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THE 2-TONING OF AMERICA

SPECIAL A.K.A. IN THE U.S.A.

4 page report inside

THE SPECIALS IN PRESS CONFERENCE, 1980 US TOUR/Pic: JOE STEVENS

NME CHARTS

Week ending February 9, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(10)	Too Much Too Young	Specials (Two Tone)	2	1
2	(1)	My Girl	Madness (Stiff)	5	1
3	(7)	It's Different For Girls	Joe Jackson (A & M)	3	3
4	(17)	Coward Of The County	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	2	4
5	(4)	Babe	Styx (A & M)	4	4
6	(2)	Brass In Pocket	Pretenders (Real)	5	1
7	(5)	I'm In The Mood For Dancing	Nolan Sisters (Epic)	4	5
8	(22)	Someone's Looking At You	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	8
9	(17)	7 Teen	Regents (Rialto)	3	9
10	(8)	Green Onions	Booker T & The MG's (Atlantic)	4	6
10	(13)	I Hear You Now	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	3	10
12	(6)	Please Don't Go	K C & The Sunshine Band (TK)	5	2
13	(14)	Spacer	Sheila B Devotion (Carrere)	4	13
14	(3)	With You I'm Born Again	Billy Preston/Syreeta (Motown)	5	3
15	(15)	Jazz Carnival	Azymuth (Milestone)	3	15
16	(27)	Buzz Buzz A Diddle It	Matchbox (Magnet)	2	15
17	(—)	Three Minute Hero	Selecter (Two Tone)	1	17
18	(—)	And The Beat Goes On	Whispers (Solar)	1	18
19	(9)	Better Love Next Time	Dr Hook (Capitol)	5	9
20	(11)	I Wanna Hold Your Hand	Dollar (Carrere)	4	11
22	(26)	Too Hot	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	3	26
23	(24)	Living By Numbers	New Musik (GTO)	2	23
24	(19)	We Got The Funk	Positive Force (Sugarhill)	4	19
25	(—)	Living In The Plastic Age	Buggles (Island)	1	25
26	(23)	Spirits Having Flown	Bee Gees (RSO)	5	22
27	(—)	Are You Ready	Billy Ocean (GTO)	1	27
28	(—)	Baby I Love You	Ramones (Sire)	1	28
29	(12)	Tears Of A Clown	Beat (Two Tone)	6	8
30	(25)	Escape	Rupert Holmes (Infinity)	3	25

UP AND COMING:

Jane — Jefferson Starship (Solar).

Underpass — John Foxx (Virgin).

Music Makes You Feel Like Dancing — Brass Construction (U.A.).

Motor Bike Beat — Revillos (Dindisc).

Caravans — Barbara Dickson (Epic).

Captain Beaky — Captain Beaky (Polydor).

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Pretenders	Pretenders (Real)	3	1
2	(2)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	12	2
3	(3)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	16	1
4	(4)	Video Stars	Various (K-Tel)	4	4
5	(25)	Short Stories	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	2	5
6	(12)	Bee Gees Greatest Hits	(RSO)	10	6
7	(11)	The Specials	Specials (Two Tone)	13	7
8	(18)	Permanent Waves	Rush (Mercury)	2	8
9	(5)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2	Abba (Epic)	12	1
10	(8)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	18	3
11	(9)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	17	2
12	(—)	Kenny Rogers Singles Album	(United Artists)	2	12
13	(—)	I'm The Man	Joe Jackson (A & M)	1	13
14	(26)	Astaire	Peter Skellern (Mercury)	2	14
15	(13)	No Place To Run	UFO (Chrysalis)	3	13
16	(19)	September Morn	Neil Diamond (CBS)	2	16
17	(18)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	60	1
18	(10)	Greatest Hits	Rod Stewart (Riva)	11	1
19	(23)	The Summit	Various (K-Tel)	2	19
20	(17)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	14	2
21	(14)	20 Golden Greats	Diana Ross (Motown)	10	2
22	(22)	Semi Detached Suburban	Manfred Mann (EMI)	3	21
23	(27)	Outlandos D'amour	Police (A&M)	34	7
24	(—)	Sid Sings	Sid Vicious (Virgin)	3	24
25	(20)	Fawlty Towers	Soundtrack (BBC)	5	19
26	(7)	20 Hottest Hits	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	6	4
27	(30)	Setting Sons	Jam (Polydor)	9	6
28	(24)	Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)	8	14
29	(—)	Last Dance	Various (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	Golden Collection	Charlie Pride (K-Tel)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Light As A Feather — Azymuth (RCA).

Sunburn — Various (Ronco).

Just Testing — Wishbone Ash (MCA).

Cornerstone — Styx (A&M).

Flex — Lene Lovich (Stiff).

Metamatic — John Foxx (Virgin).

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	Coward Of The County	Kenny Rogers
2	(4)	Cruisin'	Smokey Robinson
3	(5)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love	Queen
4	(1)	Do That To Me One More Time	The Captain & Tennille
5	(2)	Rock With You	Michael Jackson
6	(8)	Sara	Fleetwood Mac
7	(7)	Don't Do Me Like That	Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers
8	(9)	This Is It	Kenny Loggins
9	(11)	Yes I'm Ready	Teri DeSario/D C
10	(16)	Longer	Dan Fogelberg
11	(13)	Deja Vu	Dionne Warwick
12	(12)	I Wanna Be Your Lover	Prince
13	(6)	Escape	Rupert Holmes
14	(16)	Romeo's Tune	Steve Forbert
15	(10)	The Long Run	Eagles
16	(25)	An American Dream	The Dirt Band
17	(15)	Ladies' Night	Kool & The Gang
18	(—)	On The Radio	Donna Summer
19	(20)	Why Me	Styx
20	(28)	Working My Way Back To You	Spinners
21	(17)	Don't Let Go	Isaac Hayes
22	(14)	We Don't Talk Anymore	Cliff Richard
23	(—)	September Morn	Neil Diamond
24	(—)	Desire	Andy Gibb
25	(—)	Daydream Believer	Anne Murray
26	(19)	Please Don't Go	KC & The Sunshine Band
27	(22)	Do You Love What You Feel	Rufus And Chaka Khan
28	(21)	Third Time Lucky	Foghat
29	(—)	Second Time Around	Shalamar
30	(—)	Him	Rupert Holmes

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	The Wall	Pink Floyd
2	(2)	The Long Run	Eagles
3	(4)	Damn The Torpedoes	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
4	(5)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
5	(3)	On The Radio Greatest Hits	Donna Summer
6	(6)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
7	(9)	Phoenix	Dan Fogelberg
8	(7)	Cornerstone	Styx
9	(10)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
10	(8)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits	Bee Gees
11	(12)	Freedom At Point Zero	Jefferson Starship
12	(11)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin
13	(13)	Gold & Platinum	Lynyrd Skynyrd
14	(18)	September Morn	Neil Diamond
15	(17)	The Rose	Original Soundtrack
16	(14)	No Nukes: The Muse Concerts For A Non-Nuclear Future	Various Artists
17	(15)	Live Rust	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
18	(16)	Wet	Barbra Streisand
19	(20)	Keep The Fire	Kenny Loggins
20	(21)	Midnight Magic	Commodores
21	(—)	The Whispers	The Whispers
22	(19)	Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants	Stevie Wonder
23	(23)	Head Games	Foreigner
24	(25)	Deguello	ZZ Top
25	(28)	Where There's Smoke	Smokey Robinson
26	(30)	Prince	Prince
27	(27)	Gambler	Kenny Rogers
28	(26)	Masterjam	Rufus & Chaka
29	(—)	In The Heat Of The Night	Pat Benatar
30	(—)	Teddy Live!	Teddy Pendergrass

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending January 28, 1975

1 Ms. Grace ... Tymes (RCA)
2 January ... Pilot (EMI)
3 Never Can Say Goodbye ... Gloria Gaynor (MGM)
4 Help Me Make It Through The Night ... John Holt (Trojan)
5 The Bump ... Kenny (Rak)
6 Down Down ... Status Quo (Vertigo)
7 Promised Land ... Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 Morning Side Of The Mountain ... Donnie & Marie Osmond (MGM)
9 Streets Of London ... Ralph McTell (Reprise)
10 Goodbye My Love ... Glitter Band (Bell)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending January 28, 1970

1 Reflections Of My Life ... Marmalade (Decca)
2 Two Little Boys ... Rolf Harris (Columbia)
3 Love Grows ... Edison Lighthouse (Bell)
4 Come And Get It ... Badfinger (Apple)
5 Friends ... Arrival (Decca)
6 All I Have To Do Is Dream ... Bobbie Gentry & Glen Campbell (Capitol)
7 Tracy ... Cuff Links (MCA)
8 Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town ... Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)
9 Suspicious Minds ... Elvis Presley (RCA)
10 Someday We'll Be Together Again ... Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending January 28, 1965

1 Go Now ... Moody Blues (Decca)
2 You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' ... Righteous Brothers (London)
3 Tired Of Waiting For You ... Kinks (Pye)
4 Come Tomorrow ... Manfred Mann (HMV)
5 You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' ... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6 Cast Your Fate To The Wind ... Sounds Orchestral (Piccadilly)
7 Yeh Yeh ... Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames (Columbia)
8 Terry ... Twinkle (Decca)
9 Keep Searchin' ... Del Shannon (Stateside)
10 Baby Please Don't Go ... Them (Decca)

Joey: "Hey, Dee Dee, I don't unnerstan' dese British. It says here that our rekerd is at nummer 2 and at nummer 8.."
Dee Dee: "Uh, no Joey. That's called a nummer twenty-eight, I learned that already.."
Joey: (sigh) "So much to learn . . . so little time.."

REGGAE

(1) Dance All Style ... Errol Scrocher (Scorch)
(2) Children A Rock To Miss Lou ... Trinity (Harry J)
(3) Mafia ... Barry Brown (Stateline)
(4) Sad Eye ... Rudi Thomas (Joe Gibbs)
(5) Money Man Style ... Jah Bull (Roosevelt)
(6) Dream Lover Babe ... Jewels (Cash & Carry)
(7) Fort Augustus ... Junior Delgado (Taxi)
(8) Want To Be No General ... Dennis Brown (Deb)
(9) Nice Time ... Barry Brown (Thrill Seeker)
(10) Blood A Go Run ... Leroy Brown (Roots Own)

Chart supplied by: Ranking Bogan, Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14.

DISCO

All 12". * Denotes Import.

(1) We've Got The Groove ... Players Association (Vanguard)
(2) The Beat Goes On ... Whispers (Solar)
(3) Rhythm Talks ... Jocko (Philadelphia)*
(4) Standing Ovation ... CQ (Arista)*
(5) Every Generation ... Ronnie Laws (United Artists)*
(6) World Is A Ghetto ... War (MCA)
(7) Tonights The Night ... Sharon Page (Source)*
(8) Are You Ready ... Billy Ocean (GTO)
(9) Don't Stop The Feeling ... Roy Ayres (Polydor)
(10) Chameleon ... La Pregunta (Pye)*

Chart supplied by: Quicksilver Soul Source, 35 Hanway Street, London W1.

INDIES

(1) Tribal Look ... Toyah (Safari)
(2) Where's Captain Kirk ... Spitz Energy (Rough Trade)
(3) King ... UB40 (Graduate)
(4) Judy In Disguise ... Silicone Teen (Mute)
(5) Victims Of The Riddle ... Toyah (Safari)
(6) Sheep Farming In Barnet ... Toyah (Safari)
(7) Honey ... Orion (Charlie)
(8) Alternative Ulster ... Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
(9) Macarthur Park ... The Burrons (Cherry Red)
(10) White Mice ... Modettes (Rough Trade)

Chart supplied by: Spartan Records, London Road, Wembley, Middlesex, HA9 7HQ.

NEWS

EDITED BY
DEREK JOHNSON

THE INMATES: most important tour to date.

INMATES GOING OVER THE WALL AND AWAY

THE INMATES set out later this month on their most important tour to date, a month-long headlining schedule covering 21 gigs, and tied in with the release this weekend of their new Radar single 'Love Got Me'. The tour is promoted by the MAM Agency and billed as "The Inmates Go Over The Wall And Away" — and the support act is fast-rising A&M band Mark Andrews & The Gents.

Dates are Newcastle Polytechnic (February 20), Manchester Polytechnic (21), Bristol University Rag Ball (22), Birmingham University (23), Reading University White Knights Hall (25), Plymouth Fiesta (26), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (27), Port Talbot Troubadour (28), Sheffield Polytechnic (29), Liverpool Eric's (March 1), Derby Lonsdale College (5), Scarborough Penthouse (7), Durham St Cuthbert's College (8), Redcar Coatham Bowl (9), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (11), Barnstaple Chequers (12), Exeter Routes (13), Bath University (14), Nottingham University (15) and London Victoria The Venue (18 and 19). All college dates are open to the general public except the Rag Ball at Bristol.

● The Inmates are currently in America where, besides a string of club dates, they are also performing in a couple of prisons — including Sing Sing!

BRITISH BLAZER BY B.A.

B. A. ROBERTSON cashes in on his recent chart successes by going out on his first headlining concert tour, playing a 20-date itinerary which opens and closes in London. With his new single 'Kool And The Kaftan' issued by Asylum on February 15 (as reported last week), and a likely Top 30 follow-up to his previous hits 'Bang Bang' and 'Knocked It Off', Robertson's debut album is now set for release on March 7 — titled 'Initial Success', it includes ten new songs plus all his singles.

The tour takes in London Victoria The Venue (April 11), Liverpool Empire (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Edinburgh Usher Hall (15), Bridlington Spa Hall (16), Bradford St George's Hall (17), Manchester Free Trade Hall (18), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (19), Derby Assembly Rooms (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Preston Guildhall (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (28), Brighton Dome (30), Margate Winter Gardens (May 1) and London Hammersmith Odeon (2).

The Hammersmith show is being promoted and recorded by Capitol Radio, with a view to subsequent broadcast, and the rest of the tour is promoted by Mel Bush. Tickets are already on sale at most box-offices, though prices vary from one venue to another. An information leaflet — giving full tour details, plus a personal message from B. A. and a new photo of him — is available by sending a large SAE to B. A. Tour Information, Mel Bush Associates, 30 Hyde Park Square, London W2.

U.S. sex bomb due in

PAT BENATAR, described as "America's hottest new rock'n'roll sex symbol", comes to Britain for a one-off appearance at London Victoria The Venue on February 20. As a prelude to her visit, her single 'We Live For Love' is issued this week by Chrysalis — it's taken from her current album 'In The Heat Of The Night'. The musicians on the LP also back her at The Venue, for which tickets are £3.

VIBRATORS HIT THE ROAD, ERIC JOINS SQUEEZE GIGS

Tom Robinson in London

TOM ROBINSON's new band Sector 27 make their first appearance in Inner London when they headline at the ICA Theatre in The Mall this Sunday (10) — tickets £2. The previous night (Saturday) they're in Hertfordshire at Rickmansworth Watersmeet — admission £2.50.

WRECKLESS ERIC appears as the special guest of Squeeze in their concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 9. He'll also be guesting on a number of other dates in the Squeeze tour, which opens next Monday (see Gig Guide), and details of these are expected next week.

Pop Group's two shows

THE POP GROUP and The Raincoats get together for two special shows this month — at High Wycombe Town Hall (February 13) and Liverpool Eric's (16).

THE VIBRATORS, who guest with 999 at London Camden Electric Ballroom this Friday and Saturday, then go on to play Leeds University (February 16), Sheffield Top Rank (17), Newcastle Mayfair (21), Liverpool Eric's (22), Reading Hexagon (23), Bristol Locarno (24), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (25), and Coventry Tiffany's (28). They have two more London dates on February 29 and March 1, details to be announced, and will be gigging extensively through March.

Costello tour changes

ELVIS COSTELLO and The Attractions have added Fishguard Frenchmans Motel (March 15) to their UK tour, reported three weeks ago. But they have cancelled their gig at Aberystwyth Great Hall the following night.

Mo-dettes miss out

THE MO-DETTES have added London Fulham Greyhound (February 27), Guildford Surrey University (29) and Keele University (March 7) to their gig list reported last week. But although they're guesting in the four Madness provincial concerts starting on Saturday (see Gig Guide), they've had to miss out on the Madness under-16's matinee at London Hammersmith Odeon on February 16 due to a prior commitment — at Hitchin North Herts College. Instead, Dolly Mixture support at Hammersmith.

New Teenbeats dates

THE TEENBEATS play selected dates this month at Birmingham Golden Eagle (tomorrow, Friday), London Fulham Greyhound (16), Stroud Subscription Rooms (22) and London Marquee (24)

Skids nix 'split' — tour in March

THE SKIDS are to headline a UK tour, opening on March 6 (details to follow in a week or two), and confined mainly to the college circuit. Currently working in the studios, the band are also set for extensive tours of Europe (May) and the States (June), and there will be further British dates in the autumn. All this should put paid to last week's speculation (not in NME*), suggesting that The Skids had broken up.*

What, in fact, has happened is that bassist Bill Simpson and temporary keyboards man Alistair Moore have left the band — but their new line-up has already been settled. Last weekend founder members Richard Jobson and Stuart Adamson began working in the studios with newcomers Mike Bailey (drums) and ex-Zones bassist Russell Webb. Their next single will be a remixed version of 'Animation', for release by Virgin on February 22, and in April they'll be recording a new album for summer relase.

Flys special matinee

THE FLYS are playing a special matinee show for the under-18's at London Clapham 101 Club next Monday (11) at 12.30 pm, to coincide with the lunchtime break of local schools and factories — admission is 50p. Other new dates for the band are at Stroud Marshall Rooms (tomorrow, Friday), Halifax Good Mood (Saturday) and London Canning Town Bridge House (February 13).

JAUNTS BY JOE

JOE JACKSON headlines a four-venue mini-tour at the end of this month, playing Coventry Theatre (February 25), London Hammersmith Palais (26), Colchester Essex University (27) and Southampton Gaumont (28). Tickets are available now priced £3 and £2.50 (Coventry and Southampton), £3 only (Hammersmith) and £2.50 only (Colchester). The London gig is being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent transmission.

Currently riding high in the *NME* Chart with his single 'It's Different For Girls', Jackson returns from his current European tour to appear in Radio 1's 'In Concert' on February 16. Then he's off to the East Coast of America for a week, prior to his four UK gigs. He'll be back in Europe for the whole of March, and spends most of the spring recording a new album, before setting out on a full British tour.

STOP PRESS

RAINBOW have added London Rainbow Theatre on March 8 to their upcoming UK tour — tickets on sale now priced £4.50 and £4.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS add Bracknell Sports Centre (6) and Carlisle Market Hall (27) to their March tour of Britain.

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PHIL COLLINS playing the part of a tout. So that's where all those Genesis tickets went!

GENESIS: ANOTHER LONDON CONCERT

THE GENESIS spring tour of Britain has now completely sold out. As reported last week, many of the 106,000 tickets (involving 40 dates) were sold by theatres ahead of the authorised time, resulting in disappointment for thousands of people awaiting the official box-office opening date. By way of compensation, Genesis have promised to play some extra dates, and the first of these was confirmed this week — it's at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Monday, May 5. Tickets are £4, £3 and £2, and they go on sale at the box-office only at 12 noon this Sunday (10), limited to two per applicant. Genesis request people who've already booked for previous shows not to apply.

● NAZARETH have added another date to their upcoming UK tour — at Dundee Caird Hall on March 10.

U.S. VISITORS

David Soul

DAVID SOUL returns to Britain next month for a 13-date tour, promoted by the Kruger Organisation. He plays Eastbourne Congress (March 15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16), Preston Guildhall (17), Sheffield Fiesta (18), Margate Winter Gardens (20), Poole Arts Centre (21), Coventry Theatre (22), London Rainbow (23), Slough Fulcrum Centre (24), Edinburgh Usher Hall (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Bradford St George's Hall (29) and Hull City Hall (30). There are two shows every night, except at Edinburgh. Soul will have a new album, as yet untitled, released to coincide with his visit.

Ticket prices are £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Eastbourne, Poole, Coventry, Manchester and Bradford); £6, £5 and £4 (Portsmouth); £7.50, £6.50, £5 and £2.50 (Margate); £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (London and Edinburgh); and £6, £5.50, £5 and £4 (Slough). At Preston they are £5.50, £4, £2.50 and £1.50 (early show) and £6, £4.50, £3 and £2 (late show); and at Sheffield they are £5.50 (early show) and £10 and £7.50 (late show). Hull details are not yet available

Cher

CHER returns to the UK at the end of April, though her visit is devoted mainly to TV appearances (BBC-1's *Val Doonican Show* and ATV's *The Muppets* among them), but she will be playing a one-off concert appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, May 14, before flying back to the States the next day. She is currently recording her third album for Casablanca Records.

War-BS&T: two extra in London

THE DOUBLE-HEADER tour co-starring War and Blood Sweat & Tears will now play three nights at London Rainbow next month. Originally only the March 28 gig was announced, but now March 29 and 30 have also been confirmed — one show each night, and tickets are £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50. Rest of the schedule is as reported by *NME* two weeks ago, and booking details have now been finalised, as follows:

Tickets are £5, £4 and £3 at Portsmouth Guildhall (March 27), Glasgow Apollo (April 2), Brighton Centre (4) and Coventry Theatre (6); £6, £5.75, £5.50, £5.25, £5 and £4 at Sough Fulcrum Centre (5); £6, £5, £4 and £3 at Manchester Apollo (7); and £5, £4, £3 and £2 at Halifax Civic Theatre (9). There will be two performances nightly at Portsmouth, Slough, Coventry and Halifax — and one show elsewhere.

BS&T will have a new single titled 'Nuclear Blues' released through MCA to tie in with the tour, along with an album which is still untitled. War's single 'In The Ghetto' was issued recently via the same outlet, and it's not yet known if any further product is forthcoming from them.

Valli & Seasons set

FRANKIE VALLI & The Four Seasons, whose spring tour plans were revealed by *NME* before Christmas, have now been confirmed for 15 major concerts — at Sheffield Fiesta (May 9), Oxford New Theatre (10), Brighton Centre (11), London Royal Albert Hall (13), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Birmingham Odeon (17), Bristol Hippodrome (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Hull City Hall (21), Glasgow Apollo (23), Edinburgh Usher Hall (24), Aberdeen Capitol (25), Southport Theatre (26) and Portsmouth Guildhall (29).

Promoters are the Kruger Organisation, who stress that tickets are not yet on sale, and readers should watch for local Press announcements or consult box-offices for further details.

● THE DRIFTERS are due back shortly for their umpteenth visit. They begin a 12-week UK tour on March 1, details to follow shortly.

● THE BEACH BOYS are now expected here much sooner than autumn, as was originally thought. They're now being lined up for spring dates, incuding Wembley Arena — probably as soon as April.

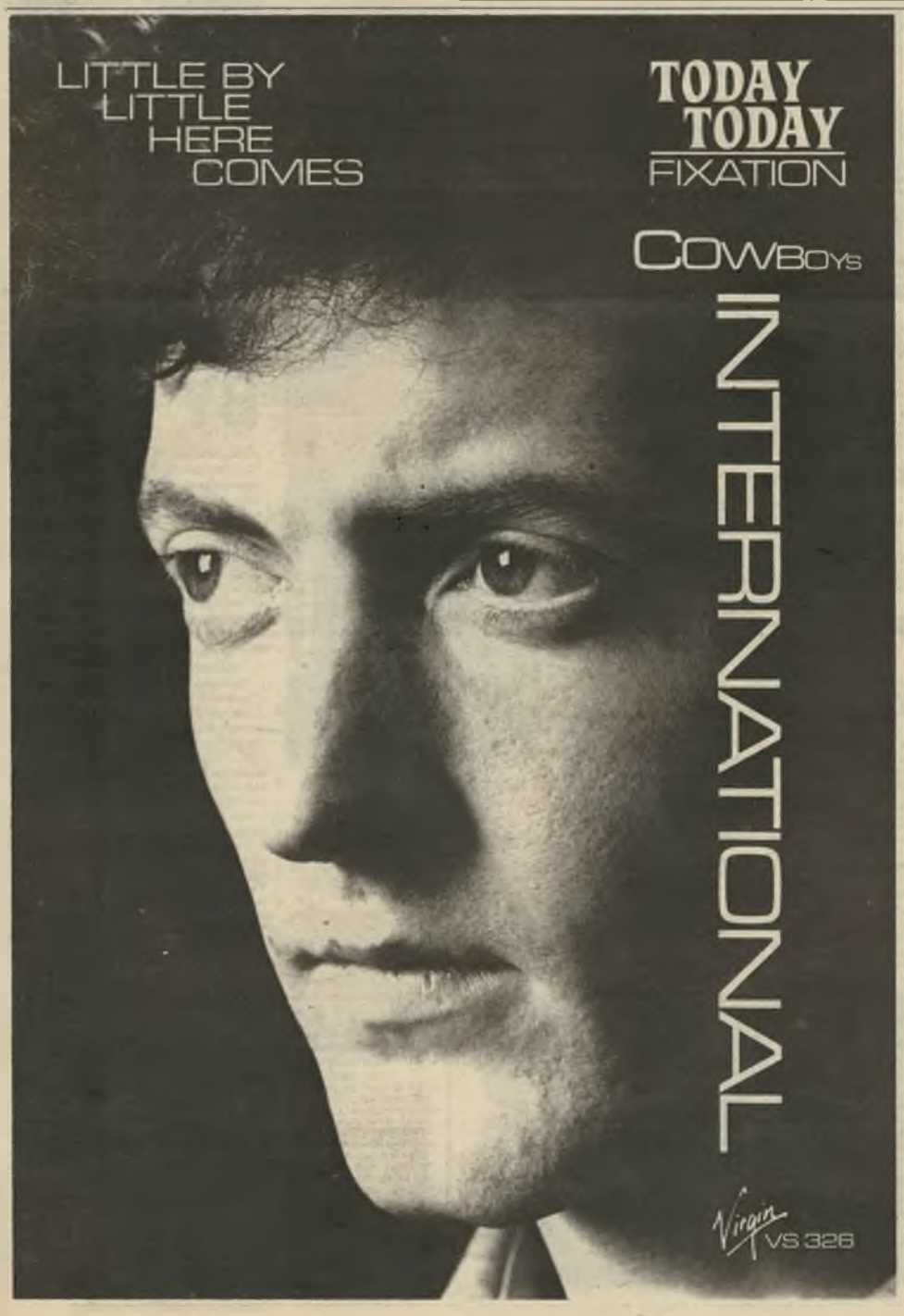
● THE STYLISTICS will be touring here in mid-spring. Only booking so far confirmed is a week at Watford Bailey's from April 28, but concerts are also being set and details are expected next week.

Sugarhill

SUGARHILL GANG celebrate their recent No. 2 chart hit with 'Rappers Delight' by playing a short series of dates later this month. They're at London Victoria The Venue (February 18), Leeds Warehouse (19), Norwich Cromwells (21), London Southgate Royalty (22), Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel (23), Nottingham Palais (24) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (25).

Andrae Crouch

ANDRAE CROUCH & The Disciples, America's leading gospel group, fly in next month to headline a seven-date tour — visiting London Hammersmith Odeon (March 21 and 22), Birmingham Odeon (24), Manchester Belle Vue Kings Hall (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (27) and Glasgow Apollo (29).



ELP admit split (so what's new?)

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER have finally and irrevocably disbanded — and that's now official! A statement issued this week by their company, Manticore Records, confirmed what everyone has known for months — that the trio who pioneered "progressive rock" no longer exist. The only mystery is why they've taken so long to admit it.

In many respects, their split marks the end of an era — because, in their 11-year career, they have sold over 25 million albums and won 25 Gold and five Platinum Records, as well as being one of the world's top box-office attractions.

But the last two or three years have not been so productive — their 1978 U.S. tour with a large orchestra was a financial let-down, and their final album release last autumn failed to make the *NME* Chart. With changing trends and the emergence of a new generation, the split was inevitable.

Keith Emerson, Greg Lake and Carl Palmer now intend to pursue individual careers — and, in fact, are already well on the way to doing so. The official statement concludes: "All three have projects in various stages of development, which will be announced shortly."

John Ellis joins Gabriel's outfit

JOHN ELLIS, the former Vibrator guitarist whose solo single 'Babies In Jars' was released recently by Rat Race Records, completes the line-up of Peter Gabriel's backing band for his upcoming UK tour.

ALBIE DONNELLY

Supercharge re-emerge

SUPERCHARGE re-emerge this weekend with a new recording deal and a re-shaped line-up. Still fronted by sexist Albie Donnelly, the band is now completed by Andrew Parker (sax), Philip Loughran (guitar), Paul Ambrosius (bass) and David Hombrey (drums). After four years with Virgin, they've now signed world-wide with Criminal Records, and have already completed a three-track single — which will be issued on both 7" and 12" at the end of this month. Meanwhile the new line-up can be seen in action at London Kensington Nashville this Friday and Saturday (8-9).

HEAVY METAL ONSLAUGHT

Lizzy setting 28 gigs

THIN LIZZY — who, as reported two weeks ago, have now finally settled their new line-up with Snowy White confirmed as their lead guitarist — will be playing no less than 28 concerts during their spring tour of Britain, starting in early May. Dates are expected to be announced around the end of this month, and they'll include a string of shows in London — they've apparently chosen to play several nights at a theatre venue (probably Hammersmith), rather than doing one big concert at somewhere like Wembley. Prior to this, they'll be undertaking a fairly comprehensive tour of Irish venues in April, opening at Belfast Nugent Hall (9 and 10). The above picture, the first to feature the new Lizzy line-up, shows (from left to right) SCOTT GORHAM, SNOWY WHITE, BRIAN DOWNEY and PHIL LYNOTT.

SAXON ON THE ROAD

SAXON, who toured with Motorhead last year, are headlining a series of selected one-nighters during the next few weeks — at Cromer West Runton Pavilion (February 16), Redcar Coatham Bowl (17), Newcastle Mayfair (22), Leicester University (23), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (29), Retford Porterhouse (March 1) and Birmingham Top Rank (2). Between gigs, they'll be finishing work on their second Carrare album, planned for early April release — and at that time, they'll be going out on a full college and concert tour.

Sabbath, Styx, Rush due

THE HEAVY METAL boom, which swept Britain in 1979, looks set to blossom even more vigorously this year. With Uriah Heep currently on tour, and Ultravox set to go on the road next month, NME learned this week of plans for a HM invasion in the spring.

*● **BLACK SABBATH**, after all the traumas and personnel upheavals which have dogged them for the last 18 months, are back in business and have signed for a UK tour in May. They'll be playing at least a dozen major dates to coincide with the release of their new album.*

*● **RUSH**, whose new album 'Permanent Waves' rocketed into the NME Chart last week, have been lined up for a return British tour in June. The Canadian trio's last two tours here played to capacity business, with ticket demand far exceeding supply.*

*● **STYX**, whose new A&M album 'Cornerstone' is on the verge of breaking into the NME Chart are expected in Britain in June for a string of concert appearances — though the length of their tour isn't yet known.*

*● **MOLLY HATCHET**, who created quite an impact at last year's Reading Festival and have since enjoyed a couple of U.S. chart hits, will be undertaking their first British headlining tour in May. Dates are now being finalised, and Epic will issue their new album to coincide with their visit.*

*● **SAMMY HAGAR**, who last week postponed his UK tour from this month to April because of his son's illness, is already close to selling out his re-arranged dates. And as a result of the heavy ticket demand, he's been booked for a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, April 20.*

*● **AEROSMITH** — perhaps more aptly described as heavy rock, rather than heavy metal — are expected back in Britain in May. But on this occasion it will be a relatively short visit, and is likely to be confined to just two major concerts.*

*● **MOTORHEAD** themselves are planning another extensive UK tour in the early autumn, to coincide with the release of a new album, which they'll be recording in the spring.*

*Promoters Straight Music are pressing ahead with their plans to stage a big Heavy Metal Festival this summer. The idea was first mooted last year, but failed to come together at that time. It's looking good for this year, though — and that could mean a UK return for **Blue Oyster Cult**.*

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SAD CAFE HIT THE BIG-TIME

SAD CAFE are set for a 19-date headlining concert tour in March and April. The Manchester six-piece, who had already built up a strong following on the circuit, finally graduated to the big league last year when their 'Every Day Hurts' reached No. 3 in the *NME* Chart and was hailed as one of the best singles of the year. Their latest single 'Strange Little Girl' was recently issued by RCA, and they are currently recording a new album (the follow-up to 'Facades') with Eric Stewart producing.

Tour dates are Sheffield City Hall (March 20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Glasgow Apollo (23), Edinburgh Usher Hall (24), Hull City Hall (25), Preston Guildhall (26), Oxford New Theatre (27), Birmingham Odeon (28), Cambridge Corn Exchange (29), Croydon Fairfield Hall (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (April 1), Ipswich Gaumont (2), Liverpool Empire (6), Portsmouth Guildhall (8), Brighton Dome (10), Poole Wessex Hall (11), Bristol Colston Hall (12) and Manchester Apollo (15 and 16).

Tickets are on sale now, priced £3, £2.50 and £2 — except Hammersmith and Manchester (£3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2); Hull, Croydon and Portsmouth (£3.50, £3 and £2.50); Glasgow (£3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50); Ipswich (£3 and £2.50); and Cambridge (£3 only). Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises, who have still to name the support act.

SAD CAFE

PHOTO SESSIONS

THE PHOTOS are back in full-time action, after the illness that dogged several band members before Christmas. Their latest gig series, previewing their new Epic album (due in April), comprises Birmingham Polytechnic (February 29), Northampton Nene College (March 1), Swansea Circles (3), Nuneaton 77 Club (4), Sheffield Limit Club (6), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (7), Nottingham University (8), Leicester Polytechnic (9), Norwich East Anglia University (11), London Marquee (12 and 19), Exeter University (13), Bristol University (14), Manchester University (15), Portsmouth Polytechnic (18), Colceshter Institute (20), Hatfield Polytechnic (21) and Brighton Polytechnic (22).

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OFF THE RECORD

● **The Boys**, currently touring with The Ramones, have a single titled 'Terminal Love' out this weekend on Safari. It's taken from their album 'To Hell With The Boys'.

● **Fiddler's Dram** follow up their smash hit 'Day Trip To Bangor' with 'Beercart Lane', released by Spartan on February 15. Their LP, with their name as its title, is out this weekend.

● **Beggar's Banquet** have licensed two singles from independent labels, both for release next week — 'I've Got A Crush On You' by New York band **The Rentals** and 'No Turning Back' by **Shox**.

● **Patrick Hernandez** has his first Gem/Aquarius album out this weekend, with the same title as his recent hit single 'Born To Be Alive'. Coming from Gem at the same time is the LP 'India' by **The Movies**, who are currently lining up a full UK tour to start later this month.

● **Wire** have left EMI Records, claiming that they are no longer under any contractual obligation to the label. They say that "the internal and corporate problems currently besetting EMI have led to a breakdown of communication between the company and the band". They are at present rehearsing new material.

Elton's 'Samantha' on vinyl

THE ELTON JOHN compilation 'Lady Samantha', previously only available in cassette form, is being issued as an orthodox album by DJM Records on February 15 — and it will retail at the budget price of £2.99.

● **Bram Tchaikovsky** — the band who took their name from that of their leader, the ex-Motors guitarist — are now recording their second album 'The Russians Are Coming' for release by Radar in April. It marks the record debut of their new lead guitarist Dennis Forbes, who joined last autumn. A single will precede the LP in March.

● **Average White Band**'s new album, due for release on April 1 to coincide with their UK tour (reported last week), will be on the RCA label in this country. They have now signed with Arista for the U.S.

● **Ian McLagan** has a solo album titled 'Troublemaker' issued this weekend by Mercury, and the all-star backing line-up includes such names as Keith Richards, Ron Wood, Ringo Starr, Jim Keltner and Bobby Keys.

● 'Like Flies On Sherbert' is the new album by **Alex Chilton**, former leader of The Box Tops and Big Star, issued by Aura this weekend — and there's talk of a March UK tour by Chilton together with his production proteges The Cramps.

● **PVK Records** have signed Australian extrovert **Duffo**, and plans to release his album 'Disappearing Boy' in June — at which time he will be setting out on a world tour together with a stripper and Zippy The Wonder Dog!

● Dutch outfit **The Spiderz** — not to be confused with the all-girl band of the same name, nor with Bowie's former group from Mars — are now on tour here with Iggy Pop. And their first album 'Pressure' is released this week by Hurricane (distributed by EMI).

● **Maximum Penetration** have a single out this week on Sidewalk, with the highly original title of 'Maximum Penetration'. Main interest lies in the 12-inch version which runs for 29 minutes.

● A compilation LP by eight acts associated with the Aura label, titled 'Aural Wax', comes out this weekend at the special half price of £2.49. Those featured include **The Soft Boys, Annette Peacock, Alex Chilton, Trapeze, Big Star and Allan Clarke.**

MEATLOAF'S ALBUM HIT BY STUDIO ROW

MEATLOAF addicts will have to wait until June for the follow-up to his smash hit album 'Bat Out Of Hell'. He actually began work on a new LP last autumn together with his writer, arranger and general mentor Jim Steinman, and Todd Rundgren producing — but, following a disagreement, it's now turned into Steinman's own album and he's re-recording all the lead vocals himself. It's called 'Bad For Good' and is due out on Epic in May.

As for Meatloaf, he's now finished work on his film *The Roadie* (which appears to have been the source of his bust-up with Steinman, in that he wasn't devoting enough time to work on the LP), and has rushed back into the studios. He's making such good progress that, according to a cable received this week, an album should be ready for release in June — and there's even talk of a British visit later in the summer or early autumn.

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A WOBBLE WAY OF KNOWLEDGE

PiL's Bassist Addresses The Nation

FLAPPING in the fact of envious predictions that the band would rapidly disintegrate, and ignoring cloth-brained criticisms that they were self-indulgent, pretentious, "nothing to do with rock and roll" (ah, the delicious irony) and not a noise to be taken at all seriously, Public Image Limited are still with us in 1980, infuriating some, surprising and pleasing others.

No, PiL won't just go away, nor should the fact that they have no direct competition in the scorched, barren post-punk hinterland negate their achievements. PiL may happen to have in John Lydon someone whose contribution to punk's main-surge was crucial, but Lydon's immediate past needn't detain us anymore. PiL are a new deal, making unexpected inroads into the modern dance maze — and if you can't see that, then look again; you might simply not want to see it.

So where to place them? Beyond the perimeter (where there are no stars of any sort, either human or celestial). PiL's disdain of rock and rigmarole and all its attendant absurdities is, I'm convinced, genuine, and deeply felt. PiL aren't suffering saints, of course, nor are they " 'heroes' ". They may not service their audience according to custom — by constant touring or by cultivating contacts/mouthpieces in the rock press — but at least (or at most) they don't patronise them, nor do they presume to sustain any inane illusions of 'solidarity' with them.

PiL's own determined and aggressive detachment should ideally encourage a similar and positive response. PiL aren't giving anybody anything on a plate, something for which we should paradoxically be grateful. For once we have to wake up and work.

Enough abstractions though. Wobble is, of course, PiL's bassist. He's tall, dark and outspoken. He doesn't like shaving and doesn't eat meat. He's both extrovert and introvert, garrulous but guarded. What follows is simply a transcription of a conversation we had one evening in December; it doesn't pretend to be anything more or anything less. I think it says more about PiL than I ever could, which is why it's here.

MACKINNON: *People say PiL should spend less time in studios and more time on stage. Why have you played so few gigs?*

WOBBLE: Well, it's just the way it's carved out. I'd have liked to have played more — in fact hopefully we will be, but there's no way you'll see PiL play every other night and no way we're going to start doing rock and roll tours.

Also we really haven't had a good drummer since Jim Walker left us just after the Rainbow gigs at the end of '78. We weren't very anxious to start running around and getting in any old hasbeen. We preferred to wait until we got the right person, which I think we have with Martin (Atkins) who's also the first drummer we've had who's a fan of the band.

God knows, we've had about half a dozen in and out; I couldn't even remember their names. They just happened to come along. We always say to people that PiL is an equal band, that you can play as you want within a guideline — just so long as you don't play rock and roll or any rubbish like that. But then people get uneasy; they'd rather be told what to play, they really don't like to be left to do it themselves . . . which freaked me as I can't feel comfortable with drummers who won't contribute things of their own. But Martin is good, superb in fact, very sparse.

Another thing though — we're just not over-eager to do live gigs; you only get a lot of thickos who just want to hear rock and roll, even though I know there're some good people out there who want to hear good music, interesting music with subtleties and variations in it. So anyway we've just waited and destiny tells you the right time to play . . .

The SF gig in Leeds was a bit chaotic and rather badly organised. It's very ironic — it was the only bad gig we've played and it was the best paid. I don't need to say anymore on that subject.

There seems to be a wide gap between what people expect of PiL and what they get.

Yeah, I don't think people know . . . I think they're very confused. Some people think PiL is some kind of arty, pseudo-intellectual pop machine. Well, it's not. PiL is a very honest thing and I'd never pretend otherwise.

And yet when your first album came out . . .

Whilst we're on that subject, I'm proud of every bit of that album.

At that stage the general consensus among supposedly 'informed' observers seemed to be that PiL was just petulance on John Lydon's part, some sort of post-Pistols shrug of disinterest, a con-trick.

I'm only speaking as one member of the band but . . . people are used to having a star, a focal point in a band; they really need that. They shouldn't, but they do. And so John left the Pistols and he brought in, instead of guitar heroes and well-known bass players, people such as me. I remember even now in the *Evening News* it was Wobble "a friend" and Keith Levene "a friend", as if saying that not much could be expected of this arrangement.

People tend, I think, to see things in blocks — "That's a rock and roll band and that over there's an arty one". They can't tell the difference between what's really hard music and what's pretentious, so they put us down as arty. No, you can't even blame the rock press for that; the scheme of things is to blame.

It's like with the Pistols. John changed the outward attitude of the band through his own attitudes, but people didn't notice it. They just thought it was rock and roll, so it's supposed to be more of the same this time round. But I don't think I could play rock and roll. I don't want to and Keith — he could play 'rock' standing on his head, but he doesn't want to either.

But don't you find it depressing? After all John turned a lot of heads around with the Pistols, made them perhaps take a lot of things a lot less for granted, but PiL doesn't seem to have gathered anything like the same momentum, even though lyrically and musically the band is infinitely more challenging than the Pistols ever were.

There've been plenty of pieces and articles about John, but it's about time someone somewhere sussed him out. He just used rock and roll — yes, as a metaphor. It was the only mode of expression open to him at the time. He said as much as he could within that area then built things up so that he could move on elsewhere. And now he's got PiL; it's as simple as that.

But you were asking if it was depressing. In one sense it isn't, because PiL is totally confident about what it's doing. On the other hand though, yes, it's depressing and bitterly disappointing that people can't move on with John. It's not as if PiL is like The UK Subs or countless other so-called new bands who're still, all of them, playing twelve-bar old hat, still restricting themselves. There again we've said all this a million times and I doubt if it'll ever make any difference. But maybe we'll change just one person's mind, and that's a start.

You just have to push your point and hope somebody will pick up on what you're doing. I'm always open to influences myself. That's supposed to be a weakness, but that's not true. In fact it's completely wrong. You should take everything in, as much as you can, and build your own viewpoint from there.

I must admit I'm pretty baffled by the violence of some people's reactions against PiL, although in a way it should come as no surprise; extreme music tends to illicit extreme reactions. Mind you, "extreme" is probably the wrong word — PiL only sound so radical, I suppose, because so many bands sound so ordinary. I'd much rather look at it another way, see PiL as a natural, instinctive, intuitive sort of noise. It's like Ian Penman was saying to me the other day: "PiL are modern folk music".

PiL's sound seems very natural to me, and so do the songs — there's a sort of inner logic, inner strength to them, like in reggae.

But it's back to the same old problem. People feel the need for a certain sort of order in their music and ways it's made and presented. That reassures them, just like it does in life and their relationships. As far as bands are concerned, it's felt that the singer and guitarist should write all the material bar none, which is actually a very restrictive way of doing things.

You've got to be brave enough to break out, to find yourself a new rhythm, a new way of doing things. I mean who the hell have we got to answer to for the way we act? Nobody but ourselves. I saw something on flashers on TV the other afternoon, and it really put them down in a horrible, condescending but so subtle sort of way — and people are always trying to do the same to us, asking us, say, who we hang out with, generally trying to see how groovy we are.

I always get to recognise one of life's has beens when they start asking me what clubs I go to and so on. That kind of rock and roll hipness is so much bullshit. I mean, who cares? As it happens I'm another real dullard as it were. I even go to the library on Saturday afternoons and get a load of books out — how fascinating, eh? I don't go out that much. I live a pretty quiet life these days, quiet and quite boring.

To return to PiL a moment — do you think there's a danger that people might actively underrate the band? After all John, whether he likes it or not, will have to live with his immediate past for some time to come, and that past may well prevent people realising that he's currently writing some extremely, er, serious songs. There's 'Careering', for example, on 'The Metal Box', a song about Northern Ireland, there's 'Chant', which seems to be about the absurdity of mindless violence and the way its root causes are ignored, as if they didn't exist at all, and so on. People might not like being reminded about such things, but they're not going to disappear overnight . . .

Let's say it. John doesn't mess about. You said at some stage PiL were about undermining current rock and roll values, setting different standards and tasks — well, that's true, but we don't go into a studio and say to ourselves let's really try and be 'different', whatever that means. Of course we want to get up people's noses, make them think about things, but the music happens the way it does because that's the way we are. Some people find it strange, whereas we find it natural — and that's all there is to it. We're not *that* exceptional or unusual. A lot of other people could make music that was just as stimulating if they really wanted to. It's not that difficult, believe me.

We don't limit ourselves though. We've had a few sieg-offs, but we don't hesitate. We just keep on. I couldn't say for the others, but I'm hoping for some form of mass acceptance. I'm not going to crawl for it however, not going to start appearing on TV and signing autographs wherever I go.

This thing of professionalism though, that's another point. People get to a certain stage with a band and then they want to be seen as real craftsmen — you know, "If you want to be like us you'll have to lock yourself in your bedroom for eight years playing guitar". Well, to me music is not a trade. It's just . . . music and anyone can go and make great music, right now.

There's always talk about "giving the kids what they want". That's meaningless. Kids don't blindly *want* anything; they take what they're given in a mass-manufactured sort of way. That particular aspect of the record-selling business is rubbish. Kids take what they can get, what's advertised. We're not saying take anything. People can like us or hate us . . .

Mind you, I used to have a lot of doubts about PiL ever making any impression at all . . .

Why?

Well, personally — and I see things very personally, I'm very egotistical — I thought I was really a wonderful person just because I was doing the music I wanted to do, and I thought the music was superb. Whereas now I have more doubts about myself and less about PiL . . .

Back then, you see, nobody knew me and PiL was slagged off. The first album was reviewed into the ground — whereas I reckoned it was tight and well-ple, ed and . . . it was self-contained, just like the early gigs. I nearly died onstage listening to John and Keith, they were so absolutely incredible, so *strong*. But then that was slagged off too . . . and all the time I was thinking that people would accept PiL-type music, that they really wanted to hear something new.

So I was hurt, offended in ways. Now it's different. I don't want to force PiL down people's throats anymore. I'm confident again in the band's capabilities and that's really all that matters. It's never bothered me that we've been accused of being lazy, just as it's never meant a lot to me that a band toured constantly and worked hard, whatever *that* means. If I want to go and see a hard worker, I'll get and watch somebody dig a road, right? Rock and roll has never had much to do with hard work.

No, I'm still perturbed that people don't understand us, but I don't mind them hating us. John and Keith on the other hand, they probably don't mind people misunderstanding us either . . .

> ***"Talk about 'giving the kids what they want' is meaningless — they want what they can get, what's advertised. We're not saying take anything — like us or hate us."***

Do you think you're easily upset then?
Well, I'm an outward-going sort of person, though sometimes I'm the other way. The biggest clowns are often the biggest inward-lookers. It's simply that if I say blah-blah equals X and people think I mean it equals Y — that worries me. Perhaps I then begin to realise that I don't really understand people that well myself . . .

I seem to remember you said something about your 'Dan McArthur' single in this context when we last met —
Yes, let's say exactly what we mean here. CSM in the *NME* said I was doing a fascist salute. So let's look at things obviously, alright? What style has a lot of PiL music been in, that single of mine particularly? Yes, reggae. Now if I were a Nazi, would I be doing reggae with that feeling on that record, with that depth of emotion?

I *love* reggae, totally, absolutely. If you look at that picture you'll see — or you should see — that it's just a pisstake of all those old Nazi cronies that escaped to South America. It's intentionally blurred. I'm wearing that horrible baggy suit and I'm saluting in a redundant, stupid sort of way. It's like I've been caught red-handed, as if I've been hiding away all these years and then suddenly let this sign slip out by accident. I'm taking the mickey, right?

But then people look at things and obviously either taken them for exactly what they are, or appear to be, or they misread their own hang-ups into it.

All the same, that photo was ambiguous, wasn't it?
Yes, but . . . look, I'm not saying "Oh, I've got a bad review and now I'm going to beat the person responsible up because I come from a working class background and that's how things get sorted out". Not at all, that kind of attitude is dumb too . . .

What about class, though — is it something you think about consciously? The whole issue strikes me as being damaging, divisive. Does it really matter what sort of background somebody comes from, except to them? You either get on with someone or you don't. Period.
I suppose I didn't think about it too much, just used to presume I was working class through and through and all that. But looking back, I see things differently. I went to a kind of grammar school near where I lived — there were a few policemen's sons and suchlike there — and then on to a college of further education. I suddenly . . . well, began to take stock, to realise that in fact I'd been very lucky.

I had a Catholic upbringing and I've now got a fairly catholic, as in comprehensive, view of life. So anyway I started to suss things out. I didn't and don't regard myself as a professional Cockney, not at all. So I come from Whitechapel in the East End of London which is probably one of the worst slum areas in the world — big bloody deal. I've got an objective attitude to that now.

I feel for that place, of course, and my feeling for it reflects in my bass playing but I refuse to take advantage of it. It would be very easy for me to spout on about privilege and socialism this and socialism that. I am a socialist — and I think any well-meaning person will have a socialistic bent — but it's not something you go into too much, not with me anyway. It's a personal, private thing, and I'm in fact pretty private.

Basically I'm a lonely person and the ironies, the strangeness of life — you know, it all surpasses me every day. It really does. But at the same time as I'm detached and isolated I'm with PiL, and that's good.

Because the band gives you confidence?
Yes, and other things too. I wouldn't pretend to understand either John or Keith; they're both very extreme people. We disagree a hell of a lot, we have very bad arguments, but we're always drawn together in the final analysis — and I've only just realised what a good family PiL is. I'm very happy with that: I feel part of something. That gives you strength . . .

What about your Catholic upbringing — how do you think it affected you?
It had a really marked effect on me.

In what particular ways?
Guilt about sexual feelings — I was always very unhappy about touching people . . .

Sounds just like it was for me at my so-called 'public' school.
Yeah, right, you've gone through another sort of conditioning. Touching people, being with people, being with girls, stuff like that. I'm definitely a fucked-up person. So are you — but at least if you're that way you've got a chance of making it on your own terms. If you're not confused by things or upset by them in that way, then you'll just go on and on and on, get married or something terrible, settle down completely, stop thinking altogether.

Another thing about that Catholic bit. I'm very proud of myself. I rejected it at 12. My mother and my father are both very strong Catholics, but they accepted that I was pushing it all away. So they go to church on Sundays — I still live at home — and I don't. But they never bothered me about it, which was terrific of them . . .

Another thing too . . . there was something else I had to reject, this whole lads thing —

■ *Continues over*

WOBBLE CONTINUED

◊ *Continued from previous page*

always being a tough guy, you know, proving yourself. Against what and why? I try my best — this probably sounds patronising, but it's not meant that way — to see women from an equal point of view now, not as 'things' to pick up somewhere but as people. That doesn't sound like much but it was a real effort to get rid of that trip. I had to also reject quite a few people I knew — because they were all very male chauvinistic.

I think John and Keith would see things in the same light, which is weird in a way because we'd never discuss it. It's also something I wouldn't have discussed a year ago, although I felt it deep down and coming closer to the surface. I suppose that this year I've kind of come out of the closet and realised that I was right in not trying to . . . I mean in treating people as people.

And feminism, whilst we're on the subject — any opinions?

I think of it in the same way I think of Rock Against Racism; they're both so condescending. It's down to individualism really, down to people getting rid of their hang-ups themselves. So we have Nazis in this country, totally shitty people who're dumb enough to believe that they're better than someone else because of their colour — OK, I know, I don't have to be told . . .

Also, most of the RAR people I've come across, they find it really hard to talk to a black person. Black people generally act differently to white people in the ways they move, the ways they talk. They're very like the Irish in a lot of ways funnily enough, always make a great fuss of meeting you and everything.

But then most people are . . . crap. I am and you are and . . . look — I'm not going to go down to Brixton and say "Hi all you black people, I think you're just wunnerful and everything in this part of town is just so damn far out and fantastic and totally cool, maaaan". That's absurd, that's being patronising again. You can take people or leave them. There's no need and absolutely no point in crawling — if you do, you just miss the point . . .

Which is what?

That people are what they are, not what they're not or might be or should be or could be. End of subject once again.

Let's talk about 'The Metal Box'.

To me it's like a book. The oldest tracks are ten or so months old. PiL doesn't work by saying we're going into a studio for two months and we'll come out with an album. We work together and separately, in all possible combinations. We'll only do something if we want to do it.

So how does a typical PiL track come about?

Most of the time, it's rhythm tracks first. I'll have a bass idea and the drummer will follow, if we've got one. That's basically the way PiL music is formed although sometimes on the first album the drums led and I got ideas from Jim.

There are three tracks on 'Box' that are opposed to that way of doing things though, that come from synths or vocal ideas. For 'Chant' Keith had a drum beat and a synth pattern which I then followed. 'Radio 4' was Keith's idea entirely, and so on. We all contribute though.

What about the album's cost? £7.45 seems pretty stiff.

Well, the tracks that had appeared before, they were drastically re-mixed. The whole thing is about an hour long. All I'd say is that if you don't want to buy it, then don't. We won't be personally insulted. We're not trying to rip anybody off. If we wanted to do that we could go into something like second-hand car-dealing.

As for the packaging. Somebody said they didn't want the album in cardboard and it all led on from there, ending up with something like an acetate case. We paid for that ourselves; Virgin didn't. We also wanted both a lyric sheet and better packaging inside, but neither of those things came off. It wasn't anybody's fault, just the way these things work out.

And why three 45s?

You get a much, much better sound, plus twelve-inchers are a more suitable vehicle for our music anyway. The package also seemed preferable to having it all on a 33½ LP because all that means is that you end up with one track after another after another — and people build up preconceptions about albums if they hear them that way; they start imagining non-existent concepts and so on. With us it's just bare track after bare track. The idea is that you definitely don't play it from side one to side six; you just put on one song or two and leave it at that. Sooner or later we'll be putting out an ordinary album, but that's just because all the boxes will have gone by then.

And studios — you seemed to be having a lot of problems with achieving the sound you wanted when you recorded the first album.

In that respect the last album is a colossal advance over the first. Then we spent much too much time over mixes, but now we know what we want from a studio desk. 'Careering' only took us about four hours from start to finish, for example. There's no magic involved though; you can get a good sound out of almost any studio if you want to. Adaptability, that's all you need.

I love studios though — that whole thing of going in there, setting up, getting a sound, playing, recording, mixing. I used to see the studio as a kind of fourth instrument but now I see it as a vehicle for all the instruments you're playing yourself. It can allow all sorts of attitudes and leaways to creep in, and that's very positive.

PiL tends to have very clear ideas about sound and how to use it, but often engineers don't know what the hell we mean. You're talking about a surprisingly abstract thing when you talk about sound. It's like when I say I want pure bass for something like 'Careering' and they just don't know what I mean — or I want a rubbery feel like on 'Albatross', or ultra-rubbery like on 'Swanlake'. It's difficult. You've either got to learn about the board yourself or find a sympathetic engineering ear, and that's pretty rare.

How did you come to play bass in the first place?

I'd always check the bass on reggae and soul records. People I knew had basses so I picked them up and played them. Eventually I was asked into PiL and I simply tried to do the things on the instrument that I thought were right for the band. John and Keith for instance were already into that reggae thing, but I think I sometimes bring out certain aspects of the music that they don't see. We all learn from each other in that respect and — I've got to say it — I'm just incredibly jealous of John as a singer. He's a bastard sometimes, but his singing and his lyrics, they're what make PiL.

I wasn't ever interested in playing rock-type bass, wasn't into learning music as such at all. I just played what I could and felt and then picked up the drums as well. I love playing drums, crashing around on them. I think perhaps I'm a frustrated drummer. But it's no big deal, no big thing. I don't think my basslines are anything special.

Basslines *can* be hard though. The bass can be so many things — the rock at the bottom of the mix and something else, all-around, like on 'Poptones'. Repetition is the thing though; it really gets the song's meaning through to you. That bass line on 'Albatross', that's the one; it positively *haunts*.

My sound? I use a 15-inch speaker and turn it against the wall, putting mikes around the room so they pick everything up. That's my huge trade secret. It isn't hard. Why can't more bass players do something similar, something unexpected?

And your major influences?

All I can say there is that there were certain songs, pieces — like a Lonnie Liston Smith track off his 'Expansions' album, some Jimmy Castor Bunch stuff, reggae obviously, especially early Matumbi, and some Can things too, very much so. But bits and pieces basically. Stevie Wonder I also picked up on, that album with 'Living For The City' ('Innervisions') — and short wave radio, the whole idea of that really appealed to me, long before I even knew that Can had used them. If people could be bothered to tune it more often, they'd hear some amazing sounds and combinations of sounds . . .

But this thing of being able to do it all for yourself — it can't be said and said again too often. In life in general I'd say do what you feel inclined, most inclined to do, and don't worry too much about what people say.

It's partly a sort of political thing in one sense: making your stand. It's like with PiL we have our own organisation so to speak. PiL is five people really, six now with Martin. There's a girl called Jeanette and Dave Crowe, both of whom are involved, coming up with ideas. PiL is more than just a band; it's an all-embracing attitude. Yes, folks, it can be done.

In many ways we're as much in the dark as our audience, whoever they might be, are. It's another destiny thing . . .

Destiny again . . ?

Oh yeah, I definitely believe in that.

So it doesn't bug you when people accuse you of messing about, of spending a year or so out of the public eye?

Not at all. I know I don't waste my time. I think a lot, I read a lot, I look about a lot. I don't think music is such a huge thing anyway. Well, it is but . . . another irony — making music is the only thing, but it's nothing, right?

But books? Hubert J. Selby's *Last Exit From Brooklyn* — that left a big impression on me, so did and does George Orwell. Orwell equals cliche equals . . . but he's superb, really. *Keep The Aspidistra Flying* — the spirit of that book. I mean, what else *can* you do?

Then there're things like . . . I read something called *The Fog* about London being wrapped up in some poisonous cloud. Those kind of books can be very reactionary — they treat everybody as cliches — but that sort of disaster scenario. I dream a lot about the world ending, Armegeddon, that sort of thing.

Nuclear fallout — it will happen. It must. Look, obvious conclusions, numbers one to ten: there's a lot of nuclear weapons in the world and what are the odds of them being used? The longer time goes on, the higher the odds are. They have to be. I can see it all building up — Russia and America sparring away and China on the sidelines, biding her time.

I wrote this song about Russian paratroopers dropping into London after an attack . . . people trying to go to work even though they're suffering from the after-effects of fallout . . . crawling into alleyways and dying there because it's the polite and proper thing to do . . . we don't want anyone vomiting and shitting blood in public now, do we? Yeah, I can really see it all happening in our time.

Orwell means a lot to me because for him today is today is . . . it's all you've got. Ever since the Industrial Revolution general attitudes and the status quo have remained the same; people, working people are treated in the same way. Nothing changes . . .

So you're a pessimist. Join the club.

I really don't think there's any hope. I said in an earlier interview last year that I felt we were all of us hammed in all around . . .

Like everybody's favourite manic depressive Roger Waters says: "We're all just bricks in the wall" . . .

Exactly. A superb theory. Whatever we try and do, we're part of it, part of the cause and part of the effect . . .

It's like the press in this country. Take the *Sun* newspaper — what a toilet rag that is. It doesn't bother with anything serious, no real issues, nothing. Mind you, in a perverse kind of way the *Guardian* is the worst of the lot, because it pretends to care. That liberalism, it's totally for progressive teachers at comprehensive schools and no one else. But everything like that, it's so subtle. You don't realise you're being misled, you're not being told about the things that matter. And London — in that respect it's such a subtle town, so clever at tucking things away . . .

So where do PiL fit in?

Well, we try to approach things in a direct way. Rock and roll and what it's become can't do that anymore — which is why we don't play rock and roll, which itself is just idiots flashing their willies and egos about in public.

People seem to think that PiL don't care, but we do, as much as we or anybody can. Yes, we're lazy sometimes, we suffer from the faults of a lot of people. And we're just people too, nothing more.

This is just a personal view. I wonder about myself a lot. Am I doing enough? But there *are* no easy answers. I'd love to go out now, this minute, and make the world better, but I can't. It's just not possible.

Well, at least PiL aren't just hoisting people up onto Cloud Nine and leaving them hanging there in mid-air . . .

. . . And that's life. How does that old Temptations' song go: *"Cloud Nine, ain't got no responsibilities up here on Cloud Nine"?* Well, I'm sorry, but I want responsibilities. And I *don't* want to be on Cloud Nine. If you want that, then don't listen to PiL. That's all.

Lydon, Wobble and Ari Upp seen sharing a joke. *Pic: Joe Stevens.*

> **"Orwell means a lot to me because for him today is today is . . . it's all you've got."**

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THRILLS

Two-Toning Back Through Time See page 12

Rock fans can rest easy in their cotton socks this weekend . . .

You still don't have to —

JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS

GOT enough bottle to beat up half of Belfast?

Feel like roughing up those Russkie revolutionaries in Belfast?

Well, sorry to disappoint you, ducks, but those nice strong men down the recruiting station aren't going to be accepting any old casual labour. It's either sign up or shut up. For the time being, conscription's right out.

Only last Friday, a sterling, very British attempt was made in The House Of Commons by former Tory Air Minister Hugh Fraser to introduce a National Service Register. Ching President Carter's call for £5,000,000 to bring the US national draft registers up to date the tedious bore maintained that this dubious essay in self-publicity was not for just one moment paranoid funk: "What I propose is not an act of hysteria . . . Far from being aggressive what I propose is a minimal act of prudence."

Hardly any of Hugh's clownish MP brethren took this neurotic, nationalistic tub-thumping seriously, however — only twenty MPs turned up for the debate.

Even the Tory Defence Under Secretary Barney Hayhoe realised Hugo was coming out with a right load of old bilge: "In purely defence terms we do not believe there is any advantage in conscripted military service. I do not believe that military conscription would help the manpower problems we are facing. It would almost certainly make them worse by compounding our difficulties." Just think of the problems all those dope-smoking, pinko faggots might cause.

Before

Wearing a white sportscoat and a pink carnation Britain's first rock'n'roll casualty, Terry Dene, had perfected every Presley pose going.

During

If you've got what it takes they'll bring it out of you: the resemblance continues — the British Elvis must report for his conscription duties with the same patriotic zeal displayed by the man on whom he modelled his act.

After

A Press release states the bald facts: "Rock'n'roll star Terry Dene (19) has been discharged from the army after spending eight weeks in a mental hospital following an "emotional collapse" after only 24 hours with the Greenjackets."

Shelley: No Live Dates Shock!

OBITUARY

Henry Byrd 1918 — 1980

HENRY BYRD, the New Orleans singer and pianist, better known as Professor Longhair, died last Wednesday at his home. He was 61

Byrd spent his childhood in New Orleans, working from an early age as a dancer and drummer. He found his first piano in an alley after some neighbours had abandoned it and was given tuition by Louisiana barrelhouse experts like Sullivan Rock and Kid Stormy Weather.

In the forties and fifties the Professor pioneered his unique style of blues, mixing the contemporary Mardi Gras rhythms with heavy Latin overtones, but remained an obscurity.

It was in the 1960's that Dr John helped to popularise the Longair technique thus enabling the original exponent to reap a just if tardy recognition when he visited Europe two year ago.

Longhair recordings were mostly confined to local labels and have been hard to find as a result. One album, however, 'Live On The Queen Mary' (on EMI) remains on catalogue and Longair had a new disc ready for release, 'Crawfish Fiesta' (on Alligator Records) just before his death.

Professor Longhair was also considering an offer from The Clash to open for them on their next American tour.

A review of his last concert at Tiptina's appears in this week's Specials' feature.

MAX BELL

STILL looking slightly shell-shocked from the Buzzcocks' recent tour of America, Pete Shelley affirms that The Buzzcocks won't be doing any more live work in the forseeable future. That doesn't mean never again, but certainly not for a long time."

The band are, however, recording a new album very shortly, and we can look forward to the UK release of their American compilation album 'Singles, Going Steady' very soon. "You'd better watch it, Pete. "I told him, "they'll say you're cashing in on the singles again."

"We're not!" says Pete adamently.

"It's being sold as cheaply as possible to avoid criticism of that kind," adds Richard Boone, Buzzcock manager and pop Mephistopheles.

It's certainly an essential album and contains most of the best Buzzcocks material. Apart from that and the projected new Buzzcocks album, what's happening, Peter?

"I've just got back from London, I've been working on the new John Cooper Clarke album . . . and . . ."

Well, he's unleashed his own Independent label on the world. It's called Groovy Records and deals mainly with Pete's fascination for music electronic and all that that entails. At present there's only one item available on Groovy, an LP plus an EP on New Hormones (the Buzzcocks original label). The solo album is called 'Free Agents' and subtitled 'Three Pounds Thirty three, R.R.P.' which is (not surprisingly) also the price.

"Free Agents' is a collection of tracks about which the sleeve and label give no information whatsoever. It's a montage of feedback, tapeloops and drum machines, with possibly a bit of the T.V. in the background (well, it *was* made at home). Experiments in rhythmic annihilation and free-form improvisation with just a hint of Buzzcock attitudes in the framing of several of the structures. Ultimately it's a nightmare blend of the frightening and the frenetic which would have made great sound track music for a film like *Eraserhead*.

The Tiller Boys' EP on New Hormones is a different fettle of Kitsch altogether. It has more 'form' than 'Free Agents', sounding at times like 'Late For The Train'. Unlike the aforementioned however, it doesn't quite get anywhere. Still the Tiller Boys have been Pete's pet project for some time now, and there's a lot more where that came from. I await a Tiller Boys album with interest.

In March Groovy are putting out another solo album by Pete, called 'Skyzen'. This was recorded in 1974 and is another batch of electronic compositions. New Hormones are to release 'Cinema Music And Wallpaper Sounds', an album recorded in 1976.

So, that for the moment is the state of play for Pete Shelley. No more live Buzzcocks, some old and some new Buzzcock releases in the near future, and a veritable barrage of solo platters from New Hormones and Groovy.

Oh yeah, and his new shoes.

C. P. LEE

Pete and our new very own C. P. Pic: Roberta Bayley.

THRILLS

C. P. Lee, former stalwart of the Alberto's will be writing regularly from Manchester for the *NME*.

DANGEROUS VISIONS

Arena On Lena

Lene and Len act it up.

"MOST of the things you see on TV don't interest you. don't make you angry, don't irritate you and don't make you laugh. They just make you fall asleep."

This is Alan Yentob, producer of BBC 2's *Arena* series, sizing up the competition. And in the light of this sweeping dismissal, exactly what has *Arena* to offer instead?

Excluding the self-regulating *TOTP* and the dependably sterile *OGWT*, TV rock programmes have tended either to be short-lived or repetitive *(So It Goes, The Kenny Everett Video Show)*, and those attempting to articulate anything more demanding or profound have tended either to be as reactionary as is supposed their audience requires (Genesis & Jethro Tull road flicks, *Wings Over America)* or — as with *Arena's* earlier *Who Is Poly Styrene?* — exasperatingly pretentious in their attempts to expand so slight a subject matter.

It's significant that the two most successful recent rock documentaries were Franco Rosso's *Dread, Beat An' Blood* and Jeff Perks' *Tell Us The Truth*, mainly because both Linton Johnson and Jimmy Pursey are naturally charismatic, convincingly articulate and also directly influential through more substantial means than mere musical or visual image.

Which is more than can be said for Lene Lovich, the slightly fragile focus of the latest in *Arena's* gradually expanding rock coverage, *Sleeping Beauty* (BBC 2: Jan 23). Tending to confuse rather than clarify, it came over more like a promo film, substituting the standard (admittedly tedious) realism of the orthodox 'road' movie with acutely self-conscious stage sets in which Lovich and Les Chapell acted out mystifying, mostly silent charades.

I spoke to the show's director Nigel Finch. Why Lovich in the first place?

"Lene was chosen because the ideas behind her songs are fairly wild, and because she obviously lends herself to a particular tele-visual treatment. The risk is that you end up with something that looks very like a promo. That's a reasonable accusation."

Another stumbling block was that, having never met the lady, I wanted the film to present another side of her, convinced that one actually exists.

"Maybe there's nothing more to find," he shrugs. "The amazing thing about filming with her is that all the time she *is* what she appears to be. I actually didn't see a single chink in all that armour. Lene in — say — a launderette with Les, both looking the way they do, is going to look just as surreal.

"I was certainly interested in trying to film her in some context other than 'on the road' which suggested that she is an ordinary lady, and she just *doesn't* come over that way. As she says at the beginning of the film: 'I walk down the street and people look at me and I don't know *why!' She's serious.*"

I felt the film offered very little to anyone even vaguely acquainted with the 'marketable' weirdness of her sight and sound and who wanted to dig a little deeper.

Yentob: "I think it's true we tend to approach a subject for a broad audience rather than for a specialist rock audience, because *Arena's* not a specialist rock programme."

Arena's next two projects in the pipeline are a little more ambitious. The first is *Rudies Come Back*, a profile of the ska revival based around Madness and The Specials in downtown Coventry and shot by Jeff Perks (who made the Sham film with a similarly political and sociological angle). The other's still at the drawing-board stage but will outline the enviable influence of John Peel and John Walters in exposing new live-wire rock talent.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

Skarchive Fun

NEW COLUMBIA Ska combo The Blue Flames pictured in relaxed attitude at the bachelor flat in Colney Hatch, N10 of lead singer/keyboards wizard Georgie Fame aka Clive Powell aka Alan Price (third left).

This week, give or take 15 years, the natty quintet head the 2-Tone revival with the bluebeat inspired 'Yeh Yeh' perched at the top of the *NME* chart. As befits this exciting young outfit who boast tutelage from The Specials themselves, The Blue Flames copped their 'Yeh Yeh' lick from an instrumental which swept Jamaica last year, entitled 'The President' as recorded by a bunch of local session musicians known as Rolando Alphonso & The Skatelites. Husky-voiced Georgie penned his brilliant set of lyrics following a sojourn in the Isle of Springs during the summer.

Pictured with the pretty flamingo, l to r: Eden Kane, Mark Wynter, John Richie, Jah Sid, and Alan Freeman.

Irish Indies Kick Off

WHILE Good Vibrations has provided a rallying point for the North of Ireland's foremost outfits over the past two years, their Dublin counterparts have been without a localised independent label. Until now, that is, and the release of a 12 track compilation album called 'Just For Kicks', the first release on the Kick label, launched by Dublin concert promoter Charlie McNally.

The album was chosen as the most immediate way of showing what had happened in Dublin over the past two years. Though lacking in quality Charlie insists it's fulfilled its main purpose — establishing a reputation for both the bands and the label. Indeed three bands on the compilation — U2, Berlin and Secre Bleu — have already been signed by the majors. The album is being promoted by a televised tour of Irish ballrooms followed by a 15 date British tour.

Charlie's determined the label should establish itself as a viable commercial venture though acknowledges its limitations. "In many respects Terri Hooley is a pioneer of independent labels in Ireland, but I think a lack of business acumen is apparent in his widespread involvement with so many bands. We aim to concentrate on a core of groups using the label as the first rungs on the ladder to success."

Several projects, admitted plagarisms of operations at Stiff are being rather ambitiously considered by McNally. Immediate plans, however, are the finalising of a distribution deal to cover both Ireland and Britain and the release of four singles from: Belfast's Male Caucasians, Jaroc, The Teen Commandments and Rocky DeValera and The Grave Diggers. The latter combo's 'Flans Fall Blues', said to be a song of political import and humorous intent should be the first.

GAVIN MARTIN

THRILLS

The Continuing Woes Of Macca. Pt. 96.

HIS ESCAPE from the Camp On Blood Island notwithstanding, life is not necessarily going to become more pleasant for Paul McCartney.

It seems that the Inland Revenue is currently peering with great curiosity into the books of city accountants Rossminster, whose Roy Tucker is the grinning bassist's accountant.

Three years ago Tucker put his knowledge of financial statute books to work on behalf of Paul's former playing-partner, George Harrison, apparently saving him in the region of £100,000 a year.

Now, after having also considerably softened the tax blow that the huge profits of Wings have brought Macca, Rossminster find themselves in the midst of an investigation of such seriousness that it is believed that the House Of Lords itself will make the final decision.

The eighties certainly aren't auguring well for Macca.

LORD DENNING

THRILLS

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Fresh From The Factory

A Certain Ratio

TONY WILSON, Factory Records' chubby, diabolical publicist, has always demanded that any profits his fashionable label procured would be turned back into future projects. Waste money would be used for progressively odd ball ideas and packages.

Much to Wilson's despair, whatever his label has turned out has been greeted favourably by his pals the critics — even an LP of hazy guitar music packaged in sandpaper merited not one put-down.

Stuck with Superstars Joy Division — having managed to rid himself of soon superstars Distractions and Orch. Manouvres — he's determined to cultivate his original notion of Factory Records as a welcoming home for starving, misunderstood rock artists. So he's moving out even further on a tangent. It'd been too easy so far! Too smooth, no conflict.

Wilson manages with great commitment A Certain Ratio, a Manchester quintet of great intimidation and youth. He calls them 'my boys' but he's more an uncle. Factory released A Certain Ratio's drummerless and intense 'All Night Parties' last year, which was received with confusion if not cynicism. Soon after, Ratio recruited black drummer, Funkadelic fan Donald Johnson, which jumbled their music up for the better.

Now, Factory release a cassette of fourteen Certain Ratio dance-chant songs in a limited edition of 400, priced at under 3 quid, packaged in gently tinted (various colours!) purse-shaped plastic embossed in gold leaf. Even this eccentric idea is collecting favourable nods.

'The Graveyard And The Ballroom' is 7 demo songs produced by the tireless Martin Hannet, songs caught live from their support spot with Talking Heads at London's Electric Ballroom before Christmas. Let's say the music is exuberant — wild yet disciplined, furious yet very danceable, and there's a favourable nod from this direction.

A Certain Ratio also feature heavily in Factory's forthcoming full length feature film 'Too Young To Know, Too Wild To Care', Factory's most ambitious concept and a good way to spend more profits.

The group star as sullen themselves, searching but not really caring for a record contract. Cameo roles are expected from The Distractions (as innocents), Joy Division (as naughties), and John Cooper Clarke (as recluse acid casualty) Chas De Walley may well be shot during the movie, as dumb journalist.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

Headbangers are alive and well

PROOF that rock'n'roll really is perilous for public property landed on the *Thrills* desk this week.

Courtesy of reader Alastair Brodie we learn from the Dundee *Courier And Advertiser* that "rock fans, indulging in an apparently masochistic habit of banging their heads against the walls in time to the music, have caused cracks to appear in plaster."

"It's been going on for years," says John McGuire, Dundee District Council's entertainments officer, "ever since Gene Vincent came to the Caird Hall.

"However," he continues with canny Scottish wisdom, "it doesn't cost the district council a penny. Whenever there is any damage to the hall, the bill is sent to the promoter of the concert."

ED BANGER

THRILLS

OBITUARIES

Amos Milburn Jr. 1927 — 1980

AMOS MILBURN JR, who died in his hometown of Houston on January 3 having been incapacitated for the past ten years with paralysis, was just one of a select body of black artists who paved the way for the eventual commercialisation of rock 'n' roll and R&B.

A piano-playing Texas blues-shouter of the first order, Milburn adopted a more sophisticated jazz-slanted approach to his work than most of his contemporaries.

It was the husky intimacy of his singing and the relaxed assurance with which he fronted his band that made Milburn one of the most popular attractions around post-war West Coast clubs.

In 1947, Milburn scored a million-plus hit for Aladdin Records with 'Chicken Shack Boogie', but as subsequent hit singles like 'One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer' and 'Bad, Bad Whiskey' corroborate, he was more concerned with booze than broads.

Ironically, Milburn's career began to slide (in sales terms) when he tried to adapt his highly-personalised style to the trends he'd helped pioneer. After one unsuccessful album for Motown, Milburn spent the last active years of his career playing occasional club and record dates around Cincinnati.

A UA anthology drawn from the Aladdin catalogue and still available affirms the timeless quality of his work.

Larry Williams 1935 — 1980

LIKE so many seminal rock/R&B artists, Larry Williams — who died at the age of 44 of self-inflicted bullet wounds on January 2 — endured lasting popularity by proxy.

It was The Beatles' skilled cover of Williams' 'Dizzy Miss Lizzy' and 'Bad Boy' plus the countless reworkings of both 'Bony Maronie' and 'Short Fat Fannie' during the '60s British Beat Boom that rescued him from obscurity. An artist not dissimilar in style to Little Richard, the piano-playing Williams likewise achieved his greatest hits on Art Rupe's Specialty label.

Following his departure from Specialty — where, for a time he came close to eclipsing Richard in popularity — Williams teamed up on a semi-regular basis with Johnny 'Guitar' Watson and recorded for a number of labels, with varying success.

The revival of interest in Williams, stimulated by The Beatles' covers, resulted in a successful British club tour and a live album for Island. However, over the last few years, Williams concentrated his talents on studio production and his role as president of Angel Town Records.

Though the Los Angeles Police Department, who discovered the body of the New Orleans-born artist in his opulent Laurel Canyon home, have treated his death as suicide, close friends and relatives don't subscribe to this theory. They claim that Williams, who is survived by a widow and seven children from a previous marriage, was in high spirits and most optimistic about a comeback album which he was due to record with former side-kick Johnny 'Guitar' Watson.

Amongst the mourners at Williams' funeral were Watson, Little Richard, Joe Tex and Bobby Womack.

ROY CARR.

The Lone Groover

Benyon

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Is this the dodgiest band in the world?

THE PHONE rings again. It's been ringing all morning *chez* Lydon.

The *Evening News* wants to know if it's true that Johnny's had a serious car-crash. "How should I know if he's had a car-crash?" Jimmy shrugs, unmoved. "Seeing as he's always getting chauffeured around by Mad Nora (Ari Up's mum), he probably has!"

Such is life as John Lydon's brother. Three years of media focus and it's hard to tell whether he's immune or just bored to death by it all. Then again, you'd think he'd be in a position of strength should he ever want to start a band of his own. He knows it and he had — 4" Be 2" — the sole exponents of pre-modernist renegade ethnic dub-disco in the whole of Finsbury Park.

"No, I don't think it's an *advantage* being his brother." He backhands the obvious question. "In interviews, people expect you to say certain things. They expect you to be exactly like him.

"Normally they say: 'Don't you think you're jumping on the bandwagon?' My simple answer to that is that if I was jumping on the bandwagon, I'd have done it three years ago when he was at the top. The only reason I've started the band now is 'cos I think the music business is a huge load of crap and all we're doing is havin' a laugh."

Basically, Jim sees his life's vocation as "winding people up". He feeds the press bullshit by the barrel-load, he likes to keep his record company, Island, permanently on the hop, and he's ensured that 4" Be 2" is the exclusive stomping-grounds of such contentious characters as Paul 'Youngie' Young (drums; punch-drunk on the advance money), Pig 'Youth' Martin (bassist from Killing Joke; cantankerous, a Sid Vicious clone), and last — but by no means least — raddled rockbiz entrepreneur and all-purpose wideboy, ex-Irishman Jock McDonald (of Roxy and Studion 21 infamy), who can wind anything up as soon as look at it.

Quite apart from the cover of their intriguing debut single, and its production credit, the band's name alone is open to a fair number of interpretations; all of them wrong, apparently. It's "just a name", they claim.

Youngie seems plainly delighted that people find it offensive. "Sure, Four Be Two means Jew — so does Front Wheel Skid for that matter — but it's also Scottish slang for the dole ("on the broo"), plus it means a rifle cleaner or a bloody great chunk of wood."

As for the producer, one John Lydon, Jimmy swears that it's his dad, not the JL we all know and love. Funny, that. Both 'one Of The Lads' — a demonic howl across the carpet of 'ethnic' banjo, crisp hi-hat and wooly 'Death Disco' bass — and its part-digestible flip, 'Ummbaba' — a kind of Talking Heads play *Ipi Tombi* neo-tribal funk — bear a more than coincidental likeness to the whole sound scheme of 'Metal Box'.

"Maybe my dad produced 'Metal Box' too," chimes Jim, getting all ambiguous.

The cover's no less perplexing. It features the four 4" Be 2"s in full-face masks, Jimmy and General Con Trector (Jock) in Third Reich Uniforms, Corporal Punishment (Youth) in Brit. army threads and Sergeant Studs Lonnegan (Youngie) in a U.S. combat outfit behind the face of the nation's premier peanut farmer.

"I just *love* German uniforms," claims Jimmy. "It's my passion. They're the best uniforms ever, next to the Romans'. What do you mean 'political'?" he stares at me, half-aghast. "If I wanted to be political, I'd be an MP!"

Staggering back paralytic from a pub not long ago, wearing a swastika round his neck, a couple of black guys knocked out Jimmy's left eye with a bottle. It's now completely blind. Seems a high price to pay for just trying to wind people up.

"Nah," he reasons. "If you're gonno get your head kicked in to wear what you want, then you'rogonna get your head kicked in, 'cos you're not gonno stop wearing it, are you?"

He's currently getting good mileage out of this eye, or lack of same. He sometimes wears a glass one, which accidentally fell into a pint of lager belonging to a journalist interviewing him for *Daily Record*. This geezer, apparently, failed to notice, carried on drinking, and damn near swallowed the thing. Laugh? Jim thought his trousers would never dry.

The 4" Be 2"s' natural bent for garnering press is somewhat boosted by the total chaos in their ranks. Considering the heaps of baloney that Jock offloads onto anyone within earshot, it's unsurprising they're hardly a democratic unit. Jock will tell you that their recent demo 'Fly DC 10' is "our way of expressing ourselves about modern day travel." Youngie puts it more simply: "We just ripped the title off the daily headlines."

Jock points a finger at Jim as the synth player on the track, calling him "a very under-rated talent at the keyboards". Jim lets drop that the synth player is in fact his mate Little Terry Wakefield from Stranger Than Fiction "because he's so much better than me".

Jock suggests the banjo player on the single, one Dreary O'Hoodlim, is also Lydon The second. Jim says it's his dad again. His dad's not available for comment.

So it goes. The *confusion* of it all!

"Our music's been described in 40 different ways," concludes Jimmy. "People can't put a label on it. The only thing they can say is that it's like PiL, 'cos they think Johnny's involved. Which he isn't, right?"

Lowry

***Thrills* meets the prime purveyors of poor taste**

The 4 Be 2's

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L to r: Pig Youth Martin, Paul Youngie Young, Jimmy Lydon, Jock McDonald.
Pic: Anton Corbyn

(Well, one record label certainly seems to think so)

Right. Let's wind this up as well.

But soft! The very minute this up-to-the-minute report was being slapped on the printing presses . . . the phone again.

It's Jimmy Lydon with the inevitable news that Island Records and the 4 Be 2's have seen fit to end their somewhat stormy alliance, leaving a finished album in the can.

"We've had a bit of a bust up," confides Jim, full of the joys of Spring. "They wouldn't give us any promotion on the single though I reckon EMI — (who distribute Island) — put the pressure on as they once said they'd never have anything to do with John Lydon and his brother again, and all of a sudden there's the two of us on one record. We wanted a guarantee they'd promote the album and they wouldn't give us one. Also they wanted me to give Jock the sack. Well, he heard about that and went in there and turned a few desks over. They've *never* liked us. I mean, when we went to Belfast they booked us into IRA territory and we nearly got fuckin shot!"

And the album?

"Put it this way, right. We've got a publishing deal with Warners and their not gonna let £20,000 go down the drain, are they?"

A call to Island found them not surprisingly abrupt about the fracas. "Let's leave it at this," comes a shell-shocked voice from the press office, "their single didn't actually sell very well and the powers that be — namely out A&R department — decided to call it a day."

Nurse! the band-aid!

Now can we wind this up?

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

Indies Film gets Bum's Rushes

COUNTLESS reels of footage, soon to be immortalised as live-wire post-punk documentary *Millions Like Us*, are still scattered around a cutting-room floor somewhere in darkest Paddington, and likely to remain there until sufficient ackers can be garnered to finance the epic's completion.

The men wielding the megaphones on this upcoming celluloid classic are Dom Shaw and Hasan Shah under the banner of Forum Youth Films. It's a self-sponsored and unusually vivid attempt to capture both the intensity of audience reaction and the truths and discrepancies of various bands' stated beliefs as proved by actual events at their gigs.

Shot entirely using two Super 8 cameras on 3¼ minute cassettes (the same technique as Don Letts' *Punk Rock Movie* and *Rankin' Movie*), the unedited rushes show the likes of a riot at Stiff Little Fingers' open-air gig at Brixton, a pensive Jake Burns, a reflective John Peel, Sham making a promo film, Cockney Rejects and UK Subs making fools of themselves, Johnny G down the boozer, The Mekons live, Patrik Fitzgerald discovering the joys of synthesisers, The Purple Hearts jawing about 'mod' and rock hacks Charlie Murray (of this organ) and Gerry Bushell (of another) pontificating on the transient nature of rock modernism and other vital affairs of state.

FYF have taken the cap round all the major record companies to whose artists they're giving *cost-free* promotion (amongst them Polydor, Virgin, Chrysalis and RCA), but thus far only Beggars' Banquet have deigned to make a donation towards the £2000 they desperately need to get the film out on release.

Believers in the redistribution of wealth should rush their cheques to Dom Shaw, 12 All Souls Avenue, NW10 or Hasan Shah at 153 Burnham Towers, Adelaide Road, NW3.

MARK ELLEN

Before — and After

Former sheepdog impersonator and NME correspondent Joe Stevens goes for the clean-cut look.

Pic: M. Harrison - Goodie

Pic: Jody Beach

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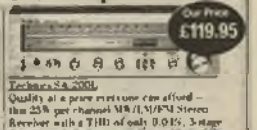

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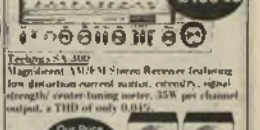

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The Pilchards And The Bum Story

Deanne Pearson meets the infamous Max Splodge, demented brain behind sensationalist band, Splodgenessabounds.

MY INTERVIEWEE has obviously dressed with care, in mis-matched suit and trousers at half-mast, the upright collar and over-long cuffs of his dress shirt and his unruly hair giving just the right touch of eccentricity.

This is Max Splodge, singer/songwriter in up-and-coming Pythonesque comedy band Splodgenessabounds and as yet undiscovered playwright, stage musical and opera composer. We lounge on velveteen cushions that Max has just liberally doused with lager, as he tells me about his latest venture, 'Malcolm' — a rock opera to top all rock operas.

"It's along the same lines as 'Tommy'," he explains, "only instead of being about a deaf, dumb and blind boy it's about a kid wiv a cold, called Malcolm."

He reaches for his guitar and unselfconsciously strums through the theme tune. "This is the 'See Me Feel Me' of it all," he tells me: *"I've got a cold/Blocked up nose/Not very pleasant/Makes me talk like this . . ."* He pinches his nostrils together with thumb and forefinger . . . *"Blocked up noses aren't much fun/Let's call for Malcolm's Mum."*

Some of the cast, also members of Splodgenessabounds are present and they join in on the chorus. *"Course you can Malcolm"*.

Back to Max: *"I can't go to school with a blocked up nose like this."*
Chorus: *"Course you can Malcolm."*
Max: *"Cos everybody will take the piss."*
Chorus: *"No they won't Malcolm."*
Max: *"I haven't got my Vick Synex in my pocket."*
Chorus: *"Silly boy Malcolm."*
Max: *"Because I forgot it."*
Chorus: *"Here it is Malcolm."*
Max: *Synex every day, all you bogies will go away/You'll be able to smell the flowers/'Cos it lasts for up to eight hours."*
Chorus (shouted): *"Malcolm!"*

Sounds great eh? So look out for that at the Soho Theatre in a very few months time. "We've already spoken to the theatre and sent them the tapes, and they've said it's OK," Max affirms.

Max has also written a short play, for Christmastime production on Broadway, he hopes, called 'Desert Island Joe', which has a killer chorus line that goes something like this: *"Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum / Find a sharp stick and poke it up yer bum."*

Fascinating. But my mission was not to talk about these by no means secondary achievements, but to concentrate on his more immediate involvement with the band, Splodgenessabounds.

IF WE go back to its roots, we find Max (then drummer) and guitarist Pat Thetic playing as The Faber Brothers at the Butlins Holiday Camp in Bognor; though not for very long, as they were sacked for dunking Uncle Cherlie the cheeky pirate in the boating lake. Max and Pat travelled to London and set about stealing musicians from other bands, recruiting lead guitarist Squint Beetroot, keyboards player Winston Forbes, saxophonist Wiffy Archer, bassist Two Pints Pearson (no relation) and drummer Lurch Slythe.

They began gigging in March last year, one of their early gigs being at Guy's Hospital, from where they stole second vocalist Baby Greensleeves, who has having her tonsils out at the time. She was originally taken on as a dancing girl until her lacerated throat had healed revealing that she could sing as well, (not that it mattered).

They started gigging around the London circuit, being banned from most places where they played, until they became better known; then they were banned at most places *before* they played.

They first became infamous when they were accused of being 'a pop group' at an open-air gig in Beckenham Park after claiming they were a theatre club. Not only did the park keepers pull the plugs after only five minutes of play, but threatened to prosecute Max for indecent exposure after he'd waved his bare bum around onstage.

Then they were banned from the Albany in Deptford for dropping binliners full of flour on people's heads.

"We thought it'd all just float down and look pretty at the beginning of the set," Pat explains innocently. "Not fall down in great big lumps like that."

"Yeah, and the band were gonna fire me out of a human cannon that we got down the theatre," Max adds, obviously a man full of such whizz ideas. "But I got my foot tangled in the wire and broke everything — I think that upset them too."

Other places simply accused the band of being out of order and wouldn't let them play. Most recently they were banned from playing the Electric Ballroom because they "had a stupid name", according to promoter John Curd.

BUT tell us more about your music. When I saw you at The Venue recently I was impressed by the fast, zany pop/rock mix and the theatrics, which reminded me of The Rezillos to some extent. But what with Max and Baby Greensleeves' cavortings and those crazy lyrics — yours I presume Max? He nods modestly — it seems as if you're more interested in being a Monty Python-type comedy show than a band.

"Well we are a band, it's just that we're more interested in having a good time than preaching politics." He gargles on his lager, and bassist Two Pints Pearson, a small black and white terrier, takes the opportunity of introducing himself by climbing onto my lap.

"I'm sure people are much more interested in hearing songs about people poking pilchards up their bum, than the state of the economy."

He takes the time to scribble a few lines from the song he is referring to, in my notebook: *"They call me a pervert / They say it all the time / Just because I pinch ladies nickers off the line / I take them back to my place and then I put them on / And then I get a pilchard and poke it up my bum."*

I recall the line in 'Desert Island Joe' about bums and Max's penchant for exposing his onstage. But not wishing to dwell on the subject, I instead ask about the band's recording plans.

Manager Dave Someone-or-other takes over here — as in the case of many geniuses, neither Max nor anyone else in the band have any interest in the business side of things. Dave tells me that they have had several offers from labels and are on the verge of signing with one for a two record deal, but Splodgeness intend to release the records on their own 'Splodge' label and just market and distribute through the major label. Splodge also intend to release singles by such well-known (or otherwise) up-and-comers as The Normil Hiwians and Rodney And The Failures.

Splodgeness' first single is likely to be 'I Fell In Love With A Female Plumber From Harlesden NW10', but may be a version of Rolf Harris's 'Two Little Boys' — Max is currently negotiating with Rolf for help with publicity.

"He might do a drawing if 'Two Little Boys' is the single," he reveals, "but he wants a copy of the lyrics first, 'cos he's not too sure about them." (Max's version casts aspersions on Rolf's relationship with the 'two little boys'.)

Next move for Splodgenessabounds is a monthlong countrywide tour under the unforgettable banner of the 'Plenty Of Time To Wallow In the Liversausage Within The Absolute Lowest Depths Of Malcolm's Mum's Whiffy Fishnet Tights Toured'.

"Toured with a 'd'," Max stresses — not, of course, to be confused with their last tour, the 'No Time To Wallow In The Mire Due To Much Binding In The Marsh, Harry John Boy, And Never The Twain Shall Meet Tour'. Got that?

Oh, and in case you should forget, you can't miss them because they'll be riding round in a double-decker bus, (scraping the bottoms of low-flying bridges, their insurance company worries), in the style of the great Cliff Richard in *'Summer Holiday'*.

There will probably be a large bum poking out of one of the upstairs windows for added identification.

Top: Splodgenessabounds do the laundrette shuffle and (bottom strip) show off their dirty linen in public. Pix: PETER ANDERSON

KING
FOOD FOR THOUGHT
UB40

"The British do not care much for music," once mused the late Sir Thomas Beecham, "but they do like the noise it makes." Where that leaves the Americans we don't know but they keep sending some devilish good groups across. Latest import is *The Fabulous Thunderbirds* who come under the beady eye of Max Bell as they gallop around this precious isle supporting Rockpile.

In Next Week's NME

Pulling one back for the home side are *UB 40* who rack up enormous electricity bills in their shenanigans with the new rock and, we think you'll back us up, deserve some investigation.

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Virgin

Pearl Harbour

- America joins the war

PIX: PENNIE SMITH

A transcontinental talk-in as CHRIS SALEWICZ talks to San Francisco's belle of the ball.

TWELVE DAYS before Christmas I found myself in the Keystone Boulevard, a rock'n'roll club bang opposite the main gates of Berkeley University, just across the bay from the city of San Francisco proper.

Needless to say, according to the posters around the club, Jerry Garcia was due to play there in three days time.

The audience reflected this: lumbering, organically-grown blond Hulks in plaid shirts and jeans faded just right by the sunshine — and that's just the girls!

If they weren't experiencing downright culture shock then they must at least have been fascinated by the four musicians onstage: the three males in the group all strictly early '79 English New Wave flash — short hair, flashy jackets — and fronted by a dark-haired girl with a husky voice equal to her sensual lips and whose dancing is both innocence and outright raunch, like someone who might've paid her way through ballet school by working in a strip joint at night. These are Pearl Harbour And The Explosions. Pity it wasn't two days earlier — that would've made the gig the anniversary of the night the Nip did his bit.

Strong songs, too, pure pop, with that same strange tang, both warming and worrying, in which The Undertones or the early Buzzcocks let bubble up all manner of gentle pleasantness and troubling dark terrors.

It was only when I stepped into the dressing-room and talked with Pearl that I realised she was none other then the Yankee sweetheart of one Kosmo Vinyl, rock'n'roll visionary, pursuer of The Quest, and co-manager of the Clash and The Blockheads. Hadn't Kosmo told me in the summer of 1978 how he'd fallen in love with the first girl he'd met after landing in San Francisco for The Blockheads' only American tour?

The band had just been signed to Warner Brothers and a year previously, just after the formation of Pearl Harbour And The Explosions, they'd put out their first single, 'Drivin'.' on an independent Californian label.

Pearl also told me she was travelling to London the next week to spend Christmas with her swain, and we decided to meet there for a formal interview.

TWO weeks later Pearl and myself are sat backstage in The Clash's otherwise empty dressing-room at the Hammersmith Odeon. It's the night of the fan Dury-topping Kampuchea benefit, and Pearl is scheduled to sing one number with The Blockheads, Eddie Cochran's 'Twenty Flight Rock'.

Having run into each other several times over Christmas we both feel self-conscious about the harsh switch from natural, casual conversation to business-like questions and answers. Still, cold details are always necessary.

A few cold details: the 23-year-old Pearl E Gates spent much of her childhood in Germany, where her American father worked for an international computer corporation. (Oh, you mean the CIA? "Nah, not my dad. He makes computers for grocery stores.") Pearl's mum was Filipino: "I've got a whole bunch of Filipino relatives in Los Angeles. There are so many Filipinos in California that they're not repressed at all. It wasn't so great having a Filipino mother in Germany, though. A lot of Germans in the little farming villages weren't too keen on, erh, *Third Worlders*," she reflects with irony.

At seventeen Pearl took herself back to the States with the intention of becoming a country and western singer. She'd become fascinated with the genre after seeing the 'Sweetheart Of The Rodeo'-era Byrds play Germany's first-ever outdoor festival in 1969: "I thought it was fantastic and the Germans booed them offstage. I thought if the Germans don't like it then it *must* be great. So I got all the Tammy Wynette and George Jones records I could get hold of."

With four elder brothers in the states Pearl didn't encounter many problems when she told her parents she was going back to the States.

"When I first got there, though, my view of California was probably like your first impressions — too many bad things there: Californian kids are only aware of what goes on in California. Kids that grow up there know absolutely nothing about anything else in the world. All they know about is surfing in the summer . . . and I don't really know *what* they do in winter.

"San Francisco isn't as bad as Southern California at all, though, it's much more cosmopolitan. They're a lot more aware there now. I only go to LA to play gigs and I can't figure out what's going on there except for a lot of posing around.

"In San Francisco, though, everybody's real interested and aware of just how behind the times they are . . . at least they are aware of it.

"Still, you can have some pretty strange impressions when you first get out there. You only meet the creepy ones and you become really afraid that everyone's like that..."

Shortly after arriving in San Francisco Pearl picked up a scholarship for six months at a dance school. Seeing as the ambition to become a country singer wasn't happening she altered course, and let dancing become her primary concern. In 1976 she came first over sixty-five other people in a Tubes talent contest for dancers, her success earning her a gig in The Tubes' stage show. For six months she stayed with the revue. When The Tubes weren't working, though, she was singing as part of Leila And The Snakes, an off-shoot of The Tubes dance team.

"The drummer and the bass-player from Leila And The Snakes," explains Pearl, "were brothers — John and Hilary Stench — and the three of us quit Leila And The Snakes at the same time and formed Pearl Harbour And The Explosions. Peter Bilt the guitar player was a good friend of John and Hilary's — they were all three living in the same house — so we could just go down the basement and rehearse. This all happened exactly a year ago."

The whole band, claims Pearl, writes the songs; "I come up with the melody and the lyrics. It's a combination of everybody's tastes in music, which are all different. We all play different records at home, which sometimes bothers me, but . . ."

At home Pearl plays country and rockabilly, the unfortunately surnamed Stench brothers play a lot of jazz, whilst guitarist Peter Bilt is a strictly rock'n'roll man.

". . . So, anyway, the music has to satisfy everyone — which is why it sometimes sounds kinda strange."

Leila And The Snakes had been very popular in Northern California, she tells me, "So everyone came to our shows right from the start to see what we were doing."

Self-managed for the first six months of last year, Pearl Harbour And The Explosions grabbed the support spot on some strong bills, opening for The Clash on their first US tour, for Graham Parker and for Rockpile. Then, shortly after signing to Warner Brothers, the four-piece toured both east and west coasts of the USA as support act to Talking Heads.

"We'd just come back from that, in fact," points out Pearl, "when we did that Berkeley show you saw."

THE day of the Berkeley show had also been the day of San Francisco mayoral elections held to vote in a replacement for the assassinated Mayor George Moscone. Shot to death with him a year previously had been Harvey Milk, Moscone's ally in city government and a prominent gay leader. Their killer was Dan White, an ex-cop and fanatical anti-gay who'd worked with the pair on the board that runs the city of San Francisco. White offered a bizarre defence that claimed the killings were committed in a moment of "Diminished mental capacity" induced by excessive consumption of junk food.

Evidently Californian juries appreciate the stress factor brought into one's body by eating shit: a verdict of manslaughter was returned on White and he was sentenced to seven years.

The gay population of San Francisco, however, were out of sympathy with his digestive dilemmas. The day the trial ended 50,000 gays took to the streets in a six-hour riot in which City Hall was stormed and a dozen police cars were burnt out.

Kosmo Vinyl enters the dressing-room as Pearl and I are just starting to discuss this. "San Francisco," he asserts, "is an exceptionally tolerant town. It puts up with so much. And you can walk down most streets in San Francisco dressed as outrageously as you could possibly want to . . . Though you wouldn't get away with it in a few areas like the Spanish Mission. Faggots don't go to The Mission in their leather trousers and caps and things."

"*No-o-o-o!*" Pearl corrects me. "You're wrong. *Every* guy you saw was gay. You just didn't know it."

Kosmo: "They've all got droopy 'taches."

Pearl: "It's definitely a thing where a guy is lost and goes to San Francisco and he's immediately accepted into the gay way of living which is really wild. I mean, they own *all* the restaurants and bars."

Kosmo: "They don't get bashed up . . ."

Pearl: "They all employ each other. They all drag out in the streets and make out and —"

Me: "It's supposed to be twenty-five per cent of the population."

Pearl: "More like *fifty* per cent. Yeah, I'm not joking, man. I live there. Definitely fifty per cent. *Everybody's* gay. Women are all gay: Dikes On Bikes — there was a parade. There were some guys out at the Berkeley show, but not too many. They mostly stick around town."

Kosmo: "Some areas of town you can walk down the street with a girl on your arm and get *stared* at . . . *Yeah!!!*"

Pearl: "My first job in San Francisco was in a Thrift Store and I couldn't believe it: I was selling bras to guys. They were all regular customers, too. My mind was completely blown."

Kosmo: "In the early days with the old band Pearl'd play all these really faggoty places, and I'd be sitting at the bar whilst they were getting changed and you'd always get some guy come up to you '*Hi-i-i-i . . .*' "

Pearl: "Some of them are really great and theatrical. Some of the drag queens'll come down to your show and boogie on down and dance their asses off: it's incredible.

"With the cabaret thing with Leila And The Snakes we used to get a *lot* of gays. Because there were all these outfits being changed all the time, and they *love* clothes. Everytime someone came out in something different they'd scream their heads off.

"Also, it makes it safer for me to go out in the streets at night. I could walk around naked in some parts of San Francisco and no-one'd touch me."

Although where Pearly actually lives is wholesome, mellow Mill

▸ *Continues from page 54*

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SINGLES

Howard Devoto. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

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Marianne Faithfull. Pic: Dennis Morris.

■ Cabaret For The Head, Heart & Feet

1. MAGAZINE: Song From Under The Floorboards (Virgin). At last Magazine get it right. If rumours could kill, they would be long dead. Unexpectedly resilient, they pop up following the American tour, three members' session work in aid of the appalling Steve Strange and intensive rehearsals, and everything is as it should be. 'Floorboards' is a beautifully weighted description of acclimatisation and withdrawal, the most complete slice of Magazine music since 'Light Pours Out Of Me'.

Devoto's words are wickedly tempting and tormenting, and the insect of 'Metamorphosis' and 'What Do I Get?' makes a suggestive return. Most excitingly, the music has been organised and mixed just as we always knew it should've been.

Howard Devoto and Martin Zero are working together again. Following the acceptable intrusion of John Leckie on 'Real Life' and the unforgiveable insensitivity of Colin Thurston on 'Secondhand Daylight', in breaks the most productive, perceptive producer in British rock. The result is radical. The individual forces of Magazine are heard as if for the first time. McGeoch's lyrical metal-guitar is brought up, the drums separated and cleaned, keyboards at last pushed down to the bottom, and Barry Adamson's freshly funky bass for once allowed its own space to plot. The song just keeps coming: alluring melody, mocking harmonies, Devoto crawling through, wearily conversing, trying hard to be 'modest'.

The B-side '20 Years Ago' is coarser, the out of control guitar, Devoto's breathless despair, the frightened sax, all confirming the extent of Magazine's recovery.

This is the first of three singles to be released at monthly intervals in preparation for the April LP. 'Floorboards' is a masterpiece — and it gets better all the time.

2. CRISTINA: Is That All There Is (ZE). A wretchedly hedonistic hotsie from Island's elitist offspring ZE, a zany mix of gesture, swing, wit and theatre that can only be called 'cabaret', to be performed elaborately before a seated audience of receptive 20th century music lovers. And it will be a glorious hit. Why, even as I sit here typing, Paul Gambaccinni is playing it on his Sunday afternoon request show. Oooh, that French tint in Cristina's vocals, the naughty tilt in the beat.

You can tell by the sarcasm, cynicism and cheerful toughness in her impatient, distortion of this Leiber / Stoller song that here's a New York iconoclast, defying apathy and banality *a la* Bettina Jonic and Bette Midler.

I bet she has trouble keeping her fingernails looking good.

A sketchy blog lets us know that Cristina has an IQ of 185, is formerly theatre critic for *Village Voice* and that her back-up band is called Kid Creole and the Coconuts. Cristina: a household name within twelve months.

3. MARIANNE FAITHFULL: Broken English (Island 12"). The title track from Faithfull's

sadly neglected long player, an LP that revealed a sensitive appreciation of the values of contemporary music and words, matching measured despair, abuse and restlessness with convincingly repetitive and dislocated electric rock; an album that made Bush and Lovich sound as limited, affected and empty abstract as they ultimately are. Faithfull's music is as savagely exposed as Poison Girls, with no lack of causes, masses of emotional capacity and anger that never dissolves. It's also more entertaining.

Faithfull's songs, as crazed existential cabaret, as anger, pressure and metaphor for some new form of theatre, fit perfectly alongside Magazine and Cristina. 'Broken English' is a severely repetitive reprimand, arbitrarily decorated with noises and electronica, a dance song full of suspense. The equally sore and strident B-side 'Why D'Ye Do It' investigates sexual method and motivation with such malignant honesty that EMI are refusing to distribute the 12". The 7" that they are handling features a clipped version of 'Broken English' and a safer B-side. Get the 12".

Not as strong as the above three singles, but belonging to a similar area of invention, theatre and persistence is **Peter Gabriel's** fidgety fantasy **'Games Without Frontiers' (Charisma).** It's a worrying song, but the catch is that for all its bold intricacy and distant hopelessness it is directly commercial. Peter Powell has already made it a single of the week. That something so elusive and disquieting can become a successful seller is not to be sneered at. It all adds to the hit parade pattern.

■ Repressive Pop Games (Against & For)

SCRITTI POLITTI: Peel Sessions (St Pancreas / Rough Trade). 4 A Sides (St Pancreas / Rough Trade). Moving away from the flamboyance of our singles of

the week to the bones, dust, sand and dung of those shadowy figures from Camden Town. I don't know if you're aware of this, and if you don't tune into Peel then you won't be, but Scritti make a coherent kind of accessible toy music that is devastatingly critical of conformist functions and practices. But then 'conformist' — define *that*.

Thanks both to their own deterministic behaviour and critics' shortsightedness the communication of Scritti's scrutiny has been severely damaged. Gang Of Four use orthodox vitality and 'conformist' consistency to project hopefully displacing ideology. This is perhaps subversive. Scritti Politti strain to remain as pure as possible when flirting on the fringes of the centrally repressive rock business. Their effect from these fringes can only be limited, relying on us to investigate *them*. Thus any provocation must be narrow. How do they expect to provoke? *Do* they expect to provoke? Are they comfortable as cults, as in Kevin Ayers or The Residents?

The 7" record of the recent Peel session and the 12" 'A Sides' come complete with information of full production costs. The eight songs — fragmented, fluid, bitter but all approachable — are designed to induce guilt, discomfort, despair, and a response such as "I like them" seems particularly inadequate; always basic enjoyment at the uneasy perspective; any response to their fight and protestations comes later, and then with confusion.

Scritti Politti can make me as guilty as The Fall for, say, lifting momentarily the

disposable pleasures of Buggles. They are capable of distressing and embarrassing. Yet somehow I think I'd feel bad in the kind of grey world they advocate. Anyway discussing the complexity and contradictions and ultimately the 'failure' of Scritti within the pages of a pop paper that is, for better or worse, a strait-jacketed part of rock competitiveness at the root of what Scritty deplore seems a ridiculous dichotomey.

And now to get worked up about nothing at all . . .

SQUEEZE: Another Nail In My Heart (A&M).
WRECKLESS ERIC: A Pop Song (Stiff).

See what I mean? Eric is supporting Squeeze on a London date, which is sad. The rumpled minstrel's OK playing the underdog, but he'd be even better as rude pop star. Down here in London on LBC commercial radio there's a 'kids' programme on Saturday morning that has a jury of four young teenagers assessing new releases. Lately I've been depressed, as Don Williams and Ian MacLagan beat Boomtown Rats and Silicone Teens as record of the week. The jury seemed to be getting boring, and scared of noise and eccentricity. But this week

restored my faith in a lot of young teenagers' judgement. Squeeze came up against The Dickies and Eric. The Dickies were laughed out of sight. The jury correctly found 'Another Nail In My Heart' inconsequential — although it's very clever — and Eric's raucous rant won. I was so happy and I leapt out of bed in time to see David Cunningham dressed as a daisy on *TISWAS*.

■ Songs From A Pretend Present

SWELL MAPS: Let's Build A Car (Rather/Rough Trade).
THE TEA SET: Parry Thomas (Waldos).
FAMILY FODDER: Warm (Parole/Fresh).

Playing with yourself, and then inviting other people to look in, is more and more a popular pursuit. T Rex seeps into the Maps' 'Let's Build A Car' — more blurring and fuzzy pop, pacey, blank and explosive, surually yours from the bleak side of boogie. Conceptually, Maps are wider, wittier and weirder than The Ramones, more thrillingly less disciplined, and so damned independent. Two of the Maps are real brothers, the rest are as well in the act of disruption and the concept of alienation.

The second side features directionless fragments from the Maps' endless supply of bedroom beat instrumentals, 'Big Maz In The Country' and 'Then Poland', both with occasional member Phones. Sometimes Maps noise is not too many rooms away from PiL, sometimes it's in the same room as any bedroom doodlers. The act of making such privacy public, and presenting it so it's never indulgent, changes the whole implication. Inevitably a massive success in the indies chart

Tea Set's insidious 'Parry Thomas' has already appeared in most alternative charts. The group package their music with the same jolly charm as Maps and ultimately for all its cleverness it's just freaky, funky, rambling, cranky pop.

The faceless Family Fodder are not as exuberant, but *are* as quirky and abusive of conventional rules and explanation.

This second single is as enigmatic and unexpected as their recent first, 'Playing Golf (With My Flesh Crawling)'. They're a long way from orthodox rock energy, closer to a relaxed but versatile Can if anything. Family Fodder are, in fact, excellent.

■ Continues over.

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

■ Songs From The Current Confusion

ATTIC: All Plans Exist (Brain Booster). This Portsmouth group's four track follow-up to 'Yes I Want To' features four deftly assembled, appealingly worded, genially presented songs that I'm trying hard to get excited about. Attic lack true inspiration — but then it must be difficult to be anything but sober when you're young, live in Portsmouth, and have everything under control.

COCKNEY REJECTS: Bad Man (EMI): Alternatively, feeling or pretending you have nothing under control can result in a stupid graceless trash like this. 'Bad Man' is that throttling slab of bottle punk you've heard numbing on and on 193 times in the past fifteen months, and if your feelings towards it are positive maybe you should ask youself if your patience is a good thing or if you're not getting a teeny weeny bit obsessive. It's not really worth losing sleep over, but what the cul-de-sac groups like the Rejects are rotting in is deplorably negative. Produced by the priceless Pursey and 'a bearded mod' (Mike Brearley)? The back sleeve features the kind of dedications you expect from Gong or something. In attitude — complacency, narrowmindedness, artificiality — the new hippies are always here.

THE FLOWERS: Confessions (POP: Aural).
FUN 4: Singing In The Showers (NMC).
THE SOUND: Physical World (Torch).

THREE keen, clean ways to make metal music.

Edinburgh's Flowers' single has been out a while but escaped the net. Their first demos appeared on Earcom One and here their metal music is perforated by a sunken sort of production from Bob Last himself. During 'Confessions' he often pushes a poppy, awkward bass to the top of the mix with winning, incongruous solemnity. The Flowers have endless, insolent new ways of using female voice and spindly guitars.

Scritti Politti. Pic: Matthew Key.

Fun 4 are Glaswegian young savages proud of a loutish reputation, but their tersely nihilistic pop-punk is surprisingly full of finesse, and one of my favourites this week because of its tinnily thrilling guitars.

The Sound's dynamically cultured 'Physical World' EP is another favourite; monochrome, barbed metal music that sounds like a disgusting parody of Joy Division if you play it at 33⅓. One of the most promising new groups I've heard lately.

HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS: Tell That Girl To Shut Up (Oval). Inexcusably late review for office faves and media darlings' persistent debut single. The push started weeks ago, and Holly & Co. are bound to end up on the screen sooner or later. Girl-faced soft punk — can't fail really. Everyone seems to love them, but when I ask why can't seem to put . . . their . . . finger on it. The Italians seem to have trouble coming up with good hooks, but once they get there they won't let go. The chorus *"You'd better tell that girl to shut up"* is repeated so many times you're beaten into submission. It's all been done before, more gaudily, by Bette Bright. Very all round appeal — sort of "they're not great, but they're good enough to have around." Fair enough.

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL: Today Today (Virgin). Cowboys International is Ken Lockie is a Virgin bright hope, and there are those who think this will be his/their year. I hope not. I find Lockie's voice and methodical pop aptitude irritating. I didn't find the debut LP as enchantingly eclectic as some did, and the *OGWT* appearance didn't tease me at all.

'Today Today' is an agonising mini-epic that, if you relate Numan to Low-Bowie, you will relate to Newley-Bowie. Maybe it'll be a major hit, and for the follow up Leckie would shake off the group name and go solo. It's been done before. True!

THE MODERATES: The Fetishes (Open Eye). Brash Liverpool pulp. All the Liverpool groups from Glass Torpedoes to the Bunnymen possess personalised swing, a veneer of self-deprecation, a bright pop sensibility and whole new funds of melody. 'Fetishes', a four-track first EP from Open Eye, the label that released last year's 'Street To Street' compilation, is rigidly fashionable shake and scramble idiocy, closer to the glammy pop of Torpedoes than any of the esoteric Zoo lot.

Slow down The Revillos, put them in decent clothes and haircuts, speed them up just a shade, and if what you've got is a more zestful, boisterous Regents then you've also got a jerky trilly trash sound not unlike The Moderates. The sextet just need one supreme bubblegum classic to interpret and thus become the one-hit wonders they obviously strive to be.

SPARKS— When I'm With You (Virgin). Sparks' newie is dreamy, silkily textured, Moroderised, and lacks the convincing vitality of last year's hits. It's a classic, very much part of the barely existent plastic age the likes of M, Buggles and New Musik (sic) are parodying / exploiting — imitating.

This week's dosage of shallow plastic pop, each safe enough and topical enough to ooze into the charts or sink without trace includes **The Reducers with 'Airwaves' (EMI)** — a poor first major label, exposure for Rochdale's Cargo Studios and engineer / producer John Brierley; **MI-Sex's dire 'Computer Games' (CBS)**, which is a 'perfect' robotic-melodious specimen of this premature genre; and **Karel Fialka's 'The Eyes Have It' (Blueprint)** is simply very cunning and might strike in the manner of BA Robertson.

Even **Kim Fowley's '1980; The Next Ten Years (Island)** falls nicely into the new air of bland eccentricity. And here's **The Korgis with 'I Just Can't Help It' (Rialto).** Ever so plastic, ever so mellow, ever so disposable. A classic.

DOLL BY DOLL: Gypsy Blood (Automatic).
KID STRANGE: International Language (Cherry Red).
SPLIT ENZ: I See Red (Illegal).

Misguided conjurors and their monotonous 'modern' music. People keep talking of Doll By Doll with great reverence, promoting them as saviours of some sort — well, if you find relief in dullness and clumsiness, you too may find enlightenment through Doll By Doll's stubby attempts at suaveness on 'Gypsy Blood'.

I have an affection for the lofty, pugnacious Richard ex-Kid Strange, a fondness for his sardonic humour, but I can find none of that near 'International Language'. He anxiously croons his uninteresting tale, trying hard to incite during the chorus, and as he recites a tepid, electronically orientated beat suffer for all. It's so inoffensive — that's what's wrong. If you're looking for a good chuckle, check the B-side. Laugh? I don't remember.

New Zealand golly-twits Split Enz return illegally, with some dusted down songs from 1978, to a world filled with the likes of XTC, Monochrome Set and The Au Pairs, and inevitably sound nothing much special. Not that they ever did.

LEMON KITTENS: Spoonfed And Writhing (Step Forward). Seven disfigured, animated bits, 17 minutes 40 seconds of nothing rhymes, nothing matters, nothing happens, an affected mishmash of Pinky and Perky, Residents, Flying Lizards and the bedroom mentality. Abysmal fun.

TOYAH: Bird In Flight (Safari)
THE DOLLS: You Used To Be My Hero (Beggars Banquet).

Toyah is now established as the underground Bush-Lovich. The six-track 'Sheep Farming In Barnet' has been a big alternative seller. Her potential, properly encouraged, is great. Why she isn't more fashionable I'm not sure, but I think it's a shame. Neither 'Bird In Flight' nor 'Tribal Look' is the peak of what Toyah and her boys are capable of, but they're still indicative of the group's agile, turbulent sound. In some ways — its neatness and ambiguity — it reminds me of the slight Slapphappy sound when that group was playing at writing delinquent mainstream pop, and Toyah's vocals can resemble the trembling alarm of Slaphappy

● Continues page 57

MCP

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Sun 23rd March 7.30 p.m.
Tickets All at £3.00
Available from Deeside Leisure Centre B/O Tel: 0244 817000
& Probe Records Liverpool

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MCP

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+ The Body Snatchers

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Available from Pink Panther Records Tel: 0228 28340

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BRISTOL LOCARNO
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No U18's will be admitted

SQUEEZE

WRECKLESS ERIC

NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
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GAUMONT THEATRE, SOUTHAMPTON
Sat 22nd March 7.30 p.m.
Tickets available from B/O Tel: 0703 29772

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
Sun 23rd March 8.00 p.m.
B/O Tel: 01-748 4081 or
Available L.T.B. Tel: 01-439 3371
Premier B/O Tel: 01-240 2245 + usual agents

CARLISLE ASSEMBLY HALL
Thurs 27th March 7.30 p.m.
Tickets available from Pink Panther Records Tel: 0228 28740

ODEON THEATRE, EDINBURGH
Fri 28th March 7.30 p.m.
Tickets available from B/O Tel: 031-667 3805

CAPITOL THEATRE, ABERDEEN
Sat 29th March 7.30 p.m.
Tickets available from B/O Tel: 0224 23141

APOLLO THEATRE, GLASGOW
Sun 30th March 7.30 p.m.
Tickets available from B/O Tel: 041-332 6055

Quick Before They Vanish

A journey to the heart of the hit parade with Julie Burchill

THE CURRENT chart is like a box of chocolates; a nest of delicacies with here and there the occasional cuckoo of crud.

Now that the disco boom-bandwagon has lost the gloss of gimmickry and its wheels, disco has mercifully unearthed a bit of its old lust for life; which is an improvement from this time last year, when it was content to sit in its glass case existing only to be analysed and make money. Galaxies ahead of the rest is **Sheila B. Devotion**'s delicate, impeccable 'Spacer' — A Lost In Space *Mills and Boon* romance by Edwards and Rodgers of Chic (that pair can write such streamlined, sparse classics, they really show up all those crummy rock partnerships, Jagger and Richard and Lennon and McCartney, for the wastrel slobs they were) who also wrote 'I've Got To Love Somebody' for **Sister Sledge**. I miss the innocence that lost the battle with their cynical and brilliant benefactors, but the Sisters *are* heart-rending in their desperation to be young, foolish and happy, their slinky and sad soundtrack to the Singles lifestyle. Like all Chic Organisation Ltd creations, its beauty is second only to its fiscal fitness.

The Nolan Sisters are anything but talented, but I can't dislike them; they look so gauche and pleased with their trifling achievement. Their song is of course the usual white trash dancing/romancing discoism, totally uninspired except for the line *"I'm taking it all tonight!"* — an outspoken and uncompromising stand on a young person's right to take drugs, lots of them.

Even more amusing than the Nolans are the modernes, that gang of po-faced flappers, that Brotherhood of Banding Over Backwards that any fat old piece of tat can join these days. Its only glam in black shirts but there's bucks in the old dog yet, as **Numan, M, John Foxx, Buggles**, those **Regents** and **New Musik** have found. They're all ruled by their memories — moving memories — but pretend they were born yesterday, complete. They've all learned their particular David Bowie album off by heart — Numan *Low*, Foxx *Diamond Dogs*, M *Young Americans* — then burned the record and their fan club card in self-preservation, like the refugees in *Fahrenheit 451*.

The Regents are the only ones young and thin enough to make you laugh *with* them and not *at* them: '7 Teen' is fine by me, like 'Hot Child In The City' shaved and frozen.

But poor Buggles — what figures of fun *they* are, and what a fuss 'The Plastic Age' makes about nothing at all. Gosh, plastic — how new and dangerous and contemporary it is, Buggles! It's only been around since the Roaring Twenties! You may as well write a song about the '80s called 'The Age Of The Wheel'.

I bet Buggles thought he was a real *writer* when he concocted *"They send the heart police to put you under cardiac arrest!"* — the rest of the song acts as no more than a ramp for this line, pleading with you wait, don't turn me off, wait till you hear this great phrase I've got — but this one doesn't even have the cheap jingle-appeal of 'Video Etc'.

Video often seems the last resort of the artistically bankrupt — take the use of it to tout **The Boomtown Rats**' 'Someone's Looking At You'. The "Rats", as we were always being told by our elders in 1977, play good old rock and roll — and that's why no one would have wept at their grave then and why they've run themselves into a boring mirrored corner now. Good old rock and roll is simply not *enough*, lacking even the emotional and artistic possibilities of the torch song; less is bore, when it comes to good old rock and roll. And just lately, no one bores better than poor old Bob Boomtown; latching onto moderne in desperation, sitting in his swivel chair in his thoroughly modern video singing about paranoia (of all the pathetic things an affluent white can have . . .) beside a bank of screens with his hair slicked back trying to look like the Thin Old Tart in his first big film; he looks like the old carthorse trying to win the dressage stakes.

His songs are always one big whine about how crummy it is to be young, or at a party, or alive; he's aped a style successfully for a while, but now his vocabulary of scenarios are being wrung out and re-used, like a miser trying to make the tea-bags last. To be brutal, he's really not needed now The Police are at the nation's gate: more looks, more tunes, more moody and magnificent. The only thing Geldof's got more of than Sting (my generation's Nico) is candles on the cake.

The ska bands show up the Toytown Mods for the non-starter of a movement they really were. **Madness** takes over brilliantly from Jilted John in the older, smoother, wiser teenage realism playpen (all they need now is a token black or two to weed out the scummy element in their audience). **The Selecter** make much more out of an indifferent song due to the style and charm of Pauline Black who can carry and transform any musical weight in the same way Donna Summer can, **The Specials** get better and **Dexy's Midnight Runners** *can't* get any better than 'Dance Stance'. These bands are true; they wear their art in their hat-bands, they don't try to make themselves more important than entertainment by cooking up a set of half-assed philosophies and attitudes because they're bitter they weren't in successful punk bands. They don't have stances in their pants; no one can laugh at them, like at mod and moderns, and they can't be dumped *en masse*, they'll come and go as they please. The mark of a special person is that he doesn't harp on about I, individual all the time — the ska bands have this mark concealed about their various persons.

Even the sloppy stuff in the chart is more substantial than slush has been in years: 'Babe', 'Please Don't Go', 'Born Again', 'Too Hot'. Fans of the Old Testament can beat up bullies to 'The Coward Of The County' and fans of Gerry Rafferty can dance to **Blondie**'s 'Atomic', which is discoed around the exact 'Baker Street' saxophone motif — though this being an American band, of course a guitar plays it. Chris Stein's cruddy attempts to be regarded as (a) A Brain and (b) Very Futuristic are really telling on Blondie's ability to make good pop records and the Top Five — Chrysalis should just stick out 'Rifle Range' from the first album and grab another number one before Stein can persuade Deborah to have her eyes Orientalled, buy a black wig and jump in a big paper bag with him. He thinks it's intelligent to be inscrutable.

But can Joe kill the video stars?

// Some people think the cultural revolution will stem from synthesizers or small labels or songs with no tune. I think it will come from smart, slick songs like Joe Jackson's //

Joe pic: Anton Corbijn.

Of course, even the Belle of the Art-Film Ball started out singing coarse and vulgar songs about sex-offending — just like **Suzi Quatro**'s still pinning her hopes on after all these years. Quatro — who once had some classy spirit — is currently touting a hysterically funny parody of her old tough and nasty persona around the radios, a song with lyrics so brazenly malicious they make all Bob Dylan's over-rated "put-downs" look just like the minor-league moans they are. She starts off mild, just wondering why she bothers with this less than earth-moving 'Mama's Boy', finally erupting into a primal scream of violent female anger (any American encounter group would be proud of her): *"Don't know why he gets involved with women! He's a closet case with all the trimmings! He loves me too quickly! Always anything but MANLY!"* Don't you love that — *"anything but MANLY"* — isn't that the most sweet, old-fashioned thing you've heard since the last Clash single? (Objectively speaking, Suzi, I don't think it would be possible for your husband *Len* to love anyone *too* quickly.)

Just as Suzi Quatro demonstrates that a few women are gross and insensitive, **Joe Jackson** shows that a few men are not slime. Male slime has a firm foot on the charts even in a good week like this one — slobs like **Rupert Holmes, Doctor Hook, Pink Floyd, Jon and Vangelis, UFO**, a never-ending waterfall of glibness, insinuation, pessimism, pie-in-the-sky, arrogance and dull minds. Joe Jackson cuts through all their stupidity with his clear-eyed intelligence, through all their inarticulacy and lack of word-welding with his pen-and-ink climbing-frame of a torch song, through all their awful clothes with his black and white — and brilliantly, through all their expensive, camouflaging videos with his talent. A Sinatra would do that, a Tony Bennett, a singer's singer — they wouldn't buffoon for a camera, they'd conquer it with class.

I've never respected Joe Jackson, but now I think he's the most respect-able person in the charts, maybe in the best world. Some think the cultural revolution will stem from synthesisers or small labels or songs with no tune, but I think it will come from the broadcast of more and more honourable sentiments within smart, slick songs to the nation — songs by people who don't think others are there to have flags planted on them, songs by men who don't pretend they can kill with their teeth. Human emotions are the only thing that can be played on to improve anything and everything, the only thing between the flesh of 1980 and the potential cess-pool of the future.

Joe Jackson, unlike most musicians, doesn't see emotions as easy money, hack-work, something to fill the gaps between good old rock and roll.

Plastic imAges (l-r): Sheila B Devotion, Nolans, Regents, John Foxx.

FLOGGING
A DEAD HORSE
THOSE LOVEABLE SPIKEY TOPS
14 GREAT HITS FROM
Sex Pistols
Virgin

David Seames in Radio On

Pretty Things, The
(Caterina Arvat, Anthony West 1966)
A kind of cut-price *Hard Day's Night* featuring Phil May and Co. Only 14 minutes in length.

Primitive London
(Arnold Louis Miller 1965)
London in the mid-'60s, a documentary with narration by David Gell. Includes interviews with mods and rockers plus an appearance by well-known Londoner Billy J Kramer.

Privilege
(Peter Watkins 1967)
Paul Jones sings 'I've Been A Bad, Bad Boy' in an hysterical movie which stars him as a pop singer who becomes a religious messiah. Mike Leander wrote the score.
s/t — UNI (US)

Psych-Out
(Richard Rush 1968)
Drug hysteria in Haight-Ashbury during the late '60s. A strong cast — Susan Stresberg, Bruce Dern, Jack Nicholson, Dean Stockwell etc — and music by The Seeds, Strawberry Alarm Clock and Beatrice Cryque.
s/t — Sidewalk (U.S.)

Pull My Daisy
(Robert Frank, Alfred Leslie 1959)
A movie based on the third act of Kerouac's play The *Beat Generation*, shot in New York over a period of two weeks. Allen Ginsberg acts while the music is by David Amram.

Punk
(Don Letts 1977)
Scrappy cinema verite direct from London's Roxy Club. Its patrons and performers, with the likes of fledgling Mark Perrys, Eaters and millions of other dewey-eyed hopefuls captured for posterity by the then club DJ Donovan Letts.

Punk In London
(Wolfgang Buld 1977)
Sex Pistols, Chelsea, X-Ray Spex, Space, The Lurkers, Electric Chairs, The Jam, Boomtown Rats, Mark P., The Adverts, The Jolt, Miles Copeland, The Killjoys, Subway Sect, Rodent, Jean-Jacques Burnel, Alan Edwards in cheapo-cheapo hodge-podge. The Clash asked to have their extract cut from the film.

Punk Rock
(Malcolm S. Worob 1979)
Featuring The Fast, The Squirrels and Spicy Bits.

Purple Haze (The Party's Over)
(S.W.L. Norton 1979)
The later adventures of the youths first seen in *American Graffiti*. Set in the mid-'60s, the soundtrack features a whole jukebox-full of records by Bob Dylan, The Byrds, Jimi Hendrix etc. And Wolfman Jack's still around to introduce 'em! The soundtrack album is titled 'More American Graffiti', which was the film's original, somewhat uninspired moniker.
s/t — MCA.

Quadrophenia
(Franc Roddam 1979)
The Who's album about Jimmy, The Shepherd's Bush mod, is brought vividly to life. A latter-day *Rebel Without A Cause* in which Sting, Toyah and Cross Section are seen, while music by James Brown, The Merseybeats, The Ronettes, The Crystals, The Orions, The Cascades, The Supremes, Marvin Gaye, The Chiffons, The Kingsmen, Manfred Mann supplements that of The Who themselves.
s/t — Polydor

Radio On
(Chris Petit 1979)
A deliberately ambiguous — perhaps just plain confused — movie involving a DJ's trip from London to Bristol in order to investigate his brother's death. Sting appears as a garage mechanic with an Eddie Cochran fixation and the soundtrack includes music by David Bowie, Kraftwerk, Devo, Ian Dury, Robert Fripp, Lene Lovich, The Rumour and Wreckless Eric.

Radio Wonderful
(Richard Loncraine 1973)
Documentary formed from interviews with DJs and various critics of the BBC's Radio One. Keith Moon, Jonathan King, John Peel, Doris Troy, Ann Nightingale, Steeleye Span and Emperor Rosko are among those who appear.

Rainbow Bridge
(Chuck Wein 1971)
An examination of an occult research centre that includes scenes of Jimi Hendrix performing on the side of Haleakala Volcano, Hawaii.
s/t — Reprise

Rasking Movie
(Don Letts 1979)
Wandering Don Letts checks out reggae idler's rests from Brixton to Kingston, video gun in hand, and captures cameo appearances from Doc Alimantado, U Roy, Tapper Zukie, live shots of Princes Far I and Hammer, and 1978 Notting Hill Festival footage, amongst other things.

Rape (Film No. 6)
(Hans Proiner 1969)
A young German woman attempts to escape the attention of a camera which follows her through London. Yoko Ono and John Lennon were both involved in production and distribution chores.

Rat Fink (Wild And Willing/Swinging Fink)
(James Landis 1965)
A rock'n'roll singer beds his way to the top — even taking one pregnant conquest to a veterinary surgeon for an abortion, just to prove how nasty he can be. The Futuras get their name on the credits.

Rebel Without A Cause
(Nicholas Ray 1955)
Like The Wild One, a movie that set the scene for the coming of rock. A brooding performance by James Dean established him not only as a star but also sparked off a whole new wave of teen rebel flicks.

Record City
(Dennis Steinmetz 1977)
Black circuit pot-boiler, with music by Freddie Perren. The session vocalists include Rick Dees, Minnie Riperton, Maxine Waters, etc.
s/t — Polydor

Reggae
(Horace Ove 1970)
Desmond Dekker, The Pyramids, The Pioneers, Count Prince Miller, The Maytals, Bob And Marcia, Black Faith, John Holt, Junior Lincoln in the 1970 Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley — replete with some newsreel footage of Enoch Powell.

Remember Me This Way
(Ron Inkpen, Bob Foster 1974)
A promotional film for a Gary Glitter album, thinly disguised as a documentary.
s/t — Bell.

Renaldo And Clara
(Bob Dylan 1977)
Over-long (four hours) series of images, songs and various unrelated happenings pieced together by The Zim. Among those seen are Dylan himself, Roberta Flack, Arlo Guthrie, Joni Mitchell, David Blue, Mick Ronson, Steve Soles, Bob Neuwirth, Rob Stoner, Howie Wyeth etc., while the soundtrack features music by The Eagles, Jack Elliott, Ronee Blakley, Joan Baez, Gordon Lightfoot, Willie Nelson, Hal Frazier and Mama Maria Fransca.

Revolution
(Jack O'Connell 1968)
Life in Haight-Ashbury during the late '60s. Documentary with music by Country Joe And The Fish, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Tracy Nelson And Mother Earth, and The Steve Miller Band.
s/t — UA

Rhythm'n'Greens
(James Hill 1964)
Half-hour short devoted to The Shadows, plus an appearance by Cliff Richard.

Ride The Wild Surf
(Don Taylor 1964)
A title song performed by Jan And Dean as Fabian surfs to triumph in Hawaii — and Shelley Faberes looks on approvingly.

Right On
(Herb Danska 1970)
Documentary featuring The Last Poets.

Riot On Sunset Strip
(Arthur Dreifuss 1967)
A cop seeks vengeance when his daughter gets hooked on drugs. Story evolved from the true-life mid-'60s riots on the Strip. Music by The Standells.
s/t — Tower (USA)

Rock All Night
(Roger Corman 1957)
AIP quickie featuring The Platters and The Blockbusters.

Rock Around The Clock
(Fred F. Sears 1956)
The first film devoted to rock'n'roll, an innocuous little second feature strung together to provide a showcase for the talents of Bill Haley's Comets, The Platters, Freddie Bell And The Bellboys and a Latin-American combo headed by Tony Martinez.

Horsemouth in Rockers

Rockers
(Theodoros Bafaloukos 1979)
Likeable, if light-weight, Robin Hood fable set among the Rasta musicians of Jamaica. Leroy Wallace, Dirty Harry, Greg Isaacs, Jacob Miller, Burning Spear, Dillinger, Robbie Shakespeare, Leroy Smart, Big Youth and Kiddus I are among those who

composed by Donald Byrd and performed by The Blackbyrds.
s/t — Fantasy (US)

Cracking' Up
(Rowby Goren, Chuck Staley 1977)
Poor addition to *The Groove Tube* genre of TV parody shots, involving video coverage of a California earthquake. Includes songs by Alan O'Day and The Tubes.

Crash 'n' Burn
(Ross McLaren 1979)
A Canadian look at punk, with The Dead Boys, Teenage Head, The Diodes and The Boyfriends.

Cream Last Concert
(Tony Palmer 1968)
The memorable Albert Hall concert perfectly captured for posterity.

Crystal Voyager
(George Greenough 1974)
Astonishingly beautiful surfing documentary — though landlubbers could find the excess of waves rather boring. Much of the music is by Pink Floyd.

Cuckoo Patrol, The
(Duncan Wood 1965)
Forgettable fare that features the leap-about song stylings of Freddie and The Dreamers.

Dateline Diamonds
(Jeremy Summers 1965)
The Small Faces, The Chantelis and Kiki Dee appear in this souffle involving a pirate radio station known as Radio London!

Death May Be Your Santa Claus
(Frank Dymon Jnr 1970)
Featurette that spotlights the music of The Second Hand, along with scenes of castration, naked sex-play and even the Pope on the loo! Director Dymon was an ex-leader in the Black Power movement.

Deep End
(Jerzy Skolimowski 1970)
Love in a public swimming bath and John Moulder-Brown eventually playing torpedoes with Jane Asher. A well-observed study of adolescent obsession with a musical background provided by Cat Stevens and Can.

Diaries, Notes And Sketches
(Jonas Mekas 1969)
Five years in the life of film-maker Jonas Mekas. A documentary featuring The Fugs, John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Allen Ginsberg, Andy Warhol, Velvet Underground, Nico, etc. Over three hours long, it was later distributed in four separate parts.

Dirtymouth
(Herbert S Altman 1971)
The Lenny Bruce story, with Bruce look-alike Bernie Travis in the leading role. Songs come courtesy of The Free Design.

Disc Jockey Jamboree (Jamboree)
(Roy Lockwood 1957)
Two theatrical agents, once wed to each other, again find true love while combining to promote Honey and Pete, America's new singing sweethearts. Frail plot that provides a setting for the songs of Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis, Jim Bowen, Charlie Gracie, The Four Coins, Ron Coby, Lewis Lymon And The Teenchords, Connie Francis, Frankie Avalon, Rocco And His Saints, Buddy Knox, Jodie Sands, Carl Perkins and others.

Disk-O-Tek Holiday
(Gordon Fleming 1963 and A. N. Other 1966)
Virtually the British film *Just For You*, but with some British stars cut and various U.S. acts added, the final line-up being Peter and Gordon, The Chiffons, A Band Of Angels, Freddie Cannon, The Vagrants, Casey Payton, The Merseybeats, Johnny & Great, The Orchids, The Rockin' Ramrods, Doug Sheldon, The Warriors, Freddie And The Dreamers, Jackie And The Raindrops, Roy Sone, Jady Jason, Millie, The Applejacks and Mark Wynter.

Dog Soldiers (Who'll Stop The Rain?)
(Karel Reisz 1978)
A Vietnam war correspondent ships a consignment of heroin back to the States — and stirs up yet another war. Background songs by Spencer Davis Group, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Don McLean, Jackie De Shannon and others.

Don't Knock The Rock
(Fred F. Sears 1957)
Hastily prepared follow-up to *Rock Around The Clock*, with little plot but lots of music by Bill Haley and his Comets, Little Richard, The Treniers, Dave Appell and his Applejacks, Jovada and Jimmy Ballard — plus the obligatory guest appearance by Alan Freed.

Bill Haley in Don't Knock The Rock

Don't Knock The Twist
(Oscar Rudolph 1962)
Innocuous big beat musical geared to appeal to the Twist dancing fraternity of the early '60s. Chubby Checker, The Dovells and Gene Chandler help move it around.

Don't Look Back
(D. A. Pennebaker 1965)
Remarkable, almost cinema-verite type documentary that follows Bob Dylan's English tour of 1965. Alan Price, Donovan and Joan Baez appear en route.

Doors Are Open, The
(Joe Durdon-Smith 1968)
Jim Morrison and the Doors in a London Roundhouse concert.

Double Trouble (Swingin' Along)
(Norman Taurog 1967)
A rock singer (played by Elvis Presley) gets involved with a teenage heiress whose life seems constantly threatened. But he still finds time to sing quite frequently.
s/t — RCA

Downbeat
(Lou Place 1958)
Unremarkable rock'n'roll, mainly concocted by John Williams, embellishes a story about a trucker-cum-rock singer (named Daddy O!) who helps to track down a gang of dope peddlers.

Dread, Beat An' Blood
(Franco Rosso 1978)
Documentary depicting the lives and experiences of London's black community, linked by the poetry and music of Linton Kwesi Johnson.

Dr Goldfoot And The Girl Bombs
(Mario Bava 1966)
Mike Curb correlated the soundtrack music — by The Sloopys, Mad Doctors, Terry Stafford, Paul and The Pack, The Candles and Bobby Lite — to this sequel to *Dr Goldfoot And The Bikini Machine*. This time, the dotty doc fixes time bombs to his girl robots' navels!
s/t — Tower (US)

Drive He Said
(Jack Nicholson 1970)
An intriguing American allegory set in one of those unfathomable US colleges. The soundtrack music includes numbers by Beaver and Krause and Mason Williams, while Moondog wrote the main theme melody.

Duke Wore Jeans, The
(Gerald Thomas 1958)
Tommy Steele portrays both a young cockney and a duke's son, taking time out to sing eight songs.

Dusty And Sweets McGee
(Floyd Mutrux 1971)
A film about dope and L.A. that got underway when director Mutrux started toting around a tape recorder, recording raps with dealers, users and other street people. The soundtrack includes music by Blues Image, Jake Holmes, Van Morrison, Gene Chandler, The Monotones, Locomotion, Nilsson, Del Shannon, The Marcels, Bruce Channel and Jimmy Forrest.
s/t — Warner (US)

Dynamite Chicken
(Ernest Pintoff 1971)
Sketches, old movies, old newsreels, music in a multi-media mosaic with the sounds provided by Jimi Hendrix, Nina Simone, Rhinoceros, The Groupies, and Cat Mother and The All Night Newsboys. Among those seen in the movie are John and Yoko, Hendrix, Cat Mother, Lenny Bruce, Joan Baez, Velvet Underground, Nina Simone, Rhinoceros and Muddy Waters.

Easy Come, Easy Go
(John Rich 1967)
Elvis Presley as a frogman who discovers treasure in a sunken boat off the Californian coast. A bit wet.

Easy Rider
(Denis Hopper 1969)
Two drop-out motorcyclists ride through America's South-West encountering hippies and rednecks in the '60s archetypal 'road' movie. Little Eva, Roger McGuinn, Steppenwolf, Jimi Hendrix, The Byrds, Electric Prunes, Electric Flag, Fraternity of Man and The Holy Modal Rounders can be heard on the soundtrack, while Phil Spector gets an acting role.

Eat The Document
(D. A. Pennebaker, Bob Dylan, Howard Alk 1972).
Hailed as a work of art by some, this so-called anti-document was shot by Pennebaker during Dylan's 1966 tour of Britain and Scandinavia and later edited by Dylan and Alk.

Electra Glide In Blue
(James William Guercio 1973)
A motor-cycle cop becomes disillusioned. James Guercio, of Chicago-production fame, also wrote the music to this offbeat anti-*Easy Rider* epic.
s/t-UA

Tommy Steele in The Duke Wore Jeans

Elvis On Tour
(Pierre Adage and Robert Abel 1972)
Well shot but non-revealing report on a series of concerts by the one-time Memphis Flash.

Elvis — That's The Way It Is
(Dennis Sanders 1970)
A 108 minute documentary that follows Elvis Presley on his first concert tour since 1957. A glossy production that includes shots of rehearsals at MGM studios and performances at Las Vegas.

Elvis — The Movie
(John Carpenter 1979)
A peek at Elvis, the inner man, with Kurt Russell portraying the ill-fated king of rock. Presley impersonator Ronnie McDowell dubbed the vocals. Originally made as a TV movie.
s/t — Arcade (UK)

Eno
(Alfons Sinniger 1973)
A 24 minute documentary in which one meets Eno, Robert Fripp, Bryan Ferry, Roxy Music, Magic Michael and Chris Spedding.

Erection
(Yoko Ono, John Lennon 1972)
[illegible]

Everyday's A [illegible]
[illegible] number of songs by Freddie and The Dreamers, Mike Sarne, The Mojos, John Leyton, The Leroys and others.
s/t — Mercury (US)

Experience
(Peter Neal 1969)
A half hour short about Jimi Hendrix, with some clips from a show at London's Saville Theatre, plus daft shots of a dolly bird in furs chasing around the South Bank etc.

Expresso Bongo
(Val Guest 1959)
A moderately successful screen adaptation of Wolf Mankowitz's play about an agent's bid to push a teenage rocker to stardom. Cliff Richard plays Bongo Herbert, the coffee bar rocker.

Fairport Convention and Matthews Southern Comfort
(Tony Palmer 1970)
Affable movie shot at a charity fete in Maidstone, Kent. Originally on videotape but later transferred to 35mm.

Family Way, The
(Roy Boulting, 1966)
Lancashire hot-pot in which two newly weds encounter difficulties consummating their marriage. Score by Paul McCartney.
s/t — Decca (UK)/London (US)

Farewell Performance
(Robert Tronson, 1963)
Documentary featuring Heinz and The Tornadoes

Fastest Guitar Alive, The
(Michael Moore, 1966)
Roy Orbison as a Confederate spy, planning to rob a government mint. Sam The Sham also appears.
s/t — MGM.

Feast Of Friends
(The Doors 1970)
Fifty minutes of The Doors in concert and on the road, with anti-Vietnam war clips interspersed at various points. Produced by the band

Ferry Cross The Mersey
(Jeremy Summers 1965)
The rise to fame of Gerry and The Pacemakers. Jimmy Savile, Earl Royce and The Olympics, Cilla Black, The Fourmost, The Blackwells and The Black Knights aid and abet.

Festival
(Murray Lerner 1966)
Important and well-handled record of the Newport Folk Festival during the years 1963-66, including Dylan's first appearance singing 'Maggies's Farm'). Other participants include Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, Donovan, Howling Wolf, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Johnny Cash, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Paul Butterfield, Mimi and Richard Farina, plus Mike Bloomfield

Fillmore
(Richard T. Heffron 1970)
The last days of San Francisco's Fillmore West rock venue. A full length (105 minutes) documentary involving promoter Bill Graham plus Santana, The Grateful Dead, Hot Tuna, Quicksilver, It's A Beautiful Day, Cold Blood, Boz Scaggs, Elvin Bishop Group, New Riders Of The Purple Sage, Taj Mahal, Stoneground, The Rowans and Tower Of Power.

Final Programme, The (Last Days Of Man On Earth, The)
(Robert Fuest 1973)
Incomprehensible sci-fi as a war-torn world awaits its final come-uppance. Music by Paul Beaver and Bernie Krause.

Finders Keepers
(Sidney Hayers 1967)
An atomic bomb is lost off the coast of Spain, where it's found by Cliff Richard and The Shadows. Lotsa songs and olay.

First Love
(Joan Darling 1977)
College Romance, with music by John Barry and songs by Cat Stevens and Paul Williams.

5 + 1
(Guy Job and Michel Taittinger 1969)
French documentary on The Stones

Five Summer Stories
(Greg MacGillivray, Jim Freeman 1973)
Billed as 'the last surfing movie,' it's really a compilation of clips from previous MacGillivray and Freeman surfing shorts. Behind the waves, The Beach Boys sing 'Good Vibrations,' 'Feel Flows' and other classics.

Flame
(Richard Loncraine 1974)
Slade plays Flame, a band who make it to the top but are caused to disband thanks to heavy management. Chas Chandler and John Steel (ex-Animals) were the executive producers of this above average affair.
s/t — Polydor (UK)/Warner Bros. (US)

Flaming Star
(Don Siegel 1960)
One of Elvis Presley's strongest roles (as a half-breed) in Civil War western of reasonable quality.

Fly, The
(Yoko Ono, John Lennon 1971)
A fly crawls across a girl's naked body for 50 minutes — though Yoko obligingly cut the film by 30 minutes to fit a Cannes Festival programme.

FM
(John A Alonzo 1978)
A radio station refuses to submit to commercial pressures. Painless stuff that features appearances by Linda Rondstadt and Jimmy Buffett, with plenty of other good sounds courtesy of B.B. King, The Outlaws, The Eagles, Randy Meisner, Foreigner, Foghat, Bob Seger, Boz Scaggs, Bob Welch, James Taylor, Queen, Boston, Reo Speedwagon, Dan Fogelberg, Player, Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers, Doobie Brothers, Neil Young, Steely Dan and Joe Walsh.
s/t — MCA

Follow That Dream
(Gordon Douglas 1962)
Hillbilly homesteaders set up home on a Florida beach. Elvis Presley stars in agreeable hokum.

Four Stars (★★★★)
(Andy Warhol 1967)
A dozen different plotlets including *High Ashbury*, in which pot-smoking hippies lay around listening to rock. Only once screened in its 102 minutes entirety, the film features Nico playing several roles.

Foxy Brown
(Jack Hill 1974)
Throat slashing, rape and castration as Foxy (Pam Grier) takes revenge on gangsters who run a dope plant. Score by Willie Hutch.
s/t — Motown.

Frankie and Johnny
(Frederick de Cordova 1966)
Elvis Presley in a riverboat gambling story based on the folk ballad of the same name

Friends
(Lewis Gilbert 1971)
Mushy stuff involving two kids, aged 14 and 15, who run away to a cottage and have a child of their own. Elton John and Bernie Taupin wrote the score, much of which is performed by the former.
s/t — Paramount.

Fritz The Cat
(Ralph Bakshi 1971)
A 78 minute cartoon based on the strip cartoon by Robert Crumb. Violence and sex form part of this [illegible] underg[illegible] Billie Ho[illegible] heard on [illegible]
s/t — Fa[illegible]

Fun In Acapulco
(Richard Thorpe 1963)
Almost non-existent [illegible] musical in which Elvis Presley is pursued by a lady bull-fighter.
s/t — RCA

Gas — Or It Became Necessary To Destroy The World In Order To Save It
(Roger Corman 1970)
A gas that speeds up the process of ageing is accidentally released and kills everyone over the age of 25. A feeble sci-fi satire, with songs by Country Joe McDonald, who appears as A.M. Radio.
s/t — American International (US)

Genesis — A Band In Concert
(Tony Maylam 1976)
Rutherford, Collins, Banks, Hackett and Bruford in action at Bingley Hall, Stafford, during the summer of '76

Getting Straight
(Richard Rush 1970)
College problems for Elliott Gould in a badly dated comedy. Songs by P K Limited and New Establishment.

Get Yourself A College Girl (Swingin' Set, The)
(Sidney Miller 1964)
Flimsy plot — a student at a conservative girls' school writes pop songs under pseudonym — but plenty of music from Nancy Sinatra, The Standells, The Animals, The Dave Clarke Five, Freddie Bell and The Bellboys, The Jimmy Smith Trio, The Rhythm Masters, etc.
s/t — MGM (US)

Ghost Goes Gear, The
(Hugh Gladwick 1966)
Dismal dreck in which a pop group attempt to establish a stately home. The Spencer Davis Group are the main participants, others being St Louis Union, Dave Berry, The M.6. etc

G.I. Blues
(Norman Taurog 1960)
Better-than-average vehicle for Elvis Presley that cashed in on the publicity surrounding his army service in Germany.
s/t — RCA

Fritz The Cat

Ned Kelly
(Tony Richardson 1970)
Mick Jagger stars as Australia's most famous outlaw. Really no more than an average Western. Tom Ghent, Shel Silverstein and Waylon Jennings supply musical trimmings.
s/t — UA

Never Too Young To Rock
(Dennis Abey 1975)
A kind of *Top Of The Pops* that boasts a slight but silly plot. Those appearing include Scott Fitzgerald, Mud, The Glitter Band, The Rubettes and Slick.
s/t — GTO (UK)

Nine Lives Of Fritz The Cat, The
(Robert Taylor 1974)
Scrappy sequel to *Fritz The Cat*, with music performed by Tom Scott and LA Express.

No 4
(Anthony Cox 1967)
Naked posteriors, about 80 minutes worth, produced by Yoko Ono. Bummer of the year.

O Lucky Man
(Lindsay Anderson 1973)
Overlong (174 minutes) movie regarding a young hustler who makes his way through the world before settling down to right as many wrongs as he can. Fine direction by Anderson and an invigorating score by Alan Price.
s/t — Warner Bros.

One Plus One (Sympathy For The Devil)
(Jean Luc Godard 1968)
A Godard jigsaw for you to piece together in your own way. The Stones are seen recording 'Sympathy For the Devil' in Olympic Studios.

One Step Away
(David Newman, Ed Picus 1968)
A one-hour visit to a West Coast hippy community, with music by The Hallucinations.

Out Of Sight
(Lennie Weinrib 1966)
A driver, driven insane by rock, plans to sabotage a fair. Daft comedy with appearances by The Turtles, Dobie Gray, The Astronauts, The Knickerbockers, Gary Lewis And The Playboys, Freddie And The Dreamers.

Out Of The Blocks Into The Blues
(Robert Manthoulish 1972)
A 52-minute documentary featuring B.B. King, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup and other bluesmen.

Over The Edge
(Jonathan Kaplan 1979)
Suburban parents imagine that they have left violence in the big city — until they find they've brought it with them via their teenage kids. Excellent but ultimately savage film, with a soundtrack that includes music by The Cars, Van Halen, Jimi Hendrix, The Ramones, Valerie Carter and Little Feat.
s/t — Warner Bros.

Paradise Hawaiian Style
(Michael Moore 1966)
Elvis Presley once more — this time as a playboy and helicopter pilot in Hawaii.
s/t — RCA

Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid
(Sam Peckinpah 1973)
Boring version of the western legend, featuring Kris Kristofferson plus Bob Dylan in an acting role. Soundtrack songs by Dylan, whose back-up squad includes Booker T. Jones, Bruce Langhorne, Roger McGuinn, Carol Hunter, Donna Weiss, Priscilla Jones, Byron Berline, Brenda Patterson, Terry Paul, Gary Foster, Carl Fortina and Jim Keltner.
s/t — CBS

Perfect Couple, A
(Robert Altman 1979)
An American-Greek from a family that reveres classical music falls for a girl who sings with a rock group. Attractive light comedy featuring Keepin' 'Em Off The Streets, led by Tony Berg (guitar) and Craig Doerge (keyboards).

Performance
(Nicolas Roeg and Donald Cammell 1970)
Great interplay between an on-the-run gangster (James Fox) and a former rock star (Mick Jagger) with a Pinter-like script provided by Donald Cammell. Anita Pallenberg is the female lead while Randy Newman helps provide the film's score.
s/t — Warner Bros.

Jagger & Fox in Performance

Permissive
(Lindsay Shonteff 1970)
Grubby groupies and a thin script. Forever More appear en route while other music is provided by Titus Groan and Comus.

Pete Seeger. A Song And A Stone
(Robert Elfstrom 1971)
Retrospective glance at 18 months in the life of folksinger Seeger. Don McLean and Johnny Cash are among those who appear.

Phantom Of The Paradise
(Brian de Palma 1974)
Played for laughs *Phantom Of The Opera* in a rock setting. With a score written and mainly performed by Paul Williams.
s/t — A&M

Phynx, The
(Lee H. Katzin 1970)
James Brown, Trini Lopez, Richard Pryor, Busby Berkeley and scores of celebs in a zany plot in which the Albanians kidnap U.S. show-biz personalities and the CIA form a rock band in order to ascertain why! Music by Mike Stoller.

Pictures At An Exhibition
(Nicholas Ferguson 1972)
Scenes from an Emerson, Lake And Palmer concert plus some Marvel Comic strips. ELP perform 'Nut Rocker', 'Take A Pebble', 'The Barbarian', 'Pictures At An Exhibition' and 'Knife Edge'.

Pied Piper, The
(Jacques Demy 1971)
Fairly horrific version of the fairy story, with Donovan appearing as the minstrel who attracts rats to his gigs.

Pink Floyd At Pompeii, The
(Adrian Maben 1971)
An 85-minute affair in which the Floyd play 'Saucerful Of Secrets', 'Careful With That Axe, Eugene' and others in the deserted amphitheatre at Pompeii. The split-screen shots and other effects are excellent but the interviews that punctuate the music are pretty naive.

Pipe Dreams
(Steven F. Verona 1976)
Dramatic debut for Gladys Knight in a story set against the background of the Alaska pipeline.
s/t — Buddah

Plastic Dome Of Norma Jean, The
(Juleen Compton 1970)
A 15-year-old clairvoyant from the Ozarks aids a rock bandleader in his attempts to make it to the top. Songs by The Dupres and The Vocals.

Platinum High School (Trouble At 16/Rich Young And Deadly)
(Charles Hass 1960)
Bad Day At Black Rock set in a high school. The film that introduced Conway Twitty.

Play It Cool
(Michael Winner 1962)
A swinging group save an heiress from a fate worse than you-know-what. Low-budget production featuring Billy Fury, Bobby Vee, Helen Shapiro, Jimmy Crawford, Shane Fenton And The Fentones, etc.

Play Misty For Me
(Clint Eastwood 1971)
An intriguing thriller involving a radio DJ and a homicidal female listener. The Johnny Otis show is featured and Roberta Flack sings 'The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face' on the soundtrack.

Please Stand By
(Jack and Joan Milton 1972)
A group of New York activists led by Freemont Zappata use hi-jacked radio equipment for their own broadcasts. David Peel is Zappata while A. J. Weberman is in there somewhere.

Plod
(Michael J. B. Cort 1971)
The Scaffold star in a 20-minute affair based on the *Plod* poems of Roger McGough's book *After The Merrymaking*. Songs include Mike McGear's 'Kill The Pigs'.

Point, The
(Fred Wolf 1970)
Charming children's cartoon that seeks to depict the idiocy of racial prejudice. The soundtrack score is written and performed by Harry Nilsson. Originally screened on TV with a different narrator, one Dustin Hoffman.
s/t — RCA.

Pom Pom Girls
(Joseph Rusher 1977)
A celebration of the anarchy of American High School youth.

Popcorn — An Audio-Visual Thing
(Peter Clifton 1969)
A documentary (85 minutes) featuring onstage performances around the world plus an interview with Mick Jagger. Those featured include The Rolling Stones, Joe Cocker, Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, Vanilla Fudge, The Small Faces, The Beach Boys, The Bee Gees, Fifth Dimension, Steve Winwood, Eric Burden, Traffic, Spencer Davis, The Groove etc.

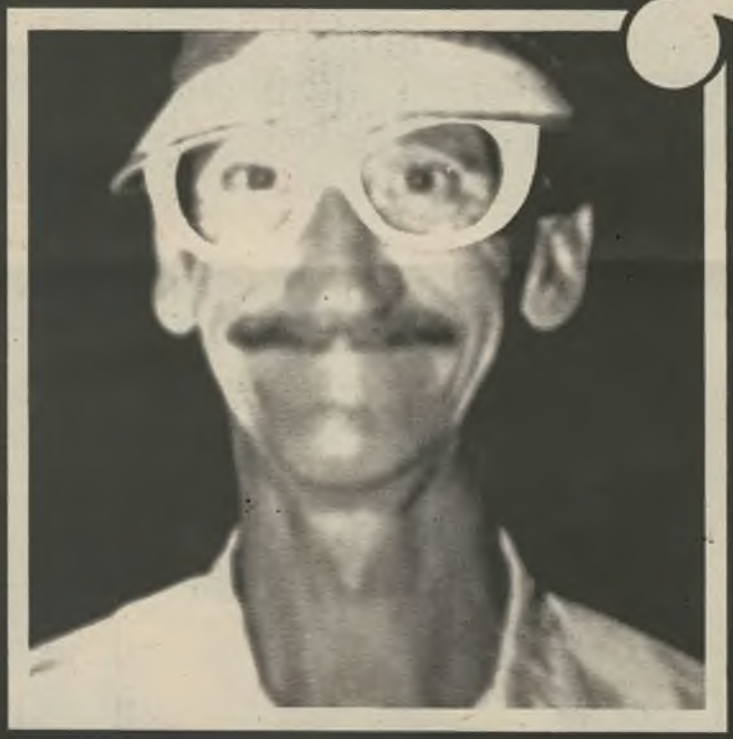
Pop Group, The
(Mick Calvert 1979)
Short in which a stimulating amalgam of cinematic and musical elements spotlights two songs by The Pop Group.

Pop Down
(Fred Marshall 1968)
One for the flower-power market. Visitors from outer space encounter life on earth, human and otherwise. Cut from 98 minutes to 54 minutes for release, the film features music by Brian Auger, Julie Driscoll, Don Partridge, Brenton Wood, Zoot Money and Blossom Toes.

Pop Gear (Go-Go Mania)
(Frederick Goode 1965)
Jimmy Savile hosts a show that includes The Animals, The Honeycombs, Herman's Hermits, The Rockin' Berries, The Four Pennies, Billy J Kramer And The Dakotas, The Fourmost, The Remo Four, Tommy Quickly, Billie Davis, Spencer Davis and Sounds Incorporated. The Beatles appear via some Pathe newsreel footage.

Donovan in Pied Piper

THINK PINK!



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PINK

Rock'n'Roll High School: P. J. Soles trips the light fantastic, Joey's still mastering the basic steps

Poor pop pap

Rock'n'Roll High School

Directed by Alan Arkush
Starring P. J. Soles and The Ramones
(New World)

GIVEN their position — louder than life and twice as ugly — this seems like the most perfect move the most perfect group could possible make. Roger Corman, king of schlock, and The Ramones, kings of rock. Pefect. A marriage made in myth.

Lovers of Ramonia openly drooled. It would be the drive-in movie with the garage band, produced by a movie brat and starring the cuddlesome wielders of the baseball bat. The very nadir of trash was definiely on the cards.

All I can say is . . . Brudder, this ain't no perfect world.

If it were, *Rock'n'roll High School* would be the cinematic equivalent of The Ramones; a smart film disguised as a dumb film and dedicated to the three 'r's. That's right: fun, noise, and delinquency. As it is it's a silly film that tries to be a dumb film. It plays like a feature-length episode of The Monkees' TV series starring The Ramones.

They must be scratching their microcephalic heads at this. Didn't they do their absolute best? Didn't they say their lines exactly how they should come out? Is Joey Ramone a matinee idol? Or is he a Matinee Idol? Huh?

Rock'n'roll High School is pure corn and custard pies, laced with lots of innocent nookie; a rock'n'roll teenage revolt fantasy set in present-day young America that underestimates the sophistication of its audience and will one day find its true home playing at Saturday Morning Pictures to a full house of fidgety, relatively sophisticated pre-teens.

The story revolves around Riff Randell's (P. J. Soles) puppy love for The Ramones and her natural disregard for institutions and regulations. About half the laughs are from Ramones records, the other half have been laughed at too often to still be funny.

The movie doesn't achieve the vital suspension of belief that comes almost naturally to The Ramones. It's just a bit too improbable, and it isn't blessed with their bonehead wit; it's definitely no *Animal House*. The Ramones are basically improbable, too, but they're damn good actors.

In fact, they're the best thing about *Rock'n'roll High School*, and a good enough reason to go and see it.

But given the speed at which Corman films are made, this chewing gum must have lost its flavour in production overnight.

Paul Rambali

A Different Story

Directed by Paul Aron
Starring Meg Foster and Perry King
(Enterprise)

DIFFERENT? What's so different about Hollywood schlock? Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy and girl get back together in the final reel, just as the massed tear-ducts of the audience are threatening a deluge.

That's all this movie amounts to. It's the original cinematic convention, and if the Hollywood status quo of today considers such fare adventurous and, to quote the film's press release, "daringly up-to-date," I'd hate to sit through something they considered routine.

The daringly up-to-date aspect presumably referred to is homosexuality, something which Hollywood seems to have just discovered. This means that our star-crossed pair have to overcome one unusual hazard on the way to the happy · ever · after — the fact that they're not actually supposed to go for each other; in a world where like poles attract, then surely opposites repel.

Stella, the bread-winner of the pair, nine-to-fives it in an up-market estaste agents', Albert is the high-society male whore whom she sympathetically gives house-room to, and who then sets to work like a white tornado, commandeering all the cooking, cleaning and sewing chores. Get the picture? *A Different Story* just exploits some rather obvious jokes about role reversal.

GLF activists may perhaps feel inclined to attack the film's inability to portray homosexual relationships credibily, but there would be little point in that since it is equally ill-at-ease in examining heterosexual relationships.

Despite its contemporary twist, *A Different Story* is burdened with a time-worn predictable plot-line and simply doesn't have sufficient wit to escape the age-old formula in which it is locked.

Bob Woffinden

"This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you." Perry King (right) prepares the horse liniment for his friend in A Different Story

Heavy bedside manners

Poor little rich girl Farrah Fawcett has to make do with plain old Calamine lotion in Sunburn. It's administered by Charles Grodin

Sunburn

Directed by Richard C. Sarafian
Starring Farrah Fawcett, Charles Grodin and Joan Collins
(Hemdale)

SEX is like steak. Occassionally it's raw and

Just when he thought it was safe to go back in the water...

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"10"
x
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Silver Screen

bloody, for the majority it's medium rare and sometimes it's overdone.

Farrah Fawcett's steak is a soya substitute, pepackaged and hermetically sealed. In this disaster she's being sold as the dumb, lovable model type who gets into a whole load of trouble with Mexican gangsters; exotic location shots down Acapulco way, but mainly into as many different semi-revelatory costumes as possible within the space of 106 minutes. Marilyn Monros she ain't, though that resistible rictus grin makes her a sure-fire candidate for Pepsodent commercials.

Aided and abetted by Charles Grodin as a tough but goofy insurance investigator they probe a 'dubious five million dollar claim on a wealthy industrialist slaughtered in an auto pileup'. Grodin uses a bit of everything to achieve a character of sorts, plundering *Get Smart*, early Cary Grant and late George Peppard movies, and the result is a curious amalgam of toughguy brooding, 'appealing' ineptitude and embarrassing stunts. In the ultimate clinch with the heroine he is, of course, gilt-edged material (aren't they always?).

The only person who comes out of the mire with anything like a smidgeon of self-respect is Art Carney, although his deaf private eye number is a pale shadow of the performance he turned in for *The Late Show*. Playing the Chief to Grodin's Josey Wales he gets slugged, shot at and driven at breakneck pace by Farrah F, sweating buckets and popping heart pills the while.

Joan Collins, Eleanor Parker and Keenan Wynn put in blink-and-you'll-miss-it cameo performances. Unless you get off on sexually-endowed Barbie dolls, give this horror a wide berth. I personally prefer my sex objects a little less synthetic.

Utterly bloodless tripe.

Neil Norman

On The Box

Friday February 8
CHICAGO, CHICAGO: Beau Bridges as a gormless hick town lad who seeks his fortune in the Windy City of 1910 in Ben Hecht's colourfully contrived memories of his own apprenticeship on a newspaper. This lad's so gauche he doesn't realise he's dossing in the biggest bordello in town. Norman Jewison directed in 1969, when the film was released as *Gaily, Gaily*. For some unaccountable reason, the title's been changed. **(BBC1)**

Saturday February 9
HAROLD AND MAUDE: Hal Ashby's 1972 black comedy slowly gained cult status thanks to the bizarre nature of the loving relationship between young Bud Cort and octogenerian Ruth Gordon, and the boy's propensity for staging elaborate phony suicides. Not as funny as it thinks it is but Vivian Pickles is tremendous as Bud's haughtily indifferent mum. **(BBC2)**

Sunday February 10
M*A*S*H: Robert Altman's solitary box office hit, an explosively funny look at a few days in the blood-spattered lives of surgeons and staff at an army base in Korea who helplessly grin and bare it to get through the inanities and insanities of war. And if that sounds familiar it's because this 1969 movie — brilliantly edited and irreverently acted, and closer in spirit to *Catch 22* (the book, not the film) than anything else — was watered down and turned into a soft-bellied, sophisticated sit-com for TV. This is the real thing, with a terrific cast to match: Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Robert Duvall, Sally Kellerman and many other worthies. **(BBC2)**

Monday February 11
THE HEROES OF TELEMARK: Heavy-handed heavy water drama (as in the Germans harnessing atomic fission before our lot during WW2) with Kirk Douglas and Richard Harris flailing about in the snowy wastes of Scandinavia. Directed by Anthony Mann in 1966, and obviously the work of a tired old man. **(ITV London)**

Wednesday February 13
FRENCH CONNECTION 2: The rivetting 1975 sequel to Bill Friedkin's '71 multi-Oscar winner and, amazingly enough, superior in just about every department. Gene Hackman continues and elaborates upon his virtuoso performance as the ruthless Popeye Doyle, who here pursues Frog One (Fernando Rey) to Marseilles in his relentless attempt to smash a heroin ring. Curiously, the once-touted director John Frankenheimer seems able to come up with the goods only once a decade; in the '50s it was *The Young Savages*, in the '60s *Seconds*. This is unmissable. **(BBC1)**

Monty Smith

The Seduction Of Joe Tynan

Directed by Jerry Schatzberg
Starring Alan Alda and Meryl Streep
(CIC)

WITH another set of presidential hopefuls fresh out of their starting-blocks, *The Seduction Of Joe Tynan* is a timely examination of the aspirations of a fictional US senator.

For a country which frequently gives the impression of having created such an excess of democracy that it has undermined it altogether (yes, it is possible to fool if not all then enough of the people a lot of the time), America can at least boast a pedigree of excellent political movies concerning the porosity of those democratic institutions.

Weighted on such a scale, this film comes out well ahead of the sprawling *Private Files Of J. Edgar Hoover*, but probably just behind the Robert Redford-Michael Ritchie effort, *The Candidate*, a film with which it has much in common. (Inevitably, it pales in comparison with the real thing, *All The President's Men*).

However, to explain that the road to the presidency is paved not so much with good intentions as with dishonoured pledges and shady deals might seem axiomatic in this post-Watergate age; certainly, Alda, who conceived and wrote this film as well as taking its title-role, isn't content merely to explore such well-trodden terrain.

Instead, he concentrates on probing the problems facing Tynan in trying to reconcile his career and family interests, when the demands of each seem mutually exclusive.

The conflict is brought into sharp focus by the fact that the most trying time of his daughter's adolescence coincides with the period when he should be most active in Washington's subterranean corridors of power. Hence, his wife (Barbara Harris) has to tackle the family's emotional stresses on her own, while simultaneously coping with the manner in which her husband's career intrudes upon her own.

The film is at its most sure-footed on this domestic level. By the end, the purely political aspects have been subordinated to the emotional ones. It would be conceivable, in fact, to make a similar film pursuing the career/family dilemma about, say, Jackie Stewart.

Whenever Alda does have a political point to make, he shoots accurately. Ultimately, however, this film isn't about politics, it's about human beings. Somewhere along the way, Alda seems to have acquired the right sense of priorities.

Bob Wolfinden

The Seduction Of Joe Tynan: The human face of politics about to be pizza'ed in the kisser

Peppy pop politics

"The album is a wonderful vigorous adventure into all kinds of dark entrances and alleyways. It takes some persistence (a good six or seven plays) but it opens out powerfully with panoramic Skidsian/Roxy/Magazine contemporary cutting edges, and a hard, intense, individual depth in support. I'd say it's an astonishing totally unanticipated record."
Dave McCullough. Sounds 19.1.80

"Yes, I know I reviewed this last time, but since then repeated plays have revealed its true brilliance. It takes a bit of getting used to, but its all there – strong melodies, vivid imagination, intense atmosphere and the unique stamp of Jim Kerr's uncanny dark genius. Truly a band for the 80's, and a MUST for your collection."
Ian Crannar. Smash Hits. 24.1.80

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THE PROMISED LAND CALLING

The Specials discover America

America discovers The Specials

By PAUL RAMBALI

Pix: JOE STEVENS

"THIS is our first ever gig in America. . ." Terry Hall fixes a stare on New York's assembled culture vultures. ". . .And we just can't say how pleased you must be to have us here!"

I'd never noticed before how much menace Terry Hall can wield from a stage when he has a mind to. His nervous, edgy stiffness is more than just a good foil for the loose-limbed, exploding frenzy of The Specials; it's the eye at the centre of their hurricane, and it focuses on the self-conscious, scene-making faction of the chic uptown rock disco Hurrah's — specifically those who came merely to see or be seen — with what can only be described as sheer scolding contempt.

"This is it," he tells them, grinning almost sadistically at the thought of the nerve he's about to touch. Grinning like only a boy who had looked at Johnny would know how to grin.

"This is it, my little petals. This is your last chance to dance before World War Three!"

That's no joke. To the average liberal, informed young American facing the prospect of the draft that is not very funny at all. To the average lobotomised, gung-ho young All-American it is yet more proof that the nation can't count on its spineless, so-called allies in Europe to defend Democracy in what the media here has lost no time in proclaiming America's darkest hour.

And to someone who thinks Iranians have every right to run their country how they see fit so long as he doesn't have to live there, to someone who deplores any kind of imperialism be it Soviet or Western, sampling the under-currents in an America that feels itself to be blackmailed at home and threatened abroad is no laughing matter either.

A cartoon in one newspaper depicts Carter and Brezhnev facing off astride their respective dominions with their flies undone, the exposed appendages drawn like missiles, Jimmy's limp and Leonid's stiff. And there's no mistaking what they symbolise in a country that sees politics largely in terms of personality and machismo.

In Oklahoma City, the real hick country heartland of middle America — where the Specials play to a rabid crowd who holler for *rock and rowl* when what they mean is Foghat or Z.Z. Top — an informal poll was taken at the local university. Eight out of ten students said if there was a war, they'd be willing to fight. No-one asked them if they'd be willing to die, but then that's not how these things are done.

It really is the dawning of a new era. Fingers are itching. And in the midst of it The Specials, with their message of fun and tolerance and freedom from stupid social pressures, and their admonishment to all the bullshit belligerent factions to *"keep on fighting till you're dead"*, for them and the beginning of the next phase.

They were woken up in Oklahoma City with the news that the "Too Much Too Young" EP had just made number one in the BBC chart. Their first British number one! Most of them went straight back to sleep.

The night before they'd proven to themselves something much more immediate and comprehensible — something much more valid, if ultimately just as transient. They'd felt it happen all over again, as it had before in Britain and than in Europe: the advent of the off-beat.

Seven hundred residents of the Bible-belt no-liquor state of Oklahoma, who — unlike their cosmopolitan New York cousins — had no idea what to expect let alone how to respond when they got it, who have never heard of *ska*, blue-beat hats and tonic suits, whose fellow citizens think a crop is a "goddamn faggot military-style hair-cut", who probably don't even remember that Desmond Dekker's 'Israelites' and Dave And Ansil Collins' 'Monkey Spanner' were mild hits in the US in the early '70s . . . they shouted *rock and rowl* but they got the Black Country Skank and they loved it to the very last drop.

"I *really* envy them!" Jerry Dammers reacts to the hoped-for but unexpected mayhem that erupted in the small dowdy out-of-town theatre. Not so much like someone who'd been proved right as someone who never even gave a thought to being proved wrong.

"Can you imagine it?" he asks. "Fancy being able to hear all that great music for the first time. The whole bit: ska . . . mod . . . great! How can you not be knocked out?"

EVENTS have already answered that question, and nobody needs to be reminded at this point of the phenomenal rise and rise of 2-Tone as a revolutionary musical style and predictable High Street fashion.

Revolutionary? If that seems to be straining credibility then remember that the last time anybody created a working hybrid of black and white music was back in the '50s at the Sun studios in Memphis. Chris Blackwell of Island records, a long-time patron of reggae since the early '60s Blue Beat days (and not widely liked for it either) is convinced that The Specials could do for reggae what Sun did for R 'n' B and what he's been working at for years.

There have been blacks playing white music before and, more commonly, there have been whites who played black music — Dammers is fond of citing The Stones, who based themselves on Chess and Atlantic R 'n' B, as a precedent for The Specials. But The Specials do more than take a black idiom and amplify the beat. They've added to it a specifically white British idiom. The result: punky reggae. An almost too obvious, logical conclusion to the tendencies of the past few years.

The sentiment and the noise is punk, and the beat and the style is reggae. Broadly speaking.

And that's the last time I shall make the distinction between black and white music in this context. From now on the word is 2-Tone.

But, if anything, The Specials are closest in feel to a group like The Coasters, who at their best were able to say something 'meaningful' without the awful self-conscious seriousness that implies (as, indeed, were many other R 'n' B groups). The Specials make riotous, comic, socially-aware, sardonic dance music. You can take them as seriously as you like, and no small part of their appeal must lie in the antidote they provide to rock's prophets of an analytical future with their collars turned up against the cold winds of modern angst.

In other ways, too, they seem more like an R'n'B group from the '50s than anything from recent memory. From a peculiar, personal angle they pull the bed-clothes off some of the mutually destructive attitudes that still persist between the sexes despite over 25 years of teen music's fearless celebration of the libido.

Some people find their angle personal to the point of being sexist, but underlying all their songs is the same simple, stubborn, sullen, punk resentment of the pressures to conform — be it to the domestic idyll, the gang life, the rat-race, or whatever. And what would be *really* interesting would be to hear their songs re-written from the feminine point of view. I doubt there'd be very much difference.

Despite the conviction he brings to them, Terry Hall hasn't, so far, written any of The Specials' lyrics.

"I might throw in a couple of odd lines here and there, but Jerry wrote most of the songs that we're doing at the moment. I'd feel uncomfortable about singing those words if I didn't agree with them. What he's basically saying is what I agree with and what the rest of the band agree with, otherwise we wouldn't be in the same band.

"I've got the same feelings about girls as I have for boys. A boy could be a slag as far as I'm concerned. And a song like 'Too Much Too Young', about the girl not dealing with contraception . . . it's just as much on the boy's head as it is on the girl's. You've got to have two people to use contraception, and two people not to."

Terry, at 20, is the youngest member of the group. He still wears a reminder of his punk upstart days in The Squad (who used to support The Coventry Automatics and try to ruin the PA before the CA's went on) in the form of black eye-liner: "The old Dave Vanian crack." Clothes are

Roddy cut his teeth in a club showband, playing interval music at bingo halls and 'Y Viva Espania' at workingmen's clubs for two-and-a-half years. Then in '75 he formed The Wild Boys with Pete Davies, now the drummer with The UK Subs. The Wild Boys played it straight from the Doll /Stooges prototype, wearing leather jackets, DMs, and spiky hair to augment the obligatory switchblade sneer. The Wild Boys, however, were soon overtaken by their stylistic heirs — the punks — and The Automatics became a more interesting prospect. But their course ran by no means smoothly, and there was a point when the decision was taken to use the ska mould that almost caused Roddy to leave.

"Don't get me wrong — all I ever play at home now is ska — but I'd been with them a year and I'd worked out all these guitar things that I really liked, and a lot of those things didn't fit with the ska so I had to re-think my guitar playing over again for every song. Having to do it just like that was a bit of a shock. For me it was like discovering ska, really.

"Where I came from it was like a mining village. I played guitar and my hair was a bit longer than all the skinheads'. It would just be me, a couple of mates, and me girlfriend, and we'd just get into playing music. So I used to get beaten up a lot, knocked about a bit.

"Then a while ago I started cropping me hair a bit and wearing Doc Martens, and it's weird now because all those guys who used to be skinheads have got their hair long and they're all into The Who. I've met a couple of them since and it's like we've changed over almost. In a way it's a nice bit of revenge. I'm going to write a song about it. I've got the riff worked out but it's hard trying to get the words together.

"There's so much emphasis on what you *say* now, so you have to try and say it right. It takes a bit of thinking about to put it over to the best of your abilities."

I'm surprised to find that Roddy isn't bothered by this, and actually thinks it's a good thing — whereas I'm not so sure, despite the fact that it's the likes of me who tend to cause this emphasis. What does trouble him, though, is the way the press inflate their subjects.

"This game can be a bit dangerous in that you get too much praise. That's a problem with groups. You get to the stage where you start believing all the stuff in the papers and you feel you have to live up to it. Then once you get into what we're doing now you start going to certain clubs where all the other bands go and that's where you get the rock elite thing. I don't like it. I've been to a couple of these show-business parties and they're really boring."

Take his word for it.

important to him, and so too was one J. Rotten.

"At first, yeah. It was just the way he stood on stage and gazed for half an hour. I'd never seen anything like it. His stance was like an extension of standing still — it was like a meaningful glare. But I don't stand still."

The Squad came to an end one night at the George club in Coventry when they all got blind drunk and trashed their equipment. Soon afterwards, Jerry, who was looking for a singer, extended an invitation.

The disconcerting effect he and the rest of the group have on American citizens when they venture out into the streets doesn't bother Terry at all. Exactly the same thing happened in England and Europe at first, he says. His reaction to the Land Of The Free is equally bemused.

"It's alright. It's funny. I can't really take it all in as yet. In another few weeks I might be able to understand some of it, but at the moment it's just like some giant fun-fair." As far as Jerry is concerned, being in America is "more like a holiday for us. Something to spend the money from 'Message To You, Rudy' on."

JERRY would be happy to stay in cheap, shabby low-life motels instead of the Holiday Inn chains and play in rowdy, downbeat bars instead of the regular venues.

"People talk about breaking America . . ." He shrugs. He's more interested in feeling the pulse of life here than in 'opening up' any new 'markets'.

But while Jerry simply ignores all the usual considerations, Roddy Radiation (nee Byers) feels them all too keenly.

"It's a weird life. You spend all this time travelling and hanging about just to spend three quarters of an hour on stage. That's what you do it for, but you have to put up with all this . . . sitting in a car or a van or a plane and feeling sick from a hangover or something. But then there's no better feeling you can get than being on stage. I couldn't imagine going back to me old job. I couldn't imagine it while I was doing it! I was always dreaming — used to drive the blokes I worked with mad."

Roddy worked as a painter and decorator for the local corporation for eight-and-a-half years after he left school. He's been playing guitar since he was 13, when he got an Antoria lead guitar and learned to play 'Queen Bitch' in front of a mirror.

"People keep asking us what it's like now, but it's very hard to see the overall picture of what's going on. It's all a bit of a rush really, which is a bit worrying. And another thing I've thought about recently is that when we start writing some more songs, instead of writing about things we wrote about in the past, we're going to start writing about things we're doing now. Which is a bit like a self-out to the kids, but I write about what I'm going through at the time. Imagine if I wrote a song about falling over in a Holiday Inn . . . bloody hell! *Holiday Inn?*

"Will The Specials break America or will America break us?"

Before The Coventry Automatics,

WHICHEVER way you look, The Specials are there turning things inside out. The name itself, says Jerry, somewhat ruefully, "was supposed to be sarcastic."

On stage they put to rest the age-old gambit of a single dominant fronting personality. They've just made number one with a *live* EP, and their album, deliberately packaged with no regard for the rules of attracting the consumer, sounded like it might as well have been made at home, thanks to Elvis Costello's perfect rough-and-ready dull reverb production.

"I don't think Elvis quite understood what we were aiming for," argues Roddy." I think he still

☐ *Continues over page*

SPECIALS

☐ *From previous page*

thought that it was like one section of reggae, then the next section's a heavy section, then another section comes along.

"But I'm not knocking him at all. He got a great drum sound, and he was a lot better than having some hot-shot producer who wouldn't even let us in to the mixing sessions. It would be nice if we could do it ourselves next time, though. Then you've got no-one to blame."

Looking at photographs, and being around them for a few days, it becomes apparent that Roddy doesn't quite toe the group line on dress, slack though that line may be. On the related subject of gangs, his background grants him a sober perspective.

"I got out of that gang thing, but I can understand it. When we're all together — the group and the roadies — and you go out for a drink and there's a big crowd of you it's a great feeling. You feel part of something. That's why a lot of kids get into those things. Great. Why not? And something I learned when I was working with all those old blokes at the corporation was that you don't grow out of it. I found out that they were just the same as me. They've probably been around a bit longer but they're just as much like kids as anybody else. They still want to have a bit of fun.

"So long as it's just a bit of fun . . ."

TALK to Neil 'Brad' Bradbury, the Prince Rimshot, a former Arts and Language student (amongst other things) who had long been a friend of the group but only joined them just before they cut 'Gangsters', and he'll say it was Lynval Golding's guitar that caused the coming of the off-beat. The off-beat that changed the Coventry Automatics into The Special A/K/A.

Talk to Lynval and he'll give the credit to Brad.

"Jerry and Brad used to share a house in Coventry, and before the band really got together we would be round the house talking about this sort of music. This was in '75 and Brad didn't have a drum kit at the time."

Nonetheless there were jams. Lynval on guitar, Jerry (who was then in a Birmingham band called Sissy Stone), Horace Panther on bass, and Silverton, their first drummer, who played with Lynval in the Ray King Soul Band.

"Then a couple of years later when we first got the band together Jerry said why don't we try playing a bit of punk here and bit of reggae there. I thought he was crazy, told him it would never work. But he said try it, you never know until you try it. And it didn't quite work after all. But he said no, it *can* work. He refused to believe that it couldn't. He's a very determined sort of guy.

"A while later, I brought a copy of 'Rudy, A Message To You' down to Jerry's place because I wanted him to listen to it — to listen to the beat. And he just thought, well, the beat is right . . . put it all together. Because the beat is already there. It's the same sort of rock pattern. When Silverton left the band we were just about to try it. The last song we did with him, or tried, was 'You're Wondering Now', and looking back on it . . .

"We used to rehearse in a pub, and he'd have his drums way down the back of the room. Jerry says: 'We'd like to try this song. We've learnt it, and it's sort of a blue beat.' You really had to choose your words with Silverton because he was a hot-headed kind of guy. So we started off and he was playing the wrong beat, a reggae beat. And when we said that he just packed up his drums and left. That was it, the first time we ever tried out the blue beat.

"Before that we had songs where part of the songs were reggae, then they'd go into a rock section, then perhaps back into reggae. And it would throw people off. Even then, Bernie Rhodes did help because the guys were pushing and he would say 'no, you're not ready yet.' So we sat down and looked at the whole thing and put a definite beat in it all the way through, sort of blended it together.

"All music will develop while it goes along. What we're doing is trying to mix different music to get a new music out of it. There's no harm in doing that because you're creating something new, rather than for instance just doing the Stax style of music that they did in the '60s without adding anything to it."

Bernie Rhodes managed the band for a brief spell during '79, and although he was to provide part of the inspiration for 'Gangsters', none of them seem especially resentful of the wiry little self-styled anarchist.

Jerry maintains that Rhodes was always "the most radical member of The Clash", while Roddy merely faults his Machiavellian tendencies: "He wanted to split us up. He wanted Terry to join The Black Arabs. He likes to put musicians together like that, but you can't do that with people."

When it comes to musical direction and concept, Jerry Dammers, not a little reluctantly, wears that hat.

"Oh yeah, he's had sleepless nights," says Lynval. "Even in a pub sometimes you say Jerry . . . Jerry . . . *Jerry*, and he's miles away, thinking about something. He's always thinking. Probably sometimes he thinks too far ahead. But it's good for the band, and it's helped us because we trust him a lot. We trust what he says, although there's times when we disagree. We wouldn't be a band if there weren't times like that."

IN BETWEEN New York and Oklahoma City there was New Orleans, the Tennessee Williams moonstruck madhouse town located at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

Religion is big in New Orleans, and where religion is big so too, inevitably, is death. The view as you approach on Highway 61 is littered with churches and graveyards, but as you hit the metropolis itself this gives way to more telling signs of the deep Southern party town, signs that say: 'Breakfast — 24 Hours A Day'.

The Specials play in an old warehouse out by the sprawling railroad stockyards. 3000 or so sons and daughters of Woodstock in fashionable quilted jerkins, most of them as high as the proverbial kite, have come to hear headliners The Police play polished English new wave arena rock.

They don't dance, they just toke and gape. But for The Specials — whose rawness and undisciplined vitality sounds entirely opposed to the clean, homogenised output of The Police — at least 500 of them are ready to pogo.

That The Specials should come to New Orleans represents the closing of an international circle of sorts. It was Crescent City R'n'B, filtering across the Gulf of Jamaica via the local radio, that formed the basis for Blue Beat: a sultry shift of rhythmic accents. Jamaican migration brought the music to England and finally to the ears of Jerry Dammers (amongst others) who now brings it back, with a further shift of accent, to New Orleans.

In New York a journalist asked if The Specials would continue to play Jamaican music. "We don't play Jamaican music," replied Dammers, "we play *English* music."

Jerry Dammers is — like everyone else — complicated. He's resisting hard the pressures that come with being the maestro behind a veritable musical explosion, and prefers not to see it in such inflated, grandiose terms. He's determined to preserve his equilibrium. He's walking on gilded splinters.

A former art student whose taste runs the gamut of blues and rhythm'n'blues from its sources to the likes of Captain Beefheart, Dr. John, the Stones and The Yardbirds, Dammers has worked in paint and in films as well as music.

A close friend of his from college days says of his 'art' work: "They had the same style and almost the same themes as things like 'Too Much Too Young' and 'Jaywalker', which was a song they used to do in the early days. Two of his paintings are still on the wall of his house in Coventry. They even *look* like the songs."

"We don't play Jamaican music. We play English music."

Professor Longhair's last gig

"Can you imagine it? Fancy being able to hear all that great music for the first time. The whole bit: ska ... mod ... great! How can you not be knocked out?"

Dammers made three short animated films. The first was of a boxing match, a classic bout from the '50s between Rocky Marciano and British Heavyweight Champion Don Cockell. The second was called *Disco*, and featured a line of chorus girls dancing to a soundtrack of "disco/reggae" recorded by Dammers and Horace, who went to the same college.

"And the third," says Jerry, "was a mixture of live film and animation. It was just walking down a street in Coventry, and you'd see all these people doing things, then suddenly it would change to animation. There was a bloke running along — a sort of football hooligan type — who suddenly throws a brick through a window, and then in animation you saw the glass smashing.

"Then there was this old tramp — he was a mate of ours really — who pretended to fall over and spew up all over the pavement. The camera zoomed in on the spew and that was all bones and things bubbling away. There was an old woman crossing the street who got run over.

"Some of it was full animation, but a lot of it was done with cut-outs; a very tedious business. It was about that time the IRA were going around, and at the end some bloke put a bag under a car and the whole street got blown to pieces. Guts flying everywhere.

"I wanted to get the films on video but those sods at college . .

"The first time we had a review in *NME*, or I thought we were going to get one, I went in there to use their darkroom to develop pictures of the group, and they wouldn't let me use the darkroom unless I gave them my films back. It was like three years work, every frame painted by hand. And I was really desperate because this was our chance to get our picture in *NME* so I gave them my films back. I expect they've fucking lost them, but I'd like to get them video'd and show them to you, 'cause people slag you off for going to art college but they don't actually know what you do there. Maybe if they saw them they wouldn't — I don't know . . ."

Jumping forward a few years, Jerry explains that the first song he heard that inspired him to what would eventually become The Specials was Graham Parker's 'Not If It Pleases Me'.

"That was it. That was the first song that made me think I could do something of me own!"

Prompted by this revelation, I tell him that until I saw the credits to their album, where all sources are rightfully acknowledged, I thought The Specials were about to do a Led Zep and plunder another folk heritage for their own glory.

"That's funny, because the songs existed without those ska tunes at first, and they were put in as sort of musical quotations. Most of the songs were written over two years ago. Since then we've only done five new songs, two of which were Roddy's, one of which was Lynval and Neville's, and the other two being 'Gangsters' and 'It Doesn't Make It Alright'."

It's a common syndrome. You spend however many years it is making your first record then you have six months to make the next one.

"Well we're lucky because we've got a backlog of songs, but we'll have to learn them up. And it takes a lot of time for the words to . . . you realise after a while that some of the words were very silly — you can't live with them. But when you're playing the words aren't so prominent. So it's going to be a problem because we'll maybe write something and then six months later think it was a really silly thing to say."

That might not necessarily be to the detriment of the songs though . .

"No, quite. The songs that I write — I always try not to think whether I should or shouldn't be saying things. Like 'Too Much Too Young' for instance. Not to think whether that's a good thing to write, but at the time that you think it, just write it down. Just put down your true feelings at the time.

"I think about 'Little Bitch' — I wrote that when I was 15 — and I can see now that some of those words

are very sort of immature, but I still stand by it because that's how I felt at the time. In the case of 'Too Much Too Young', the girl that was written about would probably agree with the song."

Talk drifts to the subject of muzak, which seems to have a strange attraction for Jerry.

"It's sick really because they try and make music that actually isn't going to distract the workers — so bland that you don't even notice it. But if you actually listen to it — it's not designed to be listened to — it can be really peculiar. Who composes it, that's what I want to know?"

A computer. You find out what the basic rules of it are — which elements combine to create the effect you want — and churn it out accordingly.

"A bit like 2-Tone, you mean?"

Not quite. And here's why:

"2-Tone doesn't exist. It's not just a logo — that doesn't mean a thing. It's the music that counts. And how can you own music? You can't own music. You can buy sheet music and records and so on but you can't own music.

"All these people are starting to come to me asking for something from 2-Tone — people who feel they've contributed and now want some sort of divvy. And I say divvy of what? 2-Tone? That doesn't exist. It's in *them*. They're 2-Tone, not some daft design."

Jerry's philosophy of life for today, 1980, is simple. It's a combination of Marx and Popeye. In the words of Groucho: "Whatever it is, I'm against it". In the words of Popeye: "I yam what I yam".

AFTER the gig in New Orleans, Dammers, Joe Stevens, Rico — who has been playing trombone for 30 years and has never been with a band as long as he's been with The Specials — tour manager Frank, myself, and a few others piled into a taxi to go to Tipitina's club to eat alligator stew and pay homage to Professor Longhair, the barrel-house pianist whose pounding syncopated style played no small part in the creation of what he would barely recognise now as rock'n'roll.

This wasn't any staid, reverent occasion where they roll out the Blues Legend for fawning scholars, no sir! This was a *party*.

The joint was shaking like a creole dish and rocking to the backline beat. And Jerry Dammers was having the time of his life!

Dammers learnt to play most of his piano from Longhair records, so meeting the man and hearing him cut the rug on 'Big Chief' meant more to him than these words can convey. He tried to explain as much to Longhair. "Thanks," said 'Fess, "I need all the help I can get."

The night was crowned when Jerry found Toots And The Maytals' rock steady classic 'Time Tough' on the juke-box — the first song that The Coventry Automatics ever played — and when Rico introduced us to Huey Smith, *the* Huey 'Piano' Smith, sitting at the bar killing the midnight hours with Screwdrivers.

"Tell me, Huey," asked Frank, "was this club named after the song 'Tipitina' or was the song named after the club?"

"That song was going for 40 years when I was born. It took me 16 years to learn it. And that was 30 years ago. Now ask me a question . . ."

The song is still going on. The heritage is still alive. That's what Jerry was really talking about when he asked how anyone can own music. It's not a commodity, not in the long term, and it doesn't die.

It's alive in The Specials now, and it will pass on to someone else when they're gone. Maybe you won't immediately recognise it, but it will still be there. As sure as the death and the taxes that it grants us escape from.

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ALBUMS

The Two-Tone Prescription

THE SELECTER
Too Much Pressure
(2-Tone)

Paul Du Noyer likes the medicine

DISBELIEVERS take a listen. Now it's The Selecter's turn to steer the 2-Tone bandwagon, just watch the spirits dance and see the resistance melt away.

Sure, they're terribly 'in' right now, with reviewers and humans alike, but being fashionable doesn't make you a bad band — so let's not have any 'this month's thing' dismissals skulking about the premises. And should you have a back-lash about your person then you're cordially invited to stick it.

The point is, this reggae and rock and soul and ska thingy, properly handled, works a treat and speaks eloquently for itself. If you need to be talked into it then you're better off somewhere else; if you can be talked out of it then you probably weren't there in the first place.

The Selecter's sound is often the noise of people enjoying themselves to an extent not generally considered decent. It's unrestrained without descending to escapism; the noise of people who've decided to have some fun, and give some out as well, without sending their minds and hearts out for a walk in the process.

The release of The Selecter's album must dispel any suspicions that the Coventry outfit are really no more than a likeable B-side to their more senior label-mates The Specials. 'Too Much Pressure' might lack some of the compositional strength and originality of vision which made the first 2-Tone album so, um, special — but it's still a worthy successor and a minor glory in its own right.

Let's get specific. Speaking as somebody whose historical knowledge of rocksteady-ology doesn't stretch a lot beyond Millie's 'My Boy Lollipop', it's nice to hear that self-same song re-emerge (re-arranged) as 'My Collie (Not A Dog)' — being a joyous ode of praise to an indulgence even more pleasurable than lollipops (even if, regrettably, rather less legal) and to my mind the group's finest recorded (two minutes 45 seconds so far.

And then, title track aside, the album boasts the current 'Three Minute Hero' single (admittedly not my favourite Selecter number by any means) but not the remaining single 'on My Radio'. That zany arrangement of the 'James Bond' theme gets a look-in at the end of side two, after those versions of 'Carry Go Bring Home', 'Murder' and 'Everyday', while Pauline Black contributes 'They Make Me Bad' and 'Black And Blue'.

As a group The Selecter's assets are many and various. And not least among them is the writing of Neol Davies, author of five of the songs herein, best of which must be brisk, melodic 'Missing Words'. The music smiles and sparkles everywhere. The album's lyrics are just as direct, and they never miss.

What's so attractive about this Selecter stuff (as with The Specials) is the width and crispness of the sound — the way that every single individual's part is distinct and separable, easily picked out and yet blended essentially into the whole. So now let's roll those closing credits.

Pauline Black is as much the personality of The Selecter as its lead singer — mischievous, spirited and lively. Complementing hers are the darker tones of Gaps Hendrickson. Bass belongs to dreadlocked Charley Anderson, while Davies is matched on guitar by Compton Amanor. Which leaves Charley Bembridge on drums and Desmond Brown on keyboard.

Freshness is precious and 'Too Much Pressure' is a young band captured at just the right moment.

Paul Du Noyer

Pics from the top. l to r: Chalkie Davies, Pete Hill, Chalkie Davies, Jill Furmanovsky, Barry Stacey, Alain de la Mare

Iggy's conscription

IGGY POP
Soldier *(Arista)*

Nick Kent burns his draft card

"ANOTHER 'James Osterberg' Production" reads the inscription at the foot of 'Soldier', Iggy Pop's second stab at autobiographical bombast for Arista.

The actual recording of 'Soldier' up at Rockfield late last year was from all reports a pretty hideous experience. Friction flying every which way, initial producer James Williamson fired under particularly dodgy circumstances, Iggy throwing tantrums; at least two of the names listed on the sleeve have described the sessions as "two weeks of utter hell".

And certainly the full force of the Mighty Pop is missing here, blighted by a sound that bears some semblance to past kamikaze exploits but ultimately comes over as an exercise in the mock grotesque, superficially curdling with Iggy's piss and vinegar venom but backed up by a clumsy echo-laden mondo rock approximation that is both messy (the mix is all too often infuriating), ill-conceived and half-baked.

'Soldier' is above all other considerations, a frustrating record to listen to. Mostly it irks where it should invigorate and one's immediate desire is to lambast Pop's collaborators for their half-assed inappropriate back-drops (Glen Matlock, co-writer on four cuts seems unable to transmute the vocal salvoes of Mr Osterberg at least half the time). Yet the buck has finally to be laid at Iggy's doorstep for choosing such inappropriate colleagues.

In Matlock's favour, two of 'Soldier's' better cuts boast his name next to that of the instigator himself. 'Take Care Of Me' has a forceful hard-rock buoyancy going for it that makes it the album's most immediately suitable single whilst 'Mr Dynamite' has a sense of vicariously orchestrated menace that may well make it the strongest cut on the whole album. Much of the latter's potency comes from the sometimes ingenious keyboard orchestrations of ex-XTC's Barry Andrews who sounds to be the only player capable of granting certain tracks a sense of unity and forcefulness.

Again, the one Pop/Andrews' collaboration — 'I Snub You' — is a winner matching off more prime Iggy venom with a cold, vicious dynamism ending tartly with the 'I Snub You' motif copied inflexion for inflexion from the Rolling Stones' 'We Love You' of some thirteen years back.

Other high points are the Bowie-Pop collaboration, 'Play It Safe', which deals with the politics of corruption in the Western World with a perfect sense of underplayed menace, whilst 'I'm A Conservative' is a marvellous piece of play-acting (or is it a really autobiographical candour?) replete with a quasi-fascistic choir that proves conclusively that the Osterberg muse hasn't diminished one iota.

Yet 'Soldier' overall is too uneven and ultimately too close to being one-dimensional — a fatal cul-de-sac for someone of Osterberg's talent and intellect.

"International garbage man/I've decided that's what I am" sings Iggy on 'Take Care Of Me' but one can't tell anymore if it's for real or just another role to be picked up and discarded at will. The pre-'Soldier' Iggy Pop — whatever his faults — was always *for real* so real in fact that he frightened off all but the cult audience who've stuck with him all down the line. 'Soldier' however has him playing too many games whilst the overused gaudy sense of bombast entrenches him in a fuzzy quagmire. *"Take care of me/Or beware of me"* he declares and one almost laughs at the threat, before realising that this is a man whose career is getting uncomfortably close to desperation-point.

Nick Kent

MACHINES GIVE UP THE GHOST

BUGGLES
The Age Of Plastic *(Island)*

"WE CAN'T rewind we've gone too far. . .put the blame on VTR."

You might think that the glitter and make-up age peaked with Bowie, T. Rex and Sweet but the pop charts today glint, gleam and flow with more cosmetics than you could shake a (lip)stick at. The difference, of course, is that today the music wears the layers — the pancake and rouge becoming sequencers and synthesizers, the mirror into the mixing desk. In *that* world, Buggles are slapped up like Barbara Cartland. Its all very fine to talk of enhancing technology and utilising the studio to the full but when all's said and the cracks papered over most of the major hitsters are without a leg to stand on and ultimately, liars.

Once a band have wallowed themselves in the services available from videotape, that ubiquitous white studio becomes an artistic tomb. For example, The Boomtown Rats haven't recovered from their 'Don't Like Mondays' not because the follow ups haven't been as catching, its because to their biggest audience — the *Top Of The Pops* has become inseparably tied to each successive video then gets presented and the disappointment in the visuals will always far outweigh the slight advantage that the music might carry over it's Thursday night contemporaries.

The Rats' videos may've been neat and stimulating but behind the futuristic wonderment beheld in the image juggling there was that 'superfluous' rock and roll reminding young Jack and Jill that their stars are all created by mirrors. They were just sweaty blokes in some recording studio.

And so, enter Buggles. Buggles never were rock'n'rollers in the 'human' sense. OK, for a time Trevor and Geoff — who are Buggles since Bruce Woolley dropped out to quietly die in CBS — were sessionmen but they appear to be firstly and foremostly writers, producers and mixers — the three categories responsible for creating today's pop which reduces the concert to the level of an in-store signing session. They craft, plaster and distort any music to fit the future illusion. Everything is clean cut and out of reach but still remaining easy escape that's off the peg. Couple something like 'Video Killed The Radio Star' to an even halfway decent visual and the rest of the programme appears to be dealing in terms of drab antiquity. Videotape gives you 3D. It has dragged pop TV into a dilemma comparable with that which silent movies faced with 'The Jazz Singer'. Much as I disliked that first Buggles single I couldn't disagree with those sentiments. Their album is, as expected, a shoeshine of most every piece of decent pop fashion we saw in the '70s — though obviously nowhere near as inventive during the transfusions. Most noticeable — and this trend is growing — are the face lifts given to the blueprints laid down in 10cc's 'Sheet Music' album from 1974. The opener and current 45 is the most glaring example right down to its Godley/Creme lyrics; *"They send the heart police/To put you under cardiac arrest."* 'Living In The Pastic Age' is an exhilarating song — unparalleled anywhere else on the outing — and allows one of the many hits that Buggles are fully aware that they pander to an absurd public obsession. Pop seems to have seen through the charade a lot sooner than its more respected — and supposedly suss — cousin and has come to terms with the puppet master far foxier than a legion of screaming fist waivers. 'The Age Of Plastic' companions a swelling and exciting list of pop LP's — anchored by 'M' and Moroders 'E=MC2'. It holds plenty of tricks and mirrors, enough gimmicks to keep listeners amused and if their new video is anything to judge by, should signal an end to the practice of musicians toying about with unplugged instruments, that eternal albatross of TV presentation of music.

"We can't rewind we've gone too far/Pictures came and broke your heart/Put the blame on VTR"

Perhaps one day Rock'n'roll will leave home. And won't the family cry?

Danny Baker

THE BROTHERS see their accountant.

Pic: Adrian Boot

RUSH
Permanent Waves *(Mercury)*

MEGASTAR Toronto pomp-rockers make non-concept album shock horror.

Said to be the first work in five years from the infamous Thatcherite Three not to revolve around a central theme, the LP nevertheless possesses an abundance of all these qualities we have come to know and love — like rampant lyrical E. J. Thribbery and Micky Mouse mysticism — delivered with maximum finesse.

'Permanent Waves' can only serve to consolidate Rush's enormous popularity because it *is* undeniably superior high-production heavy rock, powerful and glossy. Within the given limitations of the genre, this is inventive stuff, with a degree of intelligence and sensitivity that's not to be found around too many of their rivals. Equally, 'Permanent Waves' seems designed to confirm that prevalent prejudice about Rush as unrepentant peddlers of pernicious drivel.

So fair enough, the music's fine for its type — and the album's opener 'The Spirit Of Radio' with its driving riff, is positively great — if not entirely to this reviewer's personal taste. There can't be very many Rush aficionados who bother to wait for *NME's* recommendation in any case (I hear the record's in at number three already).

Which leaves us with the matter of Rush's much-discussed aspirations to the realms of the poetical and the political. No mere bangers of heads, these boys, but musicians with serious, explicit commitment to artistic validity and philosophic expression. I'd dismiss them utterly on both counts.

Cosmic waffle about *"wheels within wheels"* and expanding universe ('Hyperspace'), with special reference to slag-off gig reviews, is hardly the substance of Art however defined — more like the first faltering efforts of an averagely bright 13-year-old who's deeply into Rod McKuen.

More generally, their proudly reactionary stance is muddled and shallow — an ill-argued dog's dinner of Plato, Milton Friedman and Patience Strong. Which isn't to deny their right to spout their stuff, but just to assert my right to register contempt for it. To quote Sonny and Cher, debate goes on.

In a way, the album's cover-art says it all: a skilful collage of quasi-Surrealist dreaminess, the fluttering newspaper proclaims Republican victory in the '48 election (a reverse of the actual result, but let's not lose sleep pondering the significance); and why, for all the content's high-mindedness and culture, does the girl's picture descend to the usual HM level of sniggering adolescent immaturity? (Rhetorical question, of course; it isn't.)

Paul Du Noyer

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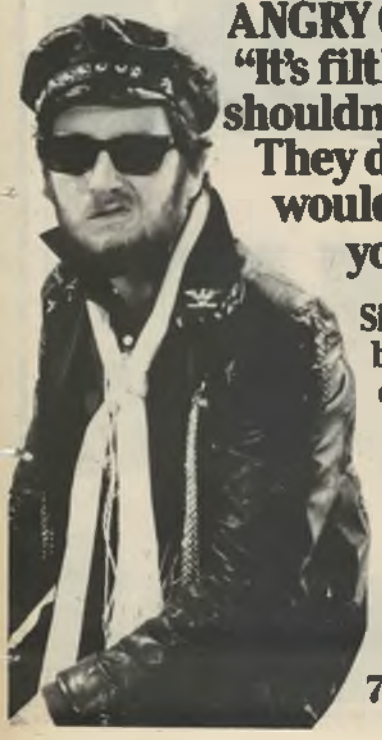

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SPARKS
Terminal Jive *(Virgin)*

WHAT was it Sparks did? Why is it that everybody, me inclusive, feels a touch billious when faced with their product? Somebody just said that the Mael brothers are a pair of jumped up swines with loud mouths. Are they punk rockers? I can't tell these days and anyway the whole project hardly contains enough meat to fuel a 'why and wherefore' document. Let's all calm down and review an LP.

You may have noticed that since Moroder and Feltermeyer took pity on the has beens back in '78 the brothers have been charting with confidence. The last effort 'Number One In Heaven' was a re-birth that was never half as interesting as its scout singles suggested: it was over urgent and riddled with clumsy wiring. 'Terminal Jive' opens with the current 45, 'When I'm With You' which is certainly the most thought out and successful thing the partnership have produced. It's paced and pretty and only truly wet in its lyric. (*"When I'm with you I never feel like garbage"* is one line that summons up a picture of master author at work). This single makes it though and will be a handy little airwave soon.

Elsewhere, all the signs are that Sparks have overcome their initial wonder that if you twiddle this knob the machine will go *'wwhhheeee'* and have gotten down to pleasing how they can adapt the gadgets to the songs rather than the other way round. But, alack, the songs are in the main as flat as a sailor's hat. What you have to bear in mind is that all the even remotely redeemable stuff on albums such as this will come flying at you on 45 — like as not with a hotter mix too — and so unless you crave a sneak earfull of what Sparks will be prodding the charts with this year, padded out with some overlong, drum heavy, repetitious no-no's, then there's no reason to speculate here at all.

It's apparent that Ron and Russ have let go of one of their saviours' apron strings on this set. They want to eventually sever the knot completely so I hear. Oh dear. Hey listen boys. . . .y'see we have these two fellows over here called Brian Clough and Peter Taylor, and this team Derby. . .

Danny Baker

JOHN FOXX
Metamatic *(Metal Beat)*

SO let's take some notice of John Foxx. Trying to shake away the ashes of prejudice that collected during Ultravox days he withdrew into fashionable seclusion, smiled smiles of irony as Gary Numan swayed and flickered to the dizzy heights, and now reappears with careful modifications to bask gravely and gratefully in the new synth limelight. With his own silver-tinted label, licensed to Virgin, Numan, the popster he spiritually influenced deflects some of his glare, and there he is on *TOTP*, grey suited and struggling manfully to keep a straight face. Round and round we go.

The tones, dreams, flighty melodies, the overall assumed blend of 'desolation' and 'automation', the indiscriminate regurgitation of lightweight science fiction maxims, the dry drone of the voice — who can not, somewhere, spot Numanism?

JOHN FOXX attempts to retrieve money from 1990's coffee machine

Pic: Chris Gabrin.

GHOSTS IN THE MACHINE

Numan's mischieviously elitist, arrogantly superior manner of selecting, and lifting other people's sounds, with no lack of perception or humour, was much learnt from Ultravox and Foxx.

Foxx constructs pop songs purely electronically deliciously, played *TOTP* with no drum kit or guitar backing him, just three awkward looking anyth men, beating Numan and, sadly, Human League to this crucial point in pop history, but expects the impact of a song to be its tune, vocal nuance, rhythm structure, just like normal pop.

Side one features a run of 'these touch and go Foxx pop songs that compensate with absurdity and audacity what they lack in abrasion and articulacy. They're ghost songs, strangely entertaining and fancifully elusive. 'Plaza' is all shadows, shattered glass and quarter memories. 'He's A Liquid' is a neo-Sladek nonsense song. 'Underpass' and 'Metal Beat' are tight-lipped word listings and soft centred mystery, adding up to more fragments of a cautiously outlined waste paper future. 'No One's Driving' is a straightforward ghost tale.

In Foxx's unlikely idealised future world, vague figures disappear, appear, fade, wave, wonder, cope in a clean, airless, barren landscape. Somewhere between The Jetsons, Joe 90 and AE Van Vogt. Transparent and funny, never tricky or spooky.

Side Two starts with a burst and some long sentences, 'A New Kind Of Man.' A Blurred Girl' is dumb and misty, '030' painfully Ballardian. 'Tidal Wave' typically turns action into a form of emptiness. 'Touch And Go' does what its title says and little else.

Foxx, for all his silliness, is more permanent than Numan. Perhaps electronic music that reaches a wide audience will become less bland and more vivid, and Foxx is starting the trend. As electronic muzak develops as a viable commercial pigeonhole, and dj's develop affections for it, there'll be more access for the wackier, tackier, pertinent styles and hybrids of such as Human League, Manouvres, Lear/Rental, Daniel Miller, even Yellow Magic Orchestra, The Plastics, the Absurd bedfellows. Whatever, at the moment pop consumers are more open minded here than the critics.

'Metamatic' is an LP of great sound, colour, tv theme melodies, deadpan voices, daft words, deadly speculation and it pleases me, in many different ways, a great deal.

Paul Morley

THE PLANETS
Goon Hilly Down *(Rialto)*

ON 'Goon Hilly Down', The Planets are Steve Lindsey and friends, though a group proper has since been formed. Formerly bassist with the reputedly wacky Deaf School, Lindsey wrote and produced the lot, adding guitar, keyboards and drums to his main instrument. The results are very ho-hum.

Blockheads Turnbull, Gallagher and Charles co-produce and play on two tracks. The glib 'Lines' sounds like the moderate hit it was, while 'Break It To Me Gently' suggests a pop Thin Lizzy. Overall, 'GHD' is ELO minus the smugness but plus nothing very much. 'Iron For The Iron', the prime example, is unsurprisingly the next single.

Lindsey's voice is highly forgettable and any notable mannerisms are borrowed. Danny Kustow contributes his habitual 'Truth'-era Jeff Beck guitar, 'Mile High' gives a nod to Giorgio Moroder and 'I'm On Fire' does anaemic things to the lilt of Marley's 'Get Up, Stand Up'.

In this company the bustling drum riff and vaguely biting chorus of 'Secret' are almost arresting.

Harry George

..'Hello America'..
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IMPORTS

THE MUSIC that fills 'Pointy Feet Beat' (GDS) would seem to indicate that the fallout from Akron never permeated the air of Peoria and other towns in America's great mid-west. Compiled from the catalogues of such labels as Magic, Castle, Blue Rhythm, ASI, Stacked Deck and Sutarue in cooperation with *Prairie Sun* magazine, the album features 22 tracks by 16 currently third-division worthies who, as writer Mike Foster acknowledges, "Aren't the newest wave, but play traditional music, old blues, raucous rock'n'roll and power pop."

Also, in the case of Dartanyan, they chip in an acceptable line in jazz-funk, while outfits like Dahcotah and the now defunct New Watermelon Rhythm Band, appear in the guise of real good ol' boys (or gals), all Nashville bound and sagebrush-wrapped.

In short, it's a return to the jukebox syndrome, with the multifarious records being stacked by someone whose radio batteries went flat prior to 1977. And though it's distinctly hard to pick just one back that may one day make it through to Madison Square Gardens, many have something to offer, the most-likely-to-succeed including The Swingars, whose 'No Enemas Please', at least gets close to Knack-type modernity, and The Slick Rand Band, for whom Mike Hustler's midly acid-tinged vocals provide something of an edge out of line. For the rest, Patrick Hazel and Mother Blues hit an engaging jug-band stance on 'Running Wild'; The Judd Group attempt to be Steely Dan but come out sounding more like a jazz strung Stevie Wonder via 'More Than Enough'; The Enterprise Band Of Pleasure, a black outfit from the twin cities of Minneapolis and St Paul, claim Sam Cooke as a main influence; while The Headstone Band, once apparently Allman Brother clones, would now appear to have heard about the success enjoyed by Dire Straits. Well packaged, with all lyrics printed on the sleeve and a special edition of *Prairie Sun* enclosed to provide further info on all 16 acts, 'Pointy Feet Beat' is an attractive-enough proposition and a great ploy in the one-upmanship stakes. Amaze your friends with lines like: "Have your heard Locust, a band that's big in Fort Dodge?" Within minutes you can be both hated and feared.

Also guaranteed to knock up a few extra points on the social ladder board is 'Rock'n'Roll Radio' (Radiola), which contains two composite Alan Freed shows, assembled from 23 CBS broadcasts preserved by the American Armed Forces Network. Some of these '56 airshots, sponsored by Camel, featured the Count Basie Orchestra as back-up band, a chore which eventually gained the Count's men the plaudit of 'Best Rock'n'Roll Band Of The Year' from *Cashbox* magazine. Non-believers can actually hear Count receiving the award on this hour-long disc, while those not left reeling in a state of shock can perhaps tune in to the sounds of Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry, The Chordettes, La Verne Baker, The Cadillacs, Bill Haley and others that once made Freed's bow-tie twirl with delight. Incidentally, collectors are warned that many of the Radiola tracks duplicate those already to be found on WINS "Rock'n'Roll Dance Party"-releases, a series which has just reached volume five.

Fred Dellar

SEX PISTOLS
Flogging A Dead Horse
(Virgin)

'NEW' Pistols albums are obvious certainties for both ongoing situations and great bores of today, but as the paper thin series goes 'Flogging A Dead Horse' — ah, the secret language of rock'n'roll — is a good one. Originally this review was going to try and make sense of the emotion that's held for some of us in the name with what has since come to pass but that would be rising to some pretty stale bait as well as taking you all for mugs. You know the score with this one.

'FADH' is a collection of single 'A' and 'B' sides that wisely divides the original attack from the messy, hazy studio work that was all that came to be left once the spirit had flown. Side one takes all the 45 material from 'Anarchy' through till 'Holidays In The Sun' with the exception of 'Submission' but with the jarring inclusion of 'No Fun'. Should anyone need reminding, that concoction proves to be the most focussed and burning side of rock music that you'd have heard since last time you trotted them out. Such fire doesn't date and transcends most everything recorded in the name of rock music since.

It's still understandable how these records changed lives, though the current climate and separation from any organised action will predictably distance their anger and revolution sufficiently enough to render them merely puppet rulers over an even more puppet like rock scene. But don't say that's a shame, these records are the last to be deserving of something as destructive as nostalgia, 'Anarchy In The UK', 'God Save The Queen' and 'Pretty Vacant' are proud, stirring and still sound a million miles from the 'rock'n'rollers cutting records' set up. This was London calling. Don't under estimate them ever.

The other side is traditional. Less than earth shaking flab that in contrast has actually gained from time. The frustration and disappointment that riled during the crumbling days of Ronald Biggs is now sounding like the harmless, flabby fiddlesticks that you can afford to drum your fingers too. Vicious' 'My Way' still sounds like some entrepreneurs washed out, five minute amusement scheme. It says something when the sides highlight is a track as standard-issue in songwriting as 'Silly Thing', a toe-tapper and little else.

Still, today's punk rockers will cling to the whole deal bag and baggage, I suspect, along with pathetic, insecure 'music lovers' who've waited this long so as to fully evaluate the musical worth of 'new wave' and now judge the water fit and decent to bathe their jellyfish tastes in. Well, keep your clothes on jerkie, there's still parts of this beast that won't be de-fused.

Three years later and they still use the *NME*.

Danny Baker

Pic: Joe Stevens

Pity poor punk. Did we dye in vain?

PLANXTY
After The Break *(Tara)*

THE return of Planxty is, in folk circles, roughly akin to a Beatles reunion. One of Ireland's greatest folk bands, Christy Moore, Donal Lunny, Liam O'Flynn and Andy Irvine first regaled our ears with their delightful music on a Christy Moore solo offering in 1972, following up this brief encounter with the memorable 'Planxty' album.

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THAMES
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In October '75, a couple of personnel changes and several tours later, the band held a wake and then skedaddled off in various directions, leaving folkdom in a state of shock, gasping vaguely about the legacy of three fine albums and vainly about the could-have and might-have beens.

Now, some five years since their last album release, the original Planxty members, plus flautist Matt Molloy, are back to turn those possibilities into realities, commencing with 'After The Break', an album full of assets and facets.

First there's the obligatory quota of reels and jigs, which in the hands of Planxty come a shade lighter than with the Bothies and a little less studied than with The Chieftains. More importantly, there's the songs, which here comprise an ever-building, ever-speeding guide to Ireland known as 'The Pursuit Of Farmer Michael Hayes'; a chunk of rum-flavoured bonhommie called 'Good Ship Kangaroo'; 'The Rambling Sailor', a traditional tale of lust 'n' thrust and, perhaps best of all, 'You Rambling Boys Of Pleasure', Andy Irvine's reticent but effective rendition of one of those beautiful Irish airs which, like Sean O'Riada's much-loved 'Mna na h Eireann', both tugs at the heart and opens the eyeducts.

What else should I mention? The invigorating interplay between flautist Molloy and piper O'Flynn? The unlikely but undoubtedly exciting Balkan belt-along that constitutes 'Smeseno Horo'? Or maybe I should merely provide a favourable nod in the direction of Donal Lunny's meticulous production?

But none of this really matters. What *is* important is that Planxty are back and making good use of vinyl once more. Spread the news quickly.

Fred Dellar

REGGAE ROUND–UP

Various Artists: 'Yamaha Skank' *(Success)*. It may by six months too late for the 'My Conversation' craze, and it may conspicuously undersell itself (plain white sleeve, no title, no track listing), but don't be put off, this is a *sine qua non*: a re-issue of Rupie Edwards' most outlandish operation, a whole album of different cuts on the rhythm of the Uniques' 'My Conversation', including the original (which Rupie borrowed from Bunnie Lee). It's virtually 'Teach Yourself Version', as on different tracks Rupie makes use of Shortie The President's toasting, Joe White's melodica, and Herman's bongoes, not to mention Dr Satan's Echo Chamber . . . and there's never a hint of tedium, which indicates true inventiveness at work.

DENNIS BROWN: Joseph's Coat Of Many Colours *(DEB Music)*. About half of these tracks appeared as 45s last year; strung together as an album, and with a few creaking fillers in between, their effect is less than overwhelming. Dennis is still likely to turn out a good tune, as 'Three Meals A Day' and his version of the Wailers' 'Slave Driver' show; but it says something (I'm not sure what) about something (also not sure what) that the minor variations of 'Yshama Skank' are far more compelling than this coat of not enough colour.

THE ROYALS: 'Pick Up The Pieces' *(UA)*. UA is at least the third label to issue this album, but as it's the best the Royals have done so far, it's worth keeping in the catalogue. Several tracks came out as singles on leader Roy Cousins' Wambesi label in the early '70s, and here they're slightly but not oppressively modified. The best ('Pick Up The Pieces', 'When You Are Wrong', 'Only For A Time') show what's missing from the group's more recent work: good songs, well sung over distinctive rhythms.

MIKEY DREAD: 'African Anthem: The Mikey Dread Show Dubwise' *(Crisis)*. Mikey Dread assembles his best rhythms dubbed up in outrageous fashion, with silly noises, sound effects, catchphrases and multiple interruptions threatening to pull the whole thing apart at the seams. The music just about comes out on top, and although it doesn't quite come to terms with the philosophical heart of dub, the album shows why Mikey Dread was, for a time, totally in control.

MIKEY DREAD: 'Dread At The Control' *(Trojan)*. A collection of Mikey's less impressive toasting cuts which show how, for a time, Mikey Dread let things slide out of his control.

AUGUSTUS PABLO: 'Original Rockers' *(Greensleeves)*. This should be required listening at the A College Of Musical Knowledge . . . some of Pablo's best music, 1972-75, sometimes slightly (perhaps even accidentally?) remixed from the original singles. If you want proof of Pablo's pudding, you need look no further than 'Cassava Piece', previously ultra-ultra-rare, and now on display alongside nine other almost equally impressive tracks.

SONS OF JAH: 'Burning Black' *(Natty Congo)*. Titles like 'Feel Like Dancing' and 'Superdude' sit uneasily next to 'Burning Black' and 'Rastaman Tell I So', but curiously it's the conventional, 'apolitical' 'Dancing' which comes off best, while the confused rhythms and quavering, tortured vocals on the Jah-based tracks eventually become irritating. It's evident that Trevor Bow is a serious man trying hard to make his own music, but the impressive cast can't really conceal that he's covering already well-covered bases.

YABBY YOU & MICHAEL PROPHET: 'In Dub' *(Vivian Jackson)*. The liner note says it all: 'We do not know the exact nature of the influence of (Yabby You's) music or the conditions under which the music are effective, but the practical limits to the power of his phasitrere as yet scientifically mass entertainment' — my own sentiments exactly. Good dub albums are thin on the ground at the moment; Yabby You had a hand in the good, but largely unnoticed, 'King Tubby's Prophecy Of Dub' a few years ago, and this is his best since.

BARRINGTON LEVY: 'Englishmen' *(Greensleeves)*. Barrington's talent is in grave danger of dying of over-exposure. He does have a nice voice, and several of the rhythms here are fairly smart, but the songs amount to very little. Another negative review of another negative record.

Nick Kimberley

FEBRUARY 8

A SONG FROM UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS

1 3·58 FOR F.D. STEREO

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

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Belfast Ulster Hall: **Motorhead**
Birmingham Canon Hill Arts Centre: **Landscape**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Sound / The Pinkies**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **Robin Trower**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **Mistress**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Bradford University: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
Brighton Dome: **Wishbone Ash / The Dukes**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury Kent University: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Canterbury Odeon: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**
Chelmsford Communal Block: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Chesterfield The Place: **The Chords**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Reducers**
Coventry Bulls Head: **Harry Edison**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Clash**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Allison Bros**
Derby Ajanta Club: **Def Leppard / Witchfynde**
Derby Talk Of The Midlands: **Roaring Jelly**
Eastleigh Crown Inn: **The Piranhas / Woody & The Splinters**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Dominators**
Glasgow Countdown: **Restricted Code**
Hemel Hempstead Decorum College: **The Commuters**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Smirks**
Hull University: **The Pretenders / UB40**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Sore Throat**
Leeds Fan Club: **Doll By Doll / Dance Chapter**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Splodgenessabounds / The Lone Groover / The Sex Beatles**
Leeds Trinity & All Saints College: **Alex Campbell**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Heat**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Gang Of Four / Scritti Politti / The Raincoats**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Tunes**
London Ealing Technical College: **Sta-Prest**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Books**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The E.F. Band / Moontler**
London Fulham The Cock: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UFO / Girl**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Act**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Thieves Like Us**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Carpettes**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **9 Below Zero**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Lennie Felix** (for a week, except Sunday)
London Marquee Club: **The Original Mirrors / Another Pretty Face**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Capital Letters / Sunshine Steel Band**
London Putney White Lion: **The Nitehawks**
London Queen Mary College: **Osibisa**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball / The Pinks / Number Six**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Strand Kings College: **Blast Furnace's Revenge / Dolly Mixture**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Hopbine: **Tadpole**
London W.C.1 Cock Tavern: **Saffron Summerfield**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Iggy Pop / The Psychedelic Furs / The Spiderz**
Manchester City College: **The Roaring 80's**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Fiddler's Dram**
Newtown Rock Club: **The Stains**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Perth Plough Inn: **The Squibs**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Blues Band / The Dance Band**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Toyah**
Preston Clouds: **Rokotto**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **Foggy**
Sheffield City Hall: **Spyro Gyra**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Renaissance**
Stockton The Ragworth: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Sunderland Fino's Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Sunderland Fusion Club: **Japanese Toy**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Iron Maiden / Praying Mantis**
Watford Town Hall: **The Chieftains**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **The Rockin' Shades**

● *MADNESS (above) celebrate their No. 1 hit by headlining a five-venue mini-tour, the first of which are Manchester (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday). The Mo-dettes support.*

● *JERRY LEE LEWIS (top right) is back in the UK again, and the old master can be seen in action at Sheffield (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).*

● *LINDA LEWIS (bottom right) is undertaking her first tour for yonks, with initial concerts at Glasgow (Sunday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Coventry (Wednesday).*

Friday

Basildon Double Six: **The Berlin Blondes**
Bilston (Coseley) Old Bush Folk Club: **Cosmotheka**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **The Moondogs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Grace**
Birmingham Elizabeth Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Vision Collison/The Photographs**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Teenbeats**
Birmingham Odeon: **Iggy Pop/The Psychedelic Furs/The Spiderz**
Bradford College Queen's Hall: **The Clients**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Guvnors**
Brighton The Northern: **The Tinsels**
Bristol Nailsea Royal Hotel: **Saffron Summerfield**
Bristol University: **Aswad**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Bert Jansch & Martin Jenkins**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Chalfont St Peter Bakers Arms: **Weapon**
Chesterfield Barlow New Inn: **Foggy**
Chippenham Technical College: **The Mental**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **J G Spoils Rock Band**
Colchester Essex University: **The Ramones/The Boys**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Def Leppard/Witchfynde**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Chieftains**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Excel**
Dundee Technical College: **The Squibs**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Fiddler's Dram**
Harrow Technical College: **Toyah**
Hartlepool Friarage Youth Centre: **Deja-Vu**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Bastille**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Iron Maiden/Praying Mantis**
Hull City Hall: **Uriah Heep/Girlschool**
Kettering North Park Club: **The Rockin' Shades**
Lancaster University: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: **The Dubliners**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Japanese Toy**
Leeds University: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Leicester Newfoundpool Club: **Heartbeat**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Wreckless Eric**
Liverpool Bedford House: **Asylum**
Liverpool Eric's: **Splodgenessabounds / The Sex Beatles / The Lone Groover**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camberwell Art College: **The Passengers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight 8 / Fatal Charm**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **999 / The Vibrators / Pinpoint**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **Gangsters**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **9 Below Zero**
London College of Printing: **Osibisa**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bogey Boys / Billy Boy Brown**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Q-Tips**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Red Beans & Rice / Z Heads**
London Greenwich Minor Hall: **The Replaceable Heads**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Robin Trower**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Heyday Players**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Supercharge / Victims Of Romance**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **Sammy Mitchell Blues Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joe Newman Quartet**
London Southall White Hart: **Scarlet O'Hara**
London Twickenham Maria Grey College: **Ack-Ack**
London University Union: **Joy Division / The Smirks / Section 25**
London Victoria The Venue: **Peter Bardens**
London Wembley Hopbine: **European**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Essential Logic / The Brainiac 5**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
Lyton The New Sugarloaf: **Decoy**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Wishbone Ash / The Dukes**
Manchester St John's College: **Vibrant Thigh**
Manchester The Millstone: **Twisting Ferraris**
Manchester University: **Alex Campbell**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Doll By Doll**
Newcastle City Hall: **Spyro Gyra**
Newcastle Kings Head: **Perfect Strangers**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Pretenders/UB 40**
Newport (Gwent) Students Union: **The Walt**
Newport Harper Adam College: **Little Bo Bitch**
Nottingham Outlaw Bar: **The Howdy Boys / Hh**
Oxford Board Hotel: **Never Never**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Charlie Dore's Black Pocket**
Poole Brewers Arms: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Retford Porterhouse: **Gang Of Four / The Xpelaires**
Rugby Emmaline's: **Rokotto**
Salisbury Technical College: **Toulouse**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Fashion**
Sheffield University: **The Strawbs**
Southampton University: **Renaissance**
Southend The Elms: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Southport Coronation Hotel: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **The Flys**
Sunderland Annabellas: **The 45's**
Watford Red Lion: **Spider**

Saturday

Aylesbury Civic Centre: **Chequers**
Bangor University: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Bath Moles: **Thompson Twins**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Between Pictures**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **The Moondogs**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **Grace**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **UB40**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Wishbone Ash/The Dukes**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bognor West Sussex Institute: **Lip Moves**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Uriah Heep/Girlschool**
Brighton Art College: **The Piranhas**
Brighton Sussex Sports Centre: **Vandells /The Techniques**
Brighton The Northern: **Airport**
Cardiff University Hospital Lecture Theatre: **Judah**
Carshalton St Helier's Arms: **Whirlwind /Raw Deal**
Charlton Musgrove Memorial Hall: **Program/Blips/5.30 Boots/Purity 16**
Chatham Central Hall: **The Dubliners**
Coventry Matrix Hall: **Steelox**
Crowborough New Cross: **The Lucys**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **The Mice**
Dunstable Kensworth Hall: **Decoy**
Durham University: **The Revillos**
Farnborough College of Technology: **Cimarons**
Fife St Andrews University: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Renaissance**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Blues Band / The Dance Band**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The E. F. Band**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Neil Otwl & The Pits / The UBz / The Vapors**
Halifax Good Mood: **The Flys**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Fiddler's Dram**
Hemel Hempstead Long Chaulden Hall: **Vince Pie & The Crumbs**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Jones Boys / Dangerous Age**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **The Regulars**
Hull University: **Doll By Doll**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Lancaster University: **Saffron Summerfield**
Leeds Staging Post: **Fodo**
Leicester University: **Gang Of Four**
Liverpool Eric's: **Wreckless Eric**
London Cambden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Little Roosters / The Gangsters**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **999 / The Vibrators / Pinpoint**
London Camden Music Machine: **Toyah**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Roll-Ups**
London Chelsea College: **The Strawbs**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Spider**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Passengers**
London Collier Row White Hart: **Shader**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Smirks / The Act**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Flys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Terminal Snack Blues Band / Thunderbirds**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Strays**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Soul Boys**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Cahoots**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rubber Johnny**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Supercharge / Victims Of Romance**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords / The Berlin Blondes**

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GIG GUIDE

London Rainbow Theatre: **The Ramones / The Boys**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Joe Locker, Bobby Campbell & Robin McKidd**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Foot**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joe Newman Quartet**
London Southall White Swan: **Verdis**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour De Force**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Excel**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Johnny M & The Midnite Men**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Madness / The Mo-dettes**
Manchester UMIST: **Iron Maiden / Praying Mantis**
Manchester University: **The Pretenders**
Mansfield Swan Hotel: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Matlock Hurst Farm: **Strange Days**
Newcastle University: **The 45's**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Harry Edison**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Squibs**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Clash**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Gangsters**
Sheffield Fiesta: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Sherborne Digby Hall: **The Wolf**
Southend Top Alex: **Bastille**
Steines Town Hall: **The Diels / The Fringe**
Stockton The Teesside: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Tarant Monkton Langton Arms: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Walsall Poleall Community Centre: **The Ripley Wayfarers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**

Sunday

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Def Leppard-/Witchfynde**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Sledgehammer/Verdis**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Stress**
Bradford Princeville Club: **J.G. Spoils Rock Band**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Spyro Gyra**
Bristol Locomo: **Iggy Pop/The Psychedelic Furs/The Spiders**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Lip Moves**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chigiehurst Bulls Head: **Alex Campbell**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **The Original England Band**
Crewe Brunswick Hotel: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Rockole**
Doncaster Sun Inn: **Foggy**
Folkestone Golden Arrow: **Denigh**
Glasgow King's theatre: **Linda Lewis**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Squibs**
Leeds Fan Club: **Wreckless Eric**
Leeds Ffordo Green Hotel: **The Heat/The Jerks**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Staging Post: **Breaker**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Uriah Heep-/Girlschool**
Leicester Retby Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Madness/The Mo-dettes**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **9 Below Zero**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tour De Force**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Smirks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **World Service**
London Finchley Torrington: **Big Chief**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Marmelade**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nutz**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Arrogant/The Act**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Attack**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Legend**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The V.I.P.'s**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sons Of Cain**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London North End Rd. The Cock: **Aura**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Larry Adler/Brian Lemon**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Iron Maiden/Praying Mantis/Diamond Head**
London The Mall I.C.A. Theatre: **Tom Robinson's S.27**
London Victoria The Venue: **Killing Joke/The Fatal Microbes**
London Wembley Hopbine (lunchtime): **Sponge**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Sveriges Jazz Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Nightlife**
Macclesfield Bears Head: **Neon Tetra**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Vibrant Thigh/Picture Chords**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Electrotunes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Norwich The Cottage Tavern: **Jane Bond & The Agents**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **The Dubliners**
Oxford New Theatre: **Wishbone Ash/The Dukes**
Poole Wessex Hall: **The Clash**
Reading Cherry's: **Naied**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Blues Band/The Dance Band**
Retford Old Bell Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Robin Trower**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Pretenders/UB40**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **The Chieftains**
Southend Shrimpers: **The Flatbackers**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Weymouth Gloucester Bars: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Wolfaston Nags Head: **The Accelerators**

Monday

Bath Weston Hotel: **Thompson Twins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The E.F. Band**
Birmingham Night Out: **Mary Wilson (for two weeks)**
Bolton Folk Club: **Eddie Walker**
Bristol Granary: **Def Leppard / Witchfynde**
Cambridge University: **Squeeze**
Cannock Variety Club: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Canterbury Queens College: **Random Hold**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Clash**
Coventry Swanswell Tavern: **Cheap Spirits**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Spyro Gyra**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliets: **The Heat / The Jerks**
Edinburgh Busker Browns: **The Squibs**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
Flint Raven Hotel: **The Original England Band**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Madness / The Mo-dettes**
Glasgow Countdown: **Friction**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Wishbone Ash / The Dukes**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Uriah Heep / Girlschool**
Leicester Bailey's: **The Chi-Lites (for a week)**
London Camden Bracknock: **The Trendies**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Splodgenessabounds / More: Mill Hawaiian / Rodney & The Fellures**
London Camden Music Machine: **Plain Characters / The Mice**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Flys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **After Dark**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Never Never Band / The Hit Men**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Numbers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Berlin**
London Islington Keskibee Centre: **Headline**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fashion**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Hall Moon: **The Blues Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Nightbird**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bobby Henry's Risk**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Robin Trower**
Mansfield Civic Theatre: **Iron Maiden / Praying Mantis**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalhir**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Agents**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Chieftains**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Between Pictures**
Shrewsbury Cascade: **The Piranhas**
Stockton Commercial Hotel: **Deja-Vu**
Swansea Circles: **Electrotunes**
Tunbridge Wells The Calverly: **Alex Campbell**
York Arts Centre: **Swift Nicks**

Tuesday

Basingstoke Haymarket Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Birmingham (Barnes Hill) California: **Servedec**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Odeon: **Madness / The Mo-dettes**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Vince Pie & The Crumbs**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **The Clash**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Linda Lewis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Def Leppard / Witchfynde**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Iron Maiden / Praying Mantis**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Fiddler's Dream**
Derby Romeo & Juliet: **The Piranas**
Doncaster Time & Place: **The Accelerators**
Dunscroft The Regal: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Wishbone Ash / The Dukes**
Leicester University: **The Pretenders / UB40**
Liverpool The Moonstone: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Barrington Levi / Linval Thompson**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Directions**
London Central Polytechnic: **Alex Campbell**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mistakes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Fraser Nash**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Doly Mixtures / A-Z Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Pointer Sisters**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Iggy Pop / The Psychedelic Furs / The Spiders**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Deadringer**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Johnny G**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Berlin**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sheder**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harry Edison**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Quartet**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Regulars**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London W.1 Billy's Club (Dean St.): **Manicured Noise**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Heat / The Jerks**
Newcastle City Hall: **Robin Trower**
Norwich Cromwells: **999 / Jane Bond & The Agents**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Uriah Heep / Girlschool**
Reading University: **Squeeze**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Chords**
Sheffield The Blitz (George IV IW Inn): **The Negatives.**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Spyro Gyra.**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Electrotunes**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Odeon: **Spyro Gyra**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bourne End The Firefly: **Harry Edison**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Wishbone Ash/The Dukes**
Brighton Top Rank: **999**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Under Fives**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Essential Bop**
Callow End The Hall: **The Streys**
Carshalton St Helier's Arms: **The Cruisers**
Chelkenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Star: **The V.I.P.'s**
Coventry Theatre: **Linda Lewis**
Darlington Bowes Wine Cellar: **Deja-Vu**
Darlington New Imperial: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Exeter Routes: **Def Leppard/Witchfynde**
Greatstone Sea Horse: **Denigh**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **The Pop Group/The Raincoats**
Keele University: **The Strawbs**
Liverpool University: **The Pretenders/UB 40**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Barrington Levi/Linval Thompson**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Flys**
London Chiswick Sports Ground: **Splodgenessabounds**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bauhaus**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Kicks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Martian Dance/Z Heads**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Bogey Boys**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Headboys**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Alex Campbell**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Wilber-/Lars Edegrand/Colin Bates Trio**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Funboy Five**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bobby Henry's Risk/Blast Furnace's Revenge/Margo Random**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Delta 5/The Liggers**

SQUEEZE are back on the road, to part-compensate for the drastic curtailment of their autumn tour. First dates in a tour lasting almost a month are Cambridge (Monday), Reading (Tuesday) and Southampton (Wednesday).

London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Q-Tips**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bloodshot-/Cover Girls**
London W.1 Billy's Club (Dean St.): **Scars**
Ludlow Globe Inn: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Manchester Main Debating Hall: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Milton Keynes Woughton-on-the-Green The Swan: **Spud & The Fobs**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwalhir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Soma Chicken**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Chieftains**
Poole Dorset Institute: **Thieves Like Us**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Slough College: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**
Southampton Top Rank: **The Clash**
Southampton University: **Squeeze**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Helens Railway Hotel: **Asylum**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Tipton Sports & Social Club: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Vapors**

SPYRO GYRA arrive here in the wake of their 'Morning Dance' success for their first UK concert tour, opening at Sheffield (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Bristol (Sunday), Croydon (Monday), Slough (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Joe Stevens

SUNDAY (10): Avery Fisher — **Radu Oupu**, Westchester State College — **Randy Newman**; Max's Kansas City — **Lenny Kaye / The Zantees / The Normals**; Duplex — **Julie Sheppard**; Sweet Basil — **Steve Wooff** (two days); 92nd Street "Y" — **Jerry Harmon** (two days).
MONDAY (11): Lone Star Cafe — **Jonathan Edwards** (two days); Bottom Line — **Tom Paxton**; Village Vanguard — **Mel Lewis** (six days); Mikells — **Stuff** (four days); Max's Kansas City — **The Erotics**; Santu — **Jacks & The Movers**.
TUESDAY (12): Capitol — **Blue Oyster Cult**; Snafu — **Big Spenders** (two days); Max's Kansas City — **The Androids**; 7th Ave. South — **Brubeck Bros** (two days); Fat Tuesdays — **Milt Jackson** (four days).
WEDNESDAY (13): Hurrah — **Defunk / TRJ / The Pin-Ups**; Bottom Line — **Etta James**; Syncopation — **Tex Allen Quintet** (three days); Max's Kansas City — **Manhattan Project**.
THURSDAY (14): Hurrah — **Cherry Vanilla / Comateens**; Beacon — **Divine / Rough Trade**; Bottom Line — **The Romantics**; My Father's Place — **David Johansen**; Agricultural Hall — **Blue Oyster Cult**; Trams — **Lonnie Brooks**; Max Kansas City — **Joy Ryder**; Snafu — **Judith Lander**.
FRIDAY (15): Showplace — **The Plasmatics** (two days); Other End — **Steve Goodman** (two days); My Father's Place — **Power Of Power** (two days); Heat — **The Rave**; Max's Kansas City — **Bloodless Pharaohs**; Capitol — **Joe Jackson / The Inmates**; Nassau Coliseum — **The Outlaws / The Rockettes**; Trams — **Jimmie Dawkins** (two days); Bottom Line — **Prince** (two days); Snafu — **The System / Diamond Depree**.
SATURDAY (16): Hurrah — **The Speedies / The Bounce**; Max's Kansas City — **The Rattlers / Cheap Perfume**; Snafu — **The Pin-Ups**; Squat — **The Nuggets / Pattie Smith Group minus Patti**.
SUNDAY (17): Bottom Line — **Power Of Power**; Kuschner's — **Rita Moreno**; Trams — **J.B. Hutto**; Avery Fisher — **Claudio Arrau**; Hurrah — **Jumpers / The Nats**; Max's Kansas City — **The Blessed**; Snafu — **Manhattan Alley**.

NEWS ROUND-UP

GINGER BAKER'S ENERGY play Leeds University (tomorrow, Friday), Bangor University (Saturday), Newport Metropole (February 16), Retford Porterhouse (18) and London Camden Dingwalls (20), before leaving for a month-tour of Germany and Yugoslavia — which they interrupt of March 1 for an appearance on BBC-1's *Parkinson* show. They'll be playing further UK dates in the spring.

DIRE STRAITS have no plans to perform at all in Britain this year. Currently on holiday, they will spend most of the spring and summer rehearsing and recording a new LP, while the autumn is set aside for their delayed tour of the Far East. Their next UK appearances are likely to be in early 1981.

THE TRAMSHED in Woolwich is staging a three-day South London Rock Contest (March 25-27), open to all bands, and the venue is supplying PA system and backline. Entries should be sent by the end of this month to Terry Hewitt, Stop'n'Swop Music, 20 Woolwich New Road, London SE18. Prizes will be awarded on the final night.

RAY DORSET, of Mungo Jerry fame, has formed a new band and his own record label. His outfit comprises ex-Camel bassist Doug Ferguson, ex-Foghat keyboards man Colin Earl and ex-Sadista Sisters drummer Boris Williams. His label is called Satellite, and the first release will be a Mungo Jerry compilation album, recorded over the last six years.

IAN MATTHEWS has now confirmed the date of his one-off appearance at London Victoria The Venue — it's on Thursday, April 3. During his visit, he'll also be featured on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test*, for screening on either April 1 or 8.

CAMBRIDGE FOLK Festival this year moves from its usual spot at the end of July to the first weekend in August (1-3). Negotiations are currently in hand with several American stars, and the first list of attractions is expected to be announced in a couple of months.

SCREEN IDOLS are out of action for a month, because lead singer Michelle Mieddu has been ordered a complete rest, following her recent collapse during the band's set at London Music Machine, their UK tour to aid promotion of the second single 'Take It Easy', due to start on February 15, has consequently been delayed.

SCISSOR FITS, the Hounslow outfit who've already sold 3,000 copies of their recently released live album 'Soon After Dark', will be on the road from late February non-stop to early June. They expect to play around 65 dates during this period, and the first ten to be confirmed are Southampton Eastleigh Crown Inn (February 28), Basingstoke Magnums (March 8), Bournemouth The Pinecliff (13), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (15), live recording at London Clapham 101 cCub (27), Bath Rockspot (April 7), Greenford Hall (May 20), Weymouth Gloucester Hotel (June 1), Bracknell Bridge House (7) and Gosport John Peel (19).

CLEO LAINE headlines her first British concert tour for six years in the spring, together with John Dankworth and his quartet. Dates are Bristol Colston Hall (April 17), Brighton Dome (19), Croydon Fairfield Hall (20), Oxford New Theatre (22), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (26), Cardiff New Theatre (27), Liverpool Empire (May 6), Edinburgh Usher Hall (7), Manchester Free Trade Hall (10), Birmingham Hippdrome (11), Newcastle Theatre Royal (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (19) and Peterborough ABC (21). Tickets are on sale now priced £5.50, £4.40 and £3.30 at all venues.

THE COCKNEY REJECTS headline at Aberdeen University (February 22), Glasgow venue to be announced (23), Bradford Royal Standard (24), Nuneaton 77 Club (25), Leeds Fan Club (28), Grimsby Community Hall (29), Dudley JB's (March 1), Plymouth Clones (4), Exeter Routes (5), Swansea Circles (6) and London Marquee (7 and 8), with more to follow.

THE LIVE PAGE

to advertise phone 01 261 5153

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UPPER STREET
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Wednesday 6th February 75p **BOGEY BOYS**	Sunday 10th February 75p **THE LEGEND**
Thursday 7th February 75p **THE CARPETTES**	Monday 11th February 75p **BERLIN**
Friday 8th February £1 **SOFT BOYS**	Tuesday 12th February 75p **JOHNNY G**
Saturday 9th February £1 **RUBBER JOHNNY**	Wednesday 13th February 75p **BOGEY BOYS**

GANG OF FOUR
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THE RAINCOATS
RALPH & THE PONYTAILS
SURPRISE GUESTS
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Thursday 7th February 80p **JOHNNY MARS** **7 SUN** + Support	Sunday 10th & Monday 11th February 80p per night **FILTHY McNASTY** with Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange, Billy Kristiano, Rob McKintosh, Clive Edwards, Kevin Savigan
Friday 8th February 80p **TOUR DE FORCE** + Guvnors	Tuesday 12th February 80p **DIRECTIONS** + The Chevrons
Saturday 9th February 70p ★ **ROLL UPS** ★	Wednesday 13th February 80p **THE FLYS** + The Dark

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WATERSHEET RICKMANSWORTH
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Saturday February 9th 7.30 pm

TOM ROBINSON with
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Monday 25th February **DEF LEPPARD**

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E.F. BAND + Moontier
Friday 8th February £1
RED BEANS & RICE + Z Heads
Saturday 9th February 50p
MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS + Thunderbirds
Sunday 10th February £1
NUTZ
Monday 11th February 50p
NEVER NEVER BAND/ THE HIT MEN
Tuesday 12th February £1
DOLLY MIXTURES + A-Z Band
Wednesday 13th February 50p
MARTIAN DANCE/Z HEADS

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981

Friday 8th February £2
GANG OF FOUR
Saturday 9th February £2
DEF LEPPARD

GIGS

WEDS FEB 6 **LONDON** HOPE & ANCHOR
FRI FEB 8 **LONDON** ROCK GARDEN
WEDS FEB 13 **LONDON** HOPE & ANCHOR
THURS FEB 14 **WARWICK** UNIVERSITY
FRI FEB 15 **W'HAMPTON** LAYFAYETTE
SAT FEB 16 **BLACKPOOL** NORBRECK CAS.
SUN FEB 17 **BRUNEL** UNIVERSITY
WEDS FEB 20 **LONDON** HOPE & ANCHOR
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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Devoto an Shelley at their '78 re-union. Pic: Kevin Cummins

WHEN during 1976 did Howard DeVoto meet Pete Shelley and come up with the idea of forming Buzzcocks? Also, when did the band commence rehearsals, when did Howard leave and when did the Shelley-'Garth'-Maher-Diggle Buzzcocks start gigging?

S BAWES, Lancaster, Lancs

● No one at New Hormones is into exact dates but it seems that DeVoto and Shelley first thought about forming a band after attending one of the Sex Pistols' first gigs at the end of '75. Then they met up with Steve Diggle and John Maher, the Buzzcocks coming into existence during the Spring of '76, resulting in a debut gig with the Sex Pistols at Manchester's Lesser Free Trade Hall on July 20, 1976. DeVoto left soon after the release of 'Spiral Scratch' (January 1977), at which point Diggle moved back to guitar, Shelley began demonstrating his vocal prowess and Garth Stepped in on bass, remaining until the release of the 'Orgasm Addict' single (August 1977), at which point he was replaced by Barry Adamson of Magazine, who played for six dates while the band auditioned bassists, finally relieving Steve Garvey of his P45.

AS AN Atlanta Rythm Section freak, I have become increasingly interested in the Classics IV, the '60s band which spawned ARS. Could you therefore provide a tally of the Classic's hits and also add an album listing?

JOHN STREET, London NW6

● As far as Britain's concerned, Classics IV might just as well never existed. For the band's only middly successful single was 'Spooky' which edged in *Record Retailer's* (now *Music Week*) Top 50 for just one week during 1968. However, in the U.S. of A. things were somewhat different, 'Spooky', the band's first hit, obtaining the No. 3 spot in the *Billboard* charts during late '67, to be followed by 'Soul Train' (90 — 1968), 'Stormy' (5 — 1968), 'Traces' (2 — 1969), 'Everyday With You Girl' (19 — 1969), 'Change Of Heart' (49 — 1969), 'Midnight' (58 — 1969), 'The Funniest Thing' (59 — 1970), 'Where Did All The Good Times Go?' (69 — 1970), 'What Am I Crying For?' (39 — 1972), 'Rosanna' (95 — 1973) and 'My First Day Without Her' (94 — 1975). Basically from the deep South — just about everyone in the band hailed from Florida or Alabama, with the exception of the band's vocalist Dennis Yost — one of the outfit's founder members was ARS man J. R. Cobb, while Dean Daughty, who'd been working with Roy Orbison, joined the band in 1968. Also, ARS producing and arranging for the band but also co-writing much of the material with Cobb.

My info on the band's U.S. albums is sketchy (a full discography would be appreciated!) but I've come up with the following listing — 'Spooky' (Imperial 12371 — 1968), 'Mamas And Papas/Soul Train' (Imperial 12407 — 1969), 'Traces' (Imperial 12429 — 1970), 'Song' (Liberty LST 11003 — 1971) and 'What Am I Crying For?' (MGM South MSK 702 — 1973), plus two compilations in 'Golden Greats Vol. 1 (Imperial 16090 — 1970) and 'Stormy' (Sunset SUS 5323). And following the success of ARS's 'Spooky' revamp, tis said that British UA are shortly to regale us with a Classics IV collection in their 'Pop File' series. Which ain't at all bad news!

WHAT'S behind the current glut of Portugese-pressed LPs currently retailing in London for £2.99 or so? Are they worth the money or are they just inferior pressings?

GRAHAM DUNSTER, Sidcup, Kent

● A few years ago, pressings from Iberia were decidedly dull compared to their U.K. cousins. But more recently our standards have taken something of a tumble while those of many of our competitors have risen — which means that the cheapo Portugese jobs are of reasonable quality and not to be sniffed at. However, some British companies, alarmed at this influx of Euro-pressings, are seeking to stem the flow by means of legal action. Polydor already obtaining an injuction to prevent Our Price Records from selling copies of The Bee Gees' 'Spirits Having Flown'.

COULD you tell me anything about *The Rolling Stones' Rock And Roll Circus* film, which I believe was made in 1968 and never given a public release? Is there any chance of it ever being screened?

D.C.M.D. Edinburgh

● Financed by the Stones and directed by Michael Lindsey-Hogg, *Rock And Roll Circus*, a movie mainly set in a circus big-top, was originally scheduled to feature Jagger and Co. alongside such talents as Dr John, Traffic, Jethro Tull, Taj Mahal, though the final line-up proved to be The Who, Jethro Tull, Taj Mahal, Mitch Mitchell, John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Marianne Faithfull, Eric Clapton and, of course, the Stones themselves. Though completed, the flick never made it to the Colosseum, Harlesden, due, it is said, to Jagger's unhappiness about his own part in the production. Since that time, it's been reported that The Who have tried to purchase the movie with a view to releasing it sans the Stones' portion. But so far it's all been pretty much a no-go area.

COULD you supply a Doors album discography?

TERRY PAUL, Eastbourne, Sussex

● We seem to trot out Doors discogs at regular intervals — Andrew Weiner supplied one with his *Looking Back* of '73, while Max Bell bought a new stylus in order to supply a consumer's guide in 1975 — and I guess that the advent of *Apocalypse Now*, which utilises The Doors' 'The End' as an opening theme, makes a reasonable enough excuse to indulge in an old habit. First released was 'The Doors' (now on Elektra K42012), recorded in 1966 but released in Britain during May '67. Later that same year, Elektra (the label on which all Doors albums can be found) provided 'Strange Days' (K42018), followed by 'Waiting For The Sun' (K42041 — 1968), 'The Soft Parade' (K42079 — 1969), 'Morrison Hotel' (K42090 — 1970), 'Absolutely Live' (K62005 — 1970), and 'L.A. Women' (K42090 — 1971), which was the last true Doors album, Morrison proving that too many baths does one no good whatsoever only a few weeks after the disc's release. Since that time, we've had 'Other Voices' (K42104 — 1971), 'Full Circle' (K42115 — 1972) and 'An American Prayer' (K52111 — 1978), the last named featuring some old tapes of Morrison reciting prose, with a dubbed-on accompaniment by Messrs Krieger, Manzarek and Densmore. In addition to these albums, there have been various compilations and reissues, the most popular of these being the still-available 'Best Of The Doors' (K42143 — 1976), though collectors may prefer 'Weird Scenes Inside The Goldmine' (K62009 — 1978) a double which includes a couple of obscure 'B' sides. Incidentally, those seeking a Doors singles discography may care to learn that one appeared in the July '79 edition of *Bam Balam* copies of which can be obtained from the ever-active Brian Hogg of Flat 1, Castellau, Dunbar, East Lothian, Scotland.

LIVE!

Come In You Lot Your Star Time Is Up

Top right and bottom right Pretenders Chrissie Hynde and James Honeyman Scott — pix Alan Johnson. Bottom left Pink Military's Jayne; centre Swell Maps' Jowe Head — pix Santo Besone.

The Pretenders

Coventry

THERE'S 2,000 people crammed in a nightclub waiting for Britain's Number One band. 'The Ride Of The Valkyries' is screeching through the speakers; the clapping and cheering has already started although nothing has happened and there's a mild panic and pushing from an audience who are grimly determined to get the best view.

Then the lights slam on. The Pretenders are on stage ... and suddenly all the excited anticipation looks ridiculous in retrospect.

The sound on the album is elegantly presented; it may not contain much that's new but instead you admire the individual combination, the inspired selection of old ideas, the moody grandeur of the more memorable tracks. Then there's a voice that is so sensitive it can celebrate a delirious inner exhilaration, be richly sarcastic, swiftly dismissive or explore bedroom politics with equal ease.

Chrissie Hynde surveys emotion with the calm, sure instinct of controlled soul.

Finally there's the single. And 'Brass In Pocket' sounds like Chrissie's theme: attractive, self-assertive, with a wheedling lyric that knows it's going to win; a song that says *"I'm special"* in the triumphant tones of someone who's discovered success on their own exacting terms.

The trouble is that on stage The Pretenders are incapable of providing any concrete proof of their own promise.

They look the part: Martin Chambers smashes about extravagantly; Pete Farndon's quiff and turned-up collar look '50s and thuggish; Honeyman Scott is blond, limply passive and fashionably effete; and Chrissie has her own oddly androgynous beauty, moving with smooth spontaneity during the brief breaks when the tension eases and she's able to relax. But there's an incongruous amateurism about the evening which is in garish contrast with the precise balance of their songs.

The guitars too often get it wrong and jangle; each instrument is marginally irritatingly out-of-line and the sound is never pressed together in one collective punch. Under the strain Chrissie's voice flies off course, is unable to sustain the subtle nuances of the smokey phrasing and separates crudely into just two registers — quiet and loud.

Jarred by nerves, The Pretenders are stiff, distant and awkward; between the numbers you can hear the inappropriate conversation of the crowd. For a group of their stature they are battling against an obstruction that seems scarcely credible — sheer inexperience. No wonder Chrissie has a reputation for petulence; this sort of performance must be crushing for a person who has a right to feel proud of her other achievements.

'Brass In Pocket' is thrown away. "That'll do," Chrissie says tartly during the applause. "I don't know whether it's for us or the song."

'Precious', 'Private Life' and 'The Phone Call' meet the same drab fate. A new number, announced with typical perversity after 'Stop Your Sobbing' as "another Ray Davies song The Kinks never recorded" sounds soft, sad, pastel and could be stunning. 'Kid' is an awful song anyway but this sort of treatment doesn't make it any easier on the ears. And only 'Up To The Neck' gets anything approaching the sort of sound it deserves.

There's no encore. Chrissie comes back on, announces "our guitar player just collapsed", kisses both palms to the audience and is gone.

The Pretenders have been elevated far too early to the point where a slight blip is inevitably magnified to an enormous error. And they're now in the invidious position of being outclassed by their own material. This results in performances which must be infuriating for a group who can surely see that they're nowhere near the realisation of their still latent potential. It's also frustrating for an audience who by the polish of their records has been led to expect so much more.

It remains to be seen if the disparities between The Pretenders on stage and in the studio can somehow be solved. For their own sakes, they've got to start thinking about solutions.

Lynn Hanna

Swell Maps Pink Military

University of London

FRIDAY night is sold out on regional charm. I expected to see you all here . . .

But didn't think I'd go home quite so depressed. Swell Maps and Pink Military: two instances of a proposition wherein to know the people involved makes loving it a whole lot easier. If you're in on the act . . .

Never mind love: I can hardly *tolerate*. I must be getting old. But everything here seemed to be skating on history, mere re-writing of old signs; *routinely* demanding, closed fun.

Pink Military are an atrociously professional collection of musicians who wouldn't be allowed out of 1974-dramatic-noise-making-school and anywhere near a pre-Maps London stage were it not for the dubious charisma of lead singer Jayne, she of no little claims Piaf-ward. To know her is to love her, I'm sure, but this isn't Liverpool anecdote swapping time and the arrogant ideology is embarrassing in its public execution.

Jayne's solo performance — because that's what it is — had the air of a bad pub audition, tacky and tarted up existentialism wriggling on the edge of a martini glass. Mannerism, aloof self-centredness, studious histrionic sham, sham, sham. All qualities in keeping with the 'psychedelic' revival rumoured to be sweeping the North at the mo, but Pink Military unfortunately lack the more difficult, ironic, humorous, or absurd attributes of other groups. The attribute they have most of is banality: they're the new Jefferson Starship.

Pink Military's scrapbook showing isn't even good mystification; too cutesy pie and private to stomach, too botched to matter anyway. The use of 'dub' (???) echo is crass, their tapes (chants at the close of songs, silly effects) superfluous, and the 'cabaret' influence gimmicky. Charm like Piaf had needs brutal experience to fuel it, or it soon rubs thin.

Swell Maps make no such pretensions to pretension, theirs is a cult constructed around 'not caring' and, as such, contains one obvious trapdoor: it's just as easy to turn round and say, *neither do I care!*

The sometime shambles of a Fall or Scritti Politti are not so formally fetishized. Any elaborate theoretical justification of Swell Maps (whatever one might be) is practically laughable in the face of their lack of deviation, the smug succession of riffy bashes and whacky japes. No, I have no bones to pick . . .

I even stayed in the same room as their cartoon for longer than I've ever managed, before fleeing to solitude and the moralistic chidings of a partially impartial but assertive witness — about my "public accountability" as per Critic At Gig.

On the other side of their accusation is a latent admission of the critic's futility in the face of regional charm. Love 'em or loathe 'em: the founding position of contradiction in linguistic expression means that 'value judgements' in a context such as this — the short, snappy, make-it-descriptive review — are hardly even relative.

Words are opaque.

Swell Maps are the best band in the universe.

Ian Penman

Iggy Pop

Aylesbury

Here comes my idiot!

A NEW tour with a new band, a new album and new shirt, newer values as well — but it's as irrelevant as ever it was. Because this is (only) rock and roll — *and IP is an actor.*

"This is my winter of discontent," he later quotes.

Well, *he* looked quite happy. But, travelling down to the gig on a bus full of boring rock and roll business people, I was entirely in sympathy with the line. Why wasn't I at home *enjoying* my misery? Were people really saying such stupid things to me . . .

The show must go on and on, because all those people would have nothing else to chat about otherwise. Inside the autistic rock and roll bubble again, and I'm ready to hate *anybody* up on that stage tonight: the myth of the 'tortured artist' is mere tolerance of a spoiled child. Buy your baby a new rattle, a new suit, supply the plasma, support your cultural psychosomatic.

"This is about being so fucking pissed off you have to fucking give up," IP said later. I nearly did. But I began to warm to the actor when the spitting began. Yes, this most contemporary of practices is still with us. The youth culture kids in Aylesbury sure had their theory on audience performer relationships worked out.

"To be or not to be . . ." How metaphorically apt. *He should have been an actor!* That way he'd get more respect, probably more money, and wouldn't be surrounded by the stupidest rock and roll sycophants and dumb critics tying him down to one character, one fantasy, one role.

See how he moves! Every gesture right, actually convincing. The IP myth isn't a myth. The new song 'I'm A Conservative' shows that IP knows what he is: an American conservative. Which is not what we might think it is. Schrader's *Blue Collar* film was about three 'conservatives': as the song sung by IP says, that only means seeing that you get your daily bread. No pretence, today's IP is just less extremely conservative than he's ever been before.

In 'Sister Midnight' he adds an extra line and in doing so crosses through (the myth of) the myth: *"What can I do about my dreams? What can I do about YOUR dreams?"* The answer is: nothing. Not even spit on them (ironic).

And you want to know about this as rock and roll? The band? Awful. As rock as roll gets: I hated it. Call them 'tight.' It wasn't odd.

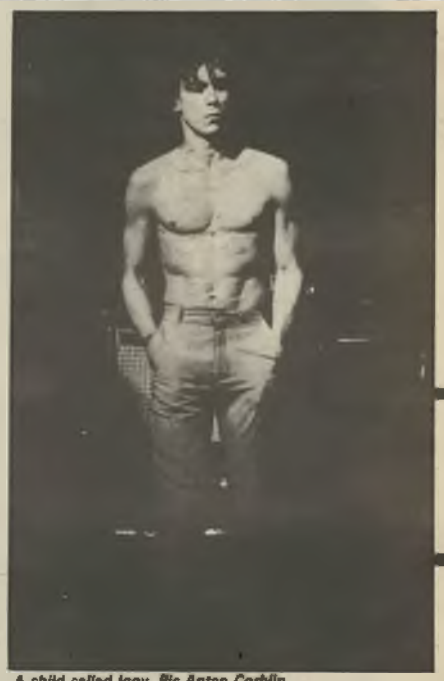
It's quite irrelevant. IP is an actor. IP is the *"I want, I need, I get, I abuse"* — doubt rendered physical. Bits of experience when the only means of expression left to you is obscenity.

IP is as critical as he can be, more so now than ever before. Is private in public; our conservatism; our 'authentic' existentialist (hurts me to say that). As rock and roll it's probably still as bad as it gets, but . . .

It shouldn't be like that: *IP is an actor.*

Look after yourself.

Ian Penman



A child called Iggy. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Killing Joke

Liverpool

REMEMBER the films of mobs of pre-war British folk waiting to watch newsreels at their local Odeon? Have you noticed how similar it is to going to a gig nowadays? The feeling of blind gratitude is exactly the same.

Sooner or later it'll dawn on everyone that what punk nearly destroyed has smoothly become the norm again.

The music and its audience have degenerated into indifference; dancing stops after two numbers, maybe four if it's a 'name' band. Well, there's trouble at t'mill on that score; try watching Killing Joke and standing rigid simultaneously.

Killing Joke's noise is the most brutal dancebeat in over a year. It consists of bass, guitar, drums and keyboards and is a custom-built model of what George Clinton calls "The Bomb".

The drumming is fluid enough to face the bass, while the guitar and keyboards sound like an amphetamine-spiked rifle-range. Kicking its way out of the padded cell is a snarling voice; the lyrics are unintelligible, although judging from the sleeve of the single, they're about tower block neurosis, modern life. If that's the case, I hope they're

Support A Spoilt Brat

Eddy Grant

Venue

HEADS swivelling, feet flapping, arms twitching like three sets of windscreen wipers, the lady vocal troop assume the position. Bass to the left of them (strictly reggae / calypso), rhythm guitar and organ to the right (strictly ice-rink tinged with soul), and latin rhythm section behind (sundry drums, assorted woodblocks and a diminutive geezer clipping the congas in a cartoon felt hat).

This is The Frontline Orchestra, a grand title for a sprawling, disenchanted group of sessioneers who look and sound like a scratch band slung together in sole support of One Man and his Hit Single.

The latter enter stage right, Eddy Grant and 'Living On The Frontline', arm-in-arm, stepping out across the boards to take a bow, at which point the 'Frontline' jingle — it really did sound like a signature tune — fades into 'Say I Love You' and Grant girds up his loins, gyrates, growls in abrasive fashion and generally goes through the motions for what seems like an eternity.

And it's disappointing. As the minutes crawl by, it gets harder to differentiate between numbers, the lowest common denominator being a rapidly diffusing mush of funky-reggae low-flying latin boogie rumbling across a two-chord framework, the congas clacking away in the background, the women wailing and Grant jiving but not arriving.

He assumes the unlikely strut of a kind of cakewalk dub cabaret spokesman for a Clinton funk Philosophy, counselling the burger-munching burghers to forsake the safety of their seats and move their bodies in a manner suggesting spiritual freedom, racial harmony and the celebration of this tedious lattice-work of ethnic sources. But to little avail.

"Everywhere I play, I take my shoes off, I open my shirt — and I'm AT HOME!" he confides, shirt adrift and shoeless. Still no takers.

Midway, the set starts — almost visibly — to sag. The

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taking the pies rather than scanning through the brochure three years too late.

'Change' features propulsive, swishing drums, and demonstrates how the electronic keyboards are used to keep the bass twang regularly detonated. Like most of the songs it's a rockers' rhythm sequence that's hammered out relentlessly and left to solidify as an assortment of noise rattles around it.

Two of their best numbers are on the single, although they suffer from a murkiness and unnecessary clutter that obscures the harsh flexibility of the sound. 'Turn To Red' and 'Nervous System' moved so hard and taut you could carve your initials on them. 'Are You Receiving' was a bit out of order, showing a laziness and conventionality that Tommy Vance could make into a 13 part serial.

Killing Joke are actually trying to make physical music without resorting to archive 'chestnuts'.

So, with one concession to the ghost of the rock glamourpus(s) out of about ten songs, the unselfconscious abusiveness of their noise means that there's now another grubby little band crawling out across the nice clean floor of 1980s' rock music.

Killing Joke are coming after you; they could show you lots of *fun*.

Kevin Fitzgerald

Frontline At The Back

Eddy Grant. Pic David Corio.

John Oates. Pic Santo Basone.

endless 'Hello Africa' (a cry for unity which has now spawned 14 cover versions, few of which can be as soulless as his own) sees its good intentions stretched beyond breaking point and dissipated in a way that just seems sad in the light of the moving, warm-hearted affection with which, say, Jimmy Cliff or Peter Tosh have conveyed the very same statement.

Even 'Frontline' itself, admittedly a welcome gear change from the rest of the set, has nothing of the album's rich, sinuous texture (nor has 'Walking On Sunshine') and — worse still! — Grant sees fit to use the number to show that nearly anyone can play guitar like a blues Santana but not all of them have the sense to keep quiet about it.

Eddy Grant's spent 12 years trying to construct bridges only to watch most of them get ploughed down by critical criteria or — simply — the tide of fashion. 'Frontline' was actually rejected by a lot of black record shops and only broke the surface after six months on white disco dancefloors.

I can't see this par-boiled reggae-calypso making friends in either camp. To the wrong audience, Caribbean / African pop is neither relevant nor the least bit demanding.

Mark Ellen

Daryl Hall and John Oates

Venue

THAT'S entertainment! Surprise, surprise! The blend-out blue-eyed soul boys from across the Big Puddle — Messrs Hall and Oates — put on something of a show. They *sizzled*, they *sparkled*; so *fun*; frenetic.

They began and ended up with rock'n'roll: three guitars across the front of the stage, slamming out those hard, tight, driving power-chords — a little unexpected and a little exciting. Whooo!

In between, we had what they thought we'd come for (they were probably right), the old hits — a rocker's version of soul with the emphasis less on feeling, more on energy; or, with the ballads, on formal perfection: the harmonies, falsetto trills, dramatic breaks. The set had three songs from their largely excellent new album 'X-Static', and a bravura set-piece around Arthur Conley's 'Sweet Soul Music'. The rest was yesterday's papers, but beautifully read — 'Rich Girl', 'Do What You Want Be What You Are', 'She's Gone', 'Rooms To Breathe', and more.

They had immaculate musicians, too, with Jerry Marotta and John Siegler on rhythms; Charlie DeChant, red coat/black lapels, on sax and keyboards; G. E. Smith, ex-Scratch Band and Dan Hartman, on lead guitar.

Now, this Smith is a virtuoso, a man in love with his guitar and the poses that go with it. Not that he deliberately upstaged his employers, just that when you're in white bomber jacket and fresh crew-cut, bounding all over the stage, leaping onto the drumstand, spinning in circles, beating yourself on the head with your guitar, hurling the instrument high in the air only to catch it, one-handed by the neck *and* beaming, bug-eyed and insanely at the audience for the entire duration of the set, it's a *tad* difficult to pass unremarked.

Oates sat on the drumstand, dark and earnest with his back to the audience, strummed his guitar and sulked a bit. Daryl looked dishy, the tough pose of leather jacket and jeans and was game for a spot of competitive hoofing and horsing about: a two-note trombone solo, a clapalongame spot, three classic head-back, dying swan poses. He can sing, too.

Time passed by so quickly because we enjoyed ourselves; because they only did one encore. There was another set, you see, people waiting outside. Ah, *that's* show biz!

Graham Lock

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FIDDLER'S DRAM — a kaleidoscope of sound

Aswad

Venue

TALKING to Drummie and Tony Gad of Aswad after The Gladiator's show at the Venue, I asked if Grove Music's licensing deal with Island would mean a re-promotion of their sadly under-rated 'Hulet' set and got a surprise when told that it would be a new Aswad we'd be hearing in the future.

And at the first gig of their national tour a new style Aswad is exactly what we got.

From the moment the band came onstage, their attitude was uncompromising and aggressive. Tony Gad has replaced Ras Oban on bass and the surprise non-appearance of Donald Benjamin meant that lead guitar and keyboards were under the control of Tek I and Ting I of Zabandis.

The call of "Jah Rastafari", apparently wasn't meant to go beyond the front of the stage and seemed to be a gesture of internal solidarity before launching into 'Behold' from the 'Hulet' album. Building around the central keyboard and guitar riff and over Drummie's one-drop drum beat, the band shed the delicately constructed and spacious instrumentation of the LP for a more muscular approach.

Halfway through their next number, 'Sons Of Cr-r-r-riminals' the dance floor had filled. Brinsley Dan's taught, skelting lead vocals were supported by Gad and Drummies' harmonies while brother Levi punctuated the dense, accelerating ridim with splashes of percussion. But as it reached it's climax, all eyes were focussed on Drummie who's militant polyrythms swelled into a crescendo and left all those still sitting on the edge of their seats, slack jawed.

Brinsley Dan of Aswad. Pic J. B. Sohlez.

Both 'Rebel Soul' and 'It's Not Our Wish' were a disorientating indication of their change in musical direction. On the mixing board Michael 'Big Dread' Campbell gave the top-end sound a rasping, cutting quality and the dub-wise intros blended into the uptempo ridim and back into dub with ease. Gad laid down some heavy bass lines and Drummie's tom-toms worked overtime, linking together his precious and fussy rolls with his attacks on the high hat.

Time between numbers wasn't wasted and it seemed a formality that Brinsley should ask, "Well, Venue how do you feel? Do you feel iry?"

Aswad, it seems, are looking for respect on their own terms. They play quality reggae in their own uncompromising fashion and it's up to the audience to take it or leave it. But that said, there was little rapport between the band and audience and the response at the end of each number was lukewarm.

After 'Not Guilty' it was back to 1977 and Brinsley informed us, *"One cold day in the month of May . . ."* whereby they dropped into a furious rendition of 'Three Babylon'. His mannerisms echoed a youthful Marley; chanting, his arm outstretched or his guitar tucked under his arm or slung behind his back while he skipped and stepped across the stage. One by one they left the stage but Drummie, Gad and Levi remained jammin' frantically until they felt it could go no further.

It hadn't been a particularly long set and I was totally unprepared for the wave of powerful and original music still to come.

'Rainbow Culture', their next single, was played in a relaxed and assured style and this is one punter who's eagerly awaiting its arrival in the shops. The song is a celebration of their faith in Rastafari and places them firmly within the camp of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. As their stance on Rasta has become more introverted and resolute, in face of the pernicious self-fulfilling prophecy of the decline of reggae, so they've developed their music to new and exciting heights, as shown by their brilliant final number, 'Natural Progression'.

Not a new song, just one which has naturally progressed into a piece of inter-stellar reggae containing an intro and dub passages the likes of which I've never heard before. A combination of a rhythmic assault on the syn-drums, tuned to give some different sounds, with soaring and weaving synthesiser fused to give some space-age atmospherics before taking the ridim in hand, extending it to introduce the members of the band and then delving into passages of striking dub.

Throughout the gig I missed the excellent lead guitar of Donald Benjamin which would have sharpened the overall sound and his vocals would have boosted the quality of harmonies to the level I associate with Aswad.

Aswad's music is exciting yet potentially alienating for the white audience, and although I respect their uncompromised stand, that doesn't alter the dilemma they face. It's one which is critical to the future of reggae music in Britain.

Paul Bradshaw

A New Age For Aswad

Flatbackers

Whisky A Go Go

WITH a minimum of fanfares, too much distortion from the sound system and a great deal of unnecessary nagging from the paranoid staff, the Whisky A Go Go in London's Wardour Street reopened its doors onto rock and the modern roll.

Historians still leaf through ancient parchments and wise old gentlemen sit young punks on their knees to chew the rag about the days when a scene setter could pop into the Whisky, catch four bands, pull a bird, drink a skinful and still come home with change from a fiver.

Not no more though. It's a nice club and may well be deserving of your patronage but thus far the A Go Go is for socialising and hanging out.

The first night crowd was whatever tense you live in — wide boy suits and '50s savannah crops mingling casually with girls in silver threads sewn by golden needles. Actually it's the kind of chic you normally find in a plush French of New York watering hole. Call it flash decadent or just making hay while the atomic sun shines.

And into the midst of this dressed up vogue came The Flatbackers, an all girl South London band with indeterminate leanings towards a modern dance but *not the* modern dance. The four of them — Julie Usher on guitar, Jeannie Hay on rinky dink keyboards, Lynn Monk on drums and Lucy Dray on bass — make a slight and occasionally effective assault on the feet but don't as yet have either the vision or the depth of material needed to persuade the first time visitor.

They attacked their songs, 'Kid From Kidbrooke', 'Different Breed', 'Flatbackers' theme tune with a lot of confidence and a lack of projection. If they'd been working their paces in a talent contest they might have cleaned up but they were stretched thin over a set that was missing an atmospheric tension. As a young band who don't have much experience, the faults in pacing are forgiveable, and occasionally they hit on a style of bubblegum pop triggered off by some sweet and undeveloped vocals that suggested possibilities for the future.

Their best songs — the bass player's 'I Know' and the pushy

Nine Below Zero's Dennis Greaves uncools a Venue audience, takes some R&B action to them and treads in their Wimpys. Pic Tom Sheehan.

The Hurley burly man. Pic Tom Sheehan.

A New High For R&B

The Inmates
Nine Below Zero

Venue

QUITE why The Inmates are currently top of the R&B heap I'm not at all sure. I say "currently" because history suggests it's a short lived position. First Geils' fot and then the Feelgoods succeeded to these ears in branching out while retaining the basic feel, only to find themselves on a plateau.

'The Walk' rests on a classic riff, boosted by a vocal from Bill Hurley that is style and authority personified, but its ascent to mini-hit status where similar efforts have failed remains a minor mystery. Nevertheless for once featuring a combo both popular and respected, the Venue is the fullest I've seen it since James Brown was over, including many smart girls apparently not averse to rufftuff boys' music.

First up, proving that it ain't what you do but the way that you do it, were the well-received Nine Below Zero. Nick Kent's review of their EP told no lie: Dennis Greaves' guitar is so trenchant and cutting and his demeanour so assured that, Thorogood-like, he left his mark however hackneyed the song.

'Nadine', 'Madison Blues' and even my particular *bete noire*, 'Got My Mojo Working', came on like the Book Of Revelations. With trilbied harpist Mark Feltham on equally coruscating form, Greaves' playing from the audience seemed less presumptuous than inevitable.

By contrast the headliners, though ranging far wider, seemed muffled and unsensational (though I should point out that self plus one were in a minority-of-two situation). The Inmates undoubtedly look the part: Tony Oliver could have played the boyish rhythm guitarist in any rock film of the last 20 years; southpaw Peter Gunn (lead guitar) dominates stage left; while the burly but huggable Hurley and highly mobile bassist Ben Donelly maintain interest in the centre.

'Don't You Lie To Me' makes a pretty standard opener, but Gunn lifts it into another dimension with a solo as dynamic as it is thoughtful. This turns out to be a recurring habit of his and, with Oliver's buoyant chording, the guitars are always greater than the sum of their parts. My reservations centre on Bill Hurley and newish drummer Jim Russell who, although excellent on the grade A soft rock of Ian Matthews' last two albums, seems out of step here, bashing and dragging and generally failing to swing.

As with most in this field, the emotional range is distinctly limited, the singer communicating full-throated determination rather than flair or abandon. On 'If Time Could Turn Backwards', aided by the Rumour horns, the band turn in the best Stax/Volt balled performance since 'I Got The Blues' on 'Sticky Fingers', but still the imagination remains untouched. Maybe an ode to the joys of old records is the giveaway: the stamp of direct experience is notably lacking, though the jaunty 'Love Got Me' and 'Danger Zone', with its beat group backing vocals, let in a bit of fresh air.

The Inmates — a long-term institution? I doubt it, but I'd quite like to be proved wrong.

Harry George

A Flatbacker — Pic Peter Anderson

uptempo of 'There's A Buzz Going Round' — do have high commercial potential. Given a sympathetic studio and a producer capable of extracting their strengths Flatbackers could evolve a style of their own rather than flirting with some fairly undistinguished and under-arranged melodies.

Flatbackers want to be original and need to streamline their attitude. They can all play and sing with enough proficiency to guarantee their own enjoyment. If they can find their feet and deliver their punchier songs in a manner that involves an audience they'll be better equipped to keep the attention and secure a following.

Max Bell

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Albert Griffiths. Pic J. B. Sohlez

The Gladiators

Venue

IT'S almost two years since The Gladiators first visited Britain. Their cult status had long been established through their haunting Studio One singles like 'Bongo Red' and 'Roots Natty', and their standing as quality session musicians, working with producers like Vivian 'Yabby You' Jackson, ensured packed, enthusiastic houses at the small number of gigs they did.

Arriving in London just before Xmas to work on a forthcoming album they eagerly grasped the opportunity to do two shows at the Venue and, securing the assistance of Tony Gad and Angus Gaye of Aswad, they succeeded in proving they need no 'funked-up fusions' to lively up that dance hall.

The show reflected the lack of rehearsal time (only two days) but by Saturday night the music makers from Jamaica had got it well and truly together. There were no false starts and onstage everybody seemed relaxed and more confident.

Covering mostly music released here by Front Line, they romped through versions of 'Jah Works', syn-drum laden versions of 'Sweet So Till' and 'Mix Up'. The stocky, grinning lead vocalist Albert Griffiths exuded warmth and almost naive enthusiasm at the crowd's response.

A high point of the gig was 'Soul Rebel'. Their vocals were delicate yet razor-edged, rising high above Clinton 'Bassie' Fearon's firm ridim and Gallimore Sutherland's echoed ridim. Angus Gaye laid the foundation and gave a stunning display or rockers . . .

'Pocket Money' was included in the set and, along with 'Stick A Bush', 'Eli Eli' and 'Roots Natty' illustrated the lasting quality of their music. Each number was extended dubwise, allowing Angus to stretch out and show why he's Britain's best reggae drummer, while Tony Gad concentrated on using the Hammond organ in a Studio One fashion giving depth and substance to the overall sound.

It's a pity that Bassie never got the chance to exercise his excellent voice on lead vocal but his solid, laid back playing — shown off so well on their re-cut of Culture's 'Fussin' And Fighting' — made up for it. His loping and looping, rumba styled bass lines were hypnotic and adequately supplemented by volleys of rimshots, fired by drummie, which richochetted round the hall . . .

An encore of 'Stick A Bush' made a total of 13 songs and nearly two hours of music. The Gladiators delivered an honest, if unpolished, set which was a healthy reminder of their talents and by the time they tour again this summer any musical slackness should have been taken up and more consideration given to their visual presentation.

Paul Bradshaw

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LIVE! EXTRA

Pic Santo Basone

Suzi and the stooges

Suzi Quatro

The Venue

SUZI Quatro came after T. Rex and Slade for most people at my school (back in '73/'74) and it used to be a struggle to get her on the jukebox at lunchtime in the youth club. But if you went down there at night you'd have no trouble, because all the greasers would be there and 'Can The Can', 'Devilgate Drive' and '48 Crash' were the main soundtrack to their solemn formation-type dancing.

That's how I remember Suzi Quatro, playing R&R greaser music and appearing on *Top Of The Pops* in black leather with a bunch of surly looking heavies behind her, looking as if they'd just ridden into the studios on Harleys. But the tough image was partly toned down because Suzi was so petite and neat, even though she was trying otherwise. And I loved her then because she was an alternative; the only alternative to the lisping little-girl figure of Marie Osmond or the curvaceous femininity of Dana.

Seeing her six years on, I was disappointed at first because she seemed to have changed her stance and her image, even though her music still retains that good ol' R&R feel. Now Suzi dresses like a music biz veteran who's seen the inside of too many glittering record company suites, as well as grown out of her Tomboy days.

She wears black satin (or were they leather?) skintight trousers and black top, with spangled jacket and matching waistcoat, and is backed by two similarly trendily attired female vocalists. My heart sank when they walked onstage, but once into the music Suzi seemed to imagine she was back in the tatty leathers she'd worn for the sound check, and kicked her way through the flimsy veneer of sophistication, back into R&R, taking most of the packed house with her.

The dance-floor was crowded before the band came onstage; the audience were moving before they were playing; applauding before they'd finished the first number. None of which was good enough for Suzi, who had to have everyone dancing:

"Are there any people in the record business at the back? Well, that's alright, so am I, but get off yer asses and move!"

And everyone had to sing along, she demanded. This was rock 'n' roll, and everyone was going to enjoy it.

None can have enjoyed it more than Suzi though, standing in the spotlight, legs astride, head back, yelling and spitting the songs in a voice ten times her size. Then she'd suddenly spin across the stage, the lights and the attention never leaving her. She was the front-man, the showman and the leader of an R&R band. Which was great, except she took it too far; she was too greedy.

She had to have a solo too and lead and rhythm guitarists Len Tuckey and Jamie Crompton lumbered offstage and let her have her own way, like a spoilt and selfish child.

"I've been playing bass for 15 years and now I'm gonna show you what I can do."

I was impressed by her skill, but already aware of it before this self-indulgent, ego-stroking display. She has never wanted to be on equal terms in this band, or in rock 'n' roll; she has always wanted to be in command. And she is.

The band were hustled back on for a rousing and vociferous 'Can The Can' — the only old favourite they did — and from there into a cover of what Suzi referred to as "a real rock 'n' roller", 'Evie'.

A lot of their new material I didn't recognise, but it was all in a strictly traditional R&R vein — powerful live stuff, but none of it distinctive enough to persuade me to buy their records again.

As the set ended, with Suzi extolling the virtues of playing men at their own game, she leapt onto the drummer's platform and rammed the point home by standing in the traditional cockrock pose, bass held between her legs. I'd like to think she was taking the piss, but she believes in that macho rock star image, as did the greasers down the youth club — and the girl who clambered onstage at the end of the set, threw her arms round Suzi and attempted to kiss her.

Deanna Pearson

The Stickers Thunderbirds

Rock Garden

AS CSM recently reaffirmed, the demand for R 'n B is fervent but definitely limited. Without diluting their sources, I'd say The Stickers have a better chance than most of reaching ears prone to curl up at the sound of the stuff.

Singer Andrew Ranken is one prime asset, his virtues in ascending order of importance being a very fine pink jacket, a more varied set of moves than Brilleaux, Hurley or Tice and a strong, soulful voice that consistently eschews mere bellowing. Also in The Stickers' favour is their ability to ease back and add space to a genre often rendered one-paced by the constant search for tension.

Central to this quality is James Attlee's calm, considered guitarwork, etching its mark with unfussy authority on every song. 'Rip Out The Telephones' (relaxed slide) and 'Kids' Stuff' (trebly lead) are only two examples of his controlled urgency.

Memorable moments include the Attlee/Ranken vocal interplay on 'Tears, Tears' and the former's token lead vocal on 'Cigarette', supported by some lovely clipped chords. 'Special Patrol' carries more than a whiff of 'Watching The Detectives', but the masterly rhythm and culminating slide solo make it easy to forgive the lift.

Three out of four Thunderbirds are art students, including Jo Lewis, very watchable in a strapless black-and-silver number. She could well afford to introduce 'I Only Want To Be With You' with a jibe at The Tourists, as Thunderbirds' flair and bustle fairly trashed the others' forlorn (and successful) attempt at a chartbound sound.

Encoring with 'We Are Thunderbirds', they are obviously comparable to The Rezillos and seem to have the musical clout to balance their frivolity. I particularly liked Mark Tanner's busy, full-sounding drum style.

This art school dance should run and run.

Harry George

PEARL HARBOUR

♦ Continues from page 19

Valley, the other side of the Golden Gate Bridge from all this steamy action . . . Kosmo: "Johnny Mathis's brother is one of the toll attendants on the bridge *Yeah!*"

Pearl: "I keep meaning to ask him about it. But I figured he might freak out. He sure looks like him, anyway."

California, of course, is where in the music business you are liable to be offered cocaine in the same way as you'd be offered a coffee in London or even in New York.

Kosmo: "Los Angeles! They should change the 'Hollywood' sign to read 'Cocaine'."

Pearl: "Our band doesn't do cocaine at all. But you come across it *all* the time. Everyone becomes whores for it at parties. You see all the cool people being dragged off to the bathroom and people who don't know anyone are left just standing around. It's really cruel. Really awful.

"In Leila And The Snakes our manager used to give us coke every night before we went onstage! You just see so many people turn ugly. All the girls out there are just looking for the guy with the most cocaine. It's really creepy.

"Every single gig I've played someone will come backstage and offer me coke. And I'll say, 'No, don't do coke', and everybody'll say, 'God, *what* do you take?', 'cos you saw how I dance, right? So everybody thinks I do drugs. And if the person seems basically okay I'll maybe talk to them about why they do it.

"With a lot of people it just seems it's become a part of their daily life. They obviously think it makes them more on their toes, but what it makes them do is talk about themselves all the time — what's really freaky is the way these coke-freaks just sit around all day and talk about themselves! They have to talk 'cos they're so wired up.

"Also, Americans are always consuming."

The Clash and their hats arrive, and Pearl and I disappear down to Ian Dury's dressing-room to finish our talk.

"Listen," she laughs, as we settle down again on a couple of different chairs, "I've given you my life story, but I haven't told you anything about the band."

So Pearl tells me about 'Drivin',' the first single: "Kosmo and I arranged it. But the record company started to get greedy about it, which wasn't supposed to be the idea at all. They sold a lot more copies than they said they did."

Eventually, Pearl found out the single had sold 10,000 copies.

'Drivin'' is also included on the Pearl Harbour And Explosions album, out in the States the day we do the interview and due for release here by Warners any day now: "The re-cut's better. The single is really a demo-tape. It was hard to do it over again, though."

The album was cut in two weeks at The Automat in San Francisco. It was produced by David Kahne who also produced the original single and works as the band's soundman.

"The main thing," says Pearl in a soft near-soliloquy, her eyes fixed on a drink stain on the carpet, "everyone wants to come across is that the band is just out to make great dance music. That has a lot to do with my influence. I like to dance a lot . . .

"But everyone likes to dance a lot, you know . . . Although on that Talking Heads tour in the big venues a lot of the time people would be stopped from dancing every time they got up out of their seats. That's not the idea at all."

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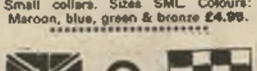

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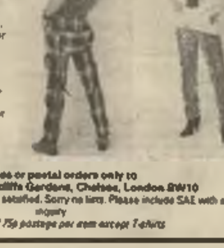

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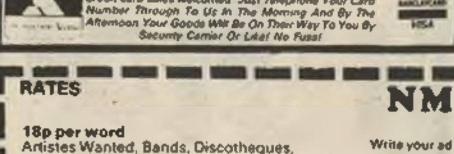

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SINGLES

From page 22.

singer Dagmar, but much more beside.

'Bird In Flight' is so much more inventive than the dreary Dolls' fey, folkie 'You Used To Be My Hero' — it hurts to think it'll reach more people.

MIKE RUTHERFORD: Working In Line (Charisma).
Rutherford takes time off from Genesis to produce an LP of songs based around 'Smallcreep's Day'. This is an extract. Convivial. **Barclay James Harvest** also have a single released this week, **'Love On The Line' (Polydor)**, wherein they discover The Bee Gees with the most horrendous results imaginable.

Singles also from **Rainbow 'All Night Long' (Polydor), Wishbone Ash 'Living Proof' (MCA), Nazareth 'Holiday' (Mountain), Queen 'Save Me' (EMI)** and **AC/DC 'Touch Too Much!' (Atlantic)**. Hall . . .

I played them all, conscientiously, looking hard for something positive to say. I played them all and they left me blank. Queen's is already a hit — their fourth pathetic record in a row, some feat — and two, maybe all four of the others may join it. Hell . . .

Scorn my prejudice for lumping them all together, but playing them was a trial.

DISCO STUDENTS: South Africa House (Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!).
THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS: Life In The '80s (Red Planet).
THE LAST GANG: Spirit Of Youth (Graduate).
PURE PRODUCT: Rejection (Streets Ahead).
THE REST: Carnival (Shooting Star).
Four plain records and an odd one from all over the country. Disco Students are not as irregular as their name might suggest. Both sides of their single sound like songs lifted from the corners of a duff early '70s Island sampler, but the group look set for notoriety. Peel has played their single, I don't think he should have.

Martian Schoolgirls are already alternative faves, and come over like punkee Steeleye Span — probably ecstasy for somebody out there. Pure Product and The Rest are spirited and thoughtful, no doubt frowning musicians, making unexceptional hard pop that stops just short and slightly to the left of standard heavy metal. Boring, but somebody must love them.

I bet nobody loves The Last Gang, though they too will be alternatives faves. I sense they're a bit Cressy, spiritually more than anything, and believe unashamedly in truth and change and the spirit of youth. Cosmic, cajoling banshee music, perversely and doomily entertaining.

Songs From The Neutral Zone
TECHNYCOLOUR: Bunker (Another Swiss Label).
JACK AND THE RIPPERS: No Desire (Another Swiss Label).
MOTHERS RUIN: Godzilla (Off Course).
KRAFT DURCH FREUDE: Wir Bleiben Kameraden (Off Course).
Intriguingly, Switzerland seems to be swirling through an equivalent of the British mid-'70s demonstration and establishing a strong voice of its own. This is the first obvious uprising of Swiss rock and that it should be so indebted to punk values is interesting, but only to be expected.

Kleen first implied something was happening, and that was shocking enough, but each of these four groups is less derivative and more definite than that pioneering quartet. The music is assertive and extreme and that's remarkable considering the unimaginativeness and comparative isolation of their country. All the groups are fighting against the lack of colour and vigour in their land, and revolting against the *lack* of youth / rock expression rather than any existing complacency. Each group has its own individual stylings — no sign of any thuggish hard chord ranting and shrieking; they're all new pop orientated.

Jack And The Rippers, despite a detestable name, play sharp jumpy pop like Rudi or Protex.
Technycolour's 'Bunker' is my favourite of the four. Warsaw-Joy Division in parts, sung in native tongue, straining guitars, plenty of charge and changes in course and a great synthesiser - guitar - voice wrestle towards the end.

The Off Course label is rich. The two singles on the label are 12", glossily packaged, informatively detailed. Kraft Etc's record is a seven-track sampler, over 15 minutes of music. Their songs are disaffected, swift, halfway catchy; closest comparison would be a floppier, boppier Stiff Little Fingers, but that's really unfair on both groups.

Mothers Ruin sing thrusting, jingly jangly songs about monsters, sterility and overpopulation. Singer Sylva must have liked prime Poly Styrene, and her group like to rave and rev it up.

Songs From A Pretend Past
BILL HALEY AND THE COMETS: Real Rock Drive (Roller Coaster).
THE MONKEES: The Monkees (Arista).
THE GRADUATES: If You Want It (Grade).
The shockingly addictive Haley EP sounds like the first stirrings of a new post Two-Tone trend from some obscure label in Walsall, and I must say infinitely more enjoyable. It's as daft and incongruous as The Tea Set, and the sleeve is best of the week. Four light country ditties halfway to Haley's version of the birth of rock'n'roll, recorded in '52 and '53, and every song much preferable to the stomach turning 'Rock Around The Clock'.

Arista gather up four Monkee beauts, slip them smoothly in a darling black and white sleeve, and this easy operation might win a few friends. 'I'm A Believer' is still one of the great moments in pop, whether sung desperately by Wyatt or prettily by Dolenz — plus 'Last Train To Clarkesville', 'Daydream Believer' and 'A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You'. Ecstatic pop that The Undertones and Distractions are surpassing, but it'll always be thrilling. I once played Peter Tork in a junior school play. The silent one. I relished that.

London's The Graduates and their 1980 release 'If You Want It' recall the days where there must have been hellish hundreds of 'Love Me Do' Beatles imitators, with an exquisitely stupid Lennon-esque beat ballad. They deserve to be bracketed with these essentially unimaginative re-releases.

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NME X-PRESSWORD

ACROSS
5 Big Skid (7,6)
8 Sun hid in Rex J. (anag. 2 words)
10 Travolta additive?
11 See 4
15 Aka Mother Superior! (5,5)
18 Specials additive!
19 & 29 Non-revolutionary head-bangers?
20 T.Lovich L.Pee
21 42 He's messed around badly on the day I run!
21 Cut original of Specials 'Do The Dog' (5,6)
24 Child car riff (anag. 2 words)
26 Teenybop combo who first hit the charts with 'Funny Funny' back in '71
27 See 19
30 A hit for Carl Douglas, this stayed at No 1 for five weeks in summer '74 (4,2,6)

DOWN
1 Vicious memorial LP? (3,5)
2 Album title: sounds like a course in Polyfilla expertise! (3,4,3,2,9)
3 Born prattle (anag. 2 words)
4 & 11 Radio One DJ
6 Classic Doors 45; a minor hit in '71 and again in '76 (8,2,3,5)
7 Illicit footwear?!
9 First CSN&Y LP (4,2)
12 See 20
16 Mick ——— was original guitarist with Jethro Tull; left to form Blodwyn Pig
17 Deals Noddy's lot!
18 & 27 Supposedly the biggest-selling single of the last 20 years, but do you know anyone who admits to owning a copy? (4,2,7)
22 & 26 Race what Slit to a seat with the Stones?!
23 Something poisonous about The Police!
25 See 23
28 Go around making a noise!
29 See 15

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Ride A White Swan'; 8 'I Can't Explain'; 9 'The Young Ones'; 12 Yoko (ono); 13 Roadie; 17 'Spacer'; 20 & 22 'Regatta De Blanc'; 23 Robin Gibb; 24 (Yoko) Ono; 25 '(My) Guy'; 26 Steve Jones; 28 'Trash'; 29 'Stay'; 30 ACDC.

DOWN: 1 (B.A.) Robertson; 2 'Desire'; 3 'Al Capone'; 4 Hot Tuna; 5 (Pete) Shelley; 6 Angie (Bowie); 7 (Hoyt) Axton; 10 'SOS'; 11 Robin Scott; 14 Dave (Clark); 15 'Mama's Boy'; 16 Pete Brown; 17 'Setting Sons'; 18 (Dave) Clark; 19 'Fear Of Music'; 20 'Rebel Rebel'; 21 'Gangsters'; 26 (UK) Subs; 27 Sex

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I find I always have to fold the *NME* double when I come to read *T-Zers* as the light shines through the page from my window. Would it be possible to make the back page thicker?
Neil Contents, Grays, Essex.
Unfortunately not, but we've got this great scheme for free curtains in our first March issue. Reserve your copy now. — CSM.

Whimsy is no substitute for rigour of thought. Must try harder — PROF A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR.

If, as seems probable, the fact of one's having first formulated an endlessly reiterated phrase is a claim to fame, then Andy Warhol has, by his own reckoning, had more than his fair share of it. This ironic imbalance makes the phrase invalid. Please let's hear no more of it!
Joe Public (Yes, I know I've had more than my fair share of fame too).
Okay, Joe. From here on in, Andy Warhol will be obscure for fifteen minutes. That do ya? — CSM.

Always eager for a quick laugh, I make a point of reading Derek Jewell in each week's *Sunday Times*. On January 20th, that learned scribe wrote about the Pink Floyd and suggested that this pop group, along with such combos as Led Zeppelin and Genesis, remain the most popular among the nation's bright young things, following their success in the *Melody Maker* Readers' Poll. Always eager to get things in perspective, I wrote to this august journal pointing out the success of The Jam, Police, Specials etc ("punk-junk" in Mr Jewell's eyes) in the *NME* Poll (highest music paper circulation in the world, I reminded them). They wrote back to say that my missive had been "selected provisionally for publication in our correspondence columns". Unfortunately, it wasn't. Did Derek veto my words of wisdom? Or were they merely omitted to allow room for the Inter-City advert? Isn't journalism fascinating?
Philip "Downer" (smart-arse student), University of London.
It is a poor jewell indeed that could be outshone by such surroundings. — PROF A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR.
And to answer your question, Philip: yes, journalism *is* fascinating. Witness the depth of feeling in our next correspondent's missive. — CSM.

I think you're parasites. Just tell me what right you have to criticize any band. If it wasn't for the bands you wouldn't exist. As it is your existence is very hard to justify. You take the almost elitist stance of being some kind of Gods of the Rock World. Ask any "punter" as you call them, an example of your elitism, what they want — a music press or the bands. Every time they will choose the bands. I resent the influence you have but more fool people if they listen to you.

Go on slagging off bands "to save your hip" (as J. Strummer said) and watch as they keep on selling records. Change your stance every six months, e.g. your opinion on The Clash, build up bands and knock them down all you like. What's the point. You complain about big business in music and support the latest hip underdog — Joy Division or OMITD. IPC Magazines still make their profit, thanks to you. You are hypocrites who weekly complain about bands "selling out" to big labels and big business that your paper surely represents. Do you honestly think you're doing us a favour? You keep telling us you're Britain's biggest selling rock paper. This means nothing, except to the accountants at IPC, just the same as being number 1 on *TOTP* means nothing except to the accountants at EMI or some other big label.

Whose side are you on — don't tell me. There are no sides. Just the music that people want to listen to, regardless of you. It shouldn't be the *NME*, it's more like Enemy.
Peter Welker, Gorbals, Glasgow.
What you think we think is highly dissimilar to who we think we think. Peter. Your 'choice' between *either* rock bands *or* a rock press is meaningless: we exist *because* the music does, and if that makes us parasites, then okay, we are. If I had to make a choice between the existence of rock music and that of a rock press, I'd take the music, but the art and the criticism (or the event and the reportage) are complementary, rather than mutually exclusive. Plus there's a fair amount of hard info in the package as well.

And no, we don't consider ourselves gods, divine arbiters, totalitarians of taste or anything of that ilk. We have the same right to criticise bands as you do, or the same right as you have to criticise us. Our opinions are simply that: opinions. You are perfectly free to agree with us, disagree with us or — if you feel sufficiently strongly — to boycott us altogether.

As for our relationship with Mothership IPC and the parallels you drew with bands who sign with the majors, the parent company would be putting out something called NME even if we all took vows of poverty and integrity and pissed off to be full-time anarchists, post-modernist superstars etc. We here (believe it or not) love the beat and care about what happens to it, so it's us running this thing called *NME* and not a bunch of other people. That's the way it's been as long as I've been on this rag, and that's the way it'll stay until we come right out of the closet and reveal our plan for world domination wherein we make everybody in the world listen to the exact same records and wear the exact same clothes as we do, all of which will be eternally subject to change without notice and which will carry severe penalties for disobedience. — CSM

If there should ever come a time when the forces of anarchy threaten to overwhelm the state, when the populace are ungrateful for your efforts even though you gave them free contraceptives, religion, a new television channel, legal filter tipped cannabis cigarettes, don't worry — British values will remain intact.

For we have discovered the ultimate deterrent to civil unrest. A new crisis to unite the nation. World War Three.

Mention the possibility and let fear, ignorance, xenophobia do the rest. Sit back and collect the increased defence revenue. Let the defence industry provide employment as the microchip takes it away.

As long as the nation prepares for war there will be internal peace. Who can object to state surveillance, official secrets when there is so much at stake: the mother of parliaments, free press, free speech, this green and pleasant land. The perfect partnership between East and West. A global game which no-one loses, except a few minor nations.

And if we should make a mistake, if the unthinkable should happen, the state has taken precautions, subterranean citadels, microfilmed records, key people will survive.

British values will remain intact.
Day Tont, Camden Town.
Thank Christ someone else is looking on the bright side. — CSM.

May I be the first to say "Terkkuja Veskulle ja Sendylle!"
Vastelause Jarppa, Finland.
P.S. Where have all the funny letters gone?
Finland, probably. May I be the first to say, "I didn't understand a bleedin' word of that, pal." — CSM.

Am I the only person who can't understand Ian Penman's editorial comments?
Signing On, Slough.
You certainly are. Bet you're embarrassed to be publicly numbered as the thickest person in the world. — CSM.

Dear Ian Penman: Sit still for a while and breathe the assemblings of your more usual 'forms.' I read with interest the synthetic mouldings of latent mysteries with more recent retrograde developments that encompass the totality of your intrinsic capabilities. Someone told me what was required was a more complete package — a kind of 'systematic paralysis' that would eradicate any of the ensuing ambiguities that you scribble from time to time. Software developments on the image front can lead to muddles and forgotten conversations. I'm never secure until I get 'weighted down' listening to your barbershop ethics on how, say, Japan shoot 'Co-op Boys' to promote a more acceptable front end load. Selling micro-chip digital sequencers to dopeheads isn't my scene. What do you think?
M. Woodfield-Popple, Loughborough.
I think you're bluffing. — CSM

My friend says she thinks John Foxx is very sexxy.
Nic Pope, Seaford, Sussex.
That bad, eh? — CSM.

Re. the personal remarks about Monty Smith by 'R Thomas' (*Gasbag* last week).

1) I do not cook my husband's breakfast as he is a better cook than I am.

2) A washing machine does our family's washing, not me.

3) How can labour be sexually divided? I had the babies — not Monty.

4) Monty is not a bigot, thank you.
D. Smith, Gillingham, Kent.
You mean Monty behaves at home? — CSM

It has just come to my attention that it is illegal to borrow your friend's records and record them on tape. It is also illegal to record radio programmes. (I have been doing both for some years now). With both these avenues blocked, what exactly do the record companies propose that we should do with blank tapes?
Lawbreaker (no address given)
Pile them up in a corner and stare at them? Make non-sexist demos? Send them to your relatives instead of letters? Um ... give up. What exactly *do* the record companies propose that we should do with blank tapes? — CSM

Please could I swop my brother (complete with Gary Numan singles and Specials EP) for a Gang Of Four album? Second hand'll do.
A person who has been to a Clash concert, Preston, Nr. Blackburn.
Personally I'd swap everybody I ever went to school with for a mint copy of the first Who album. — CSM

I wish I could be caught entering Japan with half a pound of marijuana and only get deported.
Ordinary Person, Stockport.
Why not stay home with your half-pound of grass and save yourself the trouble? — AN OLD HIPPIE SCHLUMPHED IN THE CORNER

Aeh.
A Punk, 2nd Reactor on the left, Dungeness B.
A truer word was ne'er spoke. — BIG DADDY ODIN

Dear Dick Tracy,

64,000 microbits! Wow! Immense — can that computer actually store 0.064 of a bit of information. Wow! What a megamistake! What a waste of money too.
Rosa Michaelson, University of Edinburgh (School of Engineering Science).
Never let it be said that you don't get the latest news and gossip from the world of science first in *NME*. Cop a load of this next one. — CSM

$M = PR^2$. (Mod equals punk plus square reggae)

Zis ist mein new discovery. Kombined already wit mein old formula of: $E = MC^2$ ve find a missing element, namely "h".

Zer new formula reads: $E = hmc^2$.

Long live zer new square heavy metal bands! (For a reaction have taken place). Kan I please hef a Nobel Prize/LP token?
Albert Einstein, P.O. Box 186,000², Surrey.
And on this extraordinary night, all that could possibly be said is that from now on, human history will never be the same again. Goodnight — PROF. A. J. BARTLETT — PEAR

As a 'constructive critique' Graham Lock has a very strange way of showing it. In view of his slagging-off 'Stations Of The Crass' and Crass themselves, this proves him to be a hypocrite. I don't see any problem about Crass, the only problem they could possibly have is Graham Lock thinking they've got one, and I doubt that Crass are really bothered about non-entities like him.

If Crass want to re-live '77 why not? What's it got to do with that old fart? So what if Crass sing about religion and the monarchy, it may not mean anything to G. Lock, but it does to them and it does to punks who buy their records. He seems to have a biased view that all punk bands should sing about the NF.

Crass are elite and incomparable to any other punk band and what is more they're doing exactly what they want to do and not what the general public want. If Graham Lock wasn't such a thick bastard he'd think and try to understand the lyrics instead of slagging them off before he even understands them. He might realize that the two views he thought hardly 'compatible' are in fact, "Middle-class, working-class, it's all a load of shit" is an illustration of the division in this country and in my view and obviously in Crass' view it *is* shit. But Crass know that there are "the privileged few".

Graham Lock is obviously one of them.
Angie (no address given)
I always was a sucker for the voice of reason. — CSM

Shuffled, dealt and muddled by CSM, B.Sc Environmental Semantics (failed)

Type your gripe to NME and smash a blow against dandruff

T-ZERS HAS A CHAT

THOSE major shareholders **The Clash** open this week's revolutionary breakfast time *T-Zers*. Fourth man **Topper Headon** is currently doing a stunning impression of **King Tut** since he cracked several vertibrae in his pelvis, and wishes it to be known that should any drummers be present at dates on The Clash's tour they may notice some minor stiffness in his beltings.

There will be no loss of performance from Nicholas but naturally those hospital wrappings don't help. The injury was sustained 'falling off of **Kozmo**' at which we comment not.

Furthermore, hideous old **Kevin Godley** of **10cc** cast a beady eye over the band in Manchester and then crept down to Pluto's Studios in that same city where **Nicky, Pauly, Joey** and **Mickey** were recording their still tentatively titled 'Bank Robber's Song' under the watchful production of **Mikey Dread**. Anyone who can tell us what Godley was up to wins that most prized of rock collectors item, a **Public Image** tour jacket . . .

People with long memories must remember **Iggy Pop**. Well old Igwarz has been making some videos — who isn't, eh? Who isn't? — to promote his new product. One set involves a plastic dummy hanging by the neck with pins sticking in it and borrows from the old voodoo rituals. Ig says this "represents the normal guy who is hung up, tortured and stuck with things" though, to be frank, such ambiguous imagery escapes us. What a burden genius must be. Ah well, Jimmy, go do that voodoo that you do so well! . . .

"The moustache has to go, then you need a couple of good videos ... "Captain Beefheart listens attentively as Bob Geldof spills some blarney in Los Angeles last year. Photo by Chalkie Davies.

Back in the land which gave us such visionaries, US music trade mags have it figured that Stateside radio still ain't ready for **The Jam** except for "adventurous AOR programmers". In other words, they'll spoon feed it to the people when they think the people are growed up enough . . .

Meanwhile in Holland — the country where **Ry Cooder** is more popular than just 'bout anyone — **The Doors** 'American Prayer' LP has just won the country's most coveted award 'The Edison'. Mssrs **Kreiger, Manzarek** and **Densmore** collected the bauble in person and, while **Mr Morrison** did not show up, he did send his fridge . . .

The short, snappy title of the upcoming 45 from **The Gang Of Four** is 'Outside, The Trains Don't Run On Time' and purportedly looks at the links between nostalgia and authoritarianism, a thesis perhaps best explained by the high flying **Nolans'** single . . .

Such stars! **Bob Dylan** joins **George Benson, Johnny Cash, James Galway, The Doobies**, oh and an endless list of similar nonsense on the 22nd Annual Grammy Awards being televised on February 27th. Well Bob is in line to be nominated for Best Male Vocals for 'Gotta Serve Somebody' that peen to efficiancy in Wimpey Bars. All the while Zim is entrenched in Muscle Shoals studios with producers **Jerry Waxler** and **Barry Beckett** recording a gospel album. (Which probably just means it'll be heavy on tambourines) . . .

And while we stroll memory lane absorb that **Keith Richard** is playing rhythm guitarist on a new **Screamin Jay Hawkins** album . . .

A sharp left and our stroll picks up pace as we join the 'Sid's Memorial' march. This worthwhile jaunt took place last Saturday and trekked from Sloane Square all the way to Hyde Park. (For those of you not familiar with London's A—Z, that's about as far as you'd reasonably go to buy an evening paper). The emotional pilgrimage was fully photographed by the Sunday press who must've been choked at the almost total lack of incident. That's nothing to the curious way police in Nottingham behaved — they arrested 101 punks, mods and 'rockers' in what was described as "a massive drive against gang warfare" and to prevent the "trouble" that was feared on the anniversary of the publicized one's death. While all this panic was going down so was **Sid's mum** who got carted off to Ward 10 after dropping a fistful of pills, but later recovered . . .

Better Off: Whilst **Bob Geldof** was taping a **Dick Clark** *American Bandstand* segment he — being a hotblooded wild man — leapt onto a grand piano and succeeded in scratching said monstrosity in the process. The jo-anna belonged to grizzled old **Lawrence Welk** — known for his love of everything recorded after 1955 — whose anger was abated when Modest forked out $1,500.00 for repairs . . .

Better Bitter: After losing custody of son **Zowie, Angela Bowie** has settled for a $50,000 settlement in the divorce from **David**. But Angie aims to re-group and re-coup with a book she's preparing on her life with the celebrated bisexual singer. "This book will make me rich," she told the awaiting reporters (**Elsie & Jack Reporter** of Staines), "and thank God this marriage is finally kaputt!" Tackeeee ! ! . . .

Better Dead Than: A reassuring *true* story comes from that country on everyone's lips — The Russias. Apparently a *Times* journalist found himself lost in that most cold of all domains and, natch, was picked up within moments by a jeep load of fun boys. Well, said *T-Zers* leaning over the Formica, it turns out that the interogating general was less interested in finding out whether the writer was subversive than in gaining the full facts as to **Macca's** plight in Tokyo. Like, dig it, those cats are hepper than they let on . . .

With Russkies still we hear that **Bram Tchaikovsky** has recorded a *Midnite Special* concert in LA with the legendary — anyone who is over 35 in this game is 'legendary' — **Wolfman Jack** on vocals . . .

Not far from legendary duo **Snatch** *(Miaoww — Ed)* back together and soon to perform again at Hurrah's Club in New York, the club where the house record is broken more often than Derby's back four . . .

Legendary US network CBS TV is sending a crew over here to file a report on British youth gang violence. They shall ask for all skins, punks, mods etc to bash each other on cue once they get the lighting right. Who said something about The States getting more like Rome before the decline each day? . . .

Mike 'Hey, dig it, I'm together these days' **Oldfield** has acquired himself a Jet Ranger licence so as to be able to while away his millionaire minutes and the disappearing petrol in a helicopter he's snapped up. There's no fuel like an old fuel, eh chums . . .

But, there are still those whose cash makes **Oldfield** look like our expenses in comparison. In hushed tones we usher in a **John Lennon** *T-Zer*. The old sourpuss has just joined the obese and washed out set in Palm Springs, California after picking up an ocean side mansion for a snip at £400,000. It even has two pools — one more than you and I — and fits alongside O'Boogie's other prisons, his farm and exclusive triplex New York apartment. If Mr Lennon is reading this **Danny Baker** was the young whippersnapper who bothered you on the pavement last June and he claims his five grand . . .

In the realm of real, well semi-real, people **Buzzcock Steve Diggle** was refused entry to Manchester's Deville Club because of his brother **Phil's** over zealous action painting whilst performing at a **Pop Group** be-in a month previous. Seems the club don't appreciate the colour scheme bro' Phil left them with . . .

Oxford Street after the Sid Vicious Memorial march: punks and police scuffle after punks had run up the street yelling "We hate the mods". Full story above.

More Of What You Want: Sure you'll be interested to learn that whilst **Winston Churchill MP** was discussing certain matters of the Ugandan day with the huge nobody **Soraya Khashoggi** he would use the nom-de-screw of Mr **James Brown**. Dow-Wow, good **God**, these politics peepul . . .

And in passing please note that the bad super heavy God-father (cont page 66) **James** is to be the latest artists to cut a live one in the land of hari-kari. A double, it's set for Spring . . .

Yes we saw: That *was* **Charlie Watts** on **Cleo Laine's** Sunday night TV show, trying to out whack **Kenny Clare** and **Jack Parnell** in a predictably boring drum barrage. Why, Lord, why? . . .

Sad to think we'll never see **Alberto Les Prior** again after he finally lost the battle against Hodgkinson's Disease last week. Les had suffered for many a day at the hands of the debilitating cancer and was probably best known for his role as the DJ in the Alberto's 'Sleak' production. One of the leading wits during the early Stiff days too, Les will be much missed by those who knew him. A full obituary follows next week . . .

Onward, and following on the story of the electronically created **Presley/Ronstadt** duet of 'Love Me Tender' we hear of several other such distasteful projects involving the departed cabaret turn. Amongst those lined up to croon the tune — by sneaky use of technology are — **Neil Diamond** and **Dolly Parton** . . .

After being held up for three hours at a checkpoint on the East/West Berlin border **Skid Richard Jobson** finally made it into East Berlin and caught a show by **Tangerine Dream** — the first by a western 'rock' band to be allowed on that side. Later the generous chinned one was aghast to learn the people behind the metal drape will fork out as much as £60 for a copy of **Pink Floyd's** 'The Wall' and regularly pay £25 for an album. Big Dick is there to gather background and 'feel' for a play he feels coming on . . .

Now that **Steve Rubell** has been sent off to nick for a couple of years after being caught fiddling his tax, his former club Studio 54 is to take on live acts. **The Specials** are mulling over an offer — nowt like a decent mull is there? — and already in the bag are **T-Heads, Chuck Berry, The B-52's**, and **Patti Labelle**. Back on Rubell's imprisonment, a wag on *The New York Post* said he should have gotten one year standing outside the club waiting to get in instead. *T-Zers* offers that he might as well have been sentenced to wait for a number 159 to Streatham . . .

Message to those who are miffed when **The Pretenders** cut short their set at Coventry Tiffany's last week. This was because **James Honeyman-Scott** was suffering from a heavyweight stomach complaint and literally collapsed into the backstage area. The band aim to play a half price concert at the venue to make amends. A Doctor writes: The best thing for the wind is a kite . . .

One liner of the week comes from the very late conductor (that's as in klassikal junior) **Sir Thomas Beecham**: "The British don't care much for music," he once mused, "but they do like the noise it makes . . ."

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