Still in the U.K. Siouxsie and the Banshees' debut single "Hong Kong Garden" should become a pogo and pop party favourite with its Fleetwood Mac riff becoming a New York Dolls or Keith Richards crisis of distorted guitar madness at the end. The last thing you hear is a dark, dull gong recalling "Vietnamese Baby".

Listen to Howard Devoto if you want to recognize the connections between Johnny Rotten and David Bowie; Rotten's problems were full of Pinteresque sound and fury while Devoto's secret understandings are more in the flippant vein of Noel Coward. His band Magazine are real smoothies so if you'd like to hear what Pink Floyd would sound like lobotomized by a visit to the 100 Club, get their first elpee "Real Life" on the Virgin records import.

Back in the U.S.A.

I don't know how much longer our radios can ignore the Ramones because they've gone over the top with their fourth album "Road to Ruin". These good ole boys'll be on Hee Haw and the Muppet Show before we can say, "Gabba Gabba Hey!". Sure, the savage rhythms are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

The Store Front: a pinhead's paradise

By David Hill

Believe it or not, there are still some people in Montreal who go crazy over rock'n roll. Not plastic, heard-it-on-the-radio 'rock', not factory produced disco, not 'rock revival' played by living corpses, but real live rock played as fast and as loud as possible. Furthermore, those people don't want to have to wait a year for the opportunity to pay some concert producer six or seven bucks of their hard earned money to see Iggy Pop or The Ramones, they want rock'n roll NOW. At last something has been done to help these people.

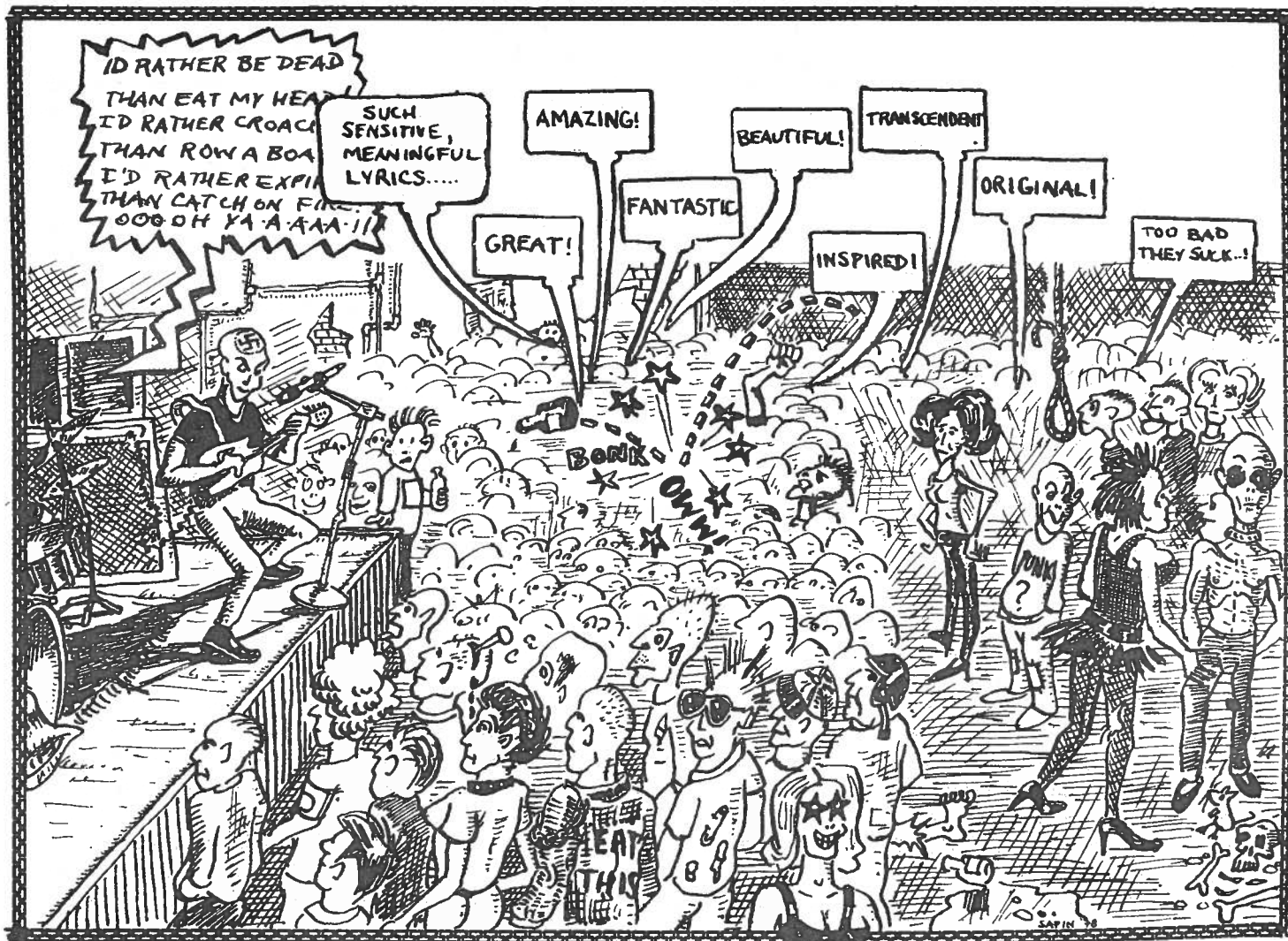
Once every couple of weeks, one or two hundred people assemble at 364 Saint Paul Street West (corner of Saint Pierre) in old Montreal and go crazy. Saturday, October 22nd was such an evening.

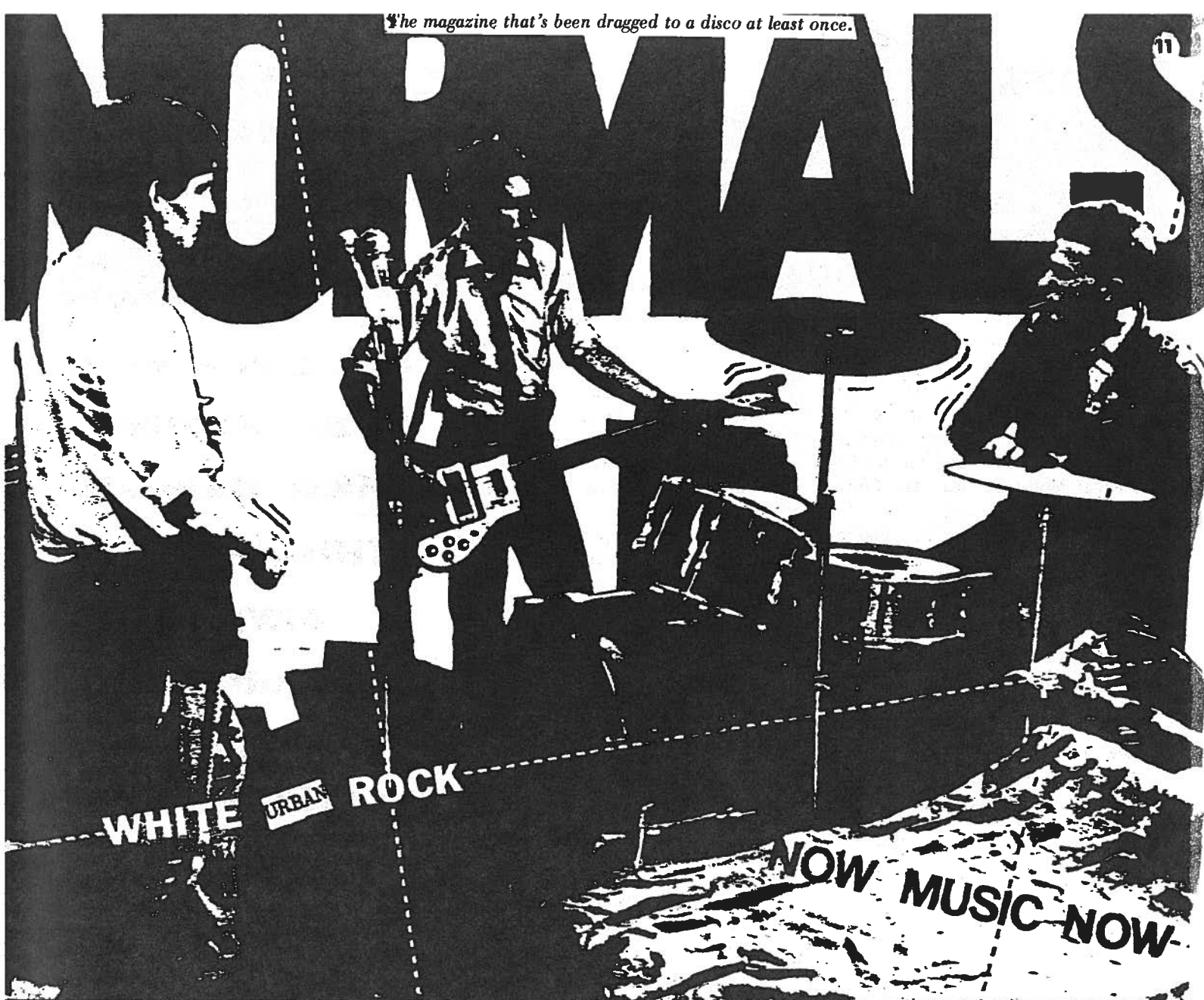
By about 9:30, when the first band, the Widows started playing, the nameless, normally empty store was jammed full of men, women and punks, and people were still coming through the door. A friend of mine informed me that the Widows had only been playing together for two weeks and I can well believe it. This band gives new meaning to the term "garage band". At best, they sound like a third rate X-Ray Spex imitation, at worst, like somebody cutting up alley-cats with a chainsaw. The less said the better, anyway, after four or five songs, the band gave up.

After that things really started to get going. All the booze and the dope started to hit people. Those who had never been to the store before realized how loose the scene actually was. Those who had, knew it was time to come alive. Even before

the second band took the tiny stage, people had begun to dance to the recorded music played over the P.A.

Zinc is a three piece band featuring a lead singer/bassist who goes by the name of Lorne Ranger. They play simple, original songs with a driving rythm. As soon as the drummer lead things off by yelling, "One, two, three Quatro", a frenzy started which didn't let up until the Chromosomes left the stage. At first it was only a few, but gradually more and more people started dancing. Not dancing like you used to do at the semi-formal in high school but dancing like people participating in voodoo rites; moving around to the rythm until you go into a trance and dance like a madman until you came out of the trance when the music stops. By the time Zinc had run out of songs and Lorne Ranger had recited the words to his





latest song "Granola Girl" the concrete room was about 80 degrees and steaming and the floor covered with beer bottles. People were milling around everywhere and they wanted more live sound.

After about forty minutes, three men looking like they had just broke out of mental institution took the stage, and the crowd got what it wanted. They call themselves The Chromosomes and while all three are quite competent musicians, it is definitely the lead singer/guitarist who is the center of attention. He sings and plays with an intensity rarely seen in these parts. Words come out of his mouth like worms, and the sounds he gets out of his guitar (set at maximum loudness and maximum abrasiveness) are simply undecipherable. (I guess you had to

be there. Ed.) With a mixture of covers of songs like "No Fun" and "I wanna be your dog" and originals like "De Pakis are cumeen", the Chromosomes succeeded in temporarily obliterating whatever was left of most of the minds in the room and the band didn't stop until they had blown out the P.A. system.

At this point, even though the Normals were still due to appear, most of the crowd realized that the high point of the show had passed and left. Out of curiosity, I stuck around to see the last band. The Normals play basic English punk rock with no variations and to coin an old phrase, if you've heard it once you've heard it a thousand times. Visually, they are, to put it simply boring. I lasted for two songs at which point I went home.

All in all, it was a very good show and I'm sure a lot of people would say that they had a lot of fun. One can only hope that the management will find a way to open their doors more often, get a better P.A. system and possibly book some bands from out of town. If bands like Genya Rowan and The Battered Wives can play The Maples for a buck cover, then surely there are other bands from Toronto, Boston and New York who would welcome a chance to play Montreal for a two or three dollar cover. It has been done before with great success, as anyone who went to Toronto's legendary Crash'n Burn will tell you. But don't get me wrong, the store at 364 St. Paul Street is still a great place to spend a Saturday night.





LOCAL LUMINARIES SPEAK

Loosening up between sets/*I thought it was called getting pissed-*ed) while covering a local gig at the Maples, your loving urfin' ird reporter had the misfortune of interviewing the illustrious Raven - lead guitarist for the potentially popular Montreal band, The Chromosomes.

Rave: Ahem, excuse me...you a writer or something?

This brought no immediate response from your reporter (*never interrupt Dave when he's loosening up* - Ed)

Rave: Hey! You a writer, man?

Dave: Yeah, sort of...

Rave: Great. I want you to interview me.

Dave: Sure - So who are you?

Rave: I'm with the Chromosomes. You must've heard of us.

Dave: Yeah, I remember. What's your name, then?

Rave: Rave N

Dave: Raven, like the bird?

Rave (Obviously a little annoyed) No Rave N. Capitol N. Call me Rave, Call me Raven call me what you like.

Dave: Alright Mr. N. we heard say they pulled the power on you during the first song at your last gig. Could you tell us why they did that?

Rave: Yeah sure. We were playing a park up in Jewville (*Cote St. Luc*) with "The Normals" and "Jade". I jumped into the swimming pool with my guitar and they didn't want me to electrocute myself, so they pulled the power on us. The gig lasted all of four minutes.

Dave: That was back in August when Mark (Demouys, manager of 2000 plus records and local whiz-kid) was still managing you - why won't he work with you anymore?

Rave: Well I dunno, Mark's just a real nice guy. Lets just say that there was never any formal association in the first place.

Dave: Anything you say, Rave. So, what are some of the songs you do in your set?

Rave: Our biggest numbers are "Batman on Drugs", "I Don't Wanna Be No Pakistani Boy", "Bathroom Girl" and "My Louse".

Dave: Do you do any non originals in your repertoire?

Rave: We do iggy's "No Fun" and "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and the monkee's "Steppin' Stone". We're just wild and crazy guys who have an urge to play rock n' roll. Our reasons are simple - playing music gets you laid and gets you more free drugs.

Dave: Uh-huh. So- who manages you now?

Rave: we do it ourselves - It's called Chromo Promo. and we do not sniff glue.

Dave: How long have you been together?

Rave: Well the original Chromosomes go way back; the first singer's name was Kai Eric. The band went down to New York to check out the scene there. But now we're a three-piece and none of the original members are left. We're second generation. Our Drummer is into stuff like ELP and Black Sabbath and our Bass player used to be in a folk rock combo. So we've got what you might call diverse influences.

Dave: What do you listen to at home?

Rave(Pausing momentarily to remember who he is) : Well I guess the Dead Boys, The Damned, Mike Oldfield, Iggy and Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band and we hate politics. Oh that reminds me. Can I have a hate list?

Dave: Sure Rave on (Tee Hee!)

Rave: Okay I hate faggots like Tom Robinson and Elton John. I hate Disco, Kojax souflaki, and the Bay City Rollers. Thats it..oh. and cops

**Part 1 in a series
of 10 thousand -
collect them all!**

THIS MONTH:

**RAVE N,
singer/guitarist for
the local punk band
the CHROMOSOMES**

...and shitty hash.

Dave: What are your plans from here on?

Rave: Eventually we wanna play Toronto and we want to petition the El Casino to start hiring Montreal new Wave acts. There are about ten thousand bands in this city that will probably never get heard because of those fucked up bastards. Now read it back to me - I hate to be misquoted...

It would be appropriate to add, at this point, that since the time of this interview, the Chromosomes have split up due to the apprehension of their drummer on a drug charge. Meanwhile, 364 St. Paul Street seems to be running into some legal hassles due to the fact that they have no liquor license, which could put a damper on their activities for the next few months.....

The TRUTH About DEVO - lution - Part 9,576

Denyse Beaulieu

From the beginning, Devo was more than your average band. It was a different concept, a new philosophy, a novel way of seeing things.

Which is why I thought an interview with the group would be interesting.

It was. But it didn't quite convince me. I had the impression my interviewee, singer Mark Motherslaugh, was ticking off headlines, flashy ideas, without any real depth. When I pressed him, he got confused. But so what? Even if Devo is a gimmick, it's a good gimmick, a funny gimmick...

Anyway, here's the interview, so you can make up your mind by yourself.

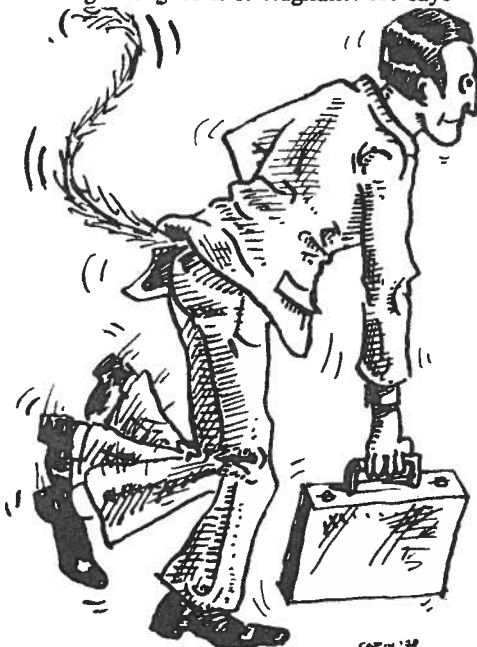
Q: How did you conceive Devo?

A: Our nightmares....Television..... commercials

Q: Can you explain De-evolution a bit?

A: We think the species is regressing. With all those cancers, Legionnaire's disease, and all that. We're really no better off than the cave-men. Neither of us is more evolved. Only the context has changed.

*Contradiction no. 1: Is the species regressing or is it stagnant? He says



Teachers and critics....

both things.

Q: So what are your solutions?

A: I think we're moving towards corporate society. It would get rid of the rapacious government. They could distribute miracle drugs like Thorazine. Right now, the population can't control itself, it's too primitive.

Q: Wouldn't that be like the society in 'Brave New World'? Wouldn't freedom be abolished?

A: Yeah, you could say that. But you see, people misunderstand freedom. They think freedom is being able to buy big cars, to spend as much money as they can and more. Freedom, working within a system, can be as fulfilling. I mean, Ronald McDonald could be America's new Hitler. He could be dumping brainwashing drugs in his hamburgers, who knows?

Q: I read a quote of yours saying rebellion is useless.

A: It is. How can a few individuals fight the big corporations, or the government? We started out rebellious but then we realized, why bother? It didn't get the punks anywhere, did it?

Q: You said Devo was creative. Isn't rebellion creative?

A: Well, uh...yes it is but...it's got to be effective, so it has to come from within the system.

*Contradiction no. 2: If Devo is creative and rebellion is creative so Devo must be rebellious. But they say Devo doesn't advocate rebellion?

Q: How do you relate to the New Wave?

A: Some people say we're New Wave, but if we are we're the only thing new about it. We've got a vision.

Q: Are there any other band you think are moving in the same direction as Devo?

A: Well, there's this L.A. band called the Screemers, but they're still pretty raw. There's also a German band called New, whom Bowie ripped off for one song.

Q: What about Suicide?

A: Them too, they're really good,



but their album isn't well produced.

Q: Speaking of production, what was it like working with Eno?

A: Very nice...He leads a monastic life...He wants to do our 2nd album.

Q: What about the actual production?

A: I would've liked more control. We used to produce our singles ourselves, so it was a bit annoying to have all those responsibilities taken out of our hands.

Q: So you'd like to try another producer?

A: Yeah, but we don't really have anybody lined up yet.

Q: I think the records you produced yourselves had a more angular quality to them. Crazier, you know?

A: I know what you mean. We weren't entirely satisfied with Eno's production.

Q: What direction are you moving towards?

A: Towards the Eighties. More electronic, more minimal.

So there you have it - the truth about devotion! Hmm.....



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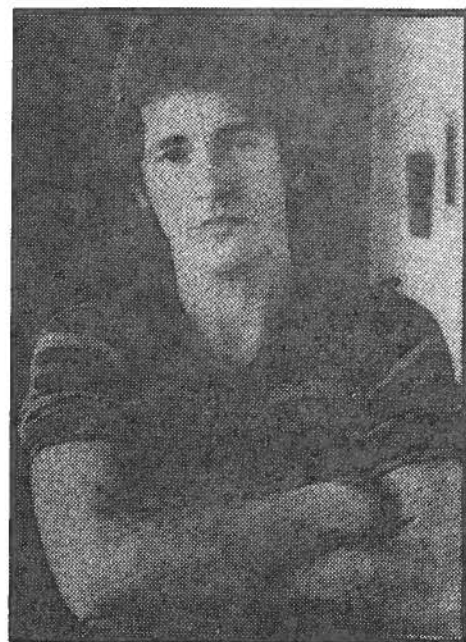
The magazine that hates Steve Martin.

Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band.
Montreal Forum
November 8, 1978.

By Dermot Kelly

In the beginning was the Bird. And the Bird was the Word. And BaBa-BaBa-MowMow! It was all there, the holiness and the humanity, the primal drama that is rock'n'roll. Max Weinberg got that heartbeat sound from his toms and bass and that gunshot from his snare. Garry Tallent and Miami Steve Van Zandt were the bedrock of the band's rhythm, at turns we heard them propel the songs with swinging grooving bass and frenetically driven rhythm guitar or we felt the urgency

of burping bass and smouldering dirty rhythm guitar. Danny Feder-
 ecci playing the organ and Roy
 Bittan playing the piano set the
 twilight scenes for Springsteen's jiv-
 ing Brando talk and gave us the
 hooks to all his catchy tunes. The
 holiness was there in the solemn
 noodling upon the keyboards which
 prepared us for the singer's entrances
 but in the end it was clear that the
 kid was sworn to fun and loyal to
 none: when Bittan and Freder-
 ecci played off one another on those
 overtures, it wasn't just holy roller-
 ism, it was the roar of surf, its mur-
 derous innocence, the romance of
 those lovely seaside girls against the
 poignant evening backdrop of the
 twinkling amusement park, it was
 the distant chimes of midnight we
 heard and when the songs themselves
 cut loose, it was Freder-
 ecci's organ that poured out Niagaras of longing
 and Bittan's jangling piano that set
 off the alarm. How far
 back did those
 overtures and
 choruses go?



Freder-
 ecci went back to the Al
 Kooper rush of the early Dylan rock-
 ers or the weeping cool of Greg
 Allman's solos; Bittan went back
 to the mighty Mississippi of the
 twenties, the back streets, the
 cheap hotels and the brothels of old
 St. Louis where Chuck Berry, T.S.
 Eliot and Scott Joplin found their
 muses.

It was quite a show: all the
 mythic shades that don't only dwell
 in Springsteen's songs, but a host
 of other American songs and books,
 they were all there. I felt the foot-
 falls of Elvis Presley and Marlon
 Brando all over the place when the
 singer hammed it up or acted like he
 meant it, man. I'm sure I saw Bob
 Dylan teaching Charlie Chaplin how
 to blow a harmonica the same way
 he walks when Springsteen revved
 up "The Promised Land". The
 magic rat took his stand, me and
 Terry swore forever friends and

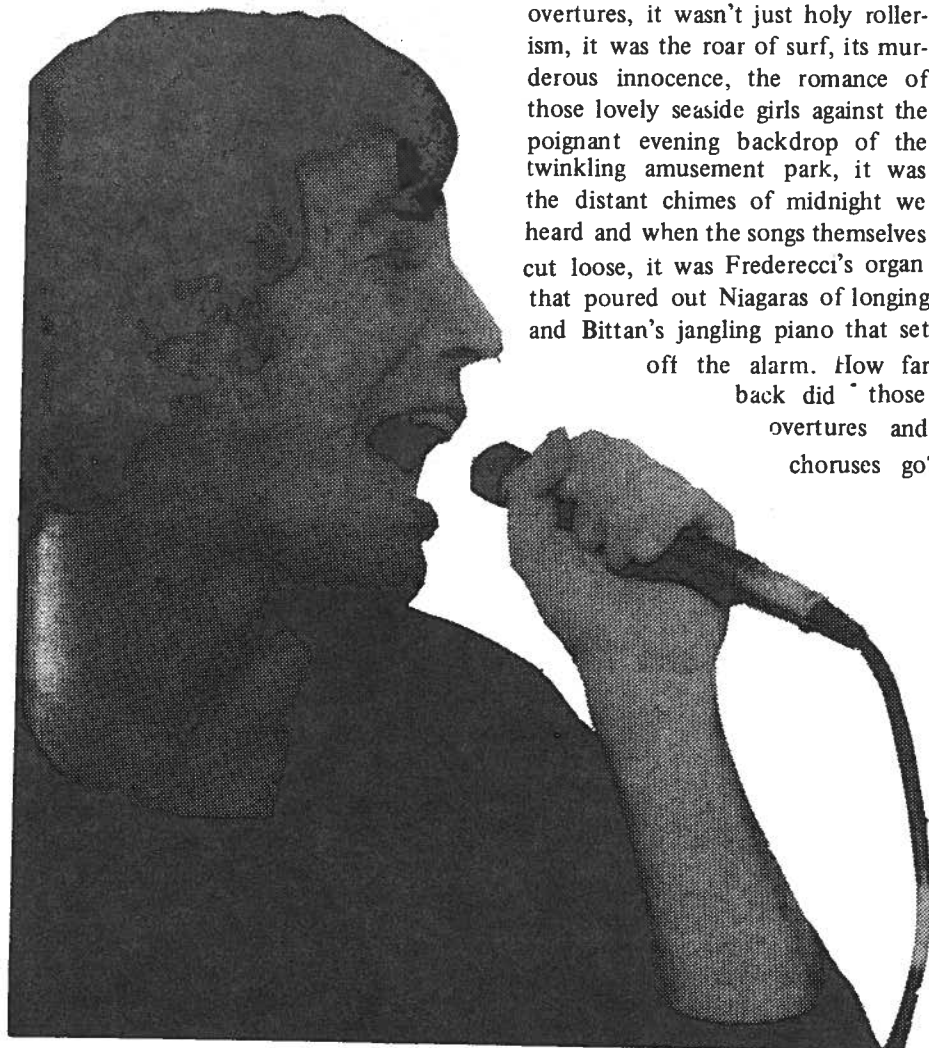




PHOTO BY SPARROW PHOTOS / LAWRENCE KIRBACH

divine bit of pogoing at that point. After that, we were free from the mysteries of our bodies, pretty vacant, we didn't care, we were free to receive the Lord's filling grace, to bargain religiously with the forces of Sheol, to dance freely in our playground with death.

All our mortal beauties were there: "Who's comin' through the mist, she's a' lookin' for a kiss." That was one of the couplets the improvising singer came up with during the rockabilly cheerleading and tribal incantations that was the prelude to a destroyer performance of "She's the One". Springsteen's guitar heroics turned the grab-the-chick-and-split wedding song "Prove It All Night" into a tour de force. The E Street Band had the scope to give us all the spaciousness of "Racing in the Streets" and the labyrinths of "Candy's Room" back to back without diminishing the peculiar strength of either number but rather charging the two with collective theatrical power. The timing of the show was dynamite; "Badlands" raged articulately invoking the three virtues of faith, hope and love: it knew where the ceiling was, but it never hit it; instead the bottom fell out and the incendiary "Streets of Fire" mercifully scourged the liar.

The legends of rock'n'roll overlook the vanities of their subjects or they incorporate the marvellous arrogance of their hectic heroes; that is, as long as Bruce Springsteen limits his mumblings or his moanings and groanings, those guttural wails and those soliloquies work. His whole presence is transcendent, in fact, when he climbs the wobbling stacks like a mad Arab swinging that guitar of his or ripping off his shirt like Huck in a sweat for Becky with Clarence doing the monkey down on deck; it's all worth it because he doesn't fall, he cat-leaps right over Clarence and rocks on. The encores after the carnival of "Rosalita" were a good-rocking jamboree where reason fails and only the shaking ass knows where to go.



Bruce even took Wendy out for her run. I'm afraid all my emotional fuses were blown by the end of the third song "Spirit in the Night"; there was a series of flats enabling the performers to descend among the groundlings and you should've heard just what I seen. Now wait a minute, I mean, Spanish Johnny may have been there with Sandy in spirit. Miami Steve may have resembled a French Resistance fighter in

that beret and with that street axe of his and Garry Tallent may have come from as far back as Rick's Bar in Casablanca, but Bruce Springsteen and Clarence Clemons go back as far as Huck and Jim. Then when they lit out and bogarted down that center aisle, it was the biggest Goddamn two-man parade I ever got lost in! Listen! It was like Christmas; I saw God. I think I lost my heart and a few other vitals in a fucking



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Observations of a Time-traveller By Jacqueline Devine

My first trip to the planet Earth, was, I guess, oh, some ten years ago. Well, actually, I had mal-programmed my master control unit (I was going through a painful divorce at that time so my thinking was not quite as efficient). Instead of landing on Betox, a six dimensional planet, I ended up on a three-dimensional one in the Milky Way. So, I figured, until my directional control unit repairs itself, I'd might as well do a bit of sightseeing. So, I ventured out into a world they called California. It did not take me long to make many friends. They even had a female counterpart, just like on my planet Egos. (Well actually, I should have paid more attention at Philosophy School, where our master, YinYan, preaches such concepts as the universality of dual positive-negative entities.)

They were quite kind to me. They allocated me some ten metrons of living space (oh, pardon me, 2 square meters) and fed me some diet pills which had the strangest but most delightful side-effects. They made me listen to some music that sounded like bits of fuselage struggling in a violent wind, yet most pleasant to my four ears.

I think they liked me. Particularly this female, Tangerine Joy was her name, who recited short poetic tales some twenty times a day. She especially liked my greenish yellow complexion (which all middle-class Egos possess), which reminded her of a "peaceful, groovy walk through a dandelion field". "Dandelions", I still remember her saying, "are like orphans. They are left abandoned." I really had begun to enjoy their way of life and to appreciate the depthness of their thoughts when the time came for me to leave. I thanked them warmly for their kindness and hospitality, as they bid me peace, freedom and happiness.

I left with a tear in my eye and a promise to return.

Egos always keep their promises. I managed to return ten years

later, in Earth year 1978. Unfortunately, I miscalculated my coordinates again (at that time, I was seeing an analyst who had prescribed to me a bottle of Valnums and a very long trip) and landed in a town called Montreal. It was totally different than the place I had lived in previously. Pedestrians had doubled their velocity and there were no dandelions anywhere!

But I told myself, I must give the new race a chance. I went out a Saturday night and walked around (with most difficulty) a crowded street called Crescent. I decided to enter a place which had some three dimensional conic sections on the front door. Inside, it was noisy and static. I sat down and listened to these two couples beside me. The females were discussing the various weather conditions which were destroying their "fifty dollar perm" and their "supposedly waterproof make-up". "Sex with John Travolta must be the ultimate.

Which album should I get, The Village People or the Michael Zager Band?", I still remember one of them repeating at least twenty times. The males, on the other hand were **whispering most frantically** (this is the only occasion my second pair of ears comes in handy) about their plans either about the females that they were with or the females that they wished they were with. They suddenly, for no apparent reason, began to laugh loudly and scuttled off to a crowded circular metallic platform. I looked around, it was incredible, they all looked alike! All males had their hair combed in the same fashion, swayed their oodies in the same way and wore the same pointed footwear, which appeared to me as most uncomfortable. And the females! There was no Tangerine Joy anywhere to be seen! The females whom I had found so individually attractive on my last journey, now looked like a string of androids programmed to perform the same functions. Only the one who had structured the program

would have lost his job where I come from! They were all wearing these silvery metallic garments which I would not even wear when I'm space travelling. Even the pieces of "music" they selected to play were all twins. They were repetitive and quite frankly, I realized that even their music appeared futile.

Was all of this a quest for identification through unity, or as I analysed further, a mindless tactic of escapism? What a winning topic for my next thesis I soon realised.

By this time, I could not stop coughing (oh I'm sorry, yawning is the word) so I decided to leave. On my way out, I caught a glimpse of a female in a sort of plasticised diaphanous pair of pants. I could not help thinking that we, at home, usually keep our leftovers in this type of cellophane wrap. Unlike the last time, I was in an extreme hurry to leave.

I left with a tear in my eye and a promise never to return



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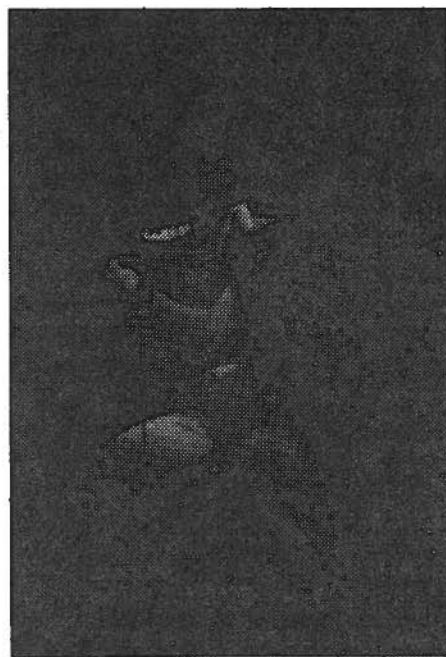
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THE KEEF RICHARDS AFFAIR.

"And there's some little jerk/in
the FBI/keepin' papers on me/six
feet high/It gets me down"
Jagger/Richard, 1974.

By S'Who

As I glance through my May 5, 1977 copy of Rolling Stone, I remember all the turmoil and ulcers that went down in March when Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones was arrested in Toronto. How it started? God only knows!

-February 24, 1977 - Keith Richards, Anita Pallenberg and their son Marlon were stopped at the Customs desk at the Toronto airport. They proceeded to check through Anita's 28 pieces of luggage where they found about 10 grams of hash and traces of heroin on a spoon. Anita Pallenberg was booked and released in Brampton.

- Three days later, the RCMP swarmed through Toronto's Harbour Castle Hilton with a search warrant with her name on it. They found one of their 6 rooms booked under the name of "Redlings" and discovered an ounce of heroin, worth roughly \$4,000. They took Keith back to Brampton where he was booked and released for \$1,000, which

pissed off the Mounties. His charge: possession with intent to traffick.

A disturbing incident occurred at about this time: a transmitter was found in Keith Richard's room. Strange how this fact was never publicized...?

Keith Richards appeared in court March 7, 1978, only to get his heroin charge set to March 14. He was secretly told to appear in court again on the following day, and was informed of a second charge: possession of 1/5 of an ounce of cocaine.

- Back in court, March 8, the Mounties complain of the low bail - so the Stones agree to pay a \$25,000 "good will" bail.

- March 14, Anita Pallenberg is released and fined \$400. Keith is ordered to appear again in court on June 27, 1977. Keith Richards, Anita Pallenberg and Marlon left Canada on April 1st for an undisclosed country.

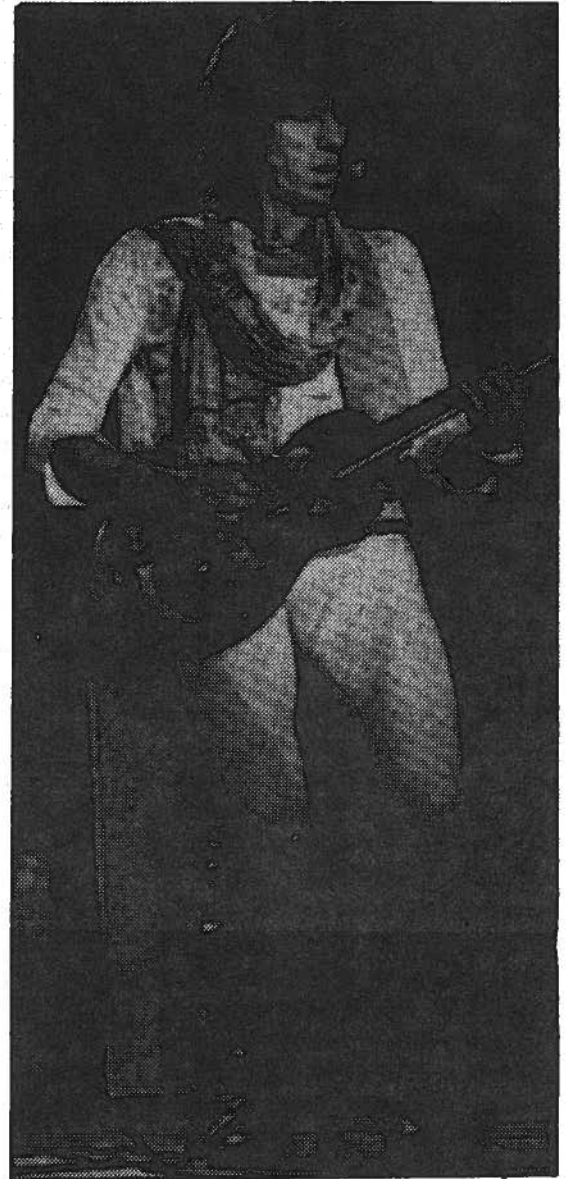
In June, Keith Richards did not appear in court. He had been admitted to a private New-York clinic to follow a detoxification program: Acupuncture, the same way Eric Clapton was cured. The trial date was set back, again. This time to February 6, 1978.

In February of this year, Keith again did not appear in court. He was in France recording "Some Girls" with the Stones. Again, he was remanded till March 6th to have a trial date set.

March 6, 1978, I arrived at school and someone had graffitied on my locker: "Keith Richard is God". In court, a trial date was set for October 23.

Finally, in October of this year, 20 months later, Keith Richards was tried. His sentence: a year probation and an order from Judge Lloyd Grabum to play a concert on behalf of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind (CNIB).

The question that arose after this was whether or not it was a fair sentence. Keith Richards' lucky break came when they dropped his trafficking charge. Why? Because the authorities realized how, after several years of addiction, the amount of heroin he had in his hotel room was not an excessive amount for him to be consuming.



Second point of contention: why such a light sentence? Sorry folks, but for your information, only about 10% of the people charged with heroin possession end up with jail terms of over 6 months in Canada.

Point 3. Some people, like ex-Prime Minister John Diefenbaker,

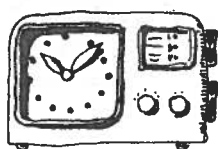
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Continued from Page 9

still there and so are the songs about rotten American lifestyles, but there are also guitar solos, pedal steel ballads and a song written by Sonny Bono. On top all this, the Ramones got a new drummer Marky who does rolls, opens his high-hat, makes his cymbals tinkle and changes his bass beat all the time: not all in one song of course, he's not Karen Carpenter. I won't be surprised when Mary Tyler Moore returns and there's gangling Joey going down on Tatum O'Niell singing, "But New York City really has it all!"

But seriously, folks, hear the Ramones and die. "Road to Ruin" is full of American democratic manifestoes like "I'm Against It" (I don't like sex and drugs/I don't like waterbugs/I don't like Burger King/I don't like anything) and free enterprise tragedies like "I Wanted Everything" where the hero sees his folly too late (I heard about the Easter Bunny/Presents under a Christmas tree/It was living in a fantasy/There was no Mommy and Daddy).

The second side is full of the profoundest alienation and solitude with only the brief and brilliant respite of "She's the One". The poor boy that wanted everything is now going mental and wants to be sedated. Johnny Ramone closes "I Just Wanna Have Something to Do" with some spitfire flak guitar playing that we can only take as a nod to Steve Jones. It won't be soon that I forget the inspiring sight of Dee Dee and Johnny taking their stand last Easter on the edge of the stage of the Capitol Theater in Passaic, New Jersey with the sweat and the power chords pouring out of them while Joey lifted his long arms in an all-encompassing gesture of rejoicing singing "We're a Happy Family". His last words as he left the smouldering stage were, "You kids are great!" And it's true; the kids are indeed all right.



Continued from Page 18

feel the Rolling Stones are a threat to our society and should simply be sent to jail because they sing songs about drugs, and these people believe that the Stones glorify drugs in their music. Well, as any junkie will tell you, there is nothing pleasant about being a "bloody Junkie". Just take a listen to "Sister Morphine" one day and hear it for yourself. It's downright harrowing.

To quote Keith Richards, as said to Roy Carr in NME (Aug.5/78) "A large percentage of American women wouldn't be half as liberated if it wasn't for The Rolling Stones in the first place, and people like us. They'd still be believing in dating, rings and wondering whether it was right to be kissed on the first date or not depending upon who it was."



To drive the point home very clearly, the Rolling Stones don't often sing songs about teenage love affairs and I just want to be your everything, and other subjects hinted at in the above quote. If they sing songs about drugs, it's because that's what really happens in the real world.

To conclude: OK. I admit it: I'm biased; I'm very PRO Keith Richards. (We would never have guessed. - Ed.) This could have been the second crucifixion as far as I was concerned and I'm just so happy to see him free and straight. Its only Rock'n Roll Keith, but I like it too. So just keep on playing your guitar to keep me happy. Thank you, Judge Graburn, and thank you Lawd.

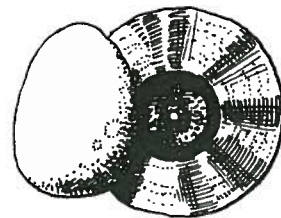


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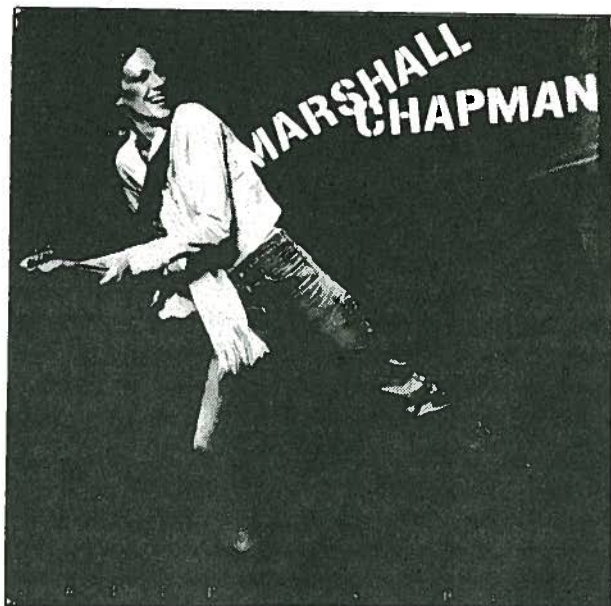
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ALBUMEN OF THE MONTH



FROM THE PEOPLE
WHO EAT THEM
FOR BREAKFAST!



MARSHALL CHAPMAN

JADED VIRGIN

JADED VIRGIN is apparently Marshall Chapman's second album. To tell you the truth, I had only vaguely heard of her till Billy-the-Editor (UGH! Ed.) asked me to review her lp. And so, I admit, I'm not very up on her musical background. What I do know, however, is that she considers herself basically a country singer. But this album is full of surprises...

Produced and arranged, in whole, by the illustrious Al Kooper, Jaded Virgin contains mostly original numbers written either entirely by her or in collaboration with other artists. There are three covers, the first of these is Bob Seger's "Turn the Page", which opens side 1.

Her interpretation is quite mellow, nearly bordering on R 'n B. Its a song about life on the road: "Here I am... on the road again/ There I am... up on the stage/Here I go... turn the page". Its actually a very nice tune, and perfect to open the album.

"The Island Song", written entirely by Marshall Chapman is a pretty little love-type song about two people getting together: "I'd like to build a bridge to you/I am an island and you are too". Its a cute little rocker, very catchy and rhythmic.

"You're the One for Me" was written in collaboration with Jim Rushing. Its a very slow, mellow love song, and the title says it all, really.

The next two songs are just epic. "I Forgot to Put the Music on" is a cute little attempt at reggae and it is really very effective: it's SO good!! One thing has intrigued me about this song and about her after having heard this song... The Lyrics mention, several times in fact, that "It was a tune by the Rolling Stones/and I knew that it would turn you on"--but, that is the only mention of the Stones on the album. Then, as I check out the cover, I realize that she is playing a Telecaster looking EXACTLY the same as Keith Richards! Another thing: she is wearing two different outfits on the front and back cover, BUT: both times she carries her Keith Richards-type guitar and both times she wears the traditional Stones fanatic trademark: a scarf. (This is getting bloody ridiculous! Ed.)

Hmm... like I said earlier, I'm not sure whether or not she really does like Stones (I mean, really, who can't - except for Tycho), but I sure would be interested in finding out! Oh, by the way, this song was written solely by Marshall Chapman and its one of the best cuts on the lp.

Side One closes with "Thank You Note" - a rocker written in collaboration with Dave Hickey. Its basically a tribute to Hank Williams as a founder of Rock 'n Roll.

"So Thank you, Hank/You know it's a cryin' shame you're gone/Cause it's the life you lived not the death you died/That keeps me rockin' on/So thank you, Hank/Wherever in the hell you are/It's just a thank you note for the songs you wrote/From a girl in a downtown bar..."

The lyrics are needless to say, very moving and Marshall Chapman carries it off perfectly with her manic guitar playing and raunchy voice. The song that began with a mild, country twang ends in a very guitar heavy, straight ahead Rock n' Roll instrumental fadeout.

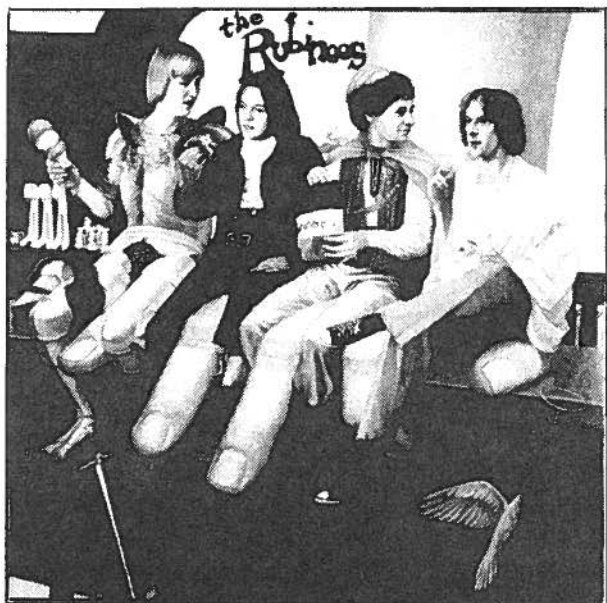
Side Two is a bit weaker in that it contains only one really killer cut, as far as I'm concerned anyways. It opens with Johnny Cash's "I Walk The Line". Now will you believe me that she is a country singer? Her version is very slowed down, very bluesy in pace, while her vocals wail into and out of the mix of guitars, organs, horns and voices.

"Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls" written in collaboration with Dave Hickey and Joy Wahl, is the killer cut I referred to previously. Its a real rocker lamenting her position as a child who enjoyed Rock 'n Roll and who, at 21, played her own material in bars, much to the discontent of the men in the audience who wanted to sing along in an effort to pick her up. Its a very touching portrayal of the stereotypic problem of the woman who finds it difficult to conform to society's plastic image of how a "lady" should act. "We could give you the world/if you would be like other girls". It's pure Rock 'n Roll. One of the best cuts on the album.

"Give It Away" appears so weak next to "Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls", but it's a good little tune. Written in collaboration with Dave Hickey again, this song, maybe more than any other, stresses her country/Nashville roots. So does the next and last cut "You Asked Me To" by Waylon Jennings and Billy Joe Shaver. Here again her roots are recalled by the twanging guitars in the background.

To compare Marshall Chapman to Linda Ronstadt is a Joke. If you really think Linda Ronstadt is the queen of Rock 'n Roll, then YOU should listen to Marshall Chapman! This woman plays Rock 'n Roll, and Linda Ronstadt sounds pretty vacant, insipid, next to her - just like one of all the other girls Marshall Chapman just can't be like. I really hope she becomes successful because she has the potential of replacing Janis Joplin - really! The album is available at P h a n t a s (magoria) in the Vocalist section. If you're curious, buy it - because you'll probably never hear it on CHOM.

S'WHO



THE RUBINOOS

THE RUBINOOS

Great American Pop Groups are as scarce as nuns on the Main at midnight. There's Twilley, the Ramones, the Flamin' Groovies, the Dictators, Cheap Trick, the Real Kids and a few others.

Well, last Saturday, after another fairly dismal night at 364 St. Paul Street, I stopped at the Montreal Pool Room for a fry and saw a dozen nuns in full gear. They were eating steamies, no-relish-lotsa-coleslaw-and-onions, just the way I like them. Two rubbies staggered in, remarking, "Shit! Look at all the nuns!" I had to admit it, the nuns were quite the scene.

So, I sez to the head nun(I knew she was the boss cuz she had real big rosaries and she paid for all the dogs); I sez, "Mudder, there's more nuns in here than there are great American pop singers!"

"Sure," she spits back, "these go down easier that hosts, y'know. Anyways, Rock'n Roll has bit the big one, kiddo". Then she ran off to talk to her mates about this new John-Paul dude that's been making it on the religious scene.

If she had stuck around, I would have told her that Rock 'n Roll is much more alive than the Catholic Church. We may not have as many members but Rock 'n Roll fans have a lot more faith. I would have told her that there's gonna be a lot more American pop groups, (and Canadian too). I would have told her about the Rubinoos, the subject of this here review.

The Rubinoos are about to join the first division. Their first album is available through GRT and you should buy it or steal it or tape it cuz you can bet your bottom Ramones badge that the CHOMsters won't play it - just not the CHOM sound, y'know!?

Anyways, this is a fuckin' great Rock'n Roll record. The album Paul Revere and the Raiders or the Shondells never made. It's even better than the first Flamin' Groovies album; ten cuts are killers. "Shit, there's at least four hit singles here. If the radio wasn't in the hands, etc. These guys can do it all: Doo-wop, bubble-gum, surf, hard rock. You get really nifty covers of "Peek-a-Boo" and the Shondells' "I think we're alone now".

Guitarist Tommy Dunbar had a hand in the other eight tunes, and if he keeps it up he's gonna be something else indeed! Maybe he found Brian Wilson's brain lying on the beach and picked out some tunes, including another "Wouldn't it Be Nice". The best of the rest are "Leave My Heart Alone", the brilliant "Rock 'n Roll is Dead", and the breath-taking "Memories".

These guys have more Rock 'n Roll spirit than a million foreigners, and they are going to get better. Buy their album today and prove a nun wrong.

BILL VARVARIS



BLONDIE

PARALLEL LINES

I would have started off by talking about how television-oriented this album strikes me as being. The front cover depicts D. Harry & Co. in full gear, situated on some elaborately minimal or minimally elaborate Donny & Marie Family Hour Gala TV stage set. Flip the cover over, and they're just finishing up their big number in time for a commercial break, as next spring's fashion in footwear glides across the screen. Take out the dust jacket, and the horizontal black and white lines make you want to kick the receiver to fix the vertical hold.

As it happens, that's exactly how I started out. But it all strikes me as being a shade too superficial as well as being somewhat redundant. The obvious connection between television and pop is generally assumed. It's a perfect symbiotic relationship which "Fade Away and Radiate" (track 4, side 1) reveals better than I ever could.

What really counts here is that this is the album that should make Blondie. Actually, "X-Offender" is the single that should have made Blondie, and the similarities between the two are striking. Both are filled with ambiguous Lennon and McCartney-esque sexual innuendo carefully disguised by innocent pop melodies to fool meticulous AM censors. Stuff like: "All I want is a photo in my wallet/a small remembrance/of something more solid/all I want is a picture of you."

Some of the other lines are priceless. Ms. Harry, you certainly have a way of putting things: "Ya got a big mouth and I'm happy to see/your foot is firmly entrenched where a Molar should be." Then there's the Gertrude Stein-Paul McCartney school of linguistics that permits such gems as: "The beams become my dream/my dream is on the screen/dusty frames that still arrive/die in 1955." But my favorite is "Lead you to

the supermarket/check out some specials and rat food." Rat food?!

This album is the perfect follow-up to "Fleetwood Mac" and "Rumours". The same forces that guaranteed the massive success of those albums are at work here. There's something for everybody: pure pop, almost-disco, soft-to-middling guitar rock, and go-go, but nothing offensive or too far off the beaten track, while not actually being redundant or derivative. If this doesn't make them big, they might as well throw in the towel, because, as pop goes, this is one helluvan album.

DAVE S.

THE REZILLOS

CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS

Now this is what I call pop! Bouncy, cheerful, punky bad boy pop! This band really has a way with songs, catchy songs, comic-book songs. The Rezillos aren't very serious, but mostly fun. Which means you can't really believe them when they sing "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight", and that they sound credible chirping "Glad All Over", both songs being covers, mid-sixties sounding and excellent. Their own songs are delightful little pop vignettes: "Flying Saucer Attack", "Cold Wars", "Top of the Pops". "Bad Guy Reaction" features the maniacal growl of vocalist Eugene Reynolds. "Can't Stand My Baby", their first, sounds appropriately punky, as does "No", a song about a little kid who "just wants to have some fun at night..." "I Love My Baby Cause She Does Good Sculptures" is probably their best number, mostly because of the idea, which is pretty original, and because it's a typical Rezillos sound. The rest of the songs, "2000 A.D.", "It Gets me", and "I Like It" are also pretty good. I already mentioned singer Eugene Reynolds. There's also a female vocalist, the perky Fay Fife, an original if there ever was one. These two, plus bass, guitar, and drums, add up to a lot of bubbling energy, a terrific sense of humour, a likeable sound and fun, fun, fun...

P.S. Incidentally, the group hail from Scotland and are very popular with the London crowd. (They both like them, eh? Ed.) Plus, their show is terrific. I saw it.

DENYSE BEAULIEU



Dr. Feelgood
PRIVATE PRACTICE

Certain friends have been telling me for ages about how great a band Dr. Feelgood really is (*Anybody I Know? Ed*). They would go on for hours about how under-rated they are by the mainstream rock press, all the while they would play me various Dr. Feelgood albums. I remained unconvinced.

Recently at a meeting of Bird staffers, Billy-the-editor thrust "Private Practice" at me and said, with a grin, "Review it". (*LIAR! you picked it out of a hat, and the next person who calls me Billy-the-editor can write for Quebec-Rock.*)

I was thunderstruck! I know absolutely nothing about Dr. Feelgood regardless of the countless Dr. Feelgood rave sessions I sat through. The manic face on the cover mocked me, dared me.

"You", the face howled with laughter, "Review me? Now that's rich! What intelligent thing can you possibly say about me?" I had to admit it, the face was right. I threw it on my turntable, sat down on my bed and waited to be convinced.

The first song, "Down to the Doctors" was neat, it chugged along nicely and had excellent guitar rippling through it. But before I knew it, the record had ended and I was not inspired to write anything terribly meaningful.

"Ya can't do it, can ya!" the face screamed at me. "Sure I can", I replied, "its easy. I just need another listen, that's all".

"Go ahead" he gasped between gales of laughter "but you're a moron. You can't write this review!"

He was a problem. I knew either him or I had to go, so I dropped my typewriter on the problem and got back to reviewing.

All the songs on the album are good. They should be great. The playing, singing and production (by the ubiquitous Richard Gottehrer) are uniformly excellent. The guitar playing is crisp with the solos rippling through the rhythm. The bass and drums pound along filling in the cracks when necessary. Lee Brilleaux' voice rasps out the words effectively.

What appears to be missing is the excitement and atmosphere of a live performance. Dr. Feelgood plays a bluesy style of rock, not easily transferred to vinyl and, unfortunately, they do not succeed, (*They come pretty fuckin' close, pal - Ed.*) though this is better than anything they did with Wilko Johnson. If you like Dr. Feelgood - buy it. If you've hated them in the past this won't change your mind. If you've never heard the Feelgoods, then this is worth a few spins. It's an excellent party record - great to dance to if you don't like disco and want something slower than the Ramones.

If this band can transfer the excitement of their live performances to vinyl, there's no doubt that they will achieve stardom. If they fail, they will languish in obscurity, known only to their hardcore fans.

Brian Fielding

THE (BATTERED) WIVES

BATTERED WIVES

This is a hard one. It really is. It's easy to pan something when you know what you don't like about it, and easy to praise when you find something that appeals to you. This one doesn't go either way. There is definitely something missing. There's no continuity, no direction.

The cover concept is neat. It's just another gimmick to sell albums using sex, while parodying the whole tradition that precedes it, right back to Lennon's "Two Virgins." But that's all "battered wives" means; it doesn't have anything to do with the music or the men who play it. The sexist tradition of woman-hating, from "Like a Rolling Stone" and "Under My Thumb", right up to the overkill concept of the Stranglers and the Dead Boys does not manifest itself in this album at all. And, contrary to what their name and stage dress imply, these guys are firmly rooted in the heavy guitar-based rock of the late sixties, not the nihilist punk frenzy of 1978. This would probably explain why they so casually dropped the offensive part of their name after some pressure - it was destructive to their image, not constructive, as in the case of, say, the Sex Pistols.

But that doesn't leave us any better off than we were before. The music is good, but it sounds acutely derivative. Every member of the band had a hand in writing the all-original material, which makes for a definite lack of continuity throughout the album. There are really good songs on this album, but something is definitely missing. What it is, I do not know, though I suspect that it's simply Bomb's budget. In spite of my initial disappointment, it's obvious that these guys are going to make it big. They're definitely outstanding, both on stage and on vinyl, as compared to any other Canadian band. Buy the album, if only because it's destined to be a collectible, not because of the red vinyl, but because of that dreaded word which will probably never appear on any future Wives' production. Or buy it just to support good Canadian talent, just to see what the Canucks are up to if they really try.

DAVE S.

THE CLASH

"GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE"

I was supposed to use this space to review the new albums by Dave Edmunds and George Thorogood - we got the cover

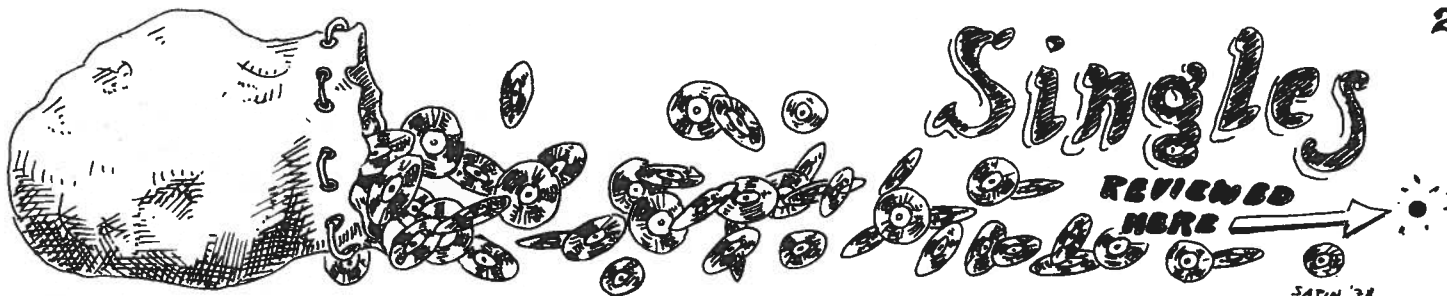
pics half-toned and everything. Now I can't do that because I just got the new CLASH album, "GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE".

Edmunds and Thorogood have both made excellent albums and you should buy them immediately, but this new CLASH album is the goods. Easily the most anxiously awaited record of the year, it doesn't disappoint on first playing. On repeated listenings it sounds like a masterpiece and, more importantly, IT'S GOING TO GET AIRPLAY!

The arguments that the first album was too raw and inaccessible for the American public no longer apply. With each subsequent release the CLASH have gotten more commercial, more innovative without sacrificing any of their convictions.

The classics on this album abound: SAFE EUROPEAN HOME, the opening cut with its snappy drumming and guitars weaving in and out. TOMMY GUN featuring Mick Jones morse code guitar picking and Topper Headon's staccatto flourishes. GUNS ON THE ROOF, about the much published trial they faced for shooting pigeons with its salute to I CAN'T EXPLAIN in the intro.

I could go on and on but I've just about run out of space and I'd rather just listen to it right now. I'll write a real review next ish - if it's still necessary but right now it's the CLASH, SPRING-STEEN and the RAMONES - IN 1978!



All of us here at **SURFIN' BIRD** believe that the single is a very important part of the pop process and that their proliferation is a sign of a healthy music scene.

As the music scene is presently more vibrant in Britain than it is in North America (and Canada in particular), most of the singles reviewed in this column are British imports. This may seem elitist to some of you, but the fact is that the majority of these 45s are available at good import stores such as 2000+ - and at reasonable prices, considering the state of the Canadian dollar. If an imported single is especially good it could even receive domestic release because of your demand - the record companies are greedier than you think, and not nearly as stupid.

We intend to increase our coverage of Canadian releases as the scene improves. Any bands out there who want their 45s reviewed in this rag should send two copies to our address.

You may have already noticed below that our format for reviewing singles is different from those in other publications. Rather than entrust the 45s to one person, subject to his/her tastes or prejudices (after all, no one is completely objective), we use a panel of five people whose collective tastes cover a very wide range.

This month's panel consists of:

- A - DAVE SAPIN
- B - MIKE VANIER
- C - BRIAN FIELDING
- D - S'WHO DUCHARME
- E - BILL VARVARIS

We rated the singles on a scale of 1 to 20 for a total out of 100.

Scores over 85 indicate a pretty terrific record, 70-84 is very good, 55-69 is okay-worth at least a couple of spins. Anything less than 55 is dire, so don't waste your time.



DR. FEELGOOD

Down At The Doctor's/Take A Tip
UNITED ARTISTES UP 36444

Yeah! The lads from South End are finally living up to their vast potential. This lunges at you like a Forum bouncer. "Take A Tip" is more bar-room rock than R&B with lots of echo, courtesy of Richard Gotterher. Order a Feelgood today, with plenty of Mayo!

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	20	12	16	20	18	86

RICH KIDS

Ghosts of Princes' Towers/Only Arsenic
EMI EMI 2848

I rather like this fluffy bit of pop but nobody else did. Matlock was much easier to take when Rotten was around to cover up his now clearly apparent wimpoid tendencies. GHOSTS has a strong hook-even better than RICH KIDS-but it lacks conviction and balls. It'll be a sure fire hit in Angleterre but I doubt it will get many spins on our turntables.

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	10	12	10	12	14	58

BOB SEGARINI

When The Lights Are Out/Dressed In The Dark
BOMB B 5015

Right then, **Canadian** Corner. Segarini, quickly becoming Canada's answer to Nick Lowe (how old is he anyway?), has released his first single on Bomb Records, with an album just issued as well. Everyone noticed the BEATLES '65 sound and Mike, Dave, and Brian caught the "Mystery Dance" rip off on the flip. Beauty Rob!

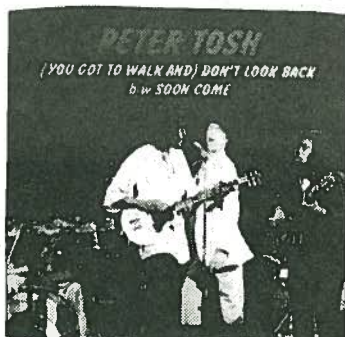
RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	18	12	14	16	16	76

DISHES

Hot Property/Summer Reaction/Secret Storm
REGULAR 02

Mike thinks the Dishes are a Canadian Roxy Music and consequently gave them a 14. The rest of us figure the Dishes are a Canadian Pavlov's Dog, gave this 45 really low ratings and made farting noises while we listened to the flip. We're very immature.

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	4	14	6	2	8	34



PETER TOSH

Don't Look Back/Soon Come
ROLLING STONES RECORDS RS 19308

I reckon Peter Tosh was always the WAILERS' Lennon to Bob Marley's Macca. The "A" side features rubberlips Jagger on vocals. It's an unspectacular cover of the TEMPTATIONS hit (probably Mick's idea). The other side is really neat, however, with gear lyrics and a nice guitar solo. Should be a good album.

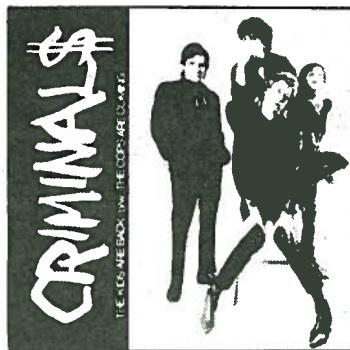
RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	14	14	14	20	17	79

CRIMINALS

The Kids Are Back/The Cops Are Coming
SING SING S1001

Two ex-Dolls rear their ugly heads and JT appears to have blown his whole load on L.A.M.F. "Memory" features ONLY ONES Peter Perrett (guitar vocals) and Mike Kellis (drums) and HOT RODS bassist Paul Gray. It begins promisingly with a simple acoustic guitar riff and neat lead figures double-tracked on top. It goes down hill from there. Thunders was never a great singer but on this he sounds empty and defeated. He's wounded, not even dead, and I feel very sad. I don't even want to talk about the "B" side.

RATING:	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	14	12	12	16	8	62



TOM ROBINSON BAND

Up Against The Wall/I'm All Right, Jack
EMI

This is even better than Motorway. This is so good it should be the CLASH. What more can we say?

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	18	18	18	18	19	91

ELVIS COSTELLO

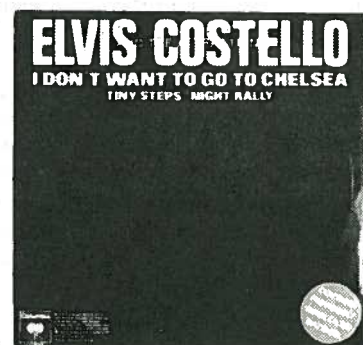
Live At The El Mocambo:
Mystery Dance/Waiting For The End of The World/
...Working Week/Radio Radio
TIME WARP RECORDS (BOOTLEG)

(I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea/Night Rally/
Tiny Steps
CBS C4 8292

Radio Radio/Tiny Steps
RADAR ADA 24

Okay-bootleg first. These are four tracks from the delicious El Mocambo album available to liggers only. As expected, all four are excellent and sufficiently different from the studio versions to make this an essential purchase for fans of our four-eyed friend.

Of the other two singles, only one is really necessary, depending on the version of the album that you own. The only new song here is "Tiny Steps", a haunting ballad. "Similar to Big Tears but much better", sez Dave. (That's NOT what I said! Dave)



RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	18	16	14	12	16	76

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	16	18	18	14	18	84

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	18	20	20	14	18	90

JOHNNY THUNDERS

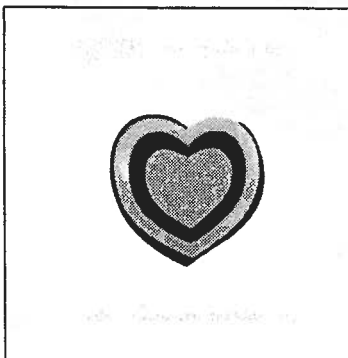
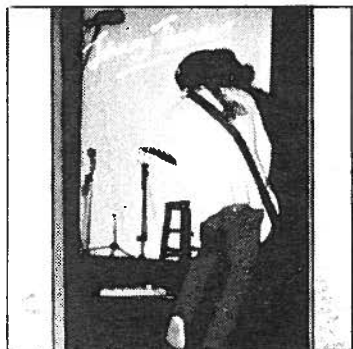
You Can't Put Your Arms Round a Memory/
Hurting

REAL RECORDS ARE 3

While Thunder's record is totally devoid of the spirit that characterised his work with the NEW YORK DOLLS, Syl's little ditty oozes it. An energetic rocker with la-la-las in all the right places, it's full of references to the Dolls:

"There was Billy and Johnny and David and Jerry and Arthur was a kid that I once knew." Buy it and remember.

RATING:	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	18	14	16	12	16	76



BUZZCOCKS

Ever Fallen In Love (With Someone You
Shouldn't've?)/Just Lust
UNITED ARTISTS UP 36455

Another Pete Shelley gem, this is right up there with "What Do I Get?" and "What Ever Happened To?" (Meester Shelley, you shoo ask a-lat-a questions fo' someone from New Hormones). Dave sez "another infectious melody" and Mike really digs the spiffy chorus. Me, I like the plaintive vocals.

The flip is not as impressive with its patented Buzzcocks buzzsaw beat. They should stick to what they do best-teeny, dreamy pop.

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	16	16	16	14	18	80

THE BISHOPS

I Want Candy/See That Woman
CHISWICK NS 376 or 6CHIS 101

A pocket sized six-incher from Ted Carroll's spunky little label-this is a below average (for the Bishops) cover of the STRANGELOVERS'

mid sixties classic, I want Candy. S'who loved the "raucy" break and the Stones cop on the flip but these guys can do much better.

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	12	4	12	18	14	60

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

Hong Kong Garden/Voices
POLYDOR 2059 052

I guess this must be really good. Everybody else thinks so, anyway. Me, I'm not so sure. Siouxsie sounds precious and whiny. She's got all the makings of next year's prizeprat. "But they're so instrumentally innovative!" S'who declares.

O.K. so it sounds Oriental-big deal. It'll be a big hit on Bill Wong's juke box.

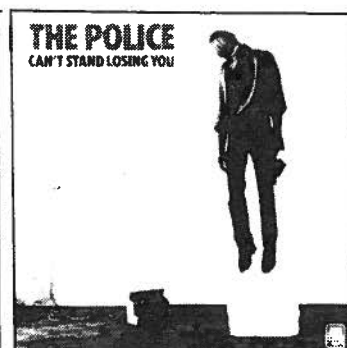
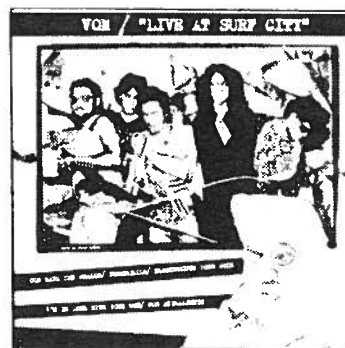
RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	14	12	16	20	11	73

VOM

Live At Surf City
God Save The Whales/Punkmobile/Electrocute Your
Cock/I'm In Love With Your Mom/Too Animalistic
WHITE NOISE RECORDS

This is our pick hit. We all love this one ever though it sounds like it was recorded in a septic tank. As Mike extolls "...You have never heard anything like this before. This is the sickest thing ever put on vinyl. I love it and you will too, especially if you can play it to mommy and watch her gross-out. God bless Vom and everything they stand for !!! Electrocute your cock and fuck her mom for Vom!!!"

RATING	A	B	C	D	E	TOTAL
	20	20	20	16	20	96



HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

POLICE: I Can't Stand Losing You
A&M

ROY LONEY: Artistic As Hell EP
A-F PRODUCTIONS

JAM: David Watts
POLYDOR



NEXT MONTH IN *Surfin' Bird*

AN EXCLUSIVE IN-DEPTH STUDY OF MONTREAL'S MUSIC SCENE DURING THE PAST TWENTY YEARS, (ALMOST) INCLUDING DETAILED DISCOGRAPHIES AND EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING MONTREAL RECORDING ARTISTS!!