

NEW **NME** MUSICAL EXPRESS

McLAREN RETURNS

And even we don't believe this new stunt

HEAVY METAL '80

Dandruff, dementia, denim, dorks



Joe Ely — concrete and cowboy boots. Pic: Pennie Smith.

LUBBOCK CALLING

Joe Ely — The Acceptable Face Of C & W

NME CHARTS

Week ending March 1, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (19)	Atomic.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	1
2 (1)	Coward Of The County Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	5	1
3 (8)	Carrie.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	3
4 (2)	Too Much Too Young.....Specials (Two Tone)	5	1
5 (5)	And The Beat Goes On.....Whispers (Solar)	4	5
6 (7)	Rock With You.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	3	6
7 (4)	Captain Beaky.....Keith Michell (Polydor)	3	4
8 (23)	Take That Look Off Your Face Marti Webb (Polydor)	2	8
9 (11)	I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down Elvis Costello (F Beat)	2	9
10 (13)	Baby I Love You.....Ramones (Sire)	4	10
11 (3)	Someone's Looking At You Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	3
12 (12)	So Good To Be Back Home Again Tourists (Logo)	3	12
13 (18)	Ghost Riders In The Sky.....Shadows (EMI)	3	13
14 (—)	Together We Are Beautiful Fern Kinney (WEA)	1	14
15 (21)	Living In The Plastic Age.....Buggles (Island)	4	15
16 (9)	I Hear You Now.....Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	4	6
17 (6)	I'm In The Mood For Dancing Nolans (Epic)	7	4
18 (—)	Games Without Frontiers Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	1	18
19 (27)	On The Radio.....Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2	19
20 (26)	So Lonely.....Police (A&M)	2	20
21 (10)	Save Me.....Queen (EMI)	4	10
22 (20)	Babe.....Styx (A & M)	7	4
23 (16)	7 Teen.....Regents (Rialto)	6	9
24 (—)	Hands Off She's Mine.....The Beat (Feet)	1	24
25 (—)	Do That To Me One More Time Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	1	25
26 (17)	Three Minute Hero.....Selector (Two Tone)	4	17
27 (—)	Stomp.....Brothers Johnson (A&M)	1	27
28 (—)	Holdin' On.....Tony Rallo (Calibre)	1	28
29 (—)	Singing The Blues Dave Edmunds (Swansong)	1	29
30 (—)	Cube.....Gibson Brothers (Island)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

At The Edge — Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis).
 Touch Too Much — AC/DC (Atlantic).
 Tonight I'm All Right — Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic).
 Rosie — Joan Armatrading (A&M).
 Running Free — Iron Maiden (EMI).
 Hot Dog — Shakin' Stevens (Epic).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	Let Dance.....Various (EMI)	4	1
2 (15)	Get Happy.....Elvis Costello (F Beat)	2	2
3 (—)	Too Much Pressure.....Selector (Two Tone)	1	3
4 (2)	One Step Beyond.....Madness (Stiff)	15	2
5 (3)	Pretenders.....Pretenders (Real)	6	1
6 (4)	Regatta De Blanc.....Police (A&M)	19	1
7 (10)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	21	3
8 (5)	Short Stories.....Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	5	5
9 (6)	Kenny.....Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	3	6
10 (7)	The Specials.....(Two Tone)	16	7
11 (—)	Tell Me On A Sunday... Marti Webb (Polydor)	1	11
12 (—)	String Of Hits.....Shadows (EMI)	16	4
13 (9)	I'm The Man.....Joe Jackson (A & M)	4	9
14 (28)	The Wall.....Pink Floyd (Harvest)	10	4
15 (—)	Light Up The Night Brothers Johnson (A & M)	1	15
16 (14)	Just For You.....Des O'Connor (Warwick)	2	14
16 (16)	September Morn.....Neil Diamond (CBS)	5	12
18 (25)	Eat To The Beat.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	20	2
19 (12)	The Nolen Sisters.....Nolans (Epic)	2	12
20 (—)	Flogging A Dead Horse...Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	20
21 (23)	Sunburn.....Various Artists (Warwick)	3	20
22 (—)	Sometimes You Win.....Dr Hook (Capitol)	10	12
23 (16)	Bee Gees Greatest Hits.....(RSO)	13	6
24 (26)	Captain Beaky & His Band Keith Michell (Polydor)	2	24
25 (13)	Permanent Waves.....Rush (Mercury)	5	8
26 (11)	End Of The Century.....Ramones (Sire)	3	11
27 (—)	Catching The Sun.....Spyro Gyro (MCA)	1	27
28 (—)	Rock & Roll Juveniles.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	10	1
29 (18)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2.....(Epic)	15	1
30 (22)	Golden Collection.....Charley Pride (K-Tel)	3	22

UP AND COMING:

Metal For Muthas — Various (EMI).
 The Age Of Plastic — Buggles (Island).
 The Rose — Soundtrack (Atlantic).
 Greatest Hits — K.C. & The Sunshine Band (T.K.).
 Small Creep's Day — Mike Rutherford (Charisma).
 Dence Of Life — Narada Michael Warren (Atlantic).

US SINGLES

1 (1)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love.....Queen
2 (3)	Longer.....Dan Fogelberg
3 (4)	Yes I'm Ready.....Tina Turner
4 (2)	Cruisin'.....Smokey Robinson
5 (17)	On The Radio.....Donna Summer
6 (6)	Rock With You.....Michael Jackson
7 (9)	Working My Way Back To You.....Spinners
8 (10)	Desire.....Andy Gibb
9 (5)	Coward Of The County.....Kenny Rogers
10 (14)	Another Brick In The Wall.....Pink Floyd
11 (12)	An American Dream.....The Dirt Band
12 (15)	Him.....Rupert Holmes
13 (8)	Do That To Me One More Time The Captain & Tennille
14 (16)	September Morn.....Neil Diamond
15 (20)	How Do I Make You.....Linda Ronstadt
16 (18)	Second Time Around.....Shalamar
17 (17)	Daydream Believer.....Anne Murray
18 (23)	Too Hot.....Kool & The Gang
19 (11)	Romeo's Tune.....Steve Forbert
20 (22)	"99".....Toto
21 (26)	Refugee.....Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
22 (13)	Sara.....Fleetwood Mac
23 (19)	Deje Vu.....Dionne Warwick
24 (25)	When I Wanted You.....Barry Manilow
25 (—)	Special Lady.....Ray Goodman & Brown
26 (28)	Heartbreaker.....Pat Benatar
27 (—)	Give It All You Got.....Chuck Mangione
28 (21)	This Is It.....Kenny Loggins
29 (24)	I Wanna Be Your Lover.....Prince
30 (—)	Ride Like The Wind.....Christopher Cross

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1	(1)	The Wall Pink Floyd
2	(2)	Damn The Torpedoes Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
3	(3)	Off The Wall Michael Jackson
4	(4)	Phoenix Dan Fogelberg
5	(5)	The Long Run The Eagles
6	(6)	On The Radio Donna Summer
7	(13)	Permanent Waves Rush
8	(8)	Comet Town Styx
9	(14)	The Whispers The Whispers
10	(10)	September Morn Neil Diamond
11	(11)	The Rose Original Soundtrack
12	(7)	Kenny Kenny Rogers
13	(9)	Task Fleetwood Mac
14	(12)	Freedom At Point Zero Jefferson Starship
15	(—)	Fun And Games Chuck Mangione
16	(15)	In Through The Out Door Led Zeppelin
17	(18)	Keep The Fire Kenny Loggins
18	(—)	Saba La Strange Heat
19	(21)	In The Heat Of The Night Pat Benatar
20	(16)	Gold & Platinum Lynyrd Skynyrd Band
21	(19)	Midnight Magic Commodores
22	(23)	Prince Prince
23	(—)	But The Little Girls Understand The Knack
24	(17)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits Bee Gees
25	(—)	Ladies Night Kool & The Gang
26	(20)	No Nukes: The Muse Concerts For A Non-Nuclear Future Various Artists
27	(24)	Live Rust Neil Young & Crazy Horse
28	(29)	Fird'n' With Disaster Molly Hatchet
29	(—)	Love Stinks The J. Geils Band
30	(22)	Degeuilo ZZ Top

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 28, 1975

1	Make Me Smile.....Cockney Rebel (EMI)
2	M.....Telly Savalas (MCA)
3	Please Mr. Postman.....Carpenters (A&M)
4	The Secrets That You Keep.....Mud (Rak)
5	January.....Pilot (EMI)
6	Shame Shame Shame.....Shirley & Co. (All Platinum)
7	My Eyes Adored You.....Frankie Valli (Private Stock)
8	Only You Can.....Fox (GTO)
9	Sugar Candy Kisses.....Mac & Katie Kissoon (Polydor)
10	Angie Baby.....Helen Reddy (Capitol)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 25, 1970

1	I Want You Back.....Jackson Five (Tama Motown)
2	Wandering Star.....Lee Marvin (Paramount)
3	Love Groove.....Edison Lighthouse (Bell)
4	Let's Work Together.....Canned Heat (Liberty)
5	Instant Karma.....Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
6	Leaving On A Jet Plane.....Peter, Paul & Mary (WB)
7	Tommy Harbour.....Mary Hopkin (Apple)
8	My Baby Loves Lovin'.....White Plains (Dorsey)
9	Venus.....Shocking Blue (Penny Farthing)
10	United We Stand.....Brotherhood Of Man (Dorsey)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 26, 1965

1	I'll Never Find Another You.....Seekers (Columbia)
2	It's Not Unusual.....Tom Jones (Decca)
3	Game Of Love.....Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
4	Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood.....Animals (Columbia)
5	Tired Of Waiting.....Kinks (Pye)
6	Funny How Love Can Be.....Ivy League (Piccadilly)
7	The Special Years.....Val Doonican (Decca)
8	I Think I Must Be Seeing Things.....Gene Pitney (Stateside)
9	You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling.....Righteous Brothers (London)
10	Silhouettes.....Herman's Hermits (Columbia)



Pic: Janet Macoska

"E's a biguh laduh is this Peter Gabriel. E's straight into the charts at number eighteen and there 'e goes now, into the water and over the ramp, easy does it. Oh My Godfathers hee hee hee arse over tip, come on lad keep goin', eye the crowd'll be cheering for the local boy if 'e can just, whoops a daisy, and our teamwork from uh Luton, Beds 'opin that 'e can squeeze maximum points from this mini-uh-marathon, remember Germany are twenty points in front and the Belgians are lastuh playin' their joker and there's the whistle, 'ard look lad, Arthur the scores please and then over to Stuart"

REGGAE

1	Dance I'll Style.....Erolf Scorcher (Scorcher)
2	Mafia.....Barry Brown (Stalene)
3	Little Nut Tree.....Melodians (Studio One)
4	Frog In The Water.....Erolf Scorcher (Tropical)
5	Can't Take Me Landlord.....Lui Lepit (Joe Gibbs)
6	Layin' Beside You.....Tomlin (Taxil)
7	You're A Man.....Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
8	I Don't Wanna Be A General.....Dennis Brown (Debi)
9	Money Man Style.....Jah Bull (Roots)
10	Sed Eyes.....Rudy Thomas (Joe Gibbs)

Chart Supplied by: JOE GIBBS, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14.

DISCO

All 12" * denotes import	
1	Check Out The Groove.....Bobby Thurston (Prelude)*
2	We've Got The Groove.....Players Association (Vanguard)
3	Stomp.....Brothers Johnson (A&M)
4	Goro City.....Manu Dibango (Island)
5	And The Beat Goes On.....Erolf Scorcher (Tropical)
6	Young Child.....Ronnie Laws (United Artists)
7	Don't Push It Don't Force It.....Leon Hayward (20th Century)*
8	Tonight I'm Alright.....Narada Michael Walden (Warner Bros)
9	Year Of The Child.....Goven's Family (Venture)*
10	Self Service Love.....Gardien Angel (Matumbi)

Chart Supplied by: QUICKSILVER SOUL SOURCE, 36 Hanway Street, London W1.

INDIES

(1)	1980 The First Fifteen Minutes.....Various (Neutron)
(2)	White Mice.....Modettes (Modette)
(3)	The Peel Sessions.....Sonic Point (SI Pancake)
(4)	Flory Jack.....Fall (Step Forward)
(5)	Tanga.....Dangerous Girls (Happy Face)
(6)	I Like Bluebeat.....Cairo (Absurd)
(7)	You Can Be You.....Money Bana (Craze)
(8)	Transmission.....Joy Division (Factory)
(9)	Let's Build A Car.....Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
(10)	Judy In Disguise.....Silicon Teens (Myton)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: BONAPARTE, 121 George Street, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 1LE

212,905

That's the average number of *NME* copies sold every week during the second half of 1979, according to official figures issued by the Audit Bureau of Circulations. And it shows an increase of 10,875 copies per week over the previous six months. Comparative weekly sales figures for the period July-December, 1979, are *Melody Maker* 140,490; *Sounds* 137,037; and *Record Mirror* 128,346.

NEWS

Clash nix six shows

REVISED DATES SET FOR JUNE

THE CLASH were forced to cancel the last six dates in their British tour, including two London concerts, because drummer Topper Headon tore a ligament in his hand and was unable to play. The shows affected were scheduled for Hanley Victoria Hall (Wednesday of last week), Derby Kings Hall (Thursday), London Balham Liberty Cinema (Friday), London Mile End Liberty Cinema (Saturday) and Bristol Colston Hall (Sunday and Monday of this week).

In any event, the band would not have been able to perform at Balham, as the venue — which was being used for the first time for a rock gig — had failed to meet the necessary safety and fire-precaution standards. Arrangements had been made to switch that concert to Mile End, where they were already due to play the following night — but, as it happened, those plans were academic.

However, promoters Straight Music have been working hard throughout the weekend, and have already re-scheduled the dates — though not until June, which is the earliest possible time the band can fit them in. They now play Derby Assembly Rooms (June 9), Bristol Colston Hall (10 and 11), Hanley Victoria Hall (12), London Balham Liberty (15) and London Mile End Liberty (16) — and it's understood that a few extra dates may be slotted in at the same time.

The revised Derby date moves from the Kings Hall, which is not available in the summer — and Balham has been re-booked on the assumption that it will then meet the necessary standards.

Reason for the delay in re-setting the dates is that The Clash are off to Paris this week, followed immediately by a short American tour, and subsequently Paul Weller has a six-week filming commitment in Vancouver.

It's understood that Weller has an important acting role in a movie being shot in Canada. But when pressed for further details, a

spokesman said: "Paul hasn't told me — he's being very secretive about the whole thing. But it does mean The Clash, as a unit, will be out of action for a while."

● The Hanley cancellation is perhaps the most unfortunate, as it had already been put back from February 1 because of the band's recording commitments. And the premature end to the tour means that special guest Joe Ely and his band have been kicking their heels, while awaiting their own shows at London Victoria The Venue this weekend.

INMATES CALL OFF TEN GIGS

THE INMATES will not, after all, be re-scheduling their British tour. As reported last week, their current American tour has proved so successful that they've extended it through to this weekend, despite the fact that their UK outing was due to start on February 20 — and it was expected that their whole tour would be re-arranged to open a little later.

But instead, they've now decided simply to scrap the first ten dates in their original itinerary, and to pick up their previously announced schedule at Derby Lonsdale College on March 5. They say the cancelled gigs will be re-set ultimately — but not for some time, owing to recording commitments. So after Derby, they now play Scarborough Penthouse (7), Durham St. Cuthbert's College (8), Redcar Coatham Bowl (9), Bournemouth Stateside (11), Barnstaple Chequers (12), Exeter Routes (13), Bath University (14), Nottingham University (15) and London The Venue (18 and 19).

Dolly Mixture drop out

DOLLY MIXTURE — who were forced to cancel their date with Madness at Hammersmith Odeon on February 16, and last weekend's gigs with The Beat — have also pulled out of their six shows with Dexy's Midnight Runners starting this week. It's all due to bassist Dabsy going down with glandular fever, and it has also halted work on the band's new single, though it's hoped that session will resume early in March.

Skids scrap the lot

THE SKIDS have cancelled their March college tour in its entirety. As reported three weeks ago, it was due to open next Thursday (6) and visit 16 venues, but a decision was taken at the weekend to call off the whole outing. A spokesman explained that the tour was set up before the band's recent line-up changes, and they now feel that a further period of intensive rehearsals is necessary before they are ready to go on the road.

A new Skids tour, taking in both college and concert dates, is now being set up for the late spring — and it will be their first to feature the two newcomers, drummer Mike Bailie and bassist Russell Webb. This will be followed by visits to the United States and Europe.

The band have also acquired a new management, Arakata — who already

represent Judas Priest, The Tourists and Bill Nelson, the latter having produced their new single 'Animation' which is out this week. The Skids' album 'Days In Europe' is reissued by Virgin on March 7 — it's been completely remixed, and now includes their hit single 'Masquerade'.

Rats thwarted in hometown fiasco

THE BOOMTOWN RATS were not, after all, able to play their two Dublin concerts last weekend. As reported last week, they had appealed against the local magistrate's decision not to grant a music licence for the proposed gigs on Leopardstown Racecourse — but subsequently the High Court refused to uphold their appeal.

At that stage, the Rats still intended to go ahead with the concerts, believing they had found a loophole in the Public Health Act — but they were finally frustrated when they were asked to put up £2 million in insurance cover. This left them insufficient time to arrange an alternative venue last weekend, but they are staying on in their hometown — determined to play somewhere in Dublin as soon as possible.



THE FURS: just six other bricks in the wall

One or two more gigs have still to be finalised, including a prestige London show — which *NME* understands is likely to be at the Lyceum in the latter part of March.

FURS STEP OUT

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS are to headline a British tour next month — the first time they have undertaken a major outing of this calibre. It's the direct result of their support spot on Iggy Pop's recent tour, which so impressed promoter John Giddings of the MAM Agency that he's now decided to put the Furs out in their own right. And the band's gigs coincide with the release of their first CBS album, with their name as its title.

Dates confirmed so far are Fort Telbot Troubadour (March 6), Wolverhampton Layfayette (7), Cromer West Runtan Pavilion (8), Leeds Fen Club (13), Liverpool Eric's (14), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (15), Edinburgh Trifany's (17), Paisley The Bungalow (18), Aberdeen Ruffles (19), Sheffield Limk Club (20) and Manchester The Factory (21).

AC/DC TRAGEDY AS SCOTT DIES

TOP Australian band AC/DC were plunged into despair and confusion last week, with the news of the tragic death of their lead singer Bon Scott. His body was found in the back seat of a car, parked in a South London street.

Reports suggest that he had been out on a drinking spree with a friend, who left him in the car to sober up, evidently not realising that Scott's comatose condition was anything other than an alcoholic stupor.

At the inquest on Friday, the Coroner said that Scott had virtually "drunk himself to death", and a verdict of Death by Misadventure was recorded.

The band — who headlined a sell-out UK tour in the autumn, with some extra "encore" dates just before Christmas — were back in Britain for recording sessions. A month ago they attended the Midem Festival in Cannes, where they were presented with a Gold Disc for their album 'If You Want Blood You've Got It', and a Silver Disc for the LP 'Highway To Hell' which was a Top Ten hit last autumn.

During their recent tour, AC/DC were named — on a decibel count — the loudest band ever to appear at one specific venue.

At press-time, the remaining members — Cliff Williams, Angus Young, Malcolm Young and Phil Rudd — were still too shocked to discuss the future. But sources close to the band feel they will eventually find a new lead singer — whether Australian or British remains to be seen — though obviously they will be out of action for some time.

See also page 17.



BON SCOTT

Ex-Pistols mentor ousts Adam from Ants line-up

MALCOLM McLAREN, former Sex Pistols manager and mentor, is about to embark on a new career — as a singer! He recently took over management of Adam & The Ants and, now that Adam himself has left the band, McLaren is stepping in as The Ants' lead singer. Full story, page 11.

STOP PRESS: LONDON EXTRAS BY TULL

JETHRO TULL have added another two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon to their UK mini-tour — on April 12 and 13 (tickets on sale now). This follows the complete sell-out of their gigs there the previous two nights.

LEWISHAM MUSIC PRESENTS

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS

NINE BELOW ZERO

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 16th MARCH at 7:30

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THE BEATLES Black Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES White Album	£4.50
THE BEATLES Yellow Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Red Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Blue Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Green Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Purple Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Orange Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Pink Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Brown Album	£2.75
THE BEATLES Grey Album	£2.75
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THE BEATLES Purple Album	£2.75



THE CRAMPS, those hybrid rockabilly psychos from New York and points west, play 12 UK dates in March at the outset of a European tour. They visit Liverpool Eric's (8), Leeds Fan Club (9), Nottingham Boat Club (10), Sheffield Limit (11), Edinburgh Astoria (13), Stirling University (14), Glasgow Technical College (15), Dumfries Stagecoach (16), Birmingham University (18), Manchester Polytechnic (20), London Camden Electric Ballroom (21) and Derby Ajanta (22) — with Manchester band The Fall as special guests at Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, Birmingham and London. Their 13-track debut album 'Songs The Lord Taught Us', produced by Alex Chilton, is issued by Illegal Records on March 7. The Cramps begin their Euro-dates in France on March 24, linking up with The Police in Italy from April 1 onwards.

Cramps tour, Cure London stint

THE CURE headline a three-night stint at London Marquee Club next week, appearing there from Thursday to Saturday (March 6-8) inclusive. And they're followed on March 9 by their Fiction Records label-mates The Passions, who also play the next three Sundays at the Marquee — they're supported by The Au Pairs (9), Ralph & The Ponytails (16), Cult Hero (23) and Section 25 (30). Looking ahead, The Cure and The Passions play London Rainbow on May 11.

THE MO-DETTES have confirmed four more dates — at London Canning Town Bridge House (March 4), Bristol Turntable (6), Keele University (7) and Chelmsford Witham Public Hall (10) — before setting out on a three-week European tour, alternating the headline spot with Athletico Spizz 80. The girls have turned down long-term recording offers from EMI and Stiff, and plan an independent single release in April.

SHAM 69, recently returned from a successful Scandinavian tour, are now busy working on a new album — and when it's finished, Jimmy Pursey will start on a solo LP. The band are also planning a visit to the States and, later in the spring, they'll be headlining a major U.K. tour.

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE — whose single 'Whatever Happened To The West' has just been issued by Virgin, with an album to follow in the spring — have been booked as support act on the 24-date British tour by Stiff Little Fingers, starting on March 4.

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES have switched the venue for their major London date, the highlight of their current UK tour. Originally planned for the Electric Ballroom, it will now be at the YMCA in Tottenham-Court Road, though the March 14 date is unchanged.



DOLL BY DOLL headline a special benefit concert for Release, after they return from their current Irish tour. It's at the Porchester Hall in West London on Friday, March 7, and the support acts are Bauhaus and The Z-Heads. All tickets are £1.50 and the promoters are Final Solution.

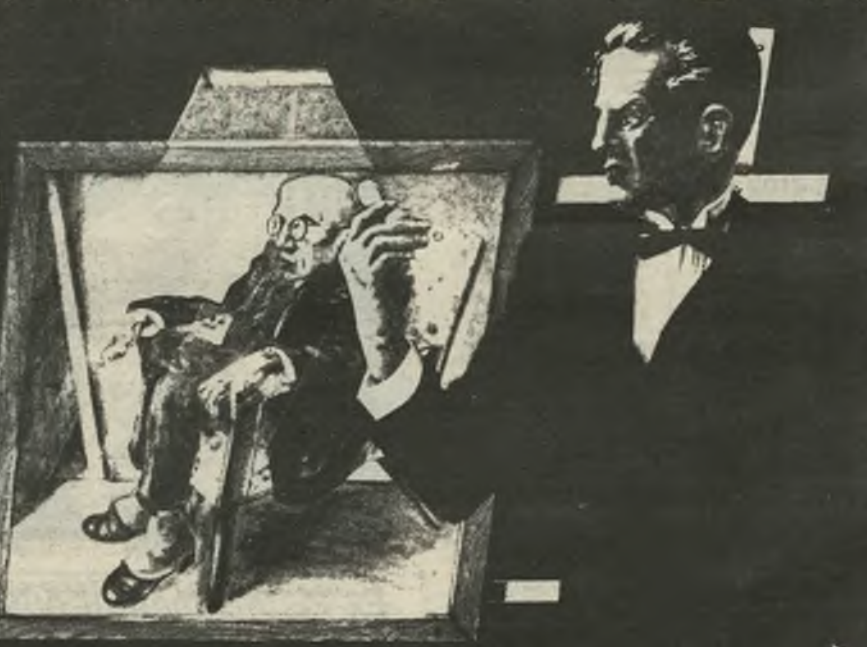
THE PHOTOS have slotted in a gig at Derby Blue Note Club tonight (Thursday) as a warm-up for their UK tour, starting this weekend and reported three weeks ago. Support act throughout will be Mark Andrews & The Gents, who were originally booked as support for The Inmates' tour, from which they've now withdrawn due to its curtailment (see separate story). The gig at Norwich East Anglia University is switched from March 11 to 17, as on the original date they'll now be filming BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* (for screening on March 18). A new Photos single is planned for mid-March, with their just-completed debut album following later in the spring.

Supertramp marooned

SUPERTRAMP are among thousands of people who have suffered in the floods which have been devastating the Western seaboard of America. Their communal farm is situated in Topanga Canyon, Southern California — one of the worst-hit areas — and they were among the 4,000 inhabitants who were out of the canyon when heavy rain washed out the roadway into the canyon. At press-time they were still marooned, and there was still no word regarding damage to their farm — or themselves.

● Cheap Trick lead guitarist and composer Rick Neilson's house was partially destroyed by fire last week, when the heating system blew up, causing damage estimated at 250,000 dollars. Neilson was away from home at the time — busy recording with the band for their new album, due for release by Epic in May.

ANIMATION



SKIDS: ANIMATION
RELEASED FRIDAY
22 FEBRUARY 1980

FROM THE REMIXED
'DAYS IN EUROPA'
ALBUM : V2138

SKIDS

Virgin
VS323

NEWS ROUND-UP

THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS continue their current tour with new gigs at Cromer West Runon Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester University (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (March 4), Bristol Polytechnic (8), Maidstone Mid-Kent College (12), Port Talbot Troubadour (13), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (14), Canterbury Kent University (15) and Sheffield University (16). They are promoting their new single 'Boys Cry' (just released by Mercury) and album 'Original Mirrors' (due out at in early March).

THE PLANETS, the Rialto Records band tipped to emulate the success of label-mates The Regents, play Sheffield Limit (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Eric's (Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Saturday), Leeds Flaxton Green (March 6), Newport The Village (7), Retford Portershouse (8), Northampton Nene College (9) and London Marquee (10). These are the first confirmed gigs in an extensive tour, with further dates to follow shortly.

MATCHBOX, already announced for a March club and college tour (in which their March 22 gig has just been switched from Leicester Polytechnic to Manchester College), begin a three-week six-nation European jaunt on March 27. Immediately after their return, they begin another British outing — for which the first confirmed dates are Guildford Civic Hall (April 20), Blackburn Bay Horse Inn (22), Sheffield Limit (24), Clacton Town Hall (25) and Uddfield School (26).

ZORRO have slotted in a number of dates between recording sessions for their first album. The East Anglian band play Ipswich Royal William (March 2, 16 and 30; April 13, 26 and 27), Norwich Manor House (March 8, 13 and 27; April 10 and 24), London Harrow Road Windsor Castle (March 20) and London Chiswick John Bull (March 21 and 28; April 11 and 12).

UK SUBS play two shows at London Camden Music Machine on March 16 in aid of the Coram Fields Foundation. The first is at 3 pm for youngsters (£1.50) followed by an evening show at 7.30 pm (£2). The band's three-track single 'Warhead' is issued by Gem Records this weekend.

JEMMY LINDSAY and his band Resuj headline at London Victoria The Venue on March 12. They've been invited back after favourable reaction when they supported Ronnie Lane there recently.

THE BROUGHTONS, the 1980 version of The Edgar Broughton Band (still featuring Edgar and brother Steve, and now backed up by Arthur Grant, Tom Nordon and Duncan Bridgeman), support Gillen on their nine-concert UK tour starting this Saturday. They'll be featuring material from their newly released EMI album 'Parlez-Vous English'.

ROCKING DOPPEL & His Cajun Twisters have added two last-minute dates to their UK schedule — at Leicester University (this Saturday) and London Wimbledon Nelsons Club (Sunday).

HERB REED GROUP arrive in Britain this weekend for a series of dates, aimed at promoting their new single 'Everybody Get Together', just released by PVK Records.

STEVE HOOKER BAND have London gigs in March at Islington Hope & Anchor (this Sunday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (22) and Fulham Greyhound (28), the latter two with Red Beans & Rice. And they have dates in their native Southend at the Top Alex (14) and Scamps (20). They'll be promoting their new double A-sided single on Wax Records 'How Did You Know?' / 'Keep Dancing', produced by Paul Shuttleworth.

TYLONE GROOVER makes his first major London appearance next Wednesday (8), when he tops 'n'bill at Camden Music Machine. It's a Charly Records promotional night, and other acts appearing are The Sex Bees, The Mice and Major B. Laser.

PORTRAITS promote their new single 'Hazards in the Home', issued by Ariola this weekend, with London gigs at Kensington Nashville (March 11), Marquee Club (17 and 31), Herne Hill Half Moon (21), Clapham 101 Club (26) and Camden Dingwalls (April 7).

SEAGARS OPERA have re-formed with three of their original members — Gordon Saker (guitar), Alan Park (keyboards) and Linnie Patterson (vocals) — plus ex-Earth Band bassist Colin Pattenden and drummer John Hollywood. They've already recorded two tracks and are currently negotiating a label deal — and, after a series of European dates in the spring, they'll be touring Britain in the summer.

UB40, the Birmingham band who complete their tour with The Pretenders next Tuesday, then have gigs in their own right at London Victoria The Venue (March 7), Solihull Technical College (8), Kidderminster Town Hall (14), Luton College (15), Newport The Village (21), Derby Ajanta (22), Retford Portershouse (28) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (30). They work on their debut album through April, then go back on the road for a 20-date headline tour.



Headliner: MICHAEL RILEY

HEADLINE — the South London band currently negotiating with several record companies, with a view to releasing a single early next month — have been joined by former Steel Pulse vocalist Michael Riley. And the outfit, now a seven-piece, have gigs at Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London University (Saturday), Kirkleavington Country Club (March 6), London Camden Music Machine (13), London Southbank Polytechnic (14), Hastings Pier Pavilion (15) and Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel (18). More are being set.



Solo flight plans for Denny Laine

DENNY LAINE of Wings is being lined up for a series of dates in his own right. He'll be headlining about a dozen shows, including two in London, from late March through April — and he'll be using backing musicians of his own choice, though it's not yet clear if his band will remain constant throughout the tour. Dates are currently being finalised, and will be announced in a week or two. Object of the exercise is to promote his upcoming solo single and album, both titled 'Japanese Tears' — a reflection of Paul McCartney's recent troubles in Tokyo.

DRIFTERS SPRING ITINERARY

THE DRIFTERS — who, as previously reported — have been lined up for another extensive tour starting this weekend — have so far been confirmed for the following dates by promoter Henry Sellers (with more still being finalised).

Malden Greenways (this Saturday), Manchester Golden Cider (March 3-8), Caerphilly Double Diamond (13-15), Birmingham Night Out (17-22), Stockton Fiesta (24-25) Edinburgh Bo'ness McAvish's (26-28), Stoke Jollies (31), Charnock Richard Park Hall Centre (April 2-3), Nottingham Commodore (5), Purfleet Circus Tavern (6-12), London Wimbledon Theatre (13), Stevenage Leisure Centre (16), Slough Fulcrum (17), Weston-super-Mare Webbington Club (18), Eastbourne Kings Club (19), London Lewisham Concert Hall (20), London Tottenham Mayfair (23), Westsilk Queen's (24-26), Manchester Fagin's (30-May 3), Nottingham Heart Of The Midlands (5), Crawley Leisure Centre (10) and Reading Hexagon (11).

NINE BELOW ALL ROUND UK

NINE BELOW ZERO are lined up for London gigs at The Kensington (this Thursday and March 13), Southbank Polytechnic (Friday), Herne Hill Half Moon (Sunday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (March 14), Islington Hope & Anchor (15), Fulham Greyhound (20), Camden Music Machine (21), Kensington Nashville (27) and Crystal Palace Hotel (28). Out of town they play Coventry Warwick University (this Saturday), Chatham Horehead College (March 22), Exeter Routes (April 2), Portsmouth Grannys (3), Walsingham Lafayette (6), Chesterfield Fusion (10), Newport The Village (11), Derby Blue Note (17) and Kirtlington Country Club (18).

OFF THE RECORD

Virgin re-launch Immediate label

IMMEDIATE Records, Britain's first independent label which was launched in 1965 by Andrew Loog Oldham, has been licensed to Virgin. During its five-year span prior to bankruptcy, the label was associated with a number of acts which have now become legends in their own right. Virgin will be reissuing many of the original albums, as well as some new compilations.

The first to appear will be The Small Faces' classic LP 'Ogdens Nut Gone Flake', which reached No. 1 in 1968 — and it's due out again on March 28 in its original circular sleeve. Other albums to follow soon afterwards will feature Humble Pie, Amen Corner, The Nice, Eric Clapton, Savoy Brown and Crispian St. Peters.

ALSO FROM VIRGIN: The label has signed hotly-tipped Kansas rock band Shooting Star and issues their self-titled debut album (produced by Gus Dudgeon) on March 14, preceded this weekend by the single 'You've Got What I Need'. The Motors release their first single for 18 months this weekend titled 'Love And Longlines', followed on March 21 by their album 'Tenement Steps'. And The Mekons have a double single issued on March 7, comprising 'Teeth' / 'Guerrilla' and 'Kill' / 'Stay Cool', selling at the combined price of £1.49.

Eric Stewart soundtrack

ERIC STEWART of 10cc has a single 'Girls' / 'Discolapse' out on Polydor this week. It's taken from his upcoming album 'Girls', which is the soundtrack from a new Just Jackin film of the same title. The LP — on which Stewart used Rick Fenn, Paul Burgess and Duncan Mackay of 10cc as session musicians — will be issued on March 14, and the movie is due to open in mid-spring. Stewart hopes that the LP will be accepted as a soundtrack, as opposed to a solo album.

● 20 Mod Classics Volume Two is a Motown compilation set for April 11 release, following the success of the original set last autumn. It features 1963-66 tracks by label stalwarts Stevie Wonder, The Miracles, Marvin Gaye, The Supremes and The Four Tops, among others.

● Manchester band The Drones, who toured with Sham 69 last year, have been signed by Fabulous Records and have their single 'Can't See / Fooled Today' out on March 14.

Ransom demand met, and JUDAS PAY UP

JUDAS PRIEST have retrieved the master tapes of their new album — which, as reported last week, were stolen from a New York studio and were being held for 100,000 dollars ransom. They decided to take matters into their own hands and pay the sum asked, so they arranged to meet the hi-jackers at a secret rendezvous, where the exchange took place.

The tracks were packed in six canisters, and it subsequently transpired that one of these had been damaged — which means that Judas are having to re-record two tracks. Although the album obviously won't be ready to meet its planned release date this weekend, it's now hoped to have it available

in late March, at the end of their UK tour. And in the meantime, one of the ransomed tracks is being rushed out as a single, titles undecided at press-time.

THE FABULOUS POODLES, who supported Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers on their recent extensive U.S. tour, will again occupy the support spot when Petty and the band play their four-date UK mini tour next week. Subsequently they'll be headlining a number of concerts in their own right, details of which are at present being finalised. To coincide with all this activity, Blueprint rush out their new single 'Bionic Man' this weekend — it's taken from their recently released album 'Think Pink'.



BIG DEMAND FOR TOYAH CONCERTS

TOYAH, who've recently been figuring strongly in the alternative charts (they had three entries in the Indies Top Ten in last week's NME), are to headline a short series of major dates in March — including a big London show — despite the fact that they've only just completed a UK tour.

These extra gigs have been slotted in, due to what's described as the "incredible demand" for live appearances by the band.

They play Bath Pavilion (March 7), Leicester University

(8), Birmingham Top Rank (9), Manchester Polytechnic (11) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (14). Toyah Wilcox and the band then start work on their first studio album for Sire — her LP currently available 'Sheep Farming in Barns' is a German compilation of her material dating back more than a year.

Toyah herself has just completed filming a new BBC-TV series 'Jekyll And Hyde', and she plays Miranda in Dark Jarman's new film 'The Tempest'.



Peter Green in studio

PETER GREEN — the enigmatic Fleetwood Mac founder member, who has already had one solo album 'In The Skies' issued by PVK Records — will have his second set for that label released in April, titled 'Little Dreamer'. Green is already working on a follow-up LP for the autumn, and was pictured in the studios last week.

Sinceros go it alone

THE SINCEROS — who are busy recording their second, and as yet untitled, album for Epic — are unexpectedly having to produce the set themselves. Martin Rushent was to have been the producer, but had to pull out due to last-minute commitments, so the band have been plunged in at the deep end. Their efforts can be assessed when the LP is issued in the spring. They've so far recorded ten tracks, including some stage favourites — 'Television Vision' and 'Disappearing' among them — as well as several new songs.

Wyatt in singles deal

ROBERT WYATT has signed a deal with Rough Trade to record a number of singles — one of the few projects he has undertaken under his own name, since his 1974 accident left him confined to a wheelchair. First release, due in mid-March, is the standard 'Guantanamo' — sung in Spanish and reverting to its correct title of 'Calameros'. B-side is 'Arcus' penned by Chilean singer Violetta Paro. Besides singing, Wyatt also provides most of the instrumental backing.

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ANGEL SLEDGEHAMMER WITCH
Heavy Metal Soundhouse
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
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HAMMERSMITH
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MONDAY 10th MARCH at 7:30
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MCP
ANOTHER PRETTY FACE
plus THE STRAPS
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
Sun 2nd March 8.00 pm
Tickets £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 £1.00 £0.50
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THE KNACK
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DOMINION THEATRE, TOTTENHAM CT. RD.
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John Foxx: The Quiet Man In The Market Place

JONN FOXX is very much the right man in the right place at the right time.

One of those lean, aesthetic, inscrutable types, his carefully contrived oh-so-'80s image is as timely as the spartan electro-pulse beat of his music, and this week sees his debut single and album — 'Underpass' and 'Metamatic' — the Top Ten of their respective *NME* charts.

What's more, Foxx has credibility. He's no Johnny-come-lately Bowie fetishist fresh from working out the basics of using a WASP synth and out to clean up in Gary Numan's precinct.

Fox can point to his sojourn as Ultravox's leading force, an earnest young chap working in areas not dissimilar to the Bowie-Eno link-up consummated three albums ago.

Fox's Ultravox made three albums too, records that all failed commercially and often failed aesthetically due to an overbearing earnestness: brave failures nonetheless.

Ultravox in fact always seemed the archetypal clever-cholesterol art student band, very similar to early Roxy Music in certain respects though they lacked Bryan Ferry's sense of style and songwriting strength. Instead they leaned closer to the Eno axis, especially in the key respect of Foxx's infatuation with tape recorders and electronics.

As a commercial venture, they were stylized by a fateful interlinking with punk rock's far more direct, working class or Art student types set on work in musical areas first traversed by Roxy Music and The Velvet Underground were, you may recall, not exactly the cat's whiskers through '76-'78.

BUT THE REAL kiss of death, ironically, was the band's use of synthesizers.

Now of course, all that has changed and Foxx is not merely very much in synch with the time, but also, owing to those years spent guiding Ultravox through the electronic gloom, he's a name to be dropped with pride. Gary Numan has made no secret of the influence Ultravox exercised on his gangling robot rhythm sound, tossing Foxx lavish

verbal bouquets with a sincerity that isn't even debased by the fact that it may just have helped Numan to take some of the sting out of the endless Bowie clone broadsides against

The Numan connection, despite the critics' smirks, would appear to be the perfect bridge for Fox to saunter across in order to move from ill-focussed cult attention into the far more comforting zone of mass acceptability. After all he's more talented than Numan, with better credentials and better looks to boot. Certainly Messrs Branson and Co think so, and have been busily boosting John Fox's career

It's all too easy to view Fox's current manoeuvres in terms of pure marketplace strategy. Certainly, after I endured the mildly irksome routine of having our interview postponed and rescheduled due to all manner of heavy-duty stroke-pulling, to the point where the final chat took place over six weeks after the first scuppered date, I would have to admit to distinctly cynical preconceptions about Fox. Basically I had John Fox figured as very much the calculating type. His album *Metamatic* is filled with that parched, one-dimensional 'numb' sound that seems connected only to its own sense of self-conscious detachment, while the voice intones emotionless little lyrical vignettes that impress by dint of their conviction though the images evoked rarely connect with anything even vaguely stirring.

The old words come tumbling out — “desolate,” “automation,” “drone” — while “sex” is a more reliable feature, forever stamped into a look of total detachment, amount to little more than a sophisticated update of the character who some three or more years back wrote the originally crass autobiographical ‘I Want to Be a Machine’.

In short, I went along to the interview expecting to converse with a dour fellow intent upon projecting some utter glib 'enigmatic' facade, complete with the obligatory references to an overbearing desire to have lived in Berlin in the '30s and all that malarky.

"NO, I'VE never felt the desire to have lived in Berlin in the '30s. Berlin doesn't interest me at all really. I'm more inclined towards walks over the moors, really. Beautiful countryside."

John Foxx has a way of scuppering preconceptions. John Foxx is in fact, a nice

guy with a mild, unprepossessing air about him, and a bemused and mildly fatalistic attitude about life in general. He talks in a straightforward, totally unpretentious fashion, with an understated candour.

Born and raised in Lancashire where his father worked as a miner, Foxx's voice is streaked with an unmistakable Northern brogue that makes him seem something of an alien spirit to London's speed of life, never mind the rushes of music business activity that can occur when the rock artisan suddenly finds himself courting a potentially huge audience.

The extent of Foxx's discomfiture is apparent when he explains his dealings with Virgin, a corporate with its eye fixed coldly on the big stakes.

"See, originally after I left Ultravox and went off on my own to pursue certain ideas involving synthesizers, tape recorders and the effects that can be achieved; I had no idea of what record label to take the first demos I'd made to. I really didn't know whether anyone was interested, so I started off by going to Rough Trade and small independent labels until I was advised to go to larger companies."

Yet Foxx's deal with Virgin involves the inauguration of his own label — Metal Beat — which seems scarcely to be the move of an artist initially worried about even being signed.

"Well that's why I signed with Virgin, because they agreed to take me on my own label. They were the only ones, in fact, to concede to the point, and as that was of vital importance to my mind — that I have my own label in order that I can release other people's music as well as my stuff — there was really no other choice.

"See, a number of kids have sent me tapes of stuff they've recorded usually just to get some kind of reaction or to get some advice from me as to the quality of what they're doing. And in fact a number of the tapes are very, very good and I feel they deserve releasing. So that's one function I'd like Metal Beat to deal with."

As of the moment, Foxx's only definite intended release on Metal Beat — all things going well — is a record by American band Tuxedo Moon, whose work Foxx finds "most intriguing."

Foxx mentions Brian Eno's Obscure label as an example of what he'd like to attain with his

■ *Continues over*

Foxx II

From previous page

own outlet, thus granting contemporary composers like Gavin Bryars (whose *Obscure* album is a treasure) that precious exposure so often denied those musicians whose left-field inclinations are too brazenly idiosyncratic for any more orthodox record company to touch.

Foxx of course worked with Eno when the latter produced several tracks that ended up on the first Ultravox album.

Looking back now to the often frustrating years spent forming the band from scratch and then taking over Ultravox's creative reins, only to part company with the other members when musical incompatibilities became too much to contain within one unit, Foxx shows no regrets. He prefaces his reminiscences by describing how he first got involved in music making.

"It was at art college when I first got intrigued by sound. I mean, I should say that I simply entered art school because first there was absolutely nothing I could imagine myself doing if I left school, but second, I was academically pretty useless. So I saw art school as the only viable solution for staving off another couple of years before walking out into the cruel world."

A portfolio of artwork got him accepted at the first of what would eventually be three different academies, and Foxx found himself in the English rock musician's classic breeding ground.

His approach involved neither the stylistic fusions of a Bryan Ferry, nor the skiving-in-the-lav-to-learn-old-blues-licks routines of a Keith Richards. Instead, Foxx somehow found himself drawn towards 'tinkering with tape-recorders, getting sort of diverging sound textures' — an obsession which got him elbowed from two of the three colleges he attended.

Having convinced himself that 'sound' was the perfect vocation, he simply placed an ad in *Melody Maker* calling upon other musicians to work with.

"I recall listing a number of fairly divergent names. There was *The New York Dolls*, *The Shadows*, umm... oh yes, *The Velvet Underground*. And Roy Orbison attracted others."

Having auditioned some 50 different tape-remixers, Foxx pared down Ultravox to five pieces, this quintet working on a certain juxtaposition of sounds — running the gamut from the orthodox to Foxx's bizarre tapes. Fred Cantrell, then an Island Records A&R man, signed the band with disarming speed and the saga of Ultravox commenced.

"I no longer have any desire to be a machine... Now I want to make dancing music."



FOXX SQUIRMS slightly when mention is made of his then autobiographical manifesto, the puerile 'I Want To Be A Machine', located on the group's first album.

"Yes, I felt strongly about that song then, though now I can't stand to listen to it. The sentiments expressed were brought about by a very bad emotional period I was going through at the time. I was in a state of virtual manic depression due to... well, a relationship breakdown had really cracked me up and I just wanted to have all my emotions numbed. I did want to be a machine, working on automatic, because the human factor was too much to take."

"Since then I've grown up, come to terms with those foibles. Now I don't have any desire to be a machine." He laughs awkwardly.

Two more albums followed: 'He, Ha, Ha' and the band's high-point (and Foxx's signing off point) *Systems Of Romance*, which called upon the services of the very successful Conny Plank, producer and creative ally to a number of Germany's great innovative groups, and was recorded in Cologne. Barring one apparently highly successful tour of the States, the human chemistry holding Foxx and the rest of Ultravox together was by now well and truly blown.

"It was no heavy traumatic break-up," Foxx remarks placidly. "The other members were veering in one direction and I felt very strongly about the music I was hearing in my head. It was simply a case of me leaving."

After a period of reassessment, Foxx set about recording demos of the music he'd formulated.

Certain songs gracing *Systems Of Romance* Foxx now views as key reference points.

"The Quiet Man" is probably the strongest of all the songs I wrote for Ultravox. I regard it now as a very concise, relevant piece of self-description. I do see myself as the quiet man, the total onlooker, just observing. It's like an image that's like a total anti-image really. I'm just there but the songs aren't any longer pointed at me so much as me just writing notes, pieces of random description.

"I like the sparseness of the sound on 'Metamatic'. It's just a matter of stripping everything down to the bones to set a mood for the lyrics to complement or react with."

When I voice my feelings about the predominant coldness in the songs, the overall sound that often — in fact, far too often — seems only to reflect a numbness, making the record sound like aural novocaine, Foxx, instead of taking offence, considers the point a pertinent criticism.

"Yes, that's true. It's a good point, that, because I do worry sometimes that the bleakness I'm depicting has no redeeming qualities beyond providing the listener with a numbing, desolate feeling. I'm obviously trying to project more than that. Like Wire, I think, can really do so well. On '154' the sounds merge and splash against each other to enhance the lyrics to that the end is always more than the sum of its parts."

Unfortunately 'Metamatic' — although it does have a sense of Foxx being on the threshold of something potentially very strong — all too often lacks that abrasiveness, that vital tension. Like the quiet man, he holds everything in and as on the cover shot only dares to put a finger into the heat.

"I'm going to have to develop things. You're right about the coldness. I want to make dancing music. That one-dimensionality has to be given something extra."

John Foxx smiles genially, diffidently. The room we're talking in is cool and empty with a low roof and a nice subterranean atmosphere. There are mirrors everywhere but he ignores them. That is, until the photographer asks him to pose for some shots and he stares down, his reflection bouncing off the myriad shiny plates of reflective glass.

John Foxx's aims are fair, though still lacking both mechanical toughness and the human touch. Straddled somewhere between Numan's sham motorik and Wire's aural assaults, it scarcely bodes well that he's considering a duet single with Numan — the latter's idea — though it's his naivety calling the shots there more than ruthless calculation. After all, it's a wager, he's got Virgin Records for that input.

Fifteen grand for the right band.

The Arctic Lite Rock Search '80 is a brand new competition to discover new talent in the world of rock music. For the winning band there's £5,000 cash and £10,000 of musical equipment together with a recording and a publishing contract with State Records.

Last but not least, Arctic Lite will give the winning band their full promotional support for a tour of at least 80 dates throughout the UK.

In return, the band will be renamed "Arctic Lite" for at least one year.

The competition is being sponsored by

Arctic Lite Lager in conjunction with the Daily Mirror Pop Club and State Records. To enter fill in the coupon and send it to us with your photograph and a ten minute tape of your original work.

Competition Rules and Conditions.

1 The Competition is designed to find a single winning band who will be renamed "Arctic Lite" for a minimum of one year.

2 Entrants must be over 18 years of age on 1st April 1980. Entrants must sign and send a prescribed entry form to CSS Promotions to arrive no later than 14 March 1980. The entry form should be accompanied by a tape and a photograph.

3 Each band may submit one tape of a 10 minute duration.

4 Tapes will be judged by a team of music industry experts, who will select six bands to compete in each regional final.

5 There will be eight regional finals which will be held in London, Birmingham, Nottingham, Cardiff, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool and Glasgow.

6 Each band selected for a regional final will be required to complete a biography form and to sign a copy of the recording and publishing contracts which would come into effect in the event of their winning the Grand Final. It is a condition of participation in a regional final that such contracts are signed.

7 In the event that a selected band is not able to compete in a regional final, the organisers reserve the right to substitute the band considered by the judges of the tapes to be the next highest placed.

8 Each band which competes in a regional final will be paid a performance fee of £50.

9 The bands competing in regional finals will be judged by a panel of experts. The winning band in each regional final will qualify for the Grand Final.

10 The Grand Final will be staged at The Venue, London in June. The eight bands which compete in the Grand Final will be judged by a panel of experts.

11 The Grand Finalists will be provided with hotel accommodation and will be reimbursed for their transport costs to and from London.

12 In the event that the selected band is not able to compete in the Grand Final, the organisers reserve the right to substitute the band considered by the judges to be the next highest placed.

13 The winning band will receive a cash prize of £5,000, musical equipment to the value of £10,000, a recording and publishing contract, and the promotional backing of Allied Breweries for a period of one year during which time they will be required to make at least 80 concert performances.

14 The winning band will be renamed

"Arctic Lite" and shall not for a period of one year endorse, by name, title, photograph or likeness, any commercial product or service other than Arctic Lite without written permission from the organisers, CSS Promotions Ltd.

15 Prizes will be awarded to other grand finalists as follows: runners up - £1,000. 3rd placed - £500.

16 The judges' decision shall be final at all stages of the competition and no debate or correspondence will be entered into. In the event of any dispute, if any band withdraws of its own free will or is disqualified for a breach of the competition rules, it will have no claim on the organisers or sponsors for any prizes, expenses, etc.

17 Entrants will be judged on the basis of musical quality, quality of lyrics, potential for further development, originality and on-stage presentation and execution.

To: Arctic Lite Rock Search '80, CSS Promotions Ltd., 35 Bruton Street, London W1X 7DD.

Name of Band (Block capitals) _____

Name of manager/agent (if applicable) _____

Name of contact _____

Address _____

Telephone Day _____ Evening _____

I do not hold a recording or publishing contract, and I agree to abide by the competition rules and conditions.

Signed _____

All entries should be received no later than 14 March 1980.

Please note. Photography and tapes are not returnable.

If you are not sure if a rock band but play contemporary music, please feel free to enter.



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1	1	RYAN COLEMAN GET HARRY	5.00	3.75	1.25 OFF	31	35	THE 100TH MILE	6.50	4.75	1.75 OFF
2	2	THE SELECTER 502 HAZARD PRESSURE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	32	22	THE 100TH MILE	5.29	4.04	1.25 OFF
3	3	MICHAEL JACKSON OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	33	12	DOUBLE EDGE BOND	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF
4	3	THE FIVE FIVE THE FIFTEENERS	5.00	3.99	1.01 OFF	34	29	THE 100TH MILE	5.00	3.75	1.25 OFF
5	36	THE BROTHERS JOHNSON A WHOLE NEW NIGHT	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	35	26	LOVE POP	5.00	3.75	1.25 OFF
6	20	MIKE MUTHER BROS. SMALL CRISP & D	4.79	3.54	1.25 OFF	36	23	THE 100TH MILE THE First An On-Schedule	5.65	4.65	1.00 OFF
7	11	WARRI WEBS TELL ME ON A SUNDAY	6.35	4.35	2.00 OFF	37	31	SUPREMACY THE FIRST AN ON-SCHEDULE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF
8	15	M. I. M. M. STARDUST THE 100TH MILE	5.40	4.24	1.16 OFF			ROCK AVER THE 100TH MILE	4.95	3.95	1.00 OFF
9	4	JOHN VANGELIS SHORT STORIES	6.35	4.35	2.00 OFF	39	19	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	3.75	2.75	1.00 OFF
10	10	THE POLICE ALBANY, BLANK	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	40	55	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.75	3.74	1.01 OFF
11	11	WHITNEY HOUSTON THE 100TH MILE	3.99	3.19	80p OFF	41	41	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.00	3.99	1.01 OFF
12	5	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.29	4.49	80p OFF	42	32	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	2.99*	2.00 OFF
13	7	MAURICE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	43		THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF
14	8	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	44	42	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	7.29	5.64	1.75 OFF
15	6	JOE JACKSON IN THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	45	40	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	8.00	6.00	2.00 OFF
16	17	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN THE 100TH MILE	3.99	3.19	80p OFF	46	51	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.00	3.99	1.01 OFF
17	20	MICHAEL THE 100TH MILE	5.29	4.04	1.25 OFF	47	43	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF
18	28	THE POLICE GOLDEN EYE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	48	48	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF
19	19	GRAND OTRA CATCHED THE SUN	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	49	30	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF
20	14	PAUL PLOTTO THE 100TH MILE	4.45	4.45	0.00 OFF	50	20	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF
21	21	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.00	3.20	80p OFF	51	34	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	8.75	6.99	1.76 OFF
22	23	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.00	3.99	1.01 OFF	52	37	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.29	4.04	1.25 OFF
23	24	BLONDE EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	53	47	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.00	3.20	80p OFF
24	25	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.00	4.20	80p OFF	54	58	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.20	4.04	1.16 OFF
25	13	LENE LOVIN THE 100TH MILE	3.99*	3.19	80p OFF	55	38	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.86	3.74	1.12 OFF
26	27	ORIGINAL MICHIELO THE 100TH MILE	5.00	3.99	1.01 OFF	56	49	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	8.50	6.50	2.00 OFF
27	16	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.99	1.00 OFF	57	43	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.00	3.99	1.01 OFF
28	28	REMY ROSE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	58	47	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.00	3.99	1.01 OFF
29	43	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	3.99	3.19	80p OFF	59	44	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	5.29	4.04	1.25 OFF
30	41	K. & B. THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF	60	46	THE 100TH MILE THE 100TH MILE	4.99	3.74	1.25 OFF

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LES JEUX
DU
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McLaren: the lure of the bright lights proves irresistible

INSIDE THRILLS

Record Company's 'Night Of The Long Knives'

See page 12

Record Sales Slump, Profits Don't

See page 12

Who's The High Priest Of Reggae?

See page 16

Thrills!

McLAREN'S BACK! So for Adam Ant — it's the sack!

MALCOLM McLaren, renowned pop entrepreneur, media manipulator, heberdasher, anarchist, fetishist and all-purpose rip-off artist, is back in town — and back in business.

And the first person who wishes he wasn't has to be that last bastion of bondage, Adam Ant.

McLaren, after a six-month sojourn in Paris where he's been making — and starring — in porno films (honest!), is now the manager of Adam's erstwhile band and in his usual flamboyant, not to say offensive, manner the first person he's dumped is Adam himself.

Having been thus unceremoniously sacked, Adam has departed taking the 'Adam and the Ants' handle with him (he owns the copyright), leaving Malcy with three former Ants and a vacancy for a vocalist.

And who might that vocalist be? Would you believe Little Mal himself?

You wouldn't? Neither would we, which is why we phoned Do-It Records, a low-key independent label which released Adam and the Ants' one album ('Dirt Wears White Sox') for confirmation of this whole far-fetched saga.

Yes, an admirably frank and helpful spokesperson confirmed, Adam and the Ants had parted company directly after their New Year's Eve gig at the Electric Ballroom. Yes, Adam has a brand new band and a single 'Car Trouble' due for release in two weeks' time. Yes, McLaren had been managing the band since just before Christmas.

The spokesperson (who wishes to remain anonymous) elaborated: "Adam has always had enormous admiration for McLaren's talents as a media manipulator and was very keen on forming a business relationship with him. Malcolm was also interested, so in a sense it was more a tentative liaison than one

Thrills uncovers a twilight world of porn movies, managerial machinations and rock star aspirations

tracking down the other."

But — the crucial question — they didn't see eye to eye and Adam, uh, left?

"No," came the immediate reply. "Malcolm sacked him. It was pretty obvious that there'd be a fierce clash of interests, as both have fixed ideas about what they want."

It seems Malcolm had hoped to set Adam up as his latest monster/puppet figure — the new Rotten, in other words. When Adam wouldn't play it his way, McLaren put the boot in.

"In fact," our informant added, "McLaren said that he'd sacked Lydon/Rotten twice in the beginning of the Pistols days. Malcolm only retained him because he couldn't find anyone better."

"Malcolm did say at the start he didn't hold Adam's songs in exactly high regard."

The sacking took place in a typical McLaren powerplay. After three weeks of cautiously purchasing rehearsal time and playing it cool, he told the Ants that their leader was basically not forceful enough but that he considered the band itself — drummer Dave Barbe, guitarist Matthew Ashman and newly-recruited bassist Lee Gorman — strong enough to warrant his time and commitment. A pact was struck between McLaren and the three musicians, who chose to spurn all loyalties to Adam as a consequence.

With one member aged 22 and the other two a mere 18 years, they're described as "very impressionable". Exit Adam with the Ants' name, to be

Adam Ant: does he still admire Mal?
Pic: Philip Gray

quickly signed up by former X-Ray Spex manager Falcon Stewart and to form a new Ants using two drummers, bass and guitar.

Meanwhile McLaren is pressing on with his trio of former Ants. The Do-It label spokesmen mentioned that Adam Ant had fears — once he'd met McLaren — that the old rascal was "trying to turn his band into a Sex Pistols Mark 2". However all signs point to the contrary.

"McLaren wants the band to develop musical attitudes that will give them a strong credibility," states the source. "From what I can envisage, there will be a very strong accent on the percussive side of things, because Dave (Barbe) is an excellent drummer with a lot of ideas. As for the Pistols' wall of sound, I can't see any comparison at all. Matthew (Ashman)'s playing isn't at all like Steve Jones'."

As for the contention that McLaren himself will be fronting the group, the Do-It spokesmen was less forthcoming.

"I know that auditions have been held in order to find a suitable lead singer, though from what I've heard, nothing came of them."

The vocal coach that McLaren discovered in the early Pistols days has certainly been contacted again, but for what and for whom must remain conjecture for now.

SID IONARIES

Thrills!

Pursey, Mensi In Cheap Publicity Stunt Shock!

BOOMING into our tranquil den like five hundredweight of nutty slack came the awesome deputation of Jimmy Pursey, Mensi Upstart and about eighty-five yobs of ill repute and healthy zest just when a Friday afternoon was settling into its post-pub snooze session.

Quick as a shot Mr Spencer woke up our office translator who set to work ironing out just what the Angelic Geordie was saying with such violent passion, apart from the fact that the next Upstarts single will be a remake of The Animals' 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place.' For a while it was one of those unique occasions to be likened to a hole in one, the first breath of spring or a good show on ITV — yes, Jimmy Pursey couldn't get a word in edgeways!

After two hours our translator threw in the sponge and despite his

tattered nerves told us that both The Upstarts and, to a lesser extent Sham 69, were experiencing more than a little difficulty in getting gig bookings. Mensi being firmly convinced that the police force (pronounced the lookin' for) have given word to promoters that any entertainment involving his band would be strictly rubbing the cat up the wrong way.

Whipping out an extra large all-purpose star filtering sieve we sorted out that also present were various other Shamski's — including the very sane and totally personable Dave Tregenna, a little miffed about the lack of coverage that Sham's U.S. dates received — and ex Gen X members Derwood and Mark Laff who are helping Pursey on his upcoming solo venture 'Bronco Bullfrog', the name of the celebrated '70s skinhead flick. Jimmywurz also confirmed that he has purchased the

celebrated luxury home with pool etc. "... I treated myself, so what? It's all wages, ennit?" — and is still giving away money at a rate of knots.

This last claim was given substance when, twenty minutes after the mob had departed, the office was gingerly visited by a couple of junior half-term skins.

What gives, O Apprentice Loons? we asked.

"Well it's Jim we want," they began. "See he gave me and me mates twenty quid to get something to eat wiv ... but the biggest two have run off wiv it and now we're skint ..."

Dig deep, Jimmy, this is a long gig ...

DAWDIE KACKERMAN

Thrills!



"It's not easy fillin' these pages, y'know"



"Right bunch of tossers in Thrills this week, Jim."

ARISTA STAFF DUMPED

Here come the Bertlemans (!?)

THERE were some strange rumblings in Brooke Street last week when ten employees of Ariola Records came into work on Wednesday to be greeted with the news that they'd lost their jobs in cutbacks augmented by their new parent company, Ariola Records.

Amongst the staff who were curtly informed of their redundancy were the head of the Press Office Howard Harding and head of the art department Paul Henry.

All those who were sacked had been assured last autumn that their positions were not in jeopardy after Ariola's takeover of Ariola, when the company was off-loaded by its American parent company Columbia Pictures.

At that time both Ariola and Ariola employees believed their respective positions to be quite separate entities, but now it appears that the labels will merge under the unwieldy marketing umbrella of the New Bertleman Record Company — Herr Bertleman being the German multi-millionaire entrepreneur who runs Ariola and Mensa's disco dominated dealings from Munich. Ariola itself won't lose its label identity altogether, but the UK

operation will become an A&R department answerable to the American Ariola office — the chief of which, the legendary Clive Davis (who you may remember left Columbia in somewhat mysterious circumstances) was unavailable for comment.

The rather shoddy way in which loyal staff members were informed of their dismissal — at Ariola, where three people were fired, the news was broken with the help of a large bodyguard, lest any recalcitrant victims decided to resort to physical violence — hardly bodes well for many of Ariola's less successful acts.

Bruce Finlay, manager of Simple Minds told *Thrills* that his band had been given a reassuring promise as to their future under the Bertleman empire, but "can we take them seriously after the way they've treated their own staff? I think there'll definitely be an artists' clearout now."

There was no suggestion that Ariola were losing money in the record market — both Showaddywaddy and Barry Manilow are huge selling products — but the takeover and subsequent dismissals could set a trend

BLACKMAIL CORNER

AIN'T no drag! Even as the music biz majors slip further into recession, at least some hip dudes have gone and gotten themselves into a brand new bag... a pair of brand new bags in actual fact.

Take that arrogant, cigarette-toting trendsetter in the pic on the far right! (Incidentally, Who might it be? A refugee from a northern soul all-nighter? A character from Paul Weller's 'Saturday's Kids'... you know, that line about the protees in their V-neck sweaters and baggy trousers?)

Think again. This particularly well-dressed fly in the ointment is none other than sensible, deadpan Colin Newman, singer with that

nifty modern pop combo Wire by any other name. (See below).

Col is seen demonstrating that revived art of casual posing back before the days of cropped berneats and small shirt collars, the four-inch high waistband in his rent-a-tent strides subtly hidden by the casual woolen jerkin. And that hairstyle? Tam Paton would be proud of him.

Col's fashion tips continue next week unless ten Wigan's Ovaton bootlegs are forwarded to NME Central pronto.

LES McKEOWN



Pic above: Gus Stewart



Thrills!

amongst the smaller companies. The amalgamation of Ariola and Ariola can be likened to the CBS/Epic combine, where each company is in artistic competition but their marketing machines are not.

Meanwhile some of the sacked staff are considering taking industrial action against what they feel to be "totally unjustifiable dismissal" and paltry compensation offered by the New Bertleman Record Company.

MAX BELL

Thrills!

RECORD SALES SLUMP

(But profits do very nicely, thank you)

THE widely-reported vinyl sales 'crisis' of 1979 was borne out by figures recently released by the British Phonographic Institute that show the market for musical software declining steadily.

In 1978 the sales of singles vastly out-paced those of albums, but last year single sales increased by less than one per cent. In other words a measly 238,000 more singles were sold (surprisingly enough, very few of the by Paul McCartney). Despite this, the actual revenue generated increased by over 25 per cent thanks to price hikes, and an extra £10 million was rung up on the nation's tills.

Album sales totals, however, declined from 88,000,000 in 1978 to 74,536,000, which due once again to increased prices still brought in £1,738,000 more than '78's total of £1,611,507,000 (!)

Overall, sales of albums and singles together amounted to a staggering £265,855,000, an increase of six per cent since the previous year. This just goes to prove what you knew all along: people are buying less but paying more.

COUNTER SPY

Thrills!

Benyon



"Sometimes I want to scream in the face of convention, live dangerously... or... like rush into the street and yell 'Nick Lowe is overrated'... or... or something."

THE ORIGINAL 1970 HAWKWIND ALBUM FOR £3.99 R.R.P.

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SPECIALS

A MESSAGE TO YOU, FANS

IN RESPONSE TO COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE HIGH PRICES PAID FOR OUR SHOWS, WE HAVE ARRANGED WITH THE PROMOTER, MR. RON DELSENER, OUR BOOKING AGENT, MR. DAN COPOLAND OF J.B.I., AND THE PRESIDENT OF CHRYSALIS RECORDS, MR. TERRY ELLIS TO FIVE AND TEN TICKETS FOR OUR FORTY FIVE FANS. WE HAD NEVER INTENDED TO INCLUDE ANY PART OF OUR AUDIENCE BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T AFFORD THE TICKET PRICE TO OUR SHOWS. WE DO EXPECT THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD IT TO PAY.

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SEE YOU THERE,
THE SPECIALS

Specials New York Gig: Bogus Poster Shock Horror

TOO MUCH FOR THE YOUNG

THE SPECIALS return gig in New York, capping off their American tour, is scheduled for March 1 at the Diplomat Hotel Ballroom, a non-seated 1000-capacity venue, with a ticket price of ten dollars. This was just about the highest price yet set for a new wave gig and particularly irritating was the fact that the show is being promoted by Ron Delsener, who has long maintained a

near-monopoly on the promotion of larger shows in the city, booking the Palladium and Madison Square Garden. Delsener has never been much of a supporter of new music. A lot of grumbling took place both "on the street" and in the pages of the local music press, such as the *New York Rocker* and *Village Voice*.

In addition to the grumbling, someone decided to fight back. The poster shown on the left of this page

began appearing on walls all over the city two weeks before the show. It purports to be a message from the Specials, an apology to their poorer fans and an offer of five hundred free tickets to be given away to those who couldn't afford the ticket price. Only the fact that promoter Delsener's name was spelled wrong would alert one to the fact that the poster is a fake. To claim their tickets, fans are supposed to call

either Delsener, booking agent Ian Copeland or Chrysalis Records President Terry Ellis, all of whose phone numbers are given.

The first great practical joke of the year or the opening salvo of a new round in the rock and roll wars?

RICHARD GRABEL

Thurs!

ROCK AGAINST THATCHER

A good-humoured group of dayglo nutters from all over the country gathered at the Polytechnic of Central London last weekend for Rock Against Racism's annual conference and what emerged was Rock Against Thatcher.

Not just another Rock Against It, but a massive Carnival Against The Cuts, planned for May 26, involving all the nationwide groups now campaigning against the demented doll's dagger. Although it's not known yet which bands will appear, close to 250,000 people are expected as the resentment against this government rises faster than against any previous one. Be there or be square.

TONY SMART

Thurs!



Mrs Thatcher backed by the Chelsea Shed Male Voice Choir delivers her new electronic arrangement of 'Blue Is The Colour' before an enrapt audience.

Lowry



"He's obviously got enormous potential but we'll have to keep an eye on that appetite."

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DANGEROUS VISIONS

Lowry



"I'm particularly delighted to welcome our next guest because it means that he'll probably reciprocate the favour and have me on his own lousy show when it starts next year."

Fear of Dusty Bin

SLOWLY and cynically the quiz-game has come of age in the last few years. No (dang!) longer do we see silly old men with gongs poised to snatch ten-bob notes from tongue-tied wretches in the Yes-No Interlude. The American influence is tightening its grip.

Married couples throw hypodermic syringes at dummies' bums only to reject the compulsory fast car, their nerves cracking as good old Dusty Bin gets wheeled onto the set by an ex-Scandinavian beauty queen in Ted Rogers' magnificently appalling 3-2-1. *Family Fortunes* encourages otherwise normal people to spit blood at each other as they head for the big money prize. Intriguing British follies are revealed. Four per cent of those surveyed for *Family Fortunes* think xylophone is spelt with a "z" and one family is too polite to admit that sex could be a reason for taking off your clothes. I suppose they must read *Forum*.

It seems that humans are prepared to do anything loopy short of burning themselves at the stake to appear on TV and compete in the Winner Takes All syndrome. Nowhere is the contempt for the contestant more obvious than on *Celebrity Squares* or the *Blankety Blank Generation* where redundant personalities residing in royal boxes are more important than the poor mutts on trial. Naturally the omnipotent programme controllers are ultra-wise to

our inherent weakness and the presenters themselves are tyrants to a man. The "controversy" concerning Larry Grayson's campness has conveniently hidden the fact that the man is a complete meathead, in contrast to loveable Bruce, who used to hold contestants' lame efforts up to the light, smugly anticipating desired audience guffaws, before smashing their work with all the malice of a hired thug. Elsewhere Monkhouse and Parsons spread so much verbal honey over the screen your fingers can get glued to the off-switch.

Thrills examines the quiz game phenomenon

Stress and strain even take precedence in cosy conservative programmes like *Mastermind*. Who's going to crack up this time? The same mentality pervades in waiting for this year's Ronnie Peterson impersonation in the Grand Prix. Yet *Mastermind*, and to a lesser extent *University Challenge* are quiz-game enigmas. Few people apart from the participants actually know the answers but the psychological barracking they undergo in competing is worth ten Take Your Pick Treasure Chests in audience ratings.

As palliatives we have the delights of *Call My Bluff* with Frank Muir feigning asphyxiation every time an obscure African antelope turns out to be the medieval word for "raincoat", or *Face The Music*'s novel dummy keyboard. (Why didn't Rick Wakeman latch on?) Then there's the homely endeavours like *Mr and Mrs*. "If you find your husband is having an affair do you a) ask Claire Rayner for advice or b) shoot the bastard?" Over in Italy the national equivalent involves housewives stripping off in front of the camera. Curiously enough the women always get tougher questions than the men and the waiting list to appear on the programme is supposed to be enormous.

Yes, neurotic competition has got Britain by the throat and the most annoying thing is that they're all so irritatingly compulsive. For months I fingered my rosary praying that someone would win Dusty Bin and the very week I missed 3-2-1 the ultimate miracle took place. Doubtless, in future days hapless victims will gamble their lives on winning a new house, an ageing Nicky Parsons will call them good sports en route to the electric chair and viewing figures will triple overnight. Personally I'm just hanging around waiting for the *Quizback* revival, man. Lady Isobel Barnett reigns supreme.

JOHN MURRAY

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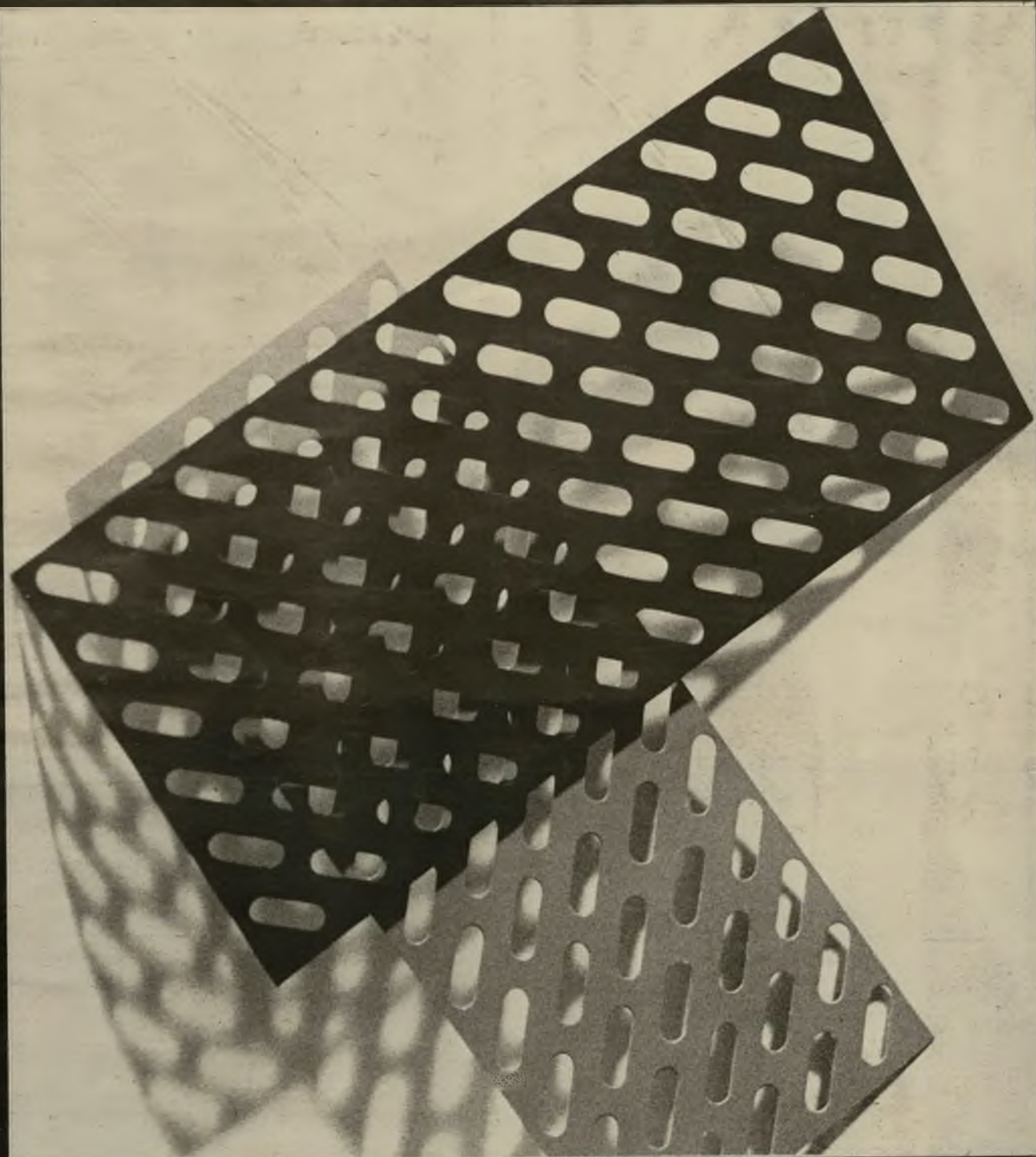
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•dindisc

The Old (Rude) Boy Network

THE RETURN OF LAUREL AITKEN



Laurel Aitken: original high priest of reggae

Pic: Jean Bernard Schiez

SUNDAY NIGHT at the Lyceum and Laurel Aitken, the 'high priest of reggae' (remember that one, boot boys?) the king of Jamaican blues, whose musical discs were guaranteed to make you jump and twist, is back on the scene. Recently signed to Ariste records, Aitken joins The Beat onstage to give

a spirited rendition of his original, 'Pussy Price Gone Up'. The crowd's initial surprise at the addition of this unknown, unrecognised originator of Ska vanished as Aitken, short and stocky in pork pie hat and wrap around shades, flashed his gold studded smile and delivered the goods alongside Ranking Roger. Saxe, The Beat's bar-walking horn player, worked with Aitken in the

'60s and both are firmly rooted in the musical traditions of R&B, Boogie and Ska. Seeing them onstage alongside some of the musical innovators of the '80s gives us the opportunity to dip into the past and maybe come up with a few revelations. Laurel Aitken's musical history goes back to the late '50s and the 'Opportunity Hour' talent

competitions held at the Majestic theatre in Greenwich Town, Kingston. A ten time winner at the Majestic he — along with Jackie Edwards, Owen Gray and Derrick Morgan — dominated the local scene. He made music for several producers including Duke Reid, but it was the classic 'Little Sheila' / 'Boogie In My Bones', recorded for Chris Blackwell's Island records, that established him as 'star' in Jamaica by topping the JA charts for around ten weeks.

During 1959, Aitken was the master of Jamaican boogie but though Ska was still in its birth pangs and Prince Buster was still a sound system youth working for Coxson's Downbeat, competition was growing. The increased demand for Jamaican music from Britain had led Melodisc to set up the Blue Beat label and when they expressed interest in his music Aitken decided to emigrate here.

The first artist to sign with Blue Beat in July 1960, Aitken was also responsible for the first tune cut here, 'Mary Lee'. He cut a stack of singles for Blue Beat including 'Bertender', 'Sweet Jamaica', 'Kansas City', 'Rise And Fall' and 'Railroad Track' and also produced others.

Like many other Jamaican artists his story is one of bogus contracts and rip-offs. After leaving Blue Beat, the majority of his music hit the streets via the Rio label but financial returns were scant and the only real satisfaction Aitken got was some time later when he saw the label owner, begging a bus fare, after his company had gone broke.

His experiences with Rio and Blue Beat gave Aitken a built-in resistance against signing with small companies and the story surrounding his signing with Pama

is mind boggling! After having a paternity claim filed against him for thirty shillings (£1.50) a week, he fell behind with his payments, was arrested at a gig in Brum and remanded till the following Monday. With a £200 fine or six weeks in jail hanging over his head he told us 'the label's owner was the only guy that I could get in touch with to get me out, and the guy brought the contract with him as well as the money. So I signed it.' Pussy price well and truly gone up.

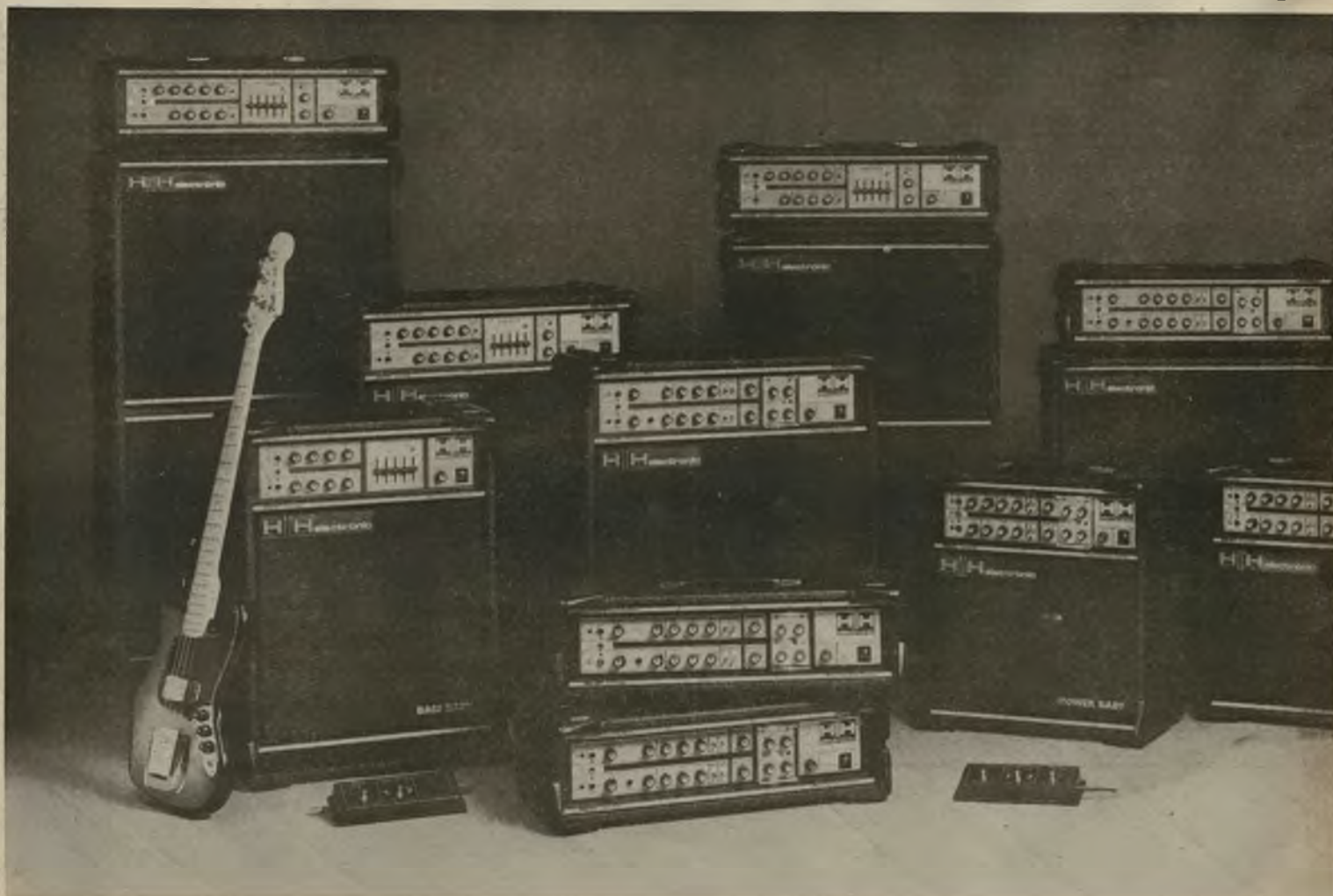
You can still find copies of his Pama albums, 'High Priest of Reggae' and 'Scandal at Brixton Market' and they include the excellent 'Woppy King' and the anti-Enoch 'Run Powell Run'. He continued to work as a producer and writer for Pama until the company's decline in the early '70s when he moved off the scene.

At the end of last year, enthused by the success of The Specials and Madness, he took to the road again and began work on a single which employs the distinctive tones of bredde Rico on trombone and in which Rudie gets married off... WHATTTTT!!!... "He sent a message in a bottle to the Queen but she wouldn't come..."

After his spot onstage with The Beat he was in high spirits and looking forward to doing more shows. The single 'Rudie Get Married' is released March 14th.

"The music I'm playing with my band is Ska/Blue Beat and I'll sing in one or two Rhythm & Blues so they don't get bored. I don't have to sing about dreadlock. I sing songs like 'Doctor Kitch' and the people get excited... then it's a rude thing 'Bang Bang Lili'... WOYYYY... and the people get MAD!!... and then 'LA BAMBA'... RIOT!!..."

By Paul Bradshaw



Who: Cincinatti cover-up?

INVESTIGATIONS into who is ultimately responsible for the death of eleven rock fans at the Who concert in Cincinnati may end in a cover-up, according to fresh information recently published in New York's *Soho Weekly News*. Several investigations are already underway into Riverfront Coliseum and concert promoter Larry Magid's Electric Factory productions but both parties have failed to send

representatives to the hearings on the incident. When Cincinnati's Vice Mayor tried to subpoena them, he was turned down by the City Council, as a result of pressure from the insurance companies who told the Council they would lose their insurance protection if the results of the investigations were hostile. This would leave the Council open to civil liability for the incident with no

insurance protection — a situation they clearly want to avoid. So questions such as who had authority to open the doors at the Coliseum that night may never be answered. Certainly, the incident has caused a rush to pass legislation against festival seating — and that could hurt established promoters — but the question of blame for the Cincinnati deaths may be swept under the carpet.

DICK TRACY

Chinese Rock: Bamboo Bop Boom

EVER since modern China began to tentatively allow a Western influence on their 30-year-old post-revolutionary culture, things have been going downhill. First it was Coca-Cola, now they're clamouring for rock'n'roll and sex.

While contraception is still only available to married couples, adolescents and young adults are now being encouraged to do what they usually do without the slightest encouragement. They're not exactly going wild in the streets, but large communal dance parties are now all the rage according to the official teen organ *New Youth*: "We believe

that youth dancing, introduced at the Tenth National Youth League Congress, will spread to different parts of the country." Last year *New Youth* advised its readers to be "physically active" at these parties, and "Courtship" was also sanctioned.

The result, according to doper gazette *High Times*, was a rapid spread of rock lust that has survived two half-hearted Peking disapproval campaigns. City kids have been able to surreptitiously acquire tapes and records of Western music, and late-'60s Acid rock is, apparently, very popular. In more rural areas, however, bluegrass and R'n'B is what the kids are cutting the rug to.

So far the unwed pregnancy rate has remained steady, and proletarian values haven't been defiled by an orgy of rampant rock'n'roll body-jamming. The *Peking Daily* even proclaimed officially that youth dancing is a perfectly natural phenomenon that was wrongly repressed by the evil Gang Of Four. "Under their censorship the slightest mention of emotion between a man and a woman in literature and of men dancing with women was decreed evil."

The return air fare to Peking is now as low as £400.

MAO BLUE SUEDE SHOES



Bon Scott. Pic: Paul Canby

BON SCOTT AC/DC Death

SOMETIME between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning of last week, AC/DC's vocalist Bon Scott died whilst unconscious in the back seat of a friend's car. The cause of death was acute alcohol

poisoning, an inquest was told later in the week, before recording a verdict of "Death by Misadventure." Scottish-born Scott had been with AC/DC since 1974, and appeared on all six of their UK-released albums. His death comes at a time when AC/DC have reached a peak of popularity in this country, where their name is paid silent embroidered tribute on the back of countless denim jackets.

Along with a musician friend called Alastair Kenner, Scott had been at London's Music Machine until the early hours of Wednesday morning. After leaving the club, the pair drove to Kenner's home in East Dulwich, by which time Scott was in an alcoholic stupor. Kenner decided to leave him in the car to sleep it off, and returning to find him still unconscious later that day, he drove to King's College Hospital where Scott was pronounced dead on arrival.

Despite the death of Scott, aged 33, AC/DC promise that they will continue.

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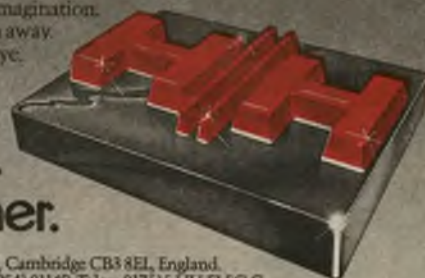
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Magazine



In Search Of That Elusive Factor 'X'

ACCORDING to a publicity puff (revealingly titled 'Emperor of pop') which appeared in a recent issue of the *Sunday Times*, Richard Branson's Virgin empire has an annual turnover of some £35 million, spread over no fewer than 14 companies.

In town to interview Magazine's John McGeoch and Dave Formula, it seems at times as if I'm being given a guided tour of the various Virgin tentacles.

Besides staying overnight at the luxuriously appointed Town House studios in Shepherds Bush, the getting-to-know-the-boys pre-interview ritual consists mainly of a visit to the Venue, a converted cinema packed with tables where punters pay £2 for Pina Colodas and Planter's Punches (really!) and presumably worry about how they're going to see the rest of the week out.

It occurs to me, as we sit there recycling Mr Branson's money, that every time I went for a piss during the day it would be in a toilet he owned at least 60% of. For some reason, I find this rather unsettling.

How can you trust a man who owns that many toilets?

THAT small corner of the Branson Empire known as Magazine have been conspicuously absent from the British 'rock scene' since the release of their second album, 'Secondhand Daylight'. In actual fact, Magazine have been heartily industrious during this period, completing their first tour of America and recording a batch of new material with producer Martin Hannett which — judging by the single 'A Song From Under The Floorboards' — seems them stronger than at any time in their past. So prolific have they been, in fact, that the next two months should see the release of two more singles packaged in the same buff cardboard livery as the current single — including, of all things, a version of Sly Stone's 'Thank You (Fallettine Be Mice Elf Agsini)' — followed by an album, provisionally entitled 'The Correct Use Of Soap'... (1)

"I think it's called 'an embarrassment of riches'," explains guitarist McGeoch, who composes most Magazine material with

ANDY GILL
spends a day looking in a Virgin toilet



Formula and McGeoch

PENNIE SMITH
watches the lads rev up for the trip

"Our second LP might go down as the most misrepresented album of all time ... a workingmen's Pink Floyd."

Howard Devoto. "In other words, we just found ourselves with too many songs to put on one album. And I'm not really into double albums very much..."

So the singles aren't just trailers for the album?

"Well, I don't see why you're asking that — whether they're trailers or not doesn't matter, because what we decide to put on the album, and what we release as singles, is purely matter of fact. It doesn't matter what goes on the album," retorts keyboardist Formula.

I'm tempted to point out that though it might not matter to them, it may well be a cause of some concern amongst those who have to shell out £8 for an album and three singles. But I let it pass.

"I think there might be at least one A-side on the album..."

"There'll be two, at least."

... But the original idea was to put out a single a month for six months, and not put out an album at all. But there's a lot of reasons...

"Moby Grape!" (An American band of the late '60s whose debut album was simultaneously released as five singles).

"I'd never heard of fuckin' *Moby Grape* in my life until we suggested we did that."

"You must have heard of the Electric Sheets, though."

"I've heard of the Mobile Prunes."

"What about the Cheese Nightmares?" And so the banter between McGeoch and Formula goes. It is what's known as 'musicians humour', and it may explain why so many modern musicians are rarely seen wearing any but the sternest of expressions.

The current single, I suggest, sounds closer to the first album than the second. Where they completely satisfied with 'Secondhand Daylight', in retrospect?

"Obviously!" snorts McGeoch. "I would like to say — and I don't care whether you print this or not — that I think Colin Thurston did a pretty good fuckin' production on that."

"Technically..."

"Well, whatever. I was really disappointed, really upset, at some of the things people said, both about... well, three things — Colin Thurston, Howard and the album in particular."

"But maybe the reason you think that this single is a bit like the first album has to do with the fact that we recorded all these 15 tracks

with less of an inclination towards a perfected studio technique. In other words, we just used our rehearsal studios, got the Virgin 24-track mobile in, and just played a lot of them live, with a minimum of overdubs. We'd demo'd seven or eight of the songs in a tiny little eight-track studio, completely live, in about four hours, and the feel on those was great."

"And that's what we were interested in capturing. Not a 'shoddy' quality, but that 'X' factor."

Your earlier stuff always had a melodramatic kind of sound.

"I don't like the word 'melodramatic'. I think it always implies a certain amount of comedy, black comedy."

"And also a certain amount of shallowness, as well."

After a certain amount of wrangling over terminology — quite unnecessarily, as I'm sure you all know what I mean — I suggest that the current single's B-side 'Twenty Years Ago' is altogether different from the rest of the Magazine corpus: less stage-managed, less mannered, more spontaneous. And profiting thereby. In fact, I rate it the best thing they've done.

"Well, believe it or not," says Formula, "since the very early days in Magazine, there's always been a very spontaneous element, which I suppose goes directly against what you've just said, to a certain extent. It's always been there, but finally, it's getting on to record. The B-side is an example of it."

"Can I just let on how we recorded that B-side?" asks McGeoch. "John (Doyle, drums) and Barry (Adams, bass), put down this rhythm track, then we came back from the pub a couple of hours later, and they had this four minutes of music down. I went into the studio, and the only clue I had was the key it was in. Martin (Hannett, the producer) ran it down to me, and I put down the guitar."

"At the end, I wanted to do it again, but they wouldn't let me! Dave did the same with the synthesiser, then I went back in and did the saxophone, and Howard did the vocal. And I think it's a tremendous track. And as a result of its success, we did quite a lot of other tracks in a similar vein."

"We want to keep this sort of strain going through our recording in future," adds Formula. "When I say it's always been there, we've come up with the basis of a few chords of a song, which we talk about — whoever has the idea 'teaches' it to the rest — and then we all put our contributions on it. And what I find, generally, is that I'll play something one day, and something different the next, and someone'll say 'Why don't you play what you played yesterday?' That was great!"

The ideal situation is, once everyone knows the basic clues to the story, if you could

Continues over

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From previous page

capture that sort of 'general understanding', then you would have the absolute synthesis of the song. If you could capture it at that inception when everyone just knew it — because it always happens. Maybe it's the second or third time after the clues have been accepted by everyone that you hit it — if only you could have been recorded on a multi-track while doing it then.

"At the moment we're doing it on 8-sides; eventually we'll be able to do it on A-sides, or albums, or whatever."

SPEAKING as one who's never been too enamoured of Magazine's recorded work for live performances, for that matter, this change can't come soon enough.

A Magazine album always seemed like a trip to the theatre, always needed a voluntary suspension of belief before one could accept as "natural" their self-consciously stagey approach: ignore these curtains, this proscenium arch, these boards; make believe that this is real life — which is why I've always viewed the title of their first album in something of an ironic light.

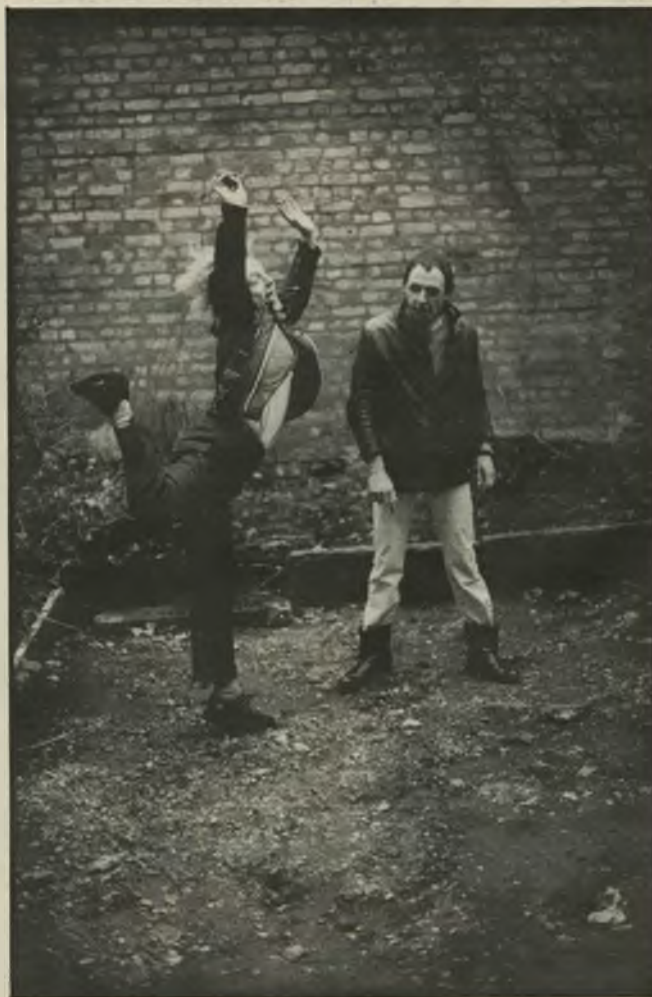
The second album, though, pushed the suspension of belief too far. 'Secondhand Daylight' was rightly criticised for its overblown Gothicism, something which obviously rankles with the band. Mere mention of the album makes me feel not unlike a dentist who's eschewed anaesthetic.

"I think that album might go down as the most misrepresented album of all time," says Formula with more than a tinge of truculence. "I think all the elements that we were putting out, towards what we were saying, were in a sense quite valid and interesting, and somehow at the end of it — and I'm not laying any blame on anyone — somehow, they came out being totally misrepresented."

"Howard was saying a lot lyrically, and we were saying a lot musically, and the end result came out slightly imbalanced. It came out to some people as a 'working-men's Pink Floyd' or a 'total overstatement of the roots and the imagination of Magazine'."

"Instead of coming out in the way we imagined it — us playing a new set of songs with a little more experience than we had on the first album — it got totally blown out of order and misrepresented by the press because certain elements of that input got distorted on the output."

McGeoch chips in: "I think the press were waiting around for someone to do something



Magazine posers? Never!

like we did on 'Secondhand Daylight', and they loved it as a scratching post."

Ho hum. The Press' as single-minded hatchet-carrying bogeyman searching for a scalp to sever. This sounds quite familiar.

I point out that I know quite a lot of people — people who rarely write a shopping list, let alone a review — who like 'Real Life', and none of them can stomach 'Secondhand Daylight'. Many believe Colin Thurston's production to be to the album's detriment.

"How can you say that?" snorts Formula.

"You'd have to have two people producing the same album in total isolation from each other, and then compare the results."

"Maybe Colin Thurston got the absolute apex of what we were producing. I don't happen to believe that. I think he was a very talented artisan, basically."

"I really liked the production on the second album," McGeoch sums up. "Dave felt it was insensitive — a good, but insensitive, production. Barry felt slightly differently from that, Howard felt slightly differently, and so on."

"Now, I hope you don't think I'm slipping too easily into self-praise, but working with Martin Hannett, I've never seen so much unity in opinion on the production, with anyone we've ever worked with in the past. Speaking for myself, I sit back and listen to some of the mixes, and I can't fault them. I'm not saying they're perfect, but they don't dissatisfy me."

"The first album you do," adds Formula, "you tend to take a lot of advice from whoever's producing. And I think we were very lucky with John Leckie — he was very sympathetic, and he helped us a lot as far as production techniques are concerned. With the second album, you tend to think you've learnt a little bit, but maybe you haven't learnt as much as you think you have. Now you're on the third album, and suddenly you do realise what is good and what isn't."

"I think we did the first album with a great deal of innocence and ignorance," says McGeoch. "Innocence in terms of how we put our ideas across in the album format, and ignorance in terms of studio technique. And John Leckie taught me a lot about studio technique. On the second album, Colin was a really good technician — he really knows his way around a studio — and I think we took studio technique."

"Literally. Took it literally."

"... quite a long way on the second album. On reflection, listening to the third album, a good way of summing up is that Picasso, at the age of about 60, said something like 'It took me ten years to be able to draw like a camera, and it took me the rest of my life to be able to draw like a child'."

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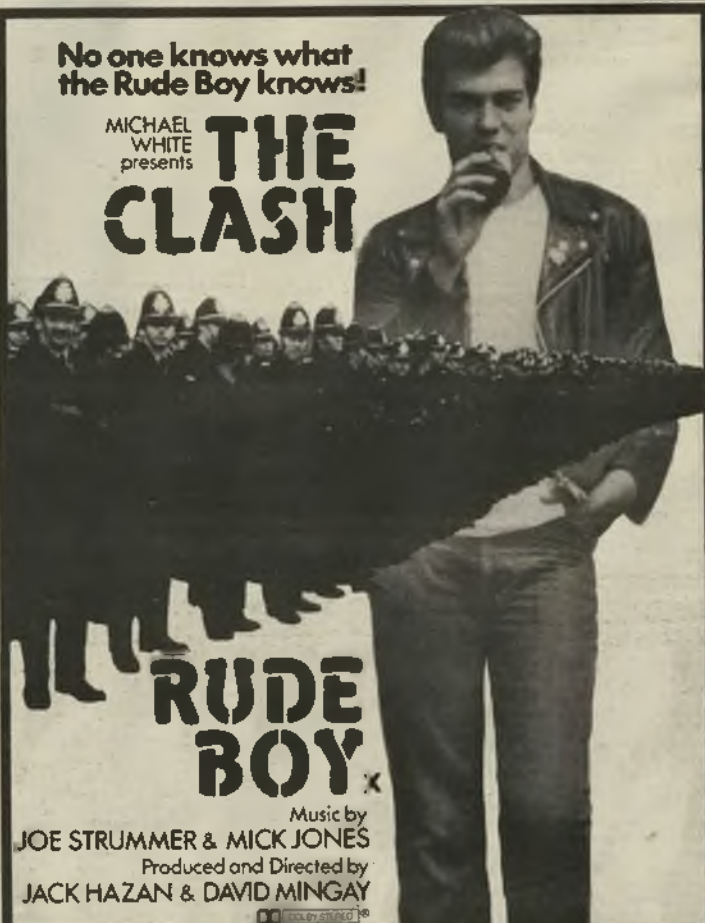
Club 18-30, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.



No one knows what the Rude Boy knows!

MICHAEL WHITE presents

THE CLASH



RUDE BOY

Music by
JOE STRUMMER & MICK JONES
Produced and Directed by
JACK HAZAN & DAVID MINGAY

WORLD PREMIERE THURSDAY MARCH 13th
PRINCE CHARLES cinema LEICESTER SQUARE TEL: 437 8181
EXCLUSIVE LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

BBC, you fascinate me! You've got the allure of pedigree history, you've got the Empire in your voice but that demon liberalism in your heart, you've got the modern clean-cut classiness of nationalisation — no vulgar investors, vulgar money or haggling self-made-men clogging up your facade.

But oh! your reality doesn't match up to your fantasy. Radio Three is something others are born to. Radio Two encourages and caters to fatigue of the life-impulses, and Radio One...

Radio One is simply the biggest hypocrite in the world, crawling with trendy new waverist DJs who were terrified of the roots of the thing a few years ago. It's so scummy and offensive how Radio One has revitalised itself recently by incorporating a parody of youthful enthusiasm into its Carry On Nudging And Gushing format. Every record The Clash put out is someone's vile Record Of The Week... put the budgie's head, give it a bit of cuttlefish, tell it it's a pretty boy. And in their presentation, such total lack of an original thought or a sliver of wit. Surely on earth there is not a profession with a lower incidence of integrity, intelligence or insight than that of the disc jockey business.

Someone said that these days, all the illiterate can write. It's even truer that the advent of pop gave the inarticulate a licence to broadcast. I love a massive amount of the music on the radio, but I can't listen, literally, for more than half an hour because of the chatter. For eight years I've felt this way, and for eight years I've been walking down a street chewing gum, a transistor pressed against my ear — metaphorically, you understand — and that transistor's been blasting out Radio Four.

They talk 18 hours a day over there, talk as a gift and not as a smattering of gibberish between guitar solos. Boy can they talk. Public Image's "Radio Four" — that "soft, deep-piled rug of neo-classical synth orchestration" — ah well. Angus, I never expected anyone who found the Pistols "unbearable" to have any taste — couldn't be more of a shambling fool. Do your homework, Johnny, you sick-brained youth; music never blemishes the pure chatty chattiness of Radio Four except in its natural-born role as humble, functional signature tune.

From every morning's *Prayer For The Day* and *Thought For The Day* (no discrimination between those who serve God and those who serve the Devil here, those lousy liberals!) to every night's *A Book At Bedtime* (occasionally a dirty classic; I heard *The Well Of Loneliness* on here in 1973), Radio Four is a dignified deed in a daylight-robbery world. It never hustles you or cuts corners in its quest to up your quality-of-life quotient.

I love its news programmes — *Today* at 6.30, *The World At One*, *The World Tonight* at 10pm, the daily *Yesterday In Parliament* — for their sober tone, a welcome rest from the attempts to mix frivolity with disaster and war-talk that commercial radio and the TV news magazines have retreated into.

That even goes for BBC TV (the amazingly asinine *Nationwide* is the epitome of news-as-TV-dinner), which spends the rest of its time taking sterling old standards from Radio Four, tarting them up.

watering them down and trotting them out.

The gracious *Any Questions* has become the draggy *Question Time*; the tough, brief, daily *You And Yours* is televised as the gimmicky *That's Life*.

Week Ending, which has shimmied along numerous Friday nights, was recently deployed on BBC-2 as *Not The Nine O'Clock News* — except that *Week Ending* was cruel only to the cruel and lacked the callow, embarrassing loathing of self and everything on the planet which the pampered libertines of BBC-2 shocked us all to death with. *Week Ending* also did without the sorry prop of using sex to get a cheap and lazy (albeit more sophisticated) laugh with — in this respect there was little to choose between our "satirical" friends and the ilk of *Are You Being Doctored On The Go* etc.

Stick your materialism-for-morons quiz shows, TV, and give me Radio Four's cerebral bonanzas anyway. Programmes like *The News Quiz* and *Quote: Unquote* are that impossible dream: quiz shows you can learn something from. Bill Grundy reviews the weekly magazines early every Saturday morning, a comedy of errors in itself; and did that voice in ancient times...?

Kaleidoscope, the nightly arts programme, is about half as glib as TV arts programmes; that's still some improvement — ARTS programmes, of all the untalented things in the world, they'll never be any good.

A real joy are the 10-30 minute documentarities that get slipped in everywhere. In one week I heard them dicing with Dorothy Parker, the history of sex in London, the Los

Angeles, the mystique of the jingle... all these little delicacies that make the cerebral life a party. Radio Four also has a habit of slotting 15-minute plays into odd gaps: some good, some crud, but all good practise for struggling scribes.

That old kitsch favourite *The Archers* has recently been infiltrated by a posse of semi-feminist liberals led by the laurels-winning novelist and recluse Susan Hill, and it shows dramatically and amusingly. The women of Ambridge are into post-natal depression and

and the topics they discuss beat any hip magazine's imagination anyway: the stigma attached to illness, prostitutes thoughts on themselves, the con of hospitalised childbirth, an old Staffordshire girl's memories of how she marched with Maq in 1949.

As with its gargantuan grandpappy the BBC World Service — carve those words on your wrist, snivelling inverted-xenophobic England-hater! — Radio Four deals with rock rarely but well. One of the pleasures of the World Service is the mini-John Peel Show it broadcasts

star crusader and sleuth Roger Cook, in which Ronnie Lane, Bo Diddley, Lynsey de Paul and others recalled all the money they'd never had the chance to cradle in their arms. Their common (very common) enemy was Don Arden, boss of the Electric Light Orchestra and Britt Ekland. Cook proceeded to track him down...

The piece was brilliant, yet practically par for the course by Radio Four standards. No doubt lots of young rebels loathe everything they've ever been told about Radio Four — if it's not constantly plugging plastic product it can't be fun. Sophisticate rebels hate it because the only Establishment fare they can bear are things — soaps, sitcoms — that can be corralled into the "so bad it's good" category (*You should know — Ed*). Radio Four, because of its talent and style, would just make them feel like the trivia-hound pinheads they are. Young idealists would dislike it because they think that every part of the status quo is corrupt and must be dismantled, they don't feel free to take what they like and reject the rest, they don't trust themselves not to be seduced by some little Establishment luxury.

The professional working-class faction will mutter, of course, about Radio Four not being anything to do with the "real" world — not like *Secret Affair* or *The U.K. Subs*, not like rock and roll. Mouth what platitudes you will; Roger Cook, in many ways the embodiment of Radio Four — solid, moderate, dogged, high-moralled and never any week's Big Thing — has, in the course of his righteous consumer investigations, been beaten up thirteen times and left for dead once.

That's the real world, rock fans. Sweet dreams.



Illustration: Crunch

IT'S NOT THE SAME OLD SHOW ON MY RADIO

— not on Radio Four, anyway...



DAINGEROUS VISIONS

By JULIE BURCHILL

alcoholism on the way to self-discovery these days, not the gallons of greengage jam old-guard male scribes kept them occupied with for over twenty years.

Woman's Hour — probably the best programme of the lot — runs exactly parallel to *The Archers* in its changing reflection of social concerns and things women are allowed to hear. Their guests are people even TV talk shows are hard-pressed to obtain — Bette Davis, Daisy Thompson, Kenneth Williams, Tony Bennett, real class —

— Peel selects a mere handful of records he likes, seven or so, and plays them with a minimum of boring mumbling. (The other night though, the World Service did haul out a howler: Wreckless Eric was called "one of the newest and most important leaders of punk rock.")

Radio Four, though, should forevermore be required listening for the intelligent, non-lapdog rock fan, following the celebrated broadcast awhile back of an investigative documentary on crooked managers by Radio Four

BLACK BEARD THE NEW ALBUM FROM
WAH DUB DENNIS BOVELL

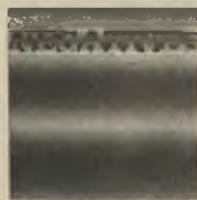
MORE CUT



SINGLES

GENUINELY ALSO A SINGLE OF THE WEEK.

THE NEGATIVES: Electric Waltz (Aardvark). You can always tell when people are in control. The Negatives don't fluff their talent through over eagerness as so many independents do; you have to come to them as much as they come to you. This is a superb record which always knows what it's doing and that confidence is rare in any strata of production of music. In waltz time with some *real* vocals by one Pete Eason who will inevitably have to be a tuneful Morrison. We shall certainly want more. For now



get this from 107 Withem Rd Sheffield, S10 2SL. The catalogue number is Steel 1. Bear that in mind if you have to.

MANICURED NOISE: Moscow 1980 (PRE). Stylish packaging, flash press kit, 'relevant' looking young men and all for a record only fit for the credits of a BBC spy series. Hence the title I guess. Sorry for appearing unknowing guys, but like, so what? I thought instrumentals like this were copyright Andy Mackey (ie the saxophone lead sounds like a goose being worried by a sheepdog.)

BAUHAUS: Dark Entries (Axl). Grandsons of Velvet Underground — though still no kin of Joy Division — try to trick us with aspirations of a knowledge of Art and Craft that didn't come from a college (the sleeve is Venus Asleep by Delvaux). This kind of thing still grates on naive old sentimentalists like myself; all unemotional and educated guesses is what it comes to. The poetry lyric reminds me of a scene from W.C. Fields' 'Men On The Flying Trapeze'; Fields was trying to eat his breakfast whilst his wife grandly read a precious modern poem from the newspaper. Wife: "Oh they've put that ghastly wrestling match on the same page. (reads the poem) And the beauty of it is there's no punctuation!" Fields: "That's marvellous dear, yes. Could you pass me that sausage..."

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON: De Black Petty Booshwah (Island). His titles get more like Slade every release. Still quite a fan of his first album, I find this Island stuff very forced. This has a persuadable little tune that really only survives because of his scat and dies during a George Benson interlude.

SMOKEY ROBINSON: Crulahn' (Motown). Please let it be a hit. Luscious and certainly his best for ages. Balladeer and Smokey Robinson: is there anyone else? It takes genius not to equate soft focus and strings with muzak but here it is. This, my college friends, is Art.

ORIGINAL MIRRORS: Boys Cry (Mercury). Unsettling pop rock leaning heavily on Glitter Band backdrop and traditionally built rifts. The recurring cycle of style must make this sort of fresh faced leather fun about the most dated sound currently in the boiler.

THE KNACK: Baby Talks Dirty (Capitol). Quite why a band that rely on Led Zeppelin's 'Physical Graffiti' for all but the song lengths should be remotely considered 'new wave' is beyond understanding. Maybe the President of Capitol told the USA it was so and, really, would a guy like that tie after what happened to Nixon? This song has all the exhilaration of a man gathering a crowd to hear his parrot say "kiss my ass."

NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN: Tonight I'm Alright (Atlantic). The disco confidence crumble

is resulting in a panic buying spree. Anything that remotely sounds like the old fire is being blown out of proportion and charting. The Whispers have been making very good singles for some time but have never achieved the chart recognition that 'The Beat Goes On' has been afforded, per for the course as it is. Narada — his religious stage name naturally — has assembled a sleepy album's worth of 'real musicians' and clichéd party tricks from which this is lifted. Though more pointed on a long play single it still is inept. Handclaps, tinkle percussion, mass chant chorus and unfeeling rhythm guitar taken at dance pace do not the disco single make.

TONY RALLO: Holdin' On (Calibre). It says something for this top 50 climber that I hear it every twenty minutes in the various bistros I patronise, yet each time I have to ask a comrade what it is. Though in through the same loophole as Welden, this attempts something, er, different in its use of unfamiliar vocal arrangements albeit they've just Latinised MOR. It's forced, irritating and desperate. Next: Bringing back the Polka.

SHARON PAIGE WITH HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUENOTES: Tonight's The Night (Philadelphiaport). **LEON HAYWOOD:** Don't Force It (20th Century Import). The two records that London disco devotees are currently forking out £3.15 for above any others. Sharon Paige and fabulous friends wander around the studio looking for their song's hook and, while they peer under seaters, behind wardrobes and between its author's ears, the percussionist keeps hitting those loathsome 'Ring My Bell' syndromes with admirable disregard for rhythm, timing and sensitivity. OK junior we heard that funny noise already. Much the same can be said for Leon Haywood who uses Al Hudson's 'Do It' formula for his own alumberland. Considering Hudson's own was imperturbable trash you can imagine the state we're in here.

"Of course I am serious — who is this Baker person?"

Pic: Anton Corbijn.

But is she serious?

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

NINA HAGEN BAND: African Reggae (CBS). Every band from Patti Smith to The Slits and back again via The Clash ought to put this in their pipe and smoke it. Without being poisonous to reggae — the throb and I have led very separate lives — this fine single pinpoints with eye surgeon's skill the ridiculous extent to which white musicians have become besotted — and in some cases junkie dependant — on the overblown genre. Possibly the only single to be a great sound and admirably witty that doesn't flag with repetition, 'African Reggae' is a champion when it would have been so easy to be over obvious and too late. It

takes three or four plays to show it's not as daft as you first think — I thought they were serious at first — and if reggae devotees can't smile at this absurd beauty then they are buried in ganja up to their necks. Besides, on the cultural side, Nina's yodelling cements the underlying ties between Jamaica and Switzerland once and for all. If it turns out that the NHB are serious — nah, can't be — then it doesn't alter the magic. The comment has been perfectly made, though I'd defy anyone to decipher the verses from their original Joan Turner style pitching. Still 'Congo longa bongo I' is first grade rubbish from any angle. Absolutely brilliant.

MILLIE: My Boy Lollipop (Island). I always thought this was too twee by half, best suited to one of those feather box animals that do comic turns in The Black Theatre of Prague. Horns by Tony Hatch.

PHYSICALS: Be Like Me (Big Beat). Produced by Paul Cook.

That apart — and it shows — it's your normal bloodless thousand guitar surge crying out for a Vertigo label or leastways a thumbs up from fans of Thin Lizzy.

ORANGE JUICE: Moscow 1980 (Postcard). Yes another

one and — just coincidence? — another instrumental. An earnestly well meaning label that gives lots of information and a free flexi-disc. A lightweight brother of The Durutti Column it's all very homely and pleasant, while on the reverse and flexi the

group mix their vocals into the sound with a little added weight.

LINVAL THOMPSON: La La Means I Love You (Hurricane). Limping reggae version of dreamy soul gem. Synthesized drumming, tired musicians.

RONNIE LAWS: Young Child (UA). Unobjectionable jazz/disco so long as you don't demand anything more than perfunctory backing — hi-hat and fretless bass racing — and unstretched sax playing. Mid-evening car music.

GIBSON BROTHERS: Cuba (Island). Wise twelve inch re-issue that still sounds strong and hopefully will crack the chart this time. Got yours?

THE OPPOSITION: This Year (Ariola). Taut, slow burning and spacious, it's never urgent enough and sounds like a song recorded before its time. They've settled for too little and end up playing all the tricks before the song's half done. Though it'll sound good when you first catch it, beware.

ERIC STEWART: Girls (Polydoc). Another phoney song, this time with less of a front, patronising lyrics and exhausted member of 10cc.

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON: Stomp (A&M). Their current LP carries a large warning about the dangers of Angel Dust (PCP) but no hint of the brain eroding music within. This is a rising hit that only further supports the any-port-in-a-storm disco theory. I don't think heavy rains recently washed away LA. I reckon all the recording studios just turned out at the same time.

THE BROUGHTONS: All I Want To Be (Harvest). And if this overwight ballad is a pointer we might be prudent to begin work on a series of arks ourselves. Some of the chaff from Barclay James' Harvest.

WARREN ZEVON: Gorilla You're A Desperado (Asylum). Warren, not to put too fine a point on it, you're a dreary bastard. Your songs sound like they were written while you were concussed and wearing gloves.

THE TEE-VEES: Doctor Headlove (Good Vibrations). An attempt at ska that canters like a can horse with three legs, redeemed by a front room charm and what sounds like a keyless saxophone. Yes, I like it. The sound drifts rather than attacks and fingers even after you've turned it over and played the strained modern tones of 'War Machine'. A diverse band if nowt else. Hear it, eh?

THE SEARCHERS: It's Too Late (Sire). I must confess I'd rather avoided this Searchers re-birth. But, argy bargy and golly gosh, this is something. A neat and simple pop song that — though comparisons are tenuous — exposes fellow travellers The Shadows as shocking old fogeys clinging onto the pitiful remnants of their skills. Very good song and performance and why aren't they massive in America? I may be a little too emotional here but it's growing all the time.

RACHEL SWEET: Foole Gold (Sire). This aims for similar territory to The Searchers, but is far too stopy and sounds as though too much time and hope has been poured into an empty mould. Meanwhile

■ Continues over page



SMOKEY: Art at last.



SUBS: Beware, Heavy Metal at work.



SEARCHERS: Still capable after all these years.

Your reviewer:



Danny Baker

Singles Continued

From previous page
legendary eight year old Rachel is to be found appearing on TV at every conceivable opening though nobody seems to know who she is. Just you ask.

ROSE ROYCE: Ooh Boy (Whitfield). The patchy Rose Royce let down Gwen Dickey once again by taking what opened as a promising slowie into a wishywashty tango pace. Untidy, unbalanced and how long will she stick with them?

STEVE HOOKER BAND: Keep On Dancing (Wax). There are a pitiful breed of people who rejoice in the slackness Western civilisation allows them. They have an inability to keep well and love to display this as other people might fancy a new shirt. Their idol is the late Keith Richards. Mr Hooker is one such person and his 45 is dressed in a sleeve approaching obscene caricature. The full ruffing of his 'dance' record indicates further decay and his only

saving grace is a liner note that reveals his love for Stax and Motown. I think Steve should pursue this line of interest more because, though he's doing his best, I fear we will soon have to shoot him.

MEDIUM MEDIUM: Them Or Me (APT). Good worthwhile single that, like the great Negatives item, paces itself to everyone's advantage. Crisp sound and unobtrusive guitars (until the end) and a lung emptying sax. Unfortunately no info on

origins but it looks as though it'll be widespread.

THE FIRST STEPS: The Best Is Back (English Rose). Lovers of optimism will find friends in First Steps. Their record is punchy, clear and gay — such an under used word don't you think? Its sound and value bely its independent status. It effortlessly achieves what the non-ska mod bands were aiming at. Party hearty. (Phone 0638 712666, that's 0638 712666)

SISTER SLEDGE: Reach Your Peak (Atlantic). Already on starters orders this has yet to be lifted from the 'Love Somebody' LP but I never could resist retelling my presents before the big day. Just wait till this gets a show of its own. That's all I have to say understand?

TURLEY RICHARDS: You Might Need Somebody (WEA). Plodding ballad advising us never to be nasty to anyone ever because (and in tipstoes the title on feet of stone). Quiz: Replace one letter of the artist's christian name to create some fowl.

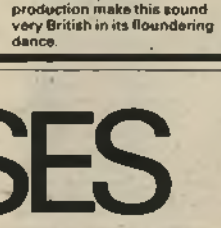
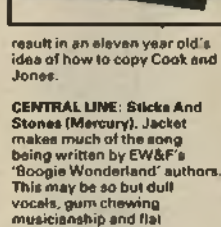
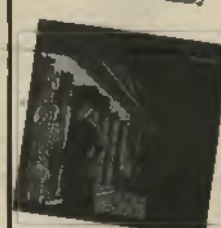
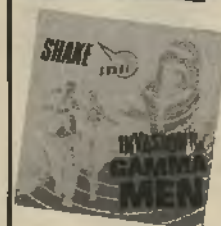
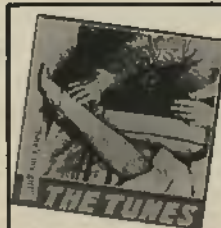
BLACKFOOT: Baby Blue (WEA). The opening line is "First time that I saw her, she was standing on the floor". Where else you silly heavy metal flannigans? The ceiling of the Albert Hall perhaps? It is this sort of low-surprise factoring that brings us songs that sound like Bad Company e'en though it's 1974. Something like that anyway

HERB ALPERT: Street Life (A&M). The re-born Alpert celebrates The Crusaders hit for all those mental to hear it once more, slowed down and dragged through a trumpet. I've a good mind to sneak into his bedroom one night and RH in his player's lip with all purpose Polyfilla.

RING: Rico (Carerre). At first the label looks as though artist and title are reversed and I was all ready with a trombone gag but in fact it's a lightweight pop song that's growing on me. It has a fair portion of charm that only flags during a crumhorn acoustic guitar solo. Semi-souful woman lead has excellent voice and could hold it together for a wee chart hit.

DON'T DO IT!! (This section may be torn out and kept for reference in those extravagant, devil-may-care moments when you're speculatively cruising your local store.)

TEN POLE TUDOR: Real Fun (Korova). Basic bombast and ground floor heavy metal



SOLOS: Talking Pictures (Cobra). Wants to sound modern, poppy and crafty. People think these qualities just happen merely by straining hard enough. A waste of time containing no more than .0003 per cent effort direct from manufacturer to consumer.

DOMESTIC BLISS: Child Battery (Woodbine St). Boring ponderous semi-Banshee like 'song' seeks to say something about child battery, but naturally ends up sensationalizing and hopelessly out of its depth. Not a subject for amateurs after all.

MIKE BATT AND COLIN BLUNTSTONE: Losing Your Way In The Rain (Epic). ... which isn't half as bad as misplacing your hat in a storm. Oh I see, it's a metaphor for life's rich lessons. Well drippy Colin Bluntstone steps up to Batt this time and does his best Garfunkel voice but is caught out when it's pointed out that Art is no substitute for a backbone.

CHARLIE DORE: Where To Now (Island). In some ways these exiled Americans are as sinister as the Def Maidea of this world. I bet old CD loves to rattle on about how insulting it is to be forever compared to mid-period Joni Mitchell but sooner or later she'll have to realise that that's all she is.

U.S.O.A.: Bodysnatching (Carerre). According to the label this is not a re-issue but nonetheless its dated style is a ringer for mid-'70s Contempo label homespun disco funk. Perhaps that title is some sort of sick joke. I do not know. But I think Hi-Tension should be told.

THE HITMEN: She's All Mine (Urgent). Another allegedly £50 independent, this time an R&B pop song is mono. Unadventurous with draggy second lead guitar showing off.

RICK WAKEMAN: I'm So Straight I'm A Weirdo (A&M). Like ELO's 'Horace Wimp' here's another jolly satisfying sneer at all you people doing unglamorous jobs. Bankworkers and accountants! It's a good job you don't ever need them eh Rick? Just remember Strawbo, one crooked 'weirdo' can wipe out your earnings like that!

UK DECAY: Black EP (Plastic). Another five minutes of embarrassing observations from people who obviously can't cope with TV, disco, or

Continues page 57

'BRING IT ALL HOME'

TAKEN FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM 'SNAKES AND LADDERS' UAK 10298 CASSETTE TCK 10298

THE NEW SINGLE FROM GERRY RAFFERTY



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20 WIL
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22 SHRAH DUBLIN STADIUM, DUBLIN
23 APRIL LONDON
24 APRIL ABERDEEN
25 APRIL DUBLIN
26 CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
27 APRIL MANCHESTER
28 CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD
29 APRIL DUBLIN
(TO BE CONFIRMED)

PRE RELEASES

- PRE 001 BIKINI WORLD/MUSIC A MANICURED NOISE (UNAVAILABLE)
- PRE 002 THEY CAME AND TOOK HER scars
- PRE 003 METRONOME/MOSCOW 1980 MANICURED NOISE

A Whippet
(actual size)



Silver Screen

Tough Tanner's worth

Messidor

Directed by Alain Tanner
Starring Catherine Retore
and Clementine
Amouroux
(Gels)

IT'S summer in neat, busy, super-clean Switzerland and two girls, one a history student and the other a shop assistant, meet as they hitch lifts on the motorway. Their chance encounter soon warming into friendship as they discover they share a vague, nagging disenchantment with the very different lives they lead, the pair decide to drift for a while and see what happens.

A clumsy but nonetheless unpleasant rape attempt convinces Jeanne and Marie that they're quite justified in stealing a pistol they find in an army officer's car — and so, quite unwittingly, they set in motion an inexorable chain of events that will see them totally ostracised from Swiss society and ironically branded as terrorists, armed and extremely dangerous.

Ironically? Yes, because neither of them are at all politically conscious. The nearest Jeanne comes to defining the haphazard 'game' they decide to play when their money runs out is by calling it, more jokingly than anything else, "a game of time and

empty space".

Messidor travels roads, endless roads, presenting us with an appallingly realistic succession of self-satisfied and thoroughly (despicably?) 'responsible' citizens.

Tanner's premise is pessimistic, fatalistic even, but necessarily so; Switzerland is a state in which once admirable notions of collective, caring responsibility have distressingly eroded into little more than expressions of extreme bigotry and obsessive mistrust of anything or anybody that defies the norm.

Only the girls' brief, hesitant idyll as lovers and the brave face they manage to put on their rapidly deteriorating circumstances lighten the impact of the inevitable tragedy — and that their final, and first 'real', crime should be committed with weary petulance against the wrong person is somehow horribly apt.

Despite appearances (and Tanner's deceptively neutral, distanced style), *Messidor* is a fierce, withering film — not without its moments of impish, tickling light relief but primarily an irate attack on complacency, hubbub and hypocrisy. The Swiss cinema tears the roof off the sucker? Yes indeed.

Angus MacKinnon



The not so gentle giant Jean Franval dwarfs Stephen Hirst in Ken Loach's *Black Jack*

The Tyburn tree and reality

Black Jack

Directed by Kenneth Loach
Starring Jean Franval and
Stephen Hirst
(Enterprise)

SINCE *Black Jack* is that extreme rarity, a genuinely fine British film, perhaps this is an opportune moment to take a swift look at those sorry, saturnine people who pass for film critics in this country.

It's bad enough that this is Ken Loach's first feature film since *Family Life* in 1971 (though he's done some admirable TV work in the meantime, most notably *Days Of Hope* and *The Price of Coal*). But when the majority of British critics turn on him for making a wholly likeable historical drama on a minuscule budget then it's time to point a few fingers. I'm

reminded of the myopic reaction to Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, which was roundly stegged for being 'confused' and having 'too many ideas'. Now some of the same people find *Black Jack* 'confused' (again) and others go so far as to criticise it on quite absurd ideological grounds, something to do with a 'bland visual quality' as a result of matching 16mm colour stock with 35mm film. Not only are these people talking out of their anus but they'd've been the first on their feet cheering if *Black Jack* was an Afghan film with subtitles. Pathetic; let's just hope that Loach is not discouraged.

Because *Black Jack*, chronicling the picaresque adventures of a blunt young draper's apprentice and his unlikely companion, a huge Frenchman who's escaped the

notorious Tyburn tree, is that unique children's film — totally uncondescending Mid-18th century Yorkshire is faithfully evoked by Chris Menges' naturalistic photography and the disparate characters — all of whom speak in engagingly colloquial regional dialects — are as shabby and rotten-toothed as anyone in Dick Lester's *Musketeers* movies.

The generally short sequences are deceptively slow-paced — the camera is kept fairly tight on the characters, lending each segment a quiet sense of urgency — and the overall effect is one of a discreet, anecdotal quality. The tentative performances from a talented cast are a treat, too.

It's a rewarding experience, believe me.

Monty Smith

On The Box

Your NME guide to movies on TV

Friday February 29
THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON: Of curiosity value since it affords Marlon Brando the opportunity to ham it up as an unpredictable Japanese interpreter when the American army — Glenn Ford, Eddie Albert, Paul Ford etc — attempt to 'rehabilitate' a small Okinawan village post-WW2. Daniel Mann directed this dubious comedy in 1956 and, unsurprisingly, Brando's a pretty unconvincing clown. (BBC 1)

Saturday March 1
RAID ON ROMMEL: A wretched exercise in cheap cynicism as Henry Hathaway (then 73) uses miles of action footage from Arthur Hiller's *Tobruk* — made four years previously, in 1967 — to pad out a dull war story shot very quickly in Mexico. Richard Burton, John Colicos, Wolfgang Preiss amongst those in on the sham. (ITV London)

BROTHER ARCHIE: Lloyd Bacon's silly 1940 comedy thriller has racketeer Edward G. Robinson seeking refuge in a monastery, Ann Southern as his ever-faithful moll. Also starring Humphrey Bogart and Donald Crisp. If you're feeling daft you may be able to take it. (BBC 2)

BATTLE OF THE SEXES: Based on one of James Thurber's short stories, Charles Crichton's cosy 1960 comedy benefits enormously from an excellent Peter Sellers impersonation of an aged Scottish retainer. His plodding firm, long-established manufacturers of hand-woven tweeds, is invaded by a female efficiency expert and Sellers reacts with murderous intent. (BBC 2)

THE CREEPING FLESH: Likeably old-fashioned horror flick with those straight-faced masters of the macabre Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing as deranged brothers attempting to create living beings ("The essence of evil...") in Victorian London. Freddie Francis, a Hammer favourite, directed in 1971. (ITV London)

Monty Smith

TAKE ONE and get HOT DOG



Wednesday February 27
Norwich — East Anglia University



Friday February 29
Southsea — Gaity Showbar



Saturday March 1
Bognor — Church Farm



Sunday March 2
Paale — Leisure Centre



Saturday March 8
Hatfield — Forum Theatre



Sunday March 9
Hornham — Caprice Theatre



Monday March 10
Hull — Romeo & Juliet



Tuesday March 11
Birmingham — Town Hall



Friday March 14
Oxford — Poly



Saturday March 15
Leeds — University



Sunday March 16 London — Astoria Theatre

You've seen Shaky perform his great single 'Hot Dog' on Oh Boy! and Top of the Pops. On his new album, 'Take One!', you not only get 'Hot Dog' but 11 other classic rockers. With help from friends like Albert Lee on lead guitar, B J Cole, pedal steel and Radio One's Stuart Colman on bass, 'Take One!' is going to satisfy your taste for good rock 'n' roll. — and so will Shaky and the band on tour.



EPC 83978

Shakin' Stevens 'take one!'



THE J. GEILS BAND

NEW ALBUM

Love Stinks



ALBUM AML 3004
CASSETTE TCAML 3004



INCLUDES THE SINGLE
"COME BACK"
EA105



"If you were a hotel, honey,
you'd be a grand one.
But if you hit a slow spell, do
you think you could
stand one?
If you were a hotel, I'd lean on
your doorbell,
I'd call you my home."

('If You Were A Bluebird' —
Butch Hancock)

THE STREETS of Amarillo are hot and dusty on a Saturday night. They invented the word 'dry' for Amarillo. Go into one of the bars that stretch like oases of light across Amarillo's sleepy highways, pull up a stool and a pitcher of beer. Close your eyes. Things don't change very fast down here in the heart of the flatlands on the edge of New Mexico.

The new city bank is the community's pride and joy. A steady troop of well-fed farmers glide through plate-glass doors on hand-stitched boots from the western store across the block, the teller smiles politely and the farmers from Borger, Pampa, Dumas and Happy click their polished heels and tip their big stetson hats. They tuck their folded bills into local wallets and bask awhile in the cool, air-conditioned lobby, savouring the quiet and the gentle rustle of paper money. On the midday street the air hangs heavy; there's nothing to ruffle the sand under your feet and a perpetual heat haze shimmers in front of your eyes from here to Lubbock and San Angelo.

An old pick-up truck trundles and sweats around the corner, its windows open wide. Music pours out, some half-familiar honky tonk blues. When the truck has gone, disappeared down the road, stillness returns to the vast blue skies. Tiny puffs of white hold themselves high above you. Amarillo snoozes into siesta, puts up its feet and draws its hat down by the rim. There's lots of time to think.

WHEN JOE ELY was a kid in town he'd tune into the country stations and take some tips from Jimmy Rodgers. That was when Hank Williams was singing his funny-sad songs, a lonesome whistle, howlin' at the moon.

Amarillo was no cultural haven but it was a Mecca of sorts, the only 'wet' town in the neighbouring counties. Because you could get a drink here without running the physical and spiritual risks of dealing with the bootleggers, the town started to sport a nice line in beer parlours and honky tonks. Give a man a drink and pretty soon he'll want to sing. If people like the noise he makes they'll give him a chair and pass round his hat for him. Maybe someone will like it enough to put him in front of a big microphone.

Joe Ely could be that man. He has West Texas waltzes on the soles of his feet and a library of experiences stitched into his soul. In the '50s momma would take him into town to buy groceries for the railroaders at home and if Joe wanted a drink from the fountain he'd be led smartly up to the pump marked "whites only". Once or twice Joe did a very naughty thing. When ma wasn't looking or she'd gone into a store he'd go up to the other fountain, the one with the sign that said "blacks only," and sneak a quick drink. Schlupp. How come the water tastes the same? That was one of life's little mysteries.

The later '50s and '60s were times of social change in Texas and all across America. A time of civil rights and people on the streets and folks asking pertinent questions. Young Joe Ely had a mind to travel and see his homeland. He became a wanderer, an itinerant vagabond, staying one foot ahead of the law and ten feet behind the freight train porter who didn't see him in the dark. Sometimes he did and Joe and his backpack jumped onto the tracks again. He didn't have a watch but he could memorise a timetable.

So Ely lived the beat life right down to the last wall-thumbed page. "Sometimes I curse Kerouac for putting the curse on me. I'd end up in the rain, broke and hungry and wander what the hell I was doing". I'm glad I did it though, otherwise I'd be wanting to do it. Playing in the band, fulfilling dates, seeing different cities, it's only like a part of being on the road for me. I don't care about the bullshit or about making an impression. You can never tell how people will take what you have to

JOE ELY:

A Man Who Thought He Was A Loner

It's easy to nod out over a beer in Lubbock, Texas.
But not everybody's asleep...

Story: MAX BELL

Portraits: PENNIE SMITH

offer anyway. If it got on top of me I'd quit but I'd still be travelling."

Ely's closest companion since he left Amarillo for Lubbock is his confederate songwriting pal Butch Hancock, a small stocky man with a penchant for cotton, work-shirts and plain boots. Ely reckons some day the pair of them will get fed up with rock 'n' roll and build a boat, take it to the point where the Ohio and Mississippi rivers join forces and push off into the delta.

Like Kerouac and Cassady, Don Pasos and Miller, these two are never in one place for long. There's more to the American road than Holiday Inns. Ely and Hancock don't feel dressed without a backpack and a goodly selection of ballpoint pens. When Ely got tired of Lubbock, the Texan town where Buddy Holly lived and was buried without a signpost, a place where the wind is so fierce it drives men to music, drink or Austin, he hitched a lift to New York with artist Jim Franklin. Franklin is the patron saint of new Texas painters, he's made the armadillo into a state symbol, and depending on who you believe, he lives either in the bottom of a cistern outside the Armadillo World Headquarters or in a cave in Idaho.

Ely spent some months on the streets of New York, playing solo acoustic in clubs and getting a taste for the big city. When Franklin and Edgar Winter went off to California he headed south again, hopping freights and riding the box cars, writing down snippets of songs he heard in bars, cheap hotels, or from total strangers. All Ely's best songs tell of those experiences in plain language, but Hancock is far more poetic; the combination is *hellacious*, as they would say. Whether you call it country or honky tonk, Ely and his band play about the best long-distance love songs in their own idiom since the hey day of Lowell George and Gram Parsons. (That's an interpretation, not a comparison.)

1980 marks their second visit to England, this time as The Clash's support band. They'd played in America with the CC Rockers including a date in Hollywood where 5000 people gobbled on them all with traditional vigour. Ely laughs: "Even Joe (Strummer) was shocked by that. 'Course I'd heard of the Sex Pistols and stuff but Joe told me that was all pretty much over with. They hate being spat on too. I must say in Hollywood I nearly gagged at the

spittle: one time it was just dripping down by my mouth and I thought I'd throw up on stage. Kids was chucking up everything, shoes, hats, shirts, hot dogs. Band was playing and there'd be coats landing on your guitar..."

And now he's come back for more. Why? "The Clash are the greatest rock and roll band I've ever seen. I don't have to do it but I wanted to feel that energy. I'll tell you this, I've never ever felt such frenzy in a hall as we've seen in London these past four days, never in the States; it blew me away. We all had the attitude that we'd get through this sonofabitch whatever happens."

JOE ELY has actually survived the experience intact; the crowds may not know jack shit about country music, but they've been pogging it into their systems. Ely even managed to live down Mick Jones' emotional description of him as "the greatest country singer in the world" at the Electric Ballroom when he came out and jammed on three encores, including his riotous, Jerry

Continues over

LUBBOCK CALLING

From previous page

Lee Lewis-flavoured 'Fingerneils'. In Lewisham he played 'White Riot' with them and was mightily disappointed to have the last dates cancelled because Topper Headon broke his finger.

The sight of The Clash, Ely and Mikey Dread on one stage at the same time is bizarre, isn't it?

"Me and Mikey get along pretty good, but I can't understand a word he says. It's all 'eh... OK', sign language. He seems like an incredible guy so I wish I could hear him."

Whatever the Clash's motives in bringing Ely over to support them, the exposure he's received outstrips any individual tour he could have undergone. There are two nights in the Venue soon but they might seem like something of an anti-climax by comparison, a considerable irony when you consider that Ely's real audience probably gave the Clash dates a wide berth.

"I'm gonna try and get them to dance because last time we played there it was too quiet; we want to pull a good shaking crowd. Even in America it's hard to tour as a country band, but we end up playing the rowdier places with some life in 'em. When we did the Wembley country festival that wasn't our scene, we got 18 minutes and three and a half songs out of it. I'm up for playing all night so we're just getting going. I must say the atmosphere here is electric, sparks flying off the walls. It's like a long weekend."

Not all of Ely's band feel quite the same about it though. Pedal steel virtuoso Lloyd Maines missed the first four nights because he was committed to producing a gospel album back home. Ely was annoyed at the loss of his screaming leads, but Maines' time in the band could be up. After this tour it's rumoured that he'll quit to concentrate on sessions and gigs with his brothers; he'll be a hard man to follow.

Accordian player Ponty Bone, the most laconic member of the group, admits that he doesn't much enjoy the spectacle of gobbing and the roughneck element in the Clash

audience who treat the gigs like a therapy session. Bone was more relaxed and played a deal better during a *Rock Goes To College* filming in Hendon on the first night Maines returned and when the crowd was utterly harmless. It was pointless trying to tell him that most of those people would never usually go to a concert anyway (Bone shows are free) and harder to contradict his feeling that it's more fun playing for a small group who enjoy themselves than for a lot more who lapse into occasional bouts of mindless violence.

ON A RECENT Radio One Round Table Elvis Costello had reacted favourably to a spin of Ely's material and made a case for the acceptance of good country music as opposed to the rubbish that makes it into the charts. Kenny Rogers, Dr. Hook and so on. The 70s did witness a revival of new country music and it would be nice to think that the good auspices of Costello, his recording with George Jones, and these Clash dates, could pave the way for a more intelligent appraisal of America's most vital and underrated genre.

Ely is aware of the problem; ignorance of one of America's great national pastimes is probably worse at home. "I guess if I have one goal or ambition, it's to get it back to the universal language it was. You have to cut through so many preconceptions and so much crap before you see life. It's been badly misunderstood. I'm not at all political about musical styles, I hate band wars, but there seems to be a lot of diversity here that's missing in America. Music needs to be mixed and interchanged; at home people divide into factions depending on where they're from."

"There's another realm to be explored now. In the South country music is like a religion; it's everywhere, on every radio station and every bad TV show, but it doesn't say anything to the people anymore. If you listen to the Top 40 it don't talk to folk at all. Someone like Hank Williams shocked you, he was straightforward and honest. What have you got now? Paycheck is good, Billy Joe Shaver, but not much



that's hard-hitting. "I don't like the Nashville scene at all, I can't associate with the showbusiness element. Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson did good to set up an alternative to Nashville,

but they're pretty much assimilated now and it all sounds the same. People like Guy Clark and Townes Van Zandt don't get across... I met Townes once, gave him a lift outside Lubbock. He does an old song of mine, 'Indian Cowboy', which I can't play anymore. He ends up killing all his characters."

Ely's own band are closest in feel to Delbert McLinton, the king of Texan country funk, but like him they find it hard to get accepted by the mainstream.

"Delbert's had nothing but bad luck, he was on ABC when they went broke and then on Capricorn when they went bankrupt... he's for real, sings proper songs about the South not the ones people think are what it's like."

THIS DEDICATION to breathing fresh air into a musical form that most people associate with Jim Reeves is entirely admirable. Ely could make a lot more money peddling standards and leaning on traditional reputations, but he refuses to play that game. Every night the band play a different set and songs are decided upon just before they go on stage with Ely often deciding to change his mind if he thinks a certain number will or won't sound right.

His and Hancock's material is augmented by occasional numbers written by Jimmy Gilmore. The three of them play some club dates in Texas billed as The Flatlanders, an original amalgam that predated the current group's formation five years back. Hancock, like another Texan writer/artist, Terry Allen, has released two privately funded records on the Rainlight label. He'll play a set before the Ely band headline at the Venue, maybe with Joe on drums.

Apart from his writing, Hancock is a gifted graphic artist who works through the medium of a black Bic. He also spends a lot of time on the beaches south of San Francisco indulging his other great love, sand sculpture. Hancock and a couple of his friends are notorious for their painstaking designs in sand, constructing elaborate architectural wonders above the tide line.

While in England Ely is being recorded for a live album, although the cancellation at Mile End might affect the outcome of that — and a live album from the Venue isn't a particularly mouthwatering prospect.

Of his three MCA records the last one, produced by Bob Dylan's former right-hand man Bob Johnston, is the weakest and Ely will produce himself next time. "We never have gotten the live energy we're capable of and doing 'Down On The Drag' with Johnston in Seattle was a mistake. That place is too foreign for me, there was no atmosphere on the streets. Muscle Shoals is a possibility, so's Lubbock and so's Austin though that's such a 24-hour town there could be too much going on to get any work done."

AT THE END of the day Ely is going to have to come to terms with his own talent. There are some managers who would like to exploit his natural-born honky-tonk image and turn him into the appropriate figurehead. Ely really has the ability to assume the mantle of a Parsons or younger Dylan, but his own unique style and attitude will probably prevent him from achieving the mass acceptance that the rock business demands at the same time as it keeps his head in shape.

For one thing he likes Texas too much to change his way of living altogether. "Travelling vast distances is a way of life. You can take off and there's nothing between two points to stop you. When me and Butch arrived here we rented a little bitty car and took off for three days to beat the time lag."

"It doesn't matter to me how much money I make 'cos just to be able to live out of a suitcase or a pack is what I've always done. I like that gypsy kind of stuff."

"Anyway, who knows how long all this can last? One day the southern hemisphere will rule the world, or maybe there'll be a war. When that day comes I'll get on a motor cycle and head for Mexico."

With a supply of fresh pens, of course.

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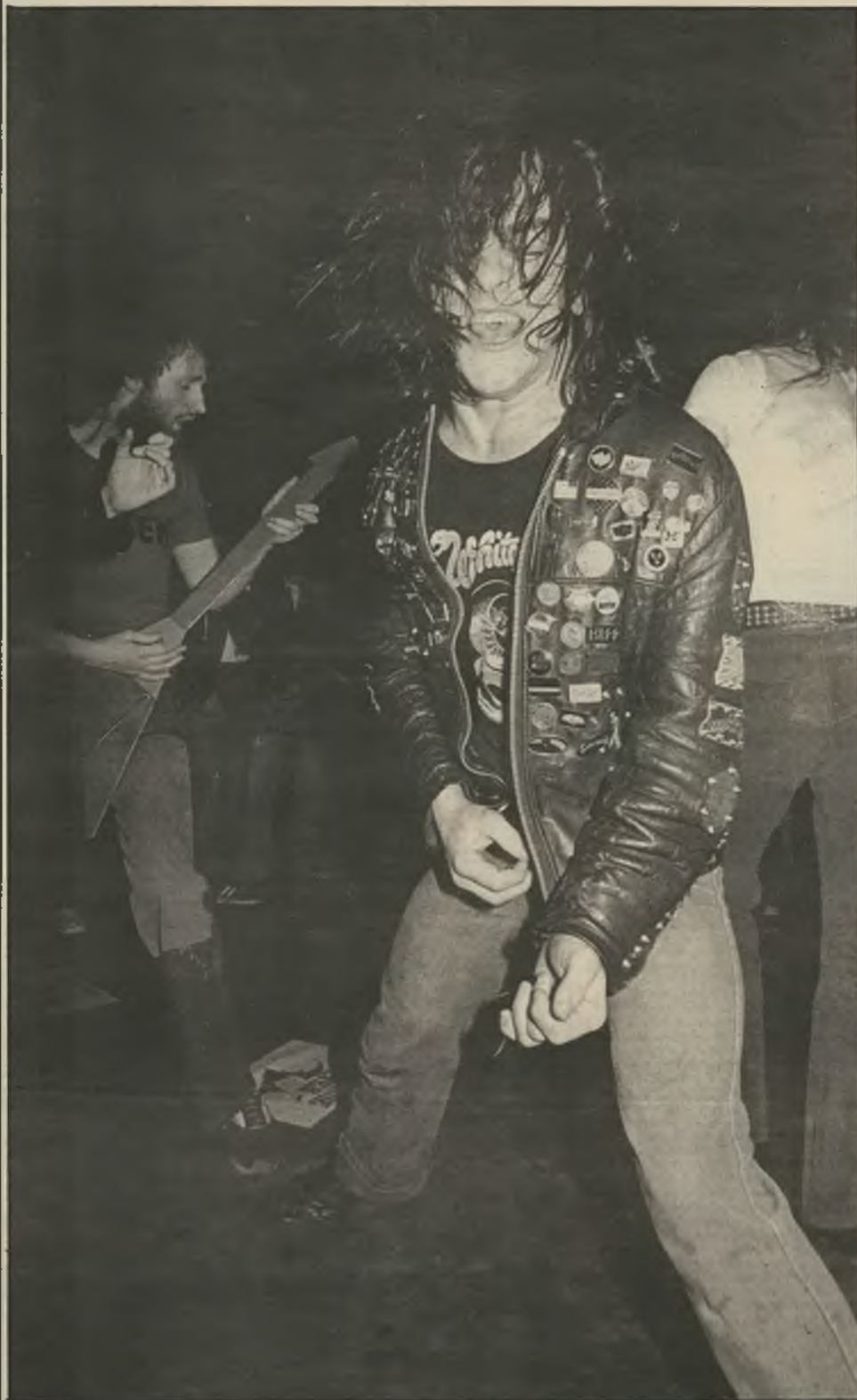
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"it doesn't bother me"



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WAARRGGHH!!! Whooh!
Aw-raagh! Are yew ready
to ROCKANROOOLLL! ...
Git down!

Let me put that another way. Are you, in this year of grace 1980, ready for yet more posturing pomp merchants vomiting volume for the terminally lunched and the chronically wallied; flash berks with nothing to say and 10,000 watts to say it with; the wild, hairy, axe-wielding backwoodsmen of rock music, in their stacked heels, loon pants and chest wigs; swords-and-sorcery and jerry-built symbolism, swaggering cock-rockers, bad-ass bikers and boring, bombastic bimbos? Are you ready, in fact, for The New Wave Of English Heavy Metal???

You are? Well, just grab that invisible guitar — no, not that one, the one next to it — and walk this way.

The point is, you see, that despite all the fashionable lambastings, heavy metal not only survives: it thrives.

Heavy metal, like the poor, will always be with us. Indeed, its masses of faithful followers will make out it's never really been away.

But right now this most loved / loathed, idolised / despised, ignored and adored of all rock's mutant offspring is going through an undeniable resurgence of popularity, musical vitality and militant self-confidence. How, in a country which calls itself civilised, has this thing happened?

And we're not talking about the old war-horses — the Zeps and the Purple offshoots, Priest and Heep and Quo and Co — or about their legions of loyal, long-suffering fans who'll still camp all night outside the City Halls of HM's bleak industrial fortresses for a privileged glimpse of million decibel heaven.

No, what's making the denim-and-dementia scene look its healthiest for years is a whole new generation of kids, clustered around a vanguard of emerging young groups.

Take a look at the gig listings and you'll see the inroads these bands and their audience — which would be a lot bigger but for the over-18s licensing laws — are making into venues big and small. They're not pushing other music out, obviously, but they're squeezing it aside to make more room. So could it really be, then, that heavy metal's gone and got a new wave all of its own?



WELL, LET'S look back a year or two. Even while the major HM bands were still coasting along on a permanent wave of megagig and album-founded prosperity, the new wave explosion was having one crucial side-effect: it was virtually cutting off the supply of fresh heavy metal blood.

With the punks monopolising both media attention and the small gig circuit, not to mention the lion's share of A&R interest, the more 'traditionalist' acts found it increasingly impossible to get a platformed foot in the business door. The fact is that by the end of last year, this situation was visibly changing, and changing quickly.

The reasons aren't immediately apparent. Certainly, much is due to the efforts of those prophets of the HM cult who carried the torch through the days of darkness, like journalist Geoff Barton from *Sounds* (widely credited with coining this 'new wave' tag) and DJ Neal Kay at the Soundhouse (the HM 'disco' in North London), both of who seem now to stand as revered figures amongst the fraternity. Others might like to speculate on the spirit of heads-down no-nonsense conservatism abroad in the land today — an atmosphere of passivity and reaction perhaps conducive to the underlying psychology of HM's stance.

More mundanely, it's argued that the force behind punk's new wave has been spent: safely absorbed into the industry, defused and diffused into a motley range of unsatisfying factions.

For whatever reason, there was suddenly a space for the impatient second generation of heavy metal to come and claim its inheritance.

Seen this way, we're not witnessing a revival, more like the sudden release of a pent-up pressure. Hence the re-awakened industry interest, epitomised by the release of EMI's 'Metal For Muthas' album and the flurry of recording contracts currently being signed.

So in a simple chronological sense, there is a 'new wave' — of newly-discovered (though not necessarily new) bands who are rising to prominence at about the same time. To find out if there's more to it than that, however, I spoke to some of the movement's leading lights — and found them more than willing to talk back.

In medieval days, the primitive map-makers used to draw their world as a small, flat and very European place: all the dreaded distant and unknown regions were written off with the simple words 'Here dwell monsters'. Heavy metal has been over the edge of many people's world for a very long time.

Continues over ▶

Paul Du Noyer prowls through the
denim-and-dementia of the New Wave Of
English Heavy Metal. Visuals by Mike Laye

From previous page

"The one thing that punk did give to the new bands today was energy. I think some of the bigger bands were getting a little lethargic and, yeah, they were getting stuck in a rut. But the new bands weren't influenced by punk as much as by their forefathers musically. They took the energy that punk was putting out and added musicianship, which punk lacked totally."

"We've never had a fight here in five years. We just don't have violence, because people don't come here to pick up chicks or show off. Everyone's united under one cause — music. Full stop. They let their aggression out on the floor. And they all go home satisfied and totally wiped out."



OTHER OUTFITS finding themselves under the 'new wave' banner (a term that's regarded with some derision by Kay and by most of the bands themselves) and worth watching out for include Girl (Don Arden-groomed glam-rockers with crossover potential), Praying Mantis (enthusiastic, improving), Witchfynde (very hairy) as well as Diamond Head, Angel Witch, Sledgehammer and Typers Of Pan Yang, of whom I've not yet had the pleasure. Nutz and Marseilles are both fairly long-established, but may yet benefit from the current upsurge. And if you're looking for yet more groovy names to conjure with, try Ethel The Frog ("big in Hull") or Toad The Wet Sprocket.

In many ways, it's as if the late '70s never happened. The 'New Wave Of Heavy Metal' might be a useful shorthand for one particular crop of bands who've found recognition in the post-punk era, but beyond that limited application the term has little significance. All we're seeing, for better or worse, is the slow reassertion of traditional rock values in an area that's stayed contemptuously oblivious to whatever revolutions or innovations the past few years were supposed to be bringing about.

Thus, it's striking how many of the new bands adopted some of the strategies of punk — own labels and small independent deals — but always without any corresponding interest in the ethics and ideologies (however ineffective) which characterised that movement. There'll never be a heavy metal Rough Trade. The DIY approach is never seen as more than a necessary tactic of entry into the 'real' business.

The HM bands aren't interested in



Spot the real guitar. A clue for HM fans: it is not being held by a man.

alternatives, or even in reform. They accept the system as it exists, and they want to get in on it. They value success, and its trappings, and don't see much distinction between 'idealism' and 'hypocrisy'. They're doggedly 'apolitical', and resent suggestions that nothing — not even fun and fantasy — can ever be divorced from the reality which produces it and which it acts back upon.

Musically, allegiances to the old guard remain strong — whether it be to simple Motorhead gross-out, Judas Priest's calculated brutality, or the melodic high-production styles of Styx and Foreigner. Perhaps there is a greater directness, with more emphasis on speed and energy than on endless virtuosic soloing or mystical imagery or pantomime effect (but I get the feeling all these things will creep in) but, frankly, originality just isn't on the agenda. How can it be, when you think heavy rock exists outside of time, perfect, ultimate?

Mostly, I suppose I can take it or leave it. Often, at least played live, HM can suddenly peak into something dynamic and genuinely exciting; but more often it sounds too much like hard work to inspire anything in me. And



as for its formulaised, cliché-ridden lyrics and imagery, they seem to bear all the hallmarks of a creative imagination that's simply out to lunch.

For this listener, heavy rock lumbered up to the end of its cul-de-sac years ago — out of ideas, stale, all of its assumptions torpedoed by a sharper, cooler, more alert generation of performers (from Bowie, Roxy Music and Bo Diddley to the upheavals of '76 and after) who subverted rock's very mentality, destroying everything that had ever been taken for granted.

And then there's the audience — those poor, much maligned headbanging hordes. Like the bands themselves, they take a defiant pride in unfashionability — occasionally to the point of self-parody.

Invisible guitars are steadily being supplanted by actual wooden cut-outs, or even by the real thing!

I've also seen lads stand in huddles of four or five, each miming one particular instrument to form an invisible band. Maybe one day we'll witness the ultimate HM gig: Led Zeppelin at Wembley accompanied by 500 drummers, 500 bassists and 2,000 guitarists.



The essence of HM's appeal is power, and total identification with the hero figure — often giving the impression of an abject surrender of self, quite different from the joyful oblivion that rock'n'roll usually induces.

It's a temporary state of needing to be that god-like figure up on high, the male adolescent's vicarious experiencing of a sense of control so remote from his actual life, and the bolstered self-confidence of tribal belonging.

Hence the ritualised dances of self-abandon, the invisible guitars, the ruthless HM merchandising (with what cash he's got left after the albums and tickets, the kid obligingly pays to turn himself into a walking promotional collage of scarves, badges, patches and T-shirts), the fetish of volume, the brief release from the social difficulties posed by style and sex, the obsession with conquest and mastery, the ceremonial group-triumphs of fantasised machismo.

HM is not about idiots and idiocy — it's about the temporary separation of intelligence and music, and the sudden electric contact of music with the hopes and fears that lie underneath, unexpressed.

The rest (thank you, God) is silence.

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The Chords that just wouldn't fade away



A BITTERLY cold Saturday night in Soho.

The Chords are playing the Marquee for the second night running and a parka-clad queue stretches loafer-to-loafer along the Wardour Street pavement, tailing off towards The Ship where some skinheads have just been shown the door for, well, nothing more than being skinheads, or so it seems.

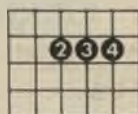
There is a sense of apprehension, particularly at the club doors where the keenest have staked out their territorial claims at the head of the file. Tickets are clutched in anticipation of the House Full signs that will go up later on.

But the charged-up atmosphere that hangs in the air above the queue outside is misleading.

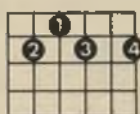
Scratch beneath the surface excitement and the spirits of most mods are flagging fast. Disillusionment is widespread. As a cohesive youth movement, lacking the clearer focus and sometime moral muscle of punk, mod is already all but finished. And the mods themselves know it.

Inside the Marquee, Brian Betteridge, former vocalist with Back To Zero, one of the earliest of the new mod bands, reflects on the ragbag of contradictions and the sense of anticlimax.

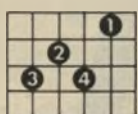
"Most of the same old faces who were at the mod gigs last year still go along to a gig like this. But it's like nostalgia, isn't it? They want to re-create the feel of last summer, but it's just not the same now."



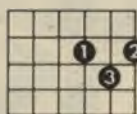
Martin Mason



Chris Pope



Billy Hassett



Brett Ascott

Have The Chords got the bottle to survive when the mods march on? Adrian Thrills finds Billy H's boys don't cry over spilt milk . . .

Back To Zero split up last month after less than a year as a working band.

The *Maximum Speed* fanzine team, who always had a much clearer perspective on the new mod than the music press, have also called it a day. The latest issue (number ten) of *Max Speed* is to be the last.

As Goffa, one of the three-strong Enfield editorial team, puts it: "Last spring, you felt that you just couldn't afford to miss a gig. I went to about 25 gigs a month then. You just can't get as excited about it now."

And that is as concise a summary of mod's current standing as you are likely to get. This time last year, the best of the early mod bands had a raw freshness about them that was comparable with the early days of punk. 'Now It's Gone', the first Chords single, was all too apt an epitaph.

But where does all this leave The Chords themselves? Generally looked upon as one of the prime initiators of the movement, they could sink back into oblivion with it. I reckon not, though, and I can think of at least three valid reasons why.

The first is the band's excellent 'Maybe Tomorrow' single, a record which has deservedly brought them Top 40 status and even a *TOTP* appearance with only their second release.

The second is their live form. On the Marquee stage they are no less blistering a live group than when I first saw them at the Wellington in Waterloo some ten months ago. But to that energy, they have welded control and structure in the shape of guitarist Chris Pope's increasingly sensitive and mature songwriting.

The third reason to be confident that The Chords can step over mod's decaying carcass is their own attitude. They share the dismay at the commercialisation of mod off the field and the lack of musical originality on it. But their disillusionment is tempered with hope and a confidence in their own ability.

In their publicist's office, no more than a stone's throw away from the Marquee, The Chords grasp for the words that convey exactly where mod went wrong.

"I DIDN'T have the time to grow at the roots the way that punk did," asserts the Deptford band's blond vocalist Billy Hassett.

"At first it was just happening in a few pubs like the Wellington in Waterloo and the next moment a whole film came out about it! Then you suddenly had everyone rushing

out to buy their Fred Perry and The Who, these big gods, telling us what we all had to wear."

Hassett is referring to the range of mod fashions marketed, with The Who as their main selling point, to coincide with the release of *Quadrophenia*.

"I mean, The Who were there at the beginning," he continues in sarcastic, mocking tones. "The Who know what it's all about, man. They know what we've all got to wear. That was the pain of the whole fashion part of mod. We like the image but not the mass produced ones, like the target on the back of your parka and your 'I'm A Mod' T-shirts."

Ian Page and Secret Affair, of course, were others who blew the fashion aspect of mod out of all proportion. Page grandly saw the mods as 'suited subversives' who, by going to work in their 'glory boy' three-button mohair suits, were in fact sticking two fingers up at the unsuspecting boss. The self-deception and conceit is laughable. The Chords concur that Page, for all his hot air, was a destructive factor in mod's decline.

"He was so contrived," says dapper bassist Martin Mason. "Like calling his fans glory boys instead of mods so he could have his own little niche of fans. I really like their music but I can't stick the way they go on

about the time for action and all that."

"The way they have everything planned is pathetic," adds Hassett. "It's as if he sat down doing his homework, planning everything. I suppose he's got a good way of saying things to get publicity but we'd never go out and say that we're the new leaders the way that he has tried to do."

Quite the opposite in fact. Of all the bands associated with mod, The Chords are remarkable for having gone out of their way to avoid being classed as 'part of the movement'. Last summer, for example, while everyone else was tripping over his tassels trying to jump on the March Of The Mods tour bandwagon, The Chords were gigging with The Undertones. It is not a move they regret either, as Hassett reiterates.

"We could have stepped forward for mod at the time when there was that publicity around the time of *Quadrophenia*, but we didn't want any of that. We weren't prepared to do that and we got slagged off by a lot of mods for it. There was that whole Anti-Chords Campaign bit and everything."

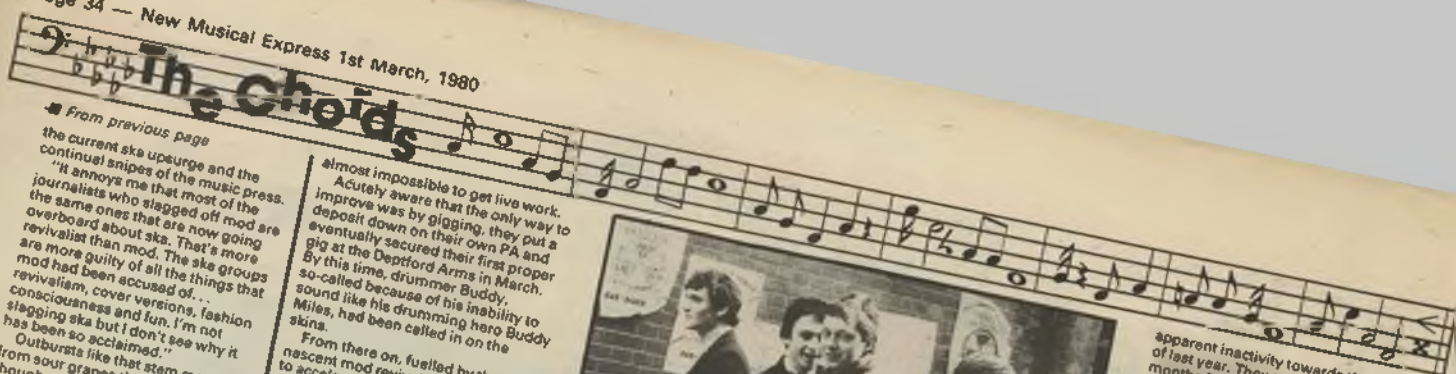
"But I never looked on mod as a movement anyway. It was other people who always said that it was a movement. We've always stood for The Chords as opposed to a mod movement to take on the world."

The others — guitarist Pope, bassist Mason and drummer Brett 'Buddy' Ascott — have similarly mixed feelings. Chris Pope, the backseat driving force behind the band — at least a Brian James if not yet quite a Jerry Dammers — has always urged The Chords outside the constrictions imposed by mod, and his newer songs bear out these intentions.

"We never wanted to be a revivalist band playing purely '60s numbers. We've always wanted to go forward. A lot of the new mod bands... they're not exactly jumping on the bandwagon, but they're just trying to get too much into the '60s feel."

Martin Mason, however, feels a need to defend mod in the light of

■ *Continues over*



From previous page
the current ska upsurge and the continual snipes of the music press. "It annoys me that most of the same ones that are now going overboard about ska. That's more revivalist than mod. The ska groups are more guilty of all the things that mod had been accused of... revivalism, cover versions, fashion consciousness and fun. I'm not slagging ska but I don't see why it has been so acclaimed."

Outbursts like that stem more from sour grapes than anything else, though sour is the last thing The Chords should be at this juncture. Even if they have yet to emulate the success of the 2-Tone triumvirate of The Specials, Madness and The Selecter.

almost impossible to get live work. Acutely aware that the only way to improve was by gigging, they put a deposit down on their own PA and eventually secured their first proper gig at the Deptford Arms in March. By this time, drummer Buddy, so-called because of his inability to sound like his drumming hero Buddy Miles, had been celled in on the skins.

From there on, fuelled by the nascent mod revival, things started to accelerate. "The whole scene came together really quickly," remembers Billy. "Clubs started opening and pubs that would never have dreamed of putting on bands suddenly started putting on gigs. The Wellington had never put on a rock gig before we played there. That was great."

But as mod, somewhat shakily, took off, so The Chords began a frustrating series of false starts. There was the well-documented flirtation with Jimmy Pursey's JP Records set-up, a protracted signing saga with their current label Polydor. "Maybe Tomorrow", a symbol of their new-found strength rising like a phoenix from the ashes.

The Chords now admit that things happened too fast for them at first.



They were totally unprepared, for instance, for some of the support acts that mod landed them. They were playing with The Jam at the Lyceum and The Undertones at the Marquee. And it showed. If nothing else, it is a sign of their remarkable resilience that they are still going strong.

"We were a bit paranoid about the fact that we were unprepared for some of the early gigs," sums up Billy. "We didn't even know each other properly then. Now that we've lived with each other for a year, everything is a lot clearer."

"It's different now. We hated each other then... we still hate each other now. But now we know why!"

Another reason for their recent change in fortune lay in a bout of

apparent inactivity towards the end of last year. They spent a couple of months fitting in and out of the studio with producer Andy Arthurs and, as Billy succinctly puts it, "got our shit together, man". Chris Pope, meanwhile, came up with half-a-dozen new songs better than just about anything else in the band's repertoire and The Chords were set.

Since then, a debut album has been completed and should be in the shops as soon as the band can come up with a sufficiently un-clichéd, un-mod-like title.

"It's a progression of sorts," says Billy tentatively of the LP. "But we haven't gone out and bought ourselves keyboards or anything else. The songs are more mature, the lyrics better by far but they're not over the top. It's not Pink Floyd or anything like that."

Nor is it The Who's greatest rifts ad infinitum.

"The whole idea of a lot of mod is just a revival. It's like watching a bunch of Teddy Boys going down the road; you just think 'what a bunch of prats'. Old men. But it's the same with mod really. Shouldn't we be looking forward rather than back?"

The first three correct answers do not win target T-shirts.

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WATCH OUT THE CROOKS ARE JUST RELEASED

DEBUT ALBUM



ALBUMS

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS *Nobody's Heroes (Chrysalis)*

I CAN scarcely credit that it's a full 12 months since the release of 'Inflammable Material', that astonishingly strong first album by Stiff Little Fingers, so resoundingly does the impact of its brash impassioned outburst still ring in the ears. Within an instant it smashed all suspicion that the young Belfast band had merely been adopting the surface style of terrorist turmoil (its barbed wire imagery would fit punk chic like a dream) to conceal a lack of substance; in fact there was a commitment and vision to match the vividness of the 'local colour' absolutely.

But that was 12 months ago, 12 months that have seen Stiff Little Fingers establish themselves as another successful act in the rock'n'roll circus and so, inevitably, become more distant from the situation which ignited and hurled them on their headlong flight.

Where 'Inflammable Material' was a frenzied expression of breathless escape, an outpouring of fresh energy mingled with stale disgust, 'Nobody's Heroes' catches the band in a phase of growing self-awareness: still running, but allowing themselves a glance at how far they've come; still militant, but coming to terms with the realisation that like patriotism, anger isn't enough — foul realities require understanding as well as that; still in the realm of the political, but trying to deal sometimes with the more purely personal also.

Above all, they seem to be trying not to repeat themselves — realising that each repetition grows necessarily more hollow than the last — to spare us the sad spectacle of shellshock rock degenerating into agit-pop.

The lyrical diversification on this album is reinforced by a certain broadening of musical horizons too — not too pronounced as yet, but the signs are there. Not surprisingly, therefore, 'Nobody's Heroes' is not an album to match the sheer obsessive and single-minded thrust and attack of its predecessor — because that stage is past and rather than be content to mimic it, SLF sound determined to develop.

It's not a perfect record in any sense, but it's a hell of a good one. The twin guitars of Jake Burns and Henry Cluney, with the powerful back-up of bassist Al McMorris and new(ish) drummer Jim Reilly, still mesh to form a rock'n'roll unit of deadly effectiveness, full of demonic momentum and over-present inventiveness.

The harsh rasp of Burn's voice gives everything that cutting edge which, tethered to the urgency of the songs, makes complacency impossible; there's no comfortable way of accommodating this music, only outright rejection or complete acceptance. Which is exactly the way things should be.

KICKING OFF with 'Gotta Getaway', a forceful assertion of independence and purpose, the band cartwheels through 'Wait And See', which is a sort of proudly defiant potted history of the group coupled with fond farewells to the original drummer Brian Faloon.

'Fly The Flag' pours withering scorn over the reawakened rat-race mentality that's being stridently proclaimed as our economic and moral salvation, and to hell with those who can't keep up.

'At The Edge' is another reminiscence about the teenage impulse to strike out for unknown freedoms, not the most novel theme for a song but breathing a fierce authenticity from every note all the same.

Side one closes with 'Nobody's Hero' itself — a slightly defensive piece of self-justification (prompted, one suspects, by a review of last year's Lyceum show) to the effect that Burns emphatically rejects stardom and neither, by the same token, can he take responsibility for righting wrongs beyond his control. Talk of heroes, he's saying, whether admiring or accusing, only distracts from the real problem: our inaction and passiveness.

'Bloody Dub' opens the second side and being an instrumental, its title could look at first like the gratuitous use of the vocabulary of tragedy simply for cheap effect. It isn't. 'Bloody Dub' is far better than a throwaway reggae work-out; the best exposition yet of the band's potential, it's an expressive and almost shockingly evocative piece of work. Shattering glass and grating guitar drive the message home as well as any words could ever do.

The album's most surprising inclusion, however, comes in the form of a cover version: The Specials' 'Doesn't Make It All Right'. Given SLF's concern with bigotry in all its different manifestations, the lyrics follow on logically, and it's not their first excursion into a reggae-based song either (the last LP had Marley's 'Johnny Was'); but the band's frantic approach works against the restraint and simplicity inherent in the song, and it compares unfavourably with the original.

'I Don't Like You' is just a semi-serious stream of vindictive invective, rather on the lines of Cooper Clarke's 'Twat' ('It's a thought came into your head / It would die of loneliness. . . You don't entertain ideas / You simply bore them') and 'No Change' continues to explore the personal aspects of the band's present situation as it relates to the lives they've left behind.

'Tin Soldiers' finishes the side on a more stirring note, a bitter tirade for recruiting sergeants everywhere and typical of the Fingers' razor sharp whirlwind of noise.

Most of the words are again contributed by manager/journalist Gordon Ogilvie, as direct and concise as the music which brings them into life. Stiff Little Fingers might be nobody's heroes, but they're still worth anybody's time. Don't hang around.

Paul Du Noyer



Jake Burns looks for another stake to impale himself on. Pic: Chris Horler.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

Breaking out of barbed wire love

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK Orchestral Manoeuvres in The Dark (DinDisc)

WHEN THE very wonderful Orch Man reach the Top 15 with their latest single 'Red Frame / White Light' people will say very Gary Numan, very John Foxx and they will be wrong.

Not least because Orch Man don't use the clean 'futuristic' sound of electronics as an excuse to parade the kind of diluted SF affectations which with Foxx and Numan come over like dehydrated post-Doc Smith / Ballard nursery rhyme scare stuff.

Orch Man use words for whimsicality, in a style reminiscent of the charming but at the same time provocative technique of Eno's first three solo song LPs. They also sing these words — sometimes as nonsensically and indifferently as Eno, more often soulfully and militantly — rather than intone them. One more thing — Orch Man assemble their electronic sounds and effects more intricately and impudently than either Numan

(especially) or Foxx.

Those people who are getting high and mighty about all this thrilling, electronically transformed pop seem to be the same people who say Simple Minds are very Roxy Music — who are usually those who are getting caught up something rotten in the sky, F&B, etc. force. Amidst all that bland regurgitation, the electronic activity is one of the few things worth getting excited about. Give me comic, restless, pioneering simplifications and / or refurbishings of Kraftwerk, Eno, Hamill, Ferry, Sparks, Bolan, Can, etc any day over all the good-time, old-fashioned R'n'R dogma — not everywhere else. You can't help laughing at all those people who still can't shake off those dead ideas of what rock is and isn't, of what

it can be and can't be.

Orch Man's debut LP is one of the best of the year — as much fun as Foxx's, as tangential as the Lizards', as brisk and active as Dennis Bovell's new wide-awake dub LP — and is the most temperamental, defiantly inventive contemporary LP since Simple Minds' classic 'Real To Real Cacophony'.

As with the Minds, Orch Man make music of turmoil that is convincing science fiction, that doesn't feyly dabble with grave future worlds or technological expectation or unrestrained fantasy. Any alienation and dissatisfaction is implicit; there's always a vague sense of tension and melancholy, even innocence (very un-R'n'R) and the songs' content is based on tricks of mind, warped perceptions, obsessions: comments not

J. R. Ewing, don't take your love to town

KENNY ROGERS

Kenny (Liberty/United) YOU'VE got to hand it to Kenny Rogers — an ageing MOR hack he may be, but how many young bands could take a ballad about gang-bangs, revenge and ultra-violence to the top of the charts and not get banned for their trouble, let alone come up smelling pure and righteous enough for any convent juke box?

'Coward Of The County', which may for better or worse be considered this album's crowning glory, is in the tradition of previous Rogers singles like 'Lucille' and 'Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town': everyday tales of lust, betrayal and bloodshed in middle America's silent majority. Here, on tracks such as 'One Man's Woman' ('She's one man's bride and one man's on the side / She wonders why it takes two men to keep her satisfied') and 'Old Folks' (I'll spare you) he achieves the sort of maslin gloominess which gives country music a bad name.

Elsewhere all is warm and syrupy and comfortable, late night easy listening aimed — I'd guess — mainly at middle-aged women. He doesn't have a voice so much as a mellow growl, and relies heavily on the lush arrangements and immaculate Nashville backing, the desired effect being of romantic intimacy: tough, mature and rugged, but just a big softie at heart. Dallas fans should love it. Others are advised to avoid it at all costs.

Paul Du Noyer

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES

Very Paul Humphreys, very Andy McCluskey

about reality, future, technology, hardware, but fragmented reactions to the effects, absurdities, pleasures and pressures of such things.

Orch Man are not concerned with establishing and extending the myths confined within rock'n'roll culture, and do not confine themselves to the age-old standard rock contexts. The LP works well as a cumulative effect, gradually revealing how much Orch Man can do with their vivacious electronic sensibility, how fine and different their melodies can be, how detailed and distinctive their song structures. It's much more varied and surprising, often exhilarating and always captivating, than dissenters claim this stuff can be — or allow it to be.

The LP was recorded at their

◆ Continues over

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

The Psychedelic Furs (CBS)

WE'VE been led to expect something special from the first album by The Psychedelic Furs.

As I understand it, '60s psychedelia — when it wasn't whimsically silly — was an acid-based stripping of the protective layers of the psyche, and rested on the premise that cathartic self-discovery would lead to greater wisdom.

But track after track, wave after wave of heavy, glossy, fluid sound suffers the same disability: It can't cut; it doesn't alter or enlarge perception.

Side one starts with a long, light stream of thin, subtle noise that slides into a hollow thunder of percussion with the primal impact of live drumming rolling round a huge hall. But the opening cry of 'India' isn't revelatory — it's flat. And the entire album is dogged by the same series of shallow disappointments.

The title 'Imitation Of Christ' suggests a tangle of concepts and contradictions that are ripe for emotive exploration. But the track conveys merely weak majesty, gentle melancholy and contains some too trite observations: "Jesus was a woman too / He loves like all of me and you."

'Sister Europe' has an atmospheric blend of drifting sax, sour-sweet guitar, a tamed jungle of percussion and the repeated line "Sister of mine" that implies it's aiming at desolate, inchoate desire. Instead it achieves the exotic, mannered glamour of a '20s *the-dansant*.

The album's lyrics are an uneasy amalgam of the abstract and specific and, I suspect, are supposed to be surreal. But they lack the floating violence, the shocking exposure of submerged truth that truly stuns. And the problem is compounded by Butler Rep's flat rant, a deadpan delivery that smacks of petty indulgence rather than irrevocably damned decadence.

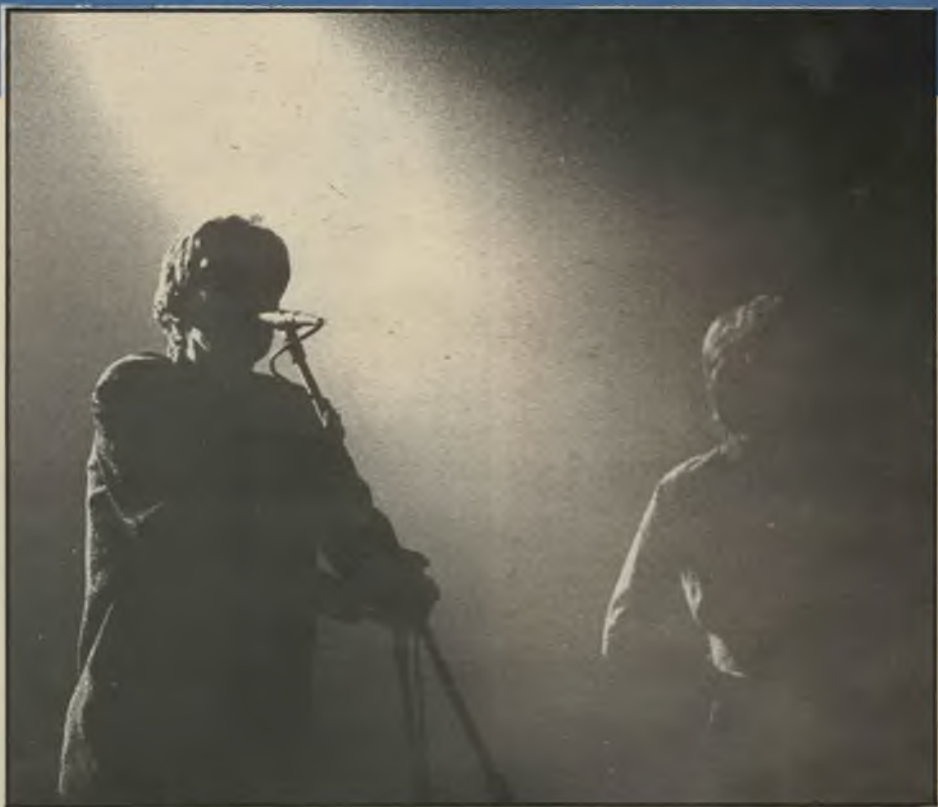
Thus 'The Fall' has stirring rhythmic stabs of drums, bass, guitar, thick, searing sax and finely phrased vocals. But what are they saying? "Marry me and be my wife / You can have me all your life... I am you and you are me / Tie me down and we'll be free." Taken at face value this is facile. And neither verbally or vocally is it incisive enough for satire.

The most successful numbers are lush, posh, pumping, luxurious punk. If that sounds silly, try playing 'Pulse' or 'India' after 'Pretty Vacant'; the structure — not the content, intent or intrinsic importance — is the same. And on top of this dense, deluxe, often attractive instrumentation are words like "In the eastern carpet store / He is made of dreams / Put his picture on the wall / Just where the mirror gleams."

The best song is still the first single. Lyrically 'We Love You' confines itself to mild sarcasm; musically it has a headier, less inhibited instrumental exhilaration and less contrived, self-important pretensions.

But if you bought the singles, you'll have already heard three out of nine tracks on this record. Although it retails at £3.99, in more ways than one The Psychedelic Furs' album is not quite such a bargain as it first appears.

Lynn Hanna



Standing in the shadows of peace and love: Butler Rep and Furry phantom. Pic: David Corio.

PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Locking the doors of perception

MIKE WESTBROOK

ORCHESTRA
Metropolis; Citadel/Room 315 (RCA)

EXTRA luncheon vouchers to RCA for reissuing these two Westbrook albums as a double. Dating from 1971 and '75, each is an enterprising furrow through a neglected field.

'Metropolis' is a suitably colossal work for 23 musicians, thinly structured around collective improvisations by small groups drawn from the orchestra and routine solo excursions. Some of the contrasts are rather too obvious, such as Ray Warleigh's pastoral flute on 'Ill', the inevitable calm after the preceding chaotic blasting; and few of the soloists leave an indelible stamp, even though they comprise an all-star aggregation of British mainstreamers. George Khan's agonised tenor on 'Vi' sounds weirdly out of place and smacks of a manufactured passion.

The impact of some fine passages is ultimately dissipated by the sheer size and length (53 minutes). Maybe Westbrook felt obliged to get his money's worth, but the grooves and up gorged.

Far superior is 'Citadel/Room 315', in fact it's something of a forgotten masterpiece. Writing for a big band in a post-Coleman jazz environment is a rum undertaking, but by tailoring his resources to a specific soloist (reedman John Surman) and indulging his penchant for universal borrowings with a boyish bravado, Westbrook produces a unified work which flares with confidence.

The sequencing on the first side — 'Construction', a bursting funk and tumultuous echoplex soprano from Surman, the Latin cheek of 'Pistache' and sumptuous theme of 'View From The Drawbridge' — unfolds with an inevitability which defies the tumbolo juxtapositions. Surman is equal to the star billing, the eggshell delicacy of the soprano on 'Tender Love' contrasting with the bluff baritone elsewhere. Altogether a genre classic.

Richard Cook

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Aural Wax (Aure)

ANNETTE PEACOCK and Alex Chilton — now there's a right pair of cults for you — account for a good half of this Aure Records sampler, whilst such diverse luminaries as Allan Clarke (of The Hollies) and The Soft Boys, Trapeze and Ian North provide the other, not-so-good half. It's an odd assortment, but as promotional compilations go, this one goes as far as most, and farther than many.

Allan Clarke's offering is the title track from his solo album 'I Wasn't Born Yesterday' (something of an understatement, surely), a competent romp through the orthodox rock idiom without a great deal to commend it or to mark it apart from the million other superfluous solo albums around.

Ian North is what Americans tend to call "a new wave rocker", represented here by two slices of his Anglophilic energy-pop blast and bluster. Not nice.

Trapeze contribute a

SISTER SLEDGE

Running on empty — but still running . . .

tolerable slab of solid thumping boogie called 'Don't Ask Me How I Know' and, from their 'Can Of Bees' LP, the clever dick Soft Boys supply 'Have A Heart Betty' and 'Rock 'n' Roll Toilet', fairly enjoyable examples of that band's smirky, quirky brand of surreal pop music.

So far so so. 'Aural Wax' really only comes into its own with the three tracks apiece by Chilton and Peacock. More exactly, there are two things from Alex Chilton's 'Like Flies On Sherbert' album ('Boogie Shoes' and 'Hay, Little Child') and 'Kizze Me' from the third Bit Star collection — diamonds each and all, gorgeous and thoughtful rock at its best. Find out more.

Annette Peacock, meanwhile, slides with thoroughly seductive



smoothness through the weirdest version of Elvis' 'Don't Be Cruel' (off 'X-Dreams') you ever heard, and then 'Love's Out To Lunch' and 'The Succubus', both from her 'Perfect Release' set. With stuff this good, you don't want to be messing round with samplers though, do you?

Paul Du Noyer

SISTER SLEDGE

Love Somebody Today (Atlantic)

RUMOUR has it the Chic Organisation is over the hill. Rumour is premature.

Most of the eight new Edwards & Rodgers songs on 'Love Somebody Today' offer no more than minor variations on already major themes, but what else did you expect? An intricate aural tapestry woven by kotos, zithers and nose-flutes? A programme of Balinese gamelans? A formula, especially a commercially and aesthetically one, is a formula — and how thin this one's wearing depends on you.

All the same, E&R commit two faux pas here of which I wouldn't have thought them capable, say, six months ago. Neither 'Easy Street', a peremptory rags to riches recollection, nor 'Let's Go On Vacation', an absurd paean to California at the expense of Philadelphia, suite Sister Sledge at all. Both are self-evidently Chic songs (songs to be sung but not sung), and the four Sledges' breathy, hectoring vocal style is wasted on such smug, self-conscious and/or self-congratulatory material.

Elsewhere the ground is firmer, the sky higher. The excellent recent single, 'Got To Love Somebody', that bustling sax the rose on its R&B trellis, gains much from being allowed to run to full length — and if lines like

"Tired of movies all by myself / I'm sure you folks know what I mean / My time has come / I need someone to share my popcorn and jelly beans" don't charm you, then snakes never will.

Lyrical encouragement and double entendre for the upwardly mobile executive listener (but so throwaway it can't possibly hurt), 'Reach Your Peak' restates the workout principle at the start of side two, a synthesiser burbling around the riff and strings, then horns, suddenly scooping through the rhythmic undergrowth: a slick trick, but a good one.

'How To Love' is all menthol and mood, strings phased across the widescreen, and — gosh — the lyrics really mean something, actually describe a state of mind and soul; E&R's pritty way with the word should not be underrated.

'I'm A Good Girl', equally luminous, and 'You Fooled Around', equally affecting, both songs of innocence and experience, are note-perfect, one spun on delicate piano and shaker counterpoint, the other on Rodgers' insistent chords.

'Pretty Baby' is listed last, but signals something new. Unexpectedly tense, Rodgers' guitar harrying a resonant, metallic figure, the song reveals the maternal sacrifice that has made a socialite's success possible. A rare glimpse behind the silk screen and further proof of how pliable the foursquare becomes in the hands of bassist Edwards and drummer Tony Thompson.

Rumour has it the Chic Organisation is running on empty. Rumour is wrong.

Angus MacKinnon

... Very Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark

■ From previous page

own expensively furnished Gramophone Suite studio in Liverpool, and produced by the group, Paul Humphries and Andy McCluskey, with Chester Valentine. Humphries and McCluskey each control keyboards, electronic and acoustic percussion, bass and rhythm, and arrange the songs. It's a triumph of self-sufficiency and self-discipline.

The inclusion of the A-side and B-side of their first Factory single, plus the standard 'Julia's Song' — which is from their days as

The Id and appeared on 'Street To Street' — and also the new single, could suggest that there is a lack of songs. But these tracks — the sardonically breezy 'Electricity', the magnificently yearning 'Almost', the sensual 'Julia's Song' and the harsher 'Red Frame / White Light' — cover just a fraction of Orchestral's manoeuvres.

Throughout the ten songs there is a constant change in emphasis and dynamics, though the songs rarely stray from pulsabest or melody. 'Bunker Soldiers',

'Mystery' and 'The Meschermitt Twins', 'Messages', 'Dancing', and 'Pretending To See The Future' each have their own winning way, a multitude of conflicting, connecting moods, from serenity to agitation.

The music can be left to glide in the background, or attentively concentrated over — and it's definitely dance music. Orchestral Manoeuvres are very wonderful. Take them as seriously as you want.

Paul Morley



Left: Steve Allen through a glass darkly. Right: Mr Partridge through — wait for it! — dark glasses. Pix: Graham Stewart and Pennie Smith

ORIGINAL MIRRORS

Original Mirrors (Mercury)
IT'S the new sound. It's the new sound. It's 1980. It's what's happening. And it really is boring.

The crisis, said Antonio Gramsci, consists precisely in that the old is dead and the new cannot be born; in the meantime a variety of morbid symptoms will appear. Here we have one such symptom.

'Original Mirrors', first album from the band of that same name, almost makes me wish it were last year... or next year, or any time except the present, it's so typical of the messy *moderne* impasse in which so many of rock's slighter talents are currently stuck.

I've seen Original Mirrors play and know they're by no means bad, and maybe they'll make something of themselves yet. But hardly with this, because this is just mediocre pop, all dressed up (in the most terribly up-to-date of clothes, of course) with nowhere to go — not to your feet, or to your heart, or to your mind.

Packaged with fashionable anonymity, nothing so vulgarly intimate as a simple line-up of the band, the record extends this near witful eschewing of identity to the music within the grooves. There, it's all the in-vogue electric blanket of sound — emphasis on the blank — trying desperately hard to sound cold and austere on the outside but warm and anguished underneath. Why a decent group should do all this to themselves I don't really know.

It's the keyboards of Jonathan Perkins which dominate at every turn, alternately breezy and spooky, leaving just a little room for once-Big In Japan guitarist Ian Broudie. Bass is by Phil Spalding and drums by Pete Kircher, with vocals by Steve Allen (ex of Deaf School, though of course he was just plain Enrico Cadillac Jnr in those days).

Overall, the album is thick, clean and contrived; there's not a lot wrong with it, apart from the occasional sulky muddiness of Allen's singing, but it does lack purpose something rotten.

Of the songs, it's

ORIGINAL MIRRORS

Moderne young men who cast no reflection

unsurprisingly the current single 'Boys Cry' which establishes itself above the others (and certainly above its predecessor 'Could This Be Heaven?') — that is, if you exclude the cover version of Diana Ross & The Supremes' 'Reflections'. Now 'Reflections' might well be the obvious choice for any band calling itself Original Mirrors, but as a forlorn lunge at token soul it fails rather badly; the present trend of duff Tamla copies has got to stop.

When you stake as much on accessibility as the Mirrors appear to do, then the last thing you can afford is such characterless material as 'The Boys The Boys' and 'Flying', for example.

Original Mirrors come talking romance, but so far spread only numbness. It's as if they've approached modern rock as a problem to be solved, instead of a vitality to be expressed. A disappointment.

Paul Du Noyer

DR MIX

Wall Of Noise (Rough Trade)

THIS IS one answer to all those greatest hits video star retrospections: one half-man's perverse history of rock 'n' roll, communicated with extreme difficulty, no humility and breathtaking lack of reason.

You can always count on Rough Trade's gratifying ability to criticise the cuddly R&B flow with sheer nonsense. 'Wall of Noise' is ugly — which is unusual these days — and unlistenable (not so unusual, but this is unlistenable in a particularly grotesque way).

Dr Mix — a mystery — has an affection for the camper glamour side of rock, and he shares it with us unapologetically. The Troggs' 'I Can't Control Myself' is the

ANDY PARTRIDGE

Drum machinery — dub-wires . . .

only really graceless original to come in for the Mix treatment, sticking out amongst grinding, achingly monotonous distillations of once graceful standards such as Iggy's 'No Fun', Ferry's 'Grey Lagoons', Bowie's 'Superman' and Velvets' 'Sister Ray' (the last two tirelessly taking up the whole of side two).

Dr Mix's style is to reduce these songs to blunt,

throbbing, satirically synthesised parodies and vocalise robotically. It's as if he hates the songs, or at least as if he hates the fact he can't write songs as strong as these. The LP is murder, or at least GBH, of rock's past, executed with playful relish.

As such it pleases punks, pervers and those of us who love a good old fashioned freak.

Paul Morley

BUTCH HANCOCK is one helluva songwriter. He penned 'Boxcars', 'Suckin' A Big Bottle Of Gin', 'Down On The Drag' and a considerable portion of the other beer-stained tales of lubbock life that Joe Ely's been airing on The Clash's latest cherablanc ride around the country. In 1978, Hancock spent a while in a couple of local studios and emerged with an album called 'West Texas Waltzes And Dust Blown Tractor Tunes' that won a release on Rainlight Records, an Austin label.

Mixed by Ely-steelie Lloyd Maines, it proved to be a throwback to Woody Guthrie, full of songs about dryland farmers, coyotes, Texas highways and Southern winds. Since then, Butch has moved on a stage, not to become this year's Dylan but rather a Dylan of circa '84. 'The Wind's Dominion' (Rainlight) is a double currently rock-filling at Virgin's London Megastore, on which he Zim-sings, harp-wheezes and strums guitar in best accepted Newport Folk fashion, assisted on occasion by Ely, Ponty Bone, Lloyd Maines and Jimmy Day Gilmore. Hancock throws up image after image, conjuring shapes and patterns that you check out once then immediately flip back on, just to see if you got things right the first time around. Sometimes they're down-to-earth and everyday — 'He was the only one who ever meant anything more to her than a fast how-do-you-doi' — Sometimes they're mainstream — 'Their memories were flushed away down the common sewer of their hearts'. While on occasion they're pure pie-in-the-sky — 'The ending's worse than Elvira Madigan', guerrillas got loose and bombed the Vatican'. Often they're sad, often they're happy. And just as frequently they're both — like final scene Chaplin walking down that long road to nowhere.

I suppose that Hancock's a time-warped case and that 'The Wind's Dominion' is 16 years too late to be hailed as a masterpiece. But some time-warped cases — such as Dave Edmunds — do make friends and influence people. Maybe it's Butch Hancock's turn.

MR. PARTRIDGE

Take Away/The Lure Of Salvage (Virgin)

WHAT HO chaps, it's the XTC 'dub' 'alpes, exploratory rock from a Swindon, Andy Partridge in a studio on a day(s)ed) outing with producer John Leckie doing old XTC tracks up, over and in.

So far 'Rock dub' has been an unconvincing beast. Having taken several years to cotton on to the implications of Jamaican innovation, rock has mostly contented itself with superficial borrowings from dub's techniques and novelty trappings.

One of the central contradictions in 'rock dub' is that stripping away the constituent layers of a record to basic rhythm tracks (plus highlights) only works when the rhythm core thus revealed has an intrigue and intricacy that most rock simply doesn't possess. The idea that 'reggae all sounds the same' derives partly from the rock audience's inability to perceive and identify reggae's rhythmic subtleties and forms. Partridge and Leckie seem to have recognised the problem, and ruthlessly supplement and replace the often weak-kneed rhythmic structure of the group originals with muscular slabs of motorik rhythm of the synthesiser/drum machine variety.

In fact, traces of original XTC tracks are none too easily pinpointed on the cleverly titled and packaged 'Take Away/Lure Of Salvage'; this is a different animal, the result of what can only have been a creative blitzkrieg on old XTC tapes. Though the album is ultimately successful in parts rather than as a whole, listening to it after, say, 'Drums And Wires' is like rushing from a stuffy room into fresh air.

It's not a rock/reggae affair; rather it rings with echoes of Eno's oblique strategies, Kraftwerk's metronome rhythms, Beefheart's lyrical questings; in short it's another stab at 'new musik'.

SO: CUE shots of Metropolis, the Berlin Wall, futuristic cybernetic landscape, etc. Well almost, but Partridge's quirky temperament, provincial humour, and surrealist wordplay — sample a title like 'The Day They Pulled The North Pole Down' — are in the tradition of English humour and eccentricity that traces its lineage through the likes of Edward Lear, Spike Milligan and the Bonzo Dogs (who also would ask his record company for promotional hot water bottles in place of the customary T-shirts? Needless to say this piece of domestic wit was nixed by the churrs of bureaucracy).

The danger has always been of a retreat into mere jokiness and parochial indulgence. 'Lure/Take' escapes these destinations firstly because the rhythmic overdubs pull it from the formlessness and boredom of his first attempt at rock dub on the endlessly tedious 'Go 1' (the 'version' of 'Go 2').

Equally, 'Away/Salvage' forces the forthright statement and loud ideas from Partridge where XTC duck out behind tuneless, stop-start meanderings, fey harmonies, and cutesy lyrical inconsequence. 'The Rotary', 'Steam Fist Futurist' and 'Tokyo Day', for example, all pack a hardness and clout you won't encounter on an XTC record. Slower doodlings like 'Manhattan' and 'Shore Leave Ornithology' are less successful, though scarcely less of an improvement.

Vocally, Partridge pitches in with an angry strangled style that on 'New Broom' splits out with a venom that's been repressed until now: 'We need a new scheme. Wake all the dads up and spill all the beer... Break out the paints and brushes and spill out your hearts. No amount of soft soap can give you a fresh start. The answer's in your cranium and not on any television...'

On 'The Forgotten Language Of Light' the emotion spills out into semi-articulate yells and moans. John Lennon territory, while 'Cairo' is a sample of his surrealist whimsy at its most charming.

The so-called 'bloop and fart brigade' has been heavily criticised of late, and while there's no shortage of modernist posing going on, I'll take experiments, albeit unsuccessful, with the new syntheses of technology and music above hoary old macho heavy metal posturings of the type currently being freshly heaved any day of the year.

Jolly interesting, Andy, now off you go and listen to Bovell's excellent and innovative 'Iwah Dub'. There's a long way to go yet.

Neil Spencer

IMPORTS by Fred Dellar

Arlen Roth's a been-around sessionman who's spent time with the likes of Dusty Springfield, Janis Ian and Loudon Wainwright. He's also penned a series of books on guitar-playing for Oak Publications and currently has an album named 'Guitarist' out on Rounder. A look-at-me-Me-I-can-do-much-of-anything-type of offering, it features Roth performing Sam Cooke's 'A Change Is Gonna Come' in best dreamy 'Albino' fashion, opting for a late night jazz touch on 'Laughin' At The Blues'; duck-dickin' his way through the aptly titled 'Rooster'; and, with the aid of vocalist Janey Schram and readman Timmy Cappello, even managing to emulate an Asleep At The Wheel sound on a version of Jackie Brenston's 'Rocket 88' perennial. He does it all so well too. A lot of people must hate him!

Mention of Rounder reminds me that the label's 1980 catalogue is now available and lists such goodies as 'Living On The Hallelujah Side' by Joseph Spence, the Bahamian guitarist who so influenced Ry Cooder; 'Gone, Gone, Gone' from Ray Campi's Rockabilly Rebels; 'Strange Celestial Road', a Sun Ra special that Rounder can add to the 41 albums the Solar Arkestra leader has out on the Rounder-distributed El Saturn label; and an item called 'Rock 'n' Roll Preacher' by Preacher Jack Lincoln that the Boston Globe has described as "Exquisite rockabilly piano with an idiosyncratic view of the gospel that has to be heard to be believed."

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Eric awaits review of latest wreckord.



Pic: Sadri

Little boor lost

WRECKLESS ERIC Big Smash (Stiff)

IF rock'n'roll means never
having to grow up, then there
must be a place in it for
Wreckless Eric.

After three years of
merciless publicity — first as a
drunken buffoon, then as a
sober buffoon — Eric has risen
to a position somewhere
between Graham Parker and a
Butlin's Red-coat. This has
something to do with his
ability to excite as many as
two emotions. Choose
between an occasional
aimless belligerence, and lots
of enforced jollity. With Eric,
you're going to have fun
whether you like it or not.

His early promotional
gambits seemed to centre on
what an enormous lark it is to
be publicly legless. But a
drunk is only funny if you are
too, and more often than
Wreckless, I wasn't. Going on
the wagon hasn't helped
much either. His new album is
every bit as boorish as the
previous two, without being
redeemed in some small way
by being completely
worthless. In other words, Eric
has made a competent,
commercial record, or at least
he's tried. And the first copies
come with a free bonus
'Whole Wide World'
Wreckless compilation album
to help it along.

Thus — if you think you can
stand it — this is almost the
definitive Wreckless Eric
album, containing the best
thing he ever did (Semaphore

Signale', on which some of
producer Ian Dury's abrasive
qualities must've rubbed off)
and plenty more besides. But
the more perverted early
material casts an unfortunate
light on his bland new
product, for which Peter
Gosling has done a
roadworthy model of the
North London basement pub
circa '76 sound as refined by
The Attractions where
something rude and
obnoxious like Ducks Deluxe
might suit Wreckless' tetchy
little twerp parsons.

Kicking off with the
standard cynicism of 'A Pop
Song', he comes clean about
where this album finds him
(near the creek, paddling
hard) and then puts a familiar
series of songs and stances
through their paces. Girls
figure prominently, but I won't
bores you with the details.
John D Loudermilk's 'Break
My Mind' just about gets its
head above the mire for a few
minutes before Wreckless
plunges into the finale, 'Out Of
The Blue', and totally fudges
his aphorisms in an effort to
prove he knows what he's
talking about. "What you gain
on the slides," he warns,
"you're gonna lose on the
wheel of fortune." And what's
more: "The world's just a big
recreation ground / And
you're trying to climb the
perimeter fences".

Truly the work of a man
with his finger down the
throat of the record buying
public.

Paul Ramball



WISHBONE ASH Just Testing (MCA)

WISHBONE ASH don't fit in
any more.

They never make news,
they never make hit singles,
they don't even represent
anything, no matter how
mundane-like, say Status Quo
being The Ramones of the
denim mail-order clan.

I remember their first three
albums, the debut being a
well-timed link between blues
and harmony boogie-rock, a
bridge constructed solely out
of an extra lead guitar. An
inevitable step, but one that —
in retrospect — seems so
slight as to render their
subsequent 10-year career
something of a miracle.

'Just Testing' is their 12th
album. I can't help thinking
that if it wasn't for its lavish
use of phasers, vocal
treatment and assorted
synthetic gadgetry, it would fit
almost as exactly into that late

'60s sound scheme as did
those first three. The
ingredients are just the same
— impeccably clear sound,
dull empty words, vibrant
creamy twin-harmonies and
the odd acoustic guitar — a
sound that's designed more
for huge echoing halls than
for life in the living-room. The
album's even paced just like a
live set: boogie number, rock
number, vague ballad,
soul-searcher, three-part epic.
Still, it's a living.

Mark Ellen

ROBIN TROWER Victims of the Fury (Chrysalis)

A DECADE later, the world's
oldest youth club group are
still trying to get their Jimi
Hendrix licks right.

Everyone else has found
new heroes, but Trower's lot
go on sounding like a '60s
power trio on valium.
Regardless of the songs'
exotic titles — 'Victims of the
Fury', 'Into the Flame', or
'Madhouse' — they're all
predictably pedestrian when
you get to them.

Still, someone must find
this stuff meaningful. Either
that, or the Chrysalis
capitalists can't recognise a
poor investment when they
hear one. Maybe they're
hoping for a hippie revival.

Bob Edwards

Screamin' The Blues

SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS Screamin' The Blues (Red Lightnin')

IDIOMATIC, overstated blues collection from touted wild man
of rock'n'roll, ex-GI, former pegglist Jasey Hawkins, spanning
16 tracks recorded between the years 1953-70.

Aside from his necromantic stage presentation and celebrity
as patron saint of Wardour Street's lamented Le Macabre coffee
house, Mr Hawkins is probably best remembered for his
original recording of 'I Put A Spell On You', which was
subsequently covered and improved upon by jazz songstress
Ma Nina Simone. In faithful Red Lightnin' tradition this song is
omitted from the present compilation in favour of the artist's
lesser realised work.

Approximately, the set divides twixt Screamin' Jay's early
and late career. The opening half of 'Screamin' The Blues'
features material laid at two New York sessions in 1953 and
1954. Of these, the opening trio provide the LP's more
entertaining moments, not least through the agency of Mr Red
Prysock's uncompromising tenor saxophone and some lyrical
guitar work from Tiny Grimes. 'Not Anymore' is a lazy twelve
bar in the 'Worried Life' cast; 'Please Try To Understand' a
prototypical shouter with elegant musical complement to
Hawkins' coarse vocal; and 'Baptize Me In Wine' plies a mid
tempo R&B chant-and-response with swing overtones.

The 1954 sessions featuring Leroy Kirkland's band are less
restrained, with Hawkins already beginning to adopt the
theatrical vocal inflections that were to become his stock in
trade and Alan Freed's cool ghoul. Nevertheless, a standard of a
kind is maintained throughout the length of side one, and the
singer exerts on a ballad entitled 'You're All My Life To Me'.

The second side is of lesser stamp. Comprising an assortment
of tracks recorded during the '60s, it demonstrates both
Hawkins' increasing urgency for a commercial formula and also
the general decline in blues orthodoxy that was a characteristic
of the decade, Taj Mahal's increasingly academic doodles
notwithstanding. Perhaps a preoccupation with clambering in
and out of coffins was to leave its permanent mark on
Screamin' Jay Hawkins; certainly similar impoverishment was
to overtake and ebb those two New Orleans sidemen Jessie Hill



Mr Hawkins washes his hair

and Mac Rebennack at the same juncture. With the exceptions
of a sleazy rocker 'Your Kind Of Love' and the 'Sweet Ginny'
instrumental, the material is mostly of historic interest, and as
such does not bear repeated listening.

For the rest, 'Screamin' The Blues' boasts a superb sleeve
design, informative session discography and suitably
deranged addenda from CHN White. To quote a portion of the
letter: aaanrrrrrrggggggghhhhhhh!!!!

Penny Reed

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JERRY LEE LEWIS Live At The Star Club Hamburg (Philips)

THIS IS a rock 'n' roll record. You know, rock 'n' roll as a dead language that a few people still persist in speaking, rock 'n' roll as a zombie that won't admit that it's dead, rock 'n' roll as a collection of outworn rituals that people still insist on playing out even though they've lost all possible meaning...

This is a rock 'n' roll record. You know, rock 'n' roll expressed as a dream that if all restraints were removed, everyone would have a good time and no-one would get hurt.

This is a rock 'n' roll record, made in the year of Our Lo'd 1964 when Jerry Lee Lewis, the famous rock 'n' roll singer and pianist, appeared at Hamburg's well-known Star Club venue accompanied by The Nashville Teens, a British beat combo who enjoyed a solitary hit with a singularly well arranged version of John D. Loudermilk's 'Tobacco Road' and one of many flops with the same composer's 'Google Eye'.

This is a rock 'n' roll record, fast and loose and frenetically rhythmic, in which Jerry Lee Lewis gets out of his pompadour in front of an audience who are likewise and gonzo out on a bunch of his greatest hits and favourite songs. All that is required is to list the songs ('Mean Woman Blues', 'High School Confidential', 'Money', 'Matchbox', 'What'd I Say', 'Great Balls of Fire', 'Good Golly Miss Molly', 'Lewis Boogie', 'Your Cheating Heart', 'Hound Dog', 'Long Tall Sally' and the perennial 'Whole Lotta Shakin'') and assure prospective

Scampi and micro-chips

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Live YMCA 27-10-79 (Rough Trade)
OUT HERE on the post-modernist front things are rapidly coming to a head. In the garages and on the scene the music has presented an increasingly long face. Cabaret Voltaire's live cassette recording of a performance in London late last year is every bit as bleak and neoteric as might be expected. Ideal for locking yourself in a room and feeling alienated.

The antidote to such seriousness is often mistakenly taken to be an equally cloying absurdity.

Sometimes it's combined, as in The Human League, and sometimes it's schizophrenic, as with David Cunningham, who produces both This Heat and The Flying Lizards.

This paradox between seriousness and absurdity stems from a natural desire to be taken seriously on the one hand, and to take that with a pinch of salt on the other. It also stems from the Index of possibilities once provided by Eno, who only ever got the balance absolutely right himself on 'Another Green World', but otherwise proved that basically it doesn't work. One object tends to defeat the other.

Cabaret Voltaire — to their credit — dare to be taken seriously. They don't bother to sugar the pill.

Whether anyone will swallow it is another matter. But like the German progressive groups who laid the groundwork for the new progressive rock, Cabaret Voltaire exist and evolve regardless.

This is all well and noble, but outside the realm where intent is prized over achievement it doesn't count for much.

consumers that — according to the dominant aesthetic of this type of music — there isn't a dull second of music in the whole package.

Personally, your present reviewer owns a whole bunch

of Jerry Lee Lewis records and — despite dangerous overcrowding of his record shelf — is more than happy to add this to the collection.

People still prepared to admit to considering rock 'n' roll to be

something other than — in Jah Wobble's felicitous phrase — "rubbish" may be happy to do likewise.

Have you heard the news? There's good rock 'n' tonight!
Charles Shaer Murray



Cabs. Pic: Pete Hill.

Rough Trade Records have unwittingly created a ghetto where purity of ambition is what counts — their records seem to represent more than they actually say. All part of an ever more fragmented and divided culture, I suppose.

Taken out of context then — filed amidst the miscellaneous Cs in Anytown Anytown — this album is essentially dull. It makes no effort to communicate, it just lets out a long sullen moan that isn't dark enough to be a really good or even average nightmare. They seem to want to make a cry of despair, and since boredom is often a prelude to despair they may (inadvertently) be on the right conceptual track. But don't hold your breath. Cabaret Voltaire cast lots of avant-garde shadows in their admittedly determined search for some kind of solidarity. But any music that tries to express itself with abstract means will, for now, have to hold its own against the one and only Pere Ubu. And music that could do that will be a long time coming.
Paul Remball

NAZARETH Malice in Wonderland (Mountain)

'TAKIN' it, fakin' it, choosin' it, loosin' it, women, wine, boys, noise; no quarter, slaughter, go crazy, hazy, alright,' even "look what a night" — meaningless fragments of a false myth that punctuate Nazareth's new album — they're the code words that act as a short-cut to recognising real 'rock' music.

And just as the lyrics immediately intimate respectable rock, so the music assures the listener that he has quality material, skilful stuff concocted by experienced craftsmen. The album is artfully, tastefully arranged and Dan McCafferty's voice is gritty enough to ensure that it is accepted as a genuine example of the genre. But 'Malice in Wonderland' is background muzak; beached, bleached West Coast flotsam that's as soothing as the sound of gentle surf.

Central to its theme is the

peculiarly American idea of the lone male with a mission — usually a selfish search for his own personality — which necessarily involves exploring sensation. Hence he "discovers" himself out cold on the floor, being beaten senseless by "big boys", caught in the clutches of a "lover girl/cover girl" during the bravado of a 'Showdown At The Border'.

Not that 'Malice In Wonderland' is a bad album. It won't threaten, deprave or offend, it won't provoke thought or stir emotion, it's too silly to be particularly sexist. In fact, it hardly even annoys.

It sustains a glossy, escapist fantasy that's as persuasively colourful and carefully presented, as spurious, ubiquitous and dishonest an art form as classy advertising. Like junk food it simultaneously gratifies and fails to satisfy.

Nazareth are playing music that's stuck in a time warp where skill is supposed to compensate for lack of inspiration; as redolent of its era as Glenn Miller was of his. Fortunately, it's an era that has passed.

Lynn Hanna

ELTON JOHN Lady Samantha (DJM) SO WHAT'S new? A collection of Elton John B-sides?

Most recent Elton John albums have sounded like compilations of B-sides. Even his latest A-sides have sounded the same way. It's sad, really. Few (living) rock superstars have plummeted so rapidly from their pedestals.

Songs here like 'Skyline Pigeon' and 'Gray Seal' recall Elton's knack for strong melodies.

Only his analyst knows what's happened to him since.
Bob Edwards

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14/15 Judas Priest
14 Orchestral Manoeuvres
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28/29 Blood, Sweat & Tears + Wer

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5/6 B.B. King
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Friday 29th February
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Saturday 1st March
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Thursday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Peter Gabriel
Aberdeen Odeon Ballroom: The Vikings / Juniper Green
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Crass / Poison Girls
Birmingham Market Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Birmingham University: Disco Students
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Del Leppard / Witchynde
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: The Jags
Bradford Princeville: White Spirit
Brighton Alhambra: Airport
Bristol Granary: Thieves Like Us
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Coleshill Grimstock's Folk Club: Alex Campbell
Coventry Tiffany's: The Vibrators
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Gangsters
Edinburgh Astoria: The Visitors / The Androids / TV21
Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks: The Mighty Strypes
Flint Raven Hotel: Dadringer
Guildford Civic Hall: The Pretenders / UB40
Hanley The Place: Bright & Breeze (for three days)
Hatfield Polytechnic: Joe Ely Band
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: The Selector / Holly & The Italians / The Body-snatchers
High Wycombe Negs Heads: The V.I.P.'s
Hord Town Hall: The Face / The Silents
Kingston The Swan: The Rich
Leeds Fan Club: The Cockney Rejects / Kidz Next Door
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Saxon
Leeds Peel Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
Liverpool Eric's: The Smirks / The Charlie Parkas with C. P. Lee
Liverpool The Masonic: Dick Smith Band
London Camden Dingwalls: Prince Far I / Creation Rebel
London Camden Music Machine: Sore Throat / The Flatbackers
London Clapham 101 Club: The Little Roosters
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Distractions
London Finchley Tootington: Morrissey / Mullen Band
London Fulham Greyhound: The Modettes
London Fulham The Cock Telmes & Jeelins
London Greenwich The Mire: Sweet Substitute
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Tourists / The Solos
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: The Albion Band (until Sunday)
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Legend
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Sam Apple Pie
London Kennington The Cricketers: Lacey's Allstars
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: The Sunsets
London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park: Lemie Fells (for a week, except Sunday)
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: After The Fire / The Women
London Marquee Club: Wild Horses
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Lemmings
London North-East Polytechnic: The Scoop
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Barrington Levy / Linnal Thomas
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: Speedball
London Soho Piza Express: Dick Charlesworth Quintet
London 'Southall Hamboro' Tavern: Strand Dee Yard
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The O.K. Band
London Stratford Theatre Royal: Sebastian Clarke (for three days)
London Victoria The Venue: Martha & The Muffins
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Footwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Expresses / The Famous Players
London Woolwich Transhed: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London W.1 Gulliver's: Red Beans & Rice
London W.1 Mountbarny: Rauf Addu's W.D.P.
London W.C.1 New Martin's Cave: Big Chief
Maidstone Royal Albion: The Pulsaters
Manchester Band on the Wall: Sam Lee / Dave Donohoe Band
Manchester Polytechnic: The Movies
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Squeeze / Wireless Eric
Newcastle Northumberland College: Marc Turner Band
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffs
Penk Plough Inn: First Priority
Paramount Polytechnic: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Poynton Folk Centre: Rabec
Preston The Warehouse: Joy Division / Section 25
Runcorn No. 1 Club: The Accelerators
Sheffield Limit Club: The Planets
Sleigh: Fulcrum Centre: Fiddler's Dram
Southampton Eastgate Crown Inn: Scissor Fita
Southampton Geumont Theatre: Joe Jackson
Southampton University: The O-Tips
Warford College: The Drill
Warford Town Hall: Slade
Waymouth Dorset Institute: The Vapors
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Au Pairs

Friday

Aberdeen Odeon Ballroom: The Vikings / Juniper Green
Barrow Ulverston Coronation Hall: The Original England Band
Basilston 66 Club: The Flatbackers
Basingstoke Magnums: The Martian Schoolgirls
Bath Molias: Metro Gilder
Bath University: The Strawbs



Costello
getting
happy
on tour

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions begin their month-long tour of venues slightly off the beaten track with dates at Cromer (Saturday), Margate (Sunday), Folkestone (Monday) and Hastings (Tuesday). Clive Langer and his group The Boxes are special guests

Birmingham Aston University: The Jags
Birmingham Barrow Organ: Grace
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Vision Collision/The Photographs
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Traitors
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Pinksies / The Cult Figures
Birmingham Market Cross: No Faith
Birmingham Polytechnic: The Photos
Birmingham University: UB40
Brighton Tap Rank: Dexy's Midnight Runners
Blackburn King George's Hall: Killermasters
Bradford Palm Cove: The Fall
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: The Rhythm Hawks
Brighton Sussex Sports Centre: Woody & The Splinters/The Exclusives
Brighton The Northern: The Tinsels
Bristol The Stonehouse: Alex Campbell
Bristol University Union: The Sinks/The Shakes
Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Pretenders / Tempole Tudor
Canterbury Christchurch College: Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: The End
Cheltenham Town Hall: Fiddler's Dram
Clacton Reg Brown's: Spasmobile Circus
Coventry General Wolfe: Sil Merrifield
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Coventry Weavers Arms: The Speedy Bears
Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: The Original Mirrors
Darlington Speedwell: Monocomics
Exeter University: Gary Glitter / The Brainiac Five
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Peter Gabriel
Grimsby Community Hall: The Cockney Rejects/Kidz Next Door
Guildford Surrey University: The Modettes
Hilary: Good Mood: The Smirks/The Charlie Parkas with C.P. Lee
Harrow College: Protex
High Wycombe Bucks College: Between Pictures
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Charlie Dore's Back Packer
Inverness Milton Hotel: Jim Wylie & The Mafia
Leeds University: Squeeze/Wreckless Eric
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Stan Tracy
Liverpool Eric's: The Planets/The Room
London Action Space: The Moondogs
London Action Kings Head: Paz
London Camberwell King's College Hospital: Thieves Like Us
London Camden Dingwalls: Scarus/ZTV
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Wire/The DAF Band/English Substills
London Camden Music Machine: Slade
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jet
London Clapham 101 Club: Juice On The Loose
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Buzzards

IAN GILLAN takes his Gillan outfit on the road for another concert series, starting at Aylesbury (Saturday), Southampton (Sunday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday). The Broughtons support



London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Ousebox
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Q-Tips
London Fulham Greyhound: Sore Throat
London Fulham The Cuck: Jazz Sluts
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Twice Shy
London Holborn Princess Louise: The Scoop
London International Students House: Red Beans & Rice
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Sunsets
London Kennington The Cricketers: Maryana
London Kensington The Nashville: Hazel O'Connor/The Name
London Marquee Club: Wild Horses
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
London North Polytechnic: Blast Furnace's Revenge
London Palmers Green Intimate Theatre: Midnight Follies Orchestra/Sweet Substitute
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk & Blues Night
London Putney White Lion: Bobby Harry's Risk
London School of Economics: The Opposition

London Soho Piza Express: Don Harper / Danny Wright
London Southall Hamboro' Tavern: Spider
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Joy Division/Killing Joke/A Certain Ratio/Section 25
London Tottenham The Spurs: CO2
London University: Matchbox
London Victoria The Venue: Joe Ely Band
London Wembley Arena: Rainbow
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Tour De Force/Gino & The Sharks
London W.1 Scala Cinema: Monte Cazazza / The Leather Nun/Throbbing Gristle
London W.9 The Chippenhams: Sanity Clause/Left Handed Virgins/Peach Leaf Curl
London W.C.1 New Martin's Cave: The O.K. Band
Manchester The Millstone: The Twisting Ferraris
Mellot Pavilion: Strange Days
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Sky High
Middlebrough Rock Garden: Saxon
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Del Leppard / Witchynde
Newport The Village: Fashion
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Radium
Nottingham University: Supercharge
Nottingham Nether Club: Shadr
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Chou Patrot
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: Gwelfar Ar Fur
Preston Polytechnic: The Movies
Reading Carey St. Monday Club: General Accident
Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Blues Band/The Dance Band
Reading Target Club: Japanese Toy
Rerford Porterhouse: Athletic Spizz 80
Salford College of Technology: The Things
Salisbury Warehouse: No Time To Be 21/New Values
Sanguhar The Nithdale: V.H.F.
Sheffield University Tipton Hall: Metro
Southport Theatre: Linda Lewis
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: The Crooks/Headline/The Step
Stockport College: The Still
Stroud Marshall Rooms: The Vapors
Stroud Subscription Rooms: The Teen Beats/Orgues
Sunderland Boilermakers Club: The Tigers Of Pan Tang
Telford Madeley Leisure Centre: In The Gym
Totnes Civic Hall: The Checkouts/Dr. Jazz/Badger/The Terminals
Wallasey Dale Inn: The Posers
Wimborne Canford School: Chris Barber Band

Saturday

Aldenharn Red Lion: CO2
Aylesbury Friars: Gitan/The Broughtons
Bath Moles: Sestibels
Bicester Nowhere Club: In The Gym
Birmingham Bogies: Sil Merrifield

Birmingham Market Cross: Strider
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Movies
Bolton (Wakden) Bulls Head: Crafty Avenue
Bradford University: The Jags
Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Selector/The Body-snatchers/Holly & The Italians
Cambridge Great Northern: The Auditions
Cardale Cricket Club: The Original England Band
Cambridge Selwyn College: Fish Turned Human/The Lonely
Cardale Twisted Wheel: The Vye
Cashatton St. Helier's Arms: Johnny Storm & Memphis
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: The Speedy Bears
Coventry Lancheater Polytechnic: The Passions
Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Blues Band
Dunfermline Kinema: The Beat
Dunstable Queensway Hall: The Pretenders/UB40
Edinburgh Chamber St Union: The Freeze
Edinburgh Odeon: Peter Gabriel
Egham Royal Holloway College: The Jags
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: Jim Wylie & The Mafia
Hatfield The Forum: Buddy Rich Band
Haywards Heath Clare Hall: Chris Barber Band
Hornchurch The Bull: Spider
Huddersfield White Lion: Stallion
Hull University: The Corpses
Leicester University: Squeeze/Wreckless Eric
Lincoln Burton Arms Inn: Olde English Pub Band
Liverpool Swinging Apple: Flock Of Seagulls/Hambi & The Dance
London Camden Dingwalls: Jackie Lynton's H-D Band/Bowls
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Melvelotes/Dolly Mixture
London Camden Music Machine: Slade
London Clapham 101 Club: The Solos
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Vapors
London Fulham Greyhound: On The Air
London Fulham The Cock: Johnny G Band
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime): Keel Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Q-Tips
London Kensington The Nashville: The Dukes/The Opposition
London Manor Park Three Habbits: Radrite
London Marquee Club: The Crooks
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Martyn Wyndham-Read
London School of Economics: The Buzzards/The Au Pair/Allen Kulture
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: The Directions/The Apocalypse
London Soho Piza Express: Neville Dickie Trio
London Southall White Swan: Scarlet O'Hara
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London University: The Step/Headline
London Victoria The Venue: Joe Ely Band
London Wembley Arena: Rainbow
London Wembley Hopbine: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Scarus/ZTV
London Wimbledon Southlands College: No Limit
London W.1 Portman Hotel: Mensysppl Jazz Band
Manchester Polytechnic: Matchbox
Manchester University: The Original Mirrors
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Liverpool Express
Middlebrough Rock Garden: The Planets
Newcastle University: Charlie Dore's Back Pocket
Northampton Nene College: The Photos
Nottingham Casanova: Neman The Deman
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Slade Effect
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: Radium
Penance Gualm Meadhouse: The Brainiac Five
Reading Target Club: Kraken
Rerford Porterhouse: Saxon
Sheffield Southall Club: Strange Days
Sheffield University: Landscape
Southampton The Griffin: The Switch
Southampton University: South
Stoneham Hall: Metro
Southampton University: Supercharge
St Austell Riviera Lido: The Straws
St Helens Cindy's: Asylum
Stockton The Teeside: Carl Green & The Scene
Stroud Marshall Rooms: Thieves Like Us
Sychfields The Club: The Rhythm Hawks
Torquay The Pelican: The Checkout Fies
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Peets
Worcester Punchbowl: The Steins
Worthing Montague Arms: Science Fita
York College of Ripon & St John: Quixote/Dadringer

Sunday

Ashington Central Club: The Tigers Of Pan Tang
Bedford Night Spot: The Detroit Emeralds
Birmingham Odeon: Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prima Donna
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Creek
Birmingham Top Rank: Saxon
Birmingham University: Dangerous Girls
Birmingham (Yardley): The Swan: Video
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Exit
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: Dexy's Midnight Runners
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Uterior Motives
Bristol Locarno: Squeeze/Wreckless Eric
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Bury The Bridge Inn: The Twisting Ferraris
Croydon Crawdaddy: The Mice

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Gillan /
The Broughtons
Swansea Dublin Arms: Andy Pan-
demonium
Tuxford High Marnham Sports Club:
Strange Days
Wallasey Dale Inn: Asylum
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The
Amazing Dark Horse

Monday

Birmingham Pop Club: The Recoverers
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet:
Shedhammer
Bradford College Valets Bar: Oral Sex
Canterbury Kent University: Orchestral
Musoeuvres in The Dark
Cardiff Casablanca Club: Red Beers &
Rice
Colchester Essex University: The Smirks &
The Charlie Paritas with C. P. Lee
Colchester Mercury Theatre: Chris Barber
Band
Edinburgh Tiffany's: The Beat
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: Elvis Costello &
The Attractions/Glue Langer & The
Bones
Gravesend Woodville Hall: Saxon
Great Yarmouth Tiffany's: The Selector &
The Bodynatchers/Moby & The Kalena
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Pete Dinklage's
Blues Express
Leicester Granby Halls: Rainbow
Liverpool Eric's: Rocking Daisies & The
Cajun Twisters
Liverpool Kirklands: Humbl & The Dance
Liverpool University: Litton Kwesi
London Camden Bracknall: The Flatbackers
London Camden Dingwells: The Solos
London Clapham 101 Club: The Hitmen
London East Ham Russian Arms: Deep
Machine
London Fulham Greyhound: The Brainiacs
Five
London Fulham The Cook: The Carter
Jones Band
London Fulham Hope & Anchor: The
Fabulous Thunderbirds
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Jaga
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Paraphernalia
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Rommie Scott's Club: George Coleman
Quartet (the two wined)
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Johnny & Sons Of Cain
London W.14 The Kensington: Metro
Glider
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Tom Petty &

Manchester Band on the Wall: Art
Failure/Medium Medium
Newcastle City Hall: Peter Gabriel
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwelhir
Nuneaton Cherry Tree: The Speedy Bears
Reading Cherry's Bar: Motley Crew
Swansea Cirkus: The Photos
Winford Bailey's: Showaddywaddy (for a
week)

Tuesday

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Meteor Cross: Miles
Birmingham Railway Motor: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Tired Leisure Centre:
Type
Bredford College Vaults Bar: Aircraft
Brighton Basement Club: The Raincoats
Bristol Granary: Vardis
Bury The Derby Hall: Years/The Clitchee
Cardiff Top Rank: The Original Mirrors
Cardiff University: Sade/The Drift
Eastleigh Concorde Club: Chris Barber
Band
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Gillan/The
Glasgophones
Glasgow People's Centre: Newspeak
Guildford Civic Jail: The Selector/The
Bodycatchers/Holly & The Italians
Hastings Pier Pavilion: Elvis Costello &
The Attractions/Dave Langer & The
Bones
Hull University: Dexy's Midnight Runners
& The Nips
Ilkley Rose & Crown: Metal Fatigue
Ilkley Rose & Crown: Metal Fatigue

Nuneaton 77 Club: The Photos
Plymouth Clones: The Cockney
Rejects/Kids Next Door
Reading Target Club: The Switch
Sheffield Blitz (at George IV): Stunt Kites
Sheffield Limit Club: The Movies
Stoke Trent Polytechnic: The Smirks/The
Charlie Parkers with C. P. Lee

Wednesday

80's The Cajun Twisters
 London Lamden Music Machine: The
 Rent Boys
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
 Shaka
 London: Fulham Golden Lion: Sad Armon:
 Strange
 London: Fulham: Greyhound: The Seals
 London: Hammersmith: Palais: The Pretend-
 ers/1980's/Tenpole Tudor
 London: Horney Kings Head: Main Avenue
 Jacobson
 London: Islington Hope & Anchor: The
 Valentines
 London: Kensington: The Nashville: Local
 Operator
 London: Kilburn: The National Club: The
 Friday Brothers with Dave Marshall
 London: Margate Club: Johnny Mues' 7th
 Bus
 London: Putney White Lion: The Q-Tips
 London: Soho Pizza Express: Velvet
 London: Victoria: The Venus: Japan
 London: West: Harrogate: Midnight
 Club: The Insiders/The Decoys
 Loughborough Town Hall: Squeeze &
 Wireless Eric
 Manchester (Chadderton): The Whitegates:
 The Twisting Fairies
 Norwich: Crown: The Cannon: Tony

Aberystwyth University: Still Little
 Poles
 Bath Moles: Windows
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brula
 Birmingham Corgis: Quartz
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Fury
 Birmingham with David Auerbach
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: M.S. Night-
 work
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Reimaker
 Birmingham Trinity Hall: Joy Division
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Hoses
 Bishops Cleeve Triad Leisure Centre:
 - Sandy Cleave
 Bournemouth Stateside Centre: The
 Selector / The Bodycrackers / Holy &
 The Kallies
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Middle 9
 Bradford University: Day's Midnight
 Runners / The Nipe
 Brighton Top Rank: Squeakers / Wreckless
 Eric
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Rainbow
 Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: The Vinyl
 Diners
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Croydon Crawdadwy: The Crooks
 Darlington St. Michael's Lido: George Melly
 & The Feetwarmers

Edinburgh Odson: Gillan / The Broughtons
 Exeter Rovers: The Cockney Rejects /
 Kids Next Door
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: Prince Far I /
 Creation Rebel
 Liverpool The Mesonic: Hambl & The
 Omen
 London Camden Brickwork: Shudder
 London Camden Dingwells: Rocking Dop-
 ple & The Cajon Twisters
 London Woolwich Tramed: Japanese
 Toy / Blitz
 London Victoria The Venue: Japan
 London Wals Hamstead Moonlight
 Club: The Solos
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club:
 Southside
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
 Lonesome No More
 London E2 Earl of Aberdeen: Sten Tracey
 Omen
 London Fulham Grayhound: The Name &
 The Agents
 London Fulham The Cock: Strange Fruit
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
 Insiders
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Peter Gabriel
 Manchester Tameside Polytechnic: The
 Idols
 Newcastle Polytechnic: Eddis & The Hot
 Rods / The Killermeters
 Norwich Whites: Jens Band & The
 Agents
 Nottingham Henry Good Fowl: Gwalsh
 Sheffield Limit Club: Jimmy Lindsay &
 Ramal
 Southend Polytechnic: The Smirks / The
 Charlie Parkes with C.P. Lee
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: Buddy Rich Band
 Southall Golden Lion: The Clinic

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APOLOGY

Last week's advertisement for Crawdaddy Club, The Star Pub, London Road, Croydon, incorrectly stated that "The Boys" would be appearing on Tuesday 26th Feb. This should have read The Boyce.
We apologise for any inconvenience this may have caused.

[illegible]

Low down and (extremely) dirty blues

BUSTER BENTON
Bluesbuster
(Red Lightnin')

BILLY BOY ARNOLD
Checkin' It Out
(Red Lightnin')

DURING the lengthy and frequent periods when major record companies have not considered it worth their while to issue records by contemporary bluesmen other than Muddy Waters and B B King, Red Lightnin' have kept the faith with a judicious selection of lovingly-compiled anthologies of rare oldies and recent recordings by contemporary bluesmen who love their work enough to avoid the temptation to go back to their day jobs.

Billy Boy Arnold is probably best-known for the fact that he wrote 'I Wish You Would', the very first Yardbirds single and a song which later resurfaced on Bowie's 'Pin-ups' album. He's played harp on plenty of good records, including a tidy few by Bo Diddley, and he appears here with a session cut in '77 at Pathway Studios.

'Checkin' It Out' is music as hard and harsh as any of the punk records made in that year at that studio: a raw, reverb-laden parcel of belligerently fatalistic R&B. Produced by Peter Shertzer — who should apply the same approach to some of our local whiteboy R&B groups next time he needs some spare change, and if A&M take this as a hint re Nine Below Zero, they're right — and featuring Tony McPhee, now happily recovered from his Heavy Metal Axe Hero excesses of

UK SUBS

Live Kicks (Stiff)

ONE-TWO-three-four-five-six! Gonna do a song an' it goes like this!

You may be thinking that the world needs a new live UK Subs album like Jerry Demmers needs a corkscrew perm, but here it is, complete and unexpurgated and aimed straight at your letterbox for just £3.50 only from the Stiff Records mail order department.

'Live Kicks' — ten out of ten for the imaginative title there — was recorded over two years ago in the murky cellar of the Roxy Club and it is an album that captures the Subs, for better or worse, in their true element. (It also revolves at 45 rpm, although whether this makes it a bona fide album or just a measly 12-inch single only John Lydon would know).

Such is the band's standing around this part of town that a couple of cynical wags have already been heard muttering sighs of relief that this particular record is available on mail order only. But spare a thought for the much-maligned Subs, hated almost to a man by the critics and forever under flak for supposedly ploughing headlong down a musical blind alley.

As relative



Archive No Fun

Johnny-come-latelys on the London punk scene, the Subs were never originators. They never set their sights as bravely as the Pistols or Clash but, by the same token, never shortchanged an audience by not living up to expectations.

Their R&B-tinted, unashamedly Ramonic thrash could, and indeed still can, always be relied on for an unpretentious fun night out.

No more and no less.

'Live Kicks' was recorded on New Year's Eve 1977 and showcases the same set which provided two songs — 'I Live In A Car' and 'Telephone Numbers' — for Lightnin' 'A Farewell To The Roxy' LP. In fact, this album is only appearing now due to the fact that the band, when agreeing to the 'Farewell' compilation, signed

away the rights of their entire set that night.

Hence this artefact being available by post alone: our four crotches were none too keen on live product competing with their recent 'Another Kind of Blues' studio effort in the shops.

So what do you get for your three-and-a-half shekels? Twelve tracks, 13 if you include 'Stranglehold' when it is repeated for an encore. Only two songs are previously unreleased: 'Illegal 15' and 'No Rules', the latter a regulation anti-authoritarian punk rant, but no less invigorating for that.

Three of the best tracks are undoubtedly those which were later to appear as singles — 'Stranglehold', 'Tomorrow's Girls' and the epic 'CID', the Subs' 'White Riot'.

The rest of the songs are patchy in the extreme, though the album on the whole is a lot less close to the neo-HM onslaught one might have expected from some of the band's studio stuff.

But what the heck. LET'S POGO AGAIN (like we did last summer?).

Adrian Thrills

'Live Kicks' is pressed in a limited edition of 5,000 and can be got through the Stiff Secret Service, 3 Woodfield Road, London W9.

When Irish Osmiroids are smiling

THE NOLAN SISTERS
The Nolan Sisters (Epic)

IN THE mood for dancing? Then why not 'get down' and 'get funky' with these five attractive — and talented — lasses from the Emerald Isle? Take my word for it, this record sparkles like a bucketful of Babychem.

Versatile — that's the word for the Nolan girls, and all with the good looks of Aer Lingus stewardesses. Let the trendiest dancer, but this vivacious and winsome quintet of colleens (well actually, only one of them's called Colleen. The others are Anne, Linda, Bernadette and Maureen) can certainly show the 'punk rock' brigade a thing or two when it comes to clean professional entertainment. Just take a listen to their version of Art Garfunkel's 'Bright Eyes' which is deeply moving — every time I play it people move — or their sensitive reading of Cliff's tender ballad 'Miss You Nights'; it brings a tear to the nose.

On an uptempo note, how about the swinging rhythms of 'Boogie All Summer', not forgetting 'I'm In The Mood For Dancing' (perhaps literally, the disco hit to end them all) or — for that special occasion — the slow'n'sultry 'Let's Make Love'. In the words of the Abbey smash that provides another of the album's highlights: 'Thank You For The Music'.

Harmonies, melodies, fantasies, romance — all this and more can be yours, all yours. If you're too 'hip' to like The Nolan Sisters, then you're too hip to like The Nolan Sisters.

Paul Du Noyer

'Surf's Up'—at a drop in the ocean.



'Surf's Up', first released back in 1971, has always been regarded as the Beach Boys' greatest collection of songs.

Like any classic rock album its appeal is timeless. Now, nine years later, 'Surf's Up' at only £2.79 should cause more waves of excitement today.

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The Beat

Dunstable

"STOP your fokkin' fightin'. Have you come here to fight or dance?"

Ranking Roger, The Beat's toaster, is almost hysterical with rage and emotion. "Look I'm black man," he screams, tearing off his hat and jacket. "I'm black! So what you here for?"

He points at the half dozen or so bullyboy skinheads, bigger than the rest, though probably not much older than 17, who had been dumbly proclaiming their NF alliance until stopped only three numbers into the set by some of the audience.

Vocalist David Wateling attempts to pacify Roger, who seems about to launch himself into the midst of the protagonists, and the band threaten to leave the stage before launching themselves into 'Whine And Grine' to the rousing shouts of "Black and white unite". Bar six, the audience are on their side all the way.

Afterwards in the dressing room, the usually cheerful, always moving, always smiling Roger, is quiet and uncommunicative. This has never happened to The Beat before, and he is confused and deeply hurt. Some of the punters, mostly little girls who look about 12, pester him with questions; sadly they don't even understand what was going on.

Like Madness, The Beat are attracting a younger audience. The new Bay City Rollers label now attached by some to Madness, could just as easily be applied to The Beat. And at least there's no trouble getting to the bar tonight as most of the audience are too young to get into that area. Even so there is no lack of euphoria.

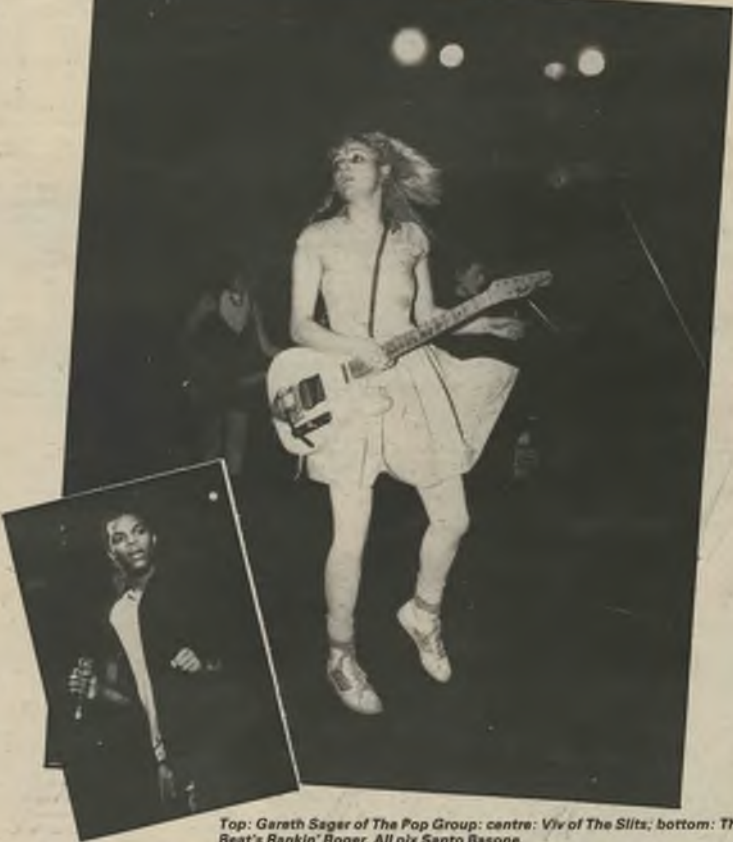
The hall — only half-full but filled to its legal capacity, is a monochrome sea of bobbing, jerking bodies, indicating the 2-Tone way in chequerboard semaphore. Black and white unity — those (six) who couldn't see it must be blind.

Punky reggae, The Beat have called their music, with a splash of ska (it cannot be more strictly defined, other than commercial). Arista (or Ariola as the case may be), have got themselves another Secret Affair — a popular, present-day dance band. The Beat seem to have little to do with The Specials and Selecter by comparison. They haven't got their depth and fertile imagination, they are not so fluent, so addictive, or so enthusiastic. Apart from bean-bag Roger there is little life onstage.

'Tears Of A Clown' is a classic number, however it's interpreted, and so it quite naturally launched The Beat, who updated it with the current ska/reggae touch. But their latest single, 'Hands Off She's Mine', lacks any kick and punch in its arrangement, and any sense in its lyrics, which are sexist drivel about youth club jealousies that betray the band's own narrowmindedness and suggest a lack of songwriting talent.

'Twist And Crawl', the 'B' side, is musically better, but like the whole set sounds sparse, barely adequate tonight without saxophonist Saxe (who is laid off with bronchitis) even though his embellishments are substituted for by David Wright (The Beat's tour manager) on keyboards for the first time.

Last year, when The Beat started out, they seemed to have the potential of another 2-Tone success story, and it seemed they only needed experience to fill in the gaps



Top: Gareth Sager of The Pop Group; centre: Viv of The Slits; bottom: The Beat's Rankin' Roger. All pix Santo Basone.

and round out their ideas and sound. Yet still there is only the bare bones that show no sign of improvement.

Perhaps they have gained a false sense of security from their initial hit and from the tidal wave of 2-Tone mania — and they certainly seem content to ride the crest of that wave at present. But unless they stop and take stock of the situation soon, they may just find themselves left high and dry.

Things are all too easy for

The Beat at the moment.
Deanne Pearson

The Pop Group The Raincoats

Liverpool

THIS ain't no party, this ain't no disco (ouch, that scourage-mark's still sore) this is Brite White Hopes On Funk.

You can squeal about the para-hippness of owning a disco album or two (provided they're both by Chic), but

you'll still risk being left rocking at the city gates while the rilly sincere strivers in sack-cloth and thorn-crowns tear off to Mount Calvary to suffer in their spotlight for us and their music.

I'm tired of being patronised by bands who see themselves as representatives of the Punters' Struggle, just humble rock combos facing insurmountable difficulties with the mothersucker, the Record Businesses. Bands like Swell Maps, the catastrophically dismal

The Slits This Heat

Electric Ballroom

SHARON, Collin and Kevin of Final Solution, for all their foresight and ambition, haven't reaped much of a reward lately. The hand-out they passed around this packed-sold Ballroom at their benefit on Friday night thanks the musicians, The Mighty Observer Sound System, Rough Trade and friends for help in aiding their ailing financial situation, adding: "All groups tonight are playing for expenses (and fun)."

From which I can only infer that This Heat's definition of 'fun' has long since keeled off axis.

If there's one affectation of that all-embracing banner 'The Musician's Collective' that really gets under my skin (the more so, the more avant-garde its leanings), it's the kind of abject aloofness and wretchedly patronising tone it tends to adopt when either playing a venue that's plainly unsuited to a non-visual, non-projective music or to an audience it deems incapable of comprehending — or even reacting to — music of such obvious complexity. The more This Heat distance / alienate themselves, the more they undermine the actual purpose of the performance.

Their sole communication outside of their music was the parting words "pathetic, absolutely pathetic", and if that wasn't aimed squarely at their audience, then they shouldn't leave themselves so wide open to misinterpretation.

That aside, This Heat are a three-piece experimental aggregate from Cold Storage, an ex-meat pie factory, their rehearsal space in Brixton. Their music's built around a basic empathy and mutually-dependant intuition born of fastidious practice of both disciplined and fairly random musical speculation. Their instruments are drums / percussion / bass / keyboard / synth / guitar / soprano sax — with assorted vocals, manic Gothic chant and whistling, ornamented with tape-loops.

Imagine a series of rhythms — some just block chords, overdubbed percussion and stray guitar accents, some stealthily radiating carpets of sound with jangling oriental drum patterns — and then picture the other instruments focused upon them as colouring, and you'll know you're dealing more with the Cage / Eno school of ultimate movie soundtrack than anything remotely attuned to a rock gig context.

Inevitably, feelings fluctuate. This Heat are sporadically vivid, moving and meaningless in turns. I enjoy them most when they play for us too.

Low rumbling dub from the Mighty Observer gives way to The Raincoats, whose cause I like a deal more than its effect but who went over well with a crowd whose penchant for teetering aerosol-sprayed rag-bouffants suggests their interests lie elsewhere on the bill.

In fact, The Slits have it easy from the start, their audience being so immediately appreciative (and so painstakingly reflective in garb) that there seems little pressure on the three of them to inject any real effort into fulfilling an expectation. With all that left-field marketing behind them, their aggressive urchin sexuality, their petulant, plaintive, brilliant album, even its perverse '80s pop wurlitzer logo, the effect of seeing them on stage is so instantly gratifying.

And they turn in a stunning set — tense, lilting, sometimes sprawling and grandiose like a mock-cabaret, contagiously facetious, haywire — marred only (and at times very badly) by Ari Up's now-wolesale bid for Rasta credibility, plus obligatory goofy free-think propaganda between numbers.

Matted dreads cramped under a huge felt homburg, skanking across the boards in slow deliberate motion, she holds aloft a chopstick in either hand.

"Forks are really disgusting if you think about it," she decides. "Having metal in your mouth is no good. Sticks, mon!"

And then: "Take an example of China. They're the only race in the world that never oppressed anyone and have never been oppressed." Followed by: "You're really on form tonight. We're gonna brain-wash you into thinking."

Bruce, The Pop Group's drummer, is the band's whole backbone, keeping a tension between the strict rigidity of his cross-rhythms and the raggedness of The Slits' frontline. A keyboard's added stage left to fill out, Viv's wavering thin guitar, and Tessa's bass you don't hear, you just feel.

Tonight they open with an anguished 'Spend, Spend, Spend' lost in echo: a chaotic, chunky 'Instant Hit'; an angular 'Improperly Dressed' before panning onto a steady rolling momentum for dense, passionate readings of 'Newtown', 'Typical Girls' and 'Grapevine'.

It's the kind of momentum that forges through the rest of the set, sweeping all the debris, the chaos, the false starts, the frayed ends, the tensions, Ari's scat vocals, and the steaming heat of the Ballroom into one forceful exuberant wave of emotion, a perfect platform for the three crazy girl singers, the alto sax and the extra bass that come flooding on the stage towards the end to produce a kind of orchestrated primal scream.

The Slits have gained a little experience in exchange for a little innocence. They've cleared a breathing space between dub and free-rock, adapting strains of both. That Ari Up should be naive enough to now want to wholly emulate the dub factor (even adopting a Rasta accent, no less) threatens to distort much of what the band has so carefully, so cleverly, created.

So why do it? Someone ought to ask her.

Mark Ellen

Athletico Spizz, Inch War and Essential Logic have set themselves up (for all their tranquil, unassuming wacky sloth they're still well publicised, well written-up: famous, basically) as Duffers On The Frontline, taking a stand for the li'l guy.

Since when has the audience been the underdog, the irredeemable, high-on-oblivious failure whose life's ups and downs have to be clarified and explained by songs? It suits contemporaneity to be

ingratiating and warmly receptive, because all the nice beams can help us out and enrich our lives. They simply take ineptitude and senility and bare their sensitivity in the shop window. And if they're girls, they've got it made.

To dislike The Raincoats is to dislike womankind, it seems. Men and women have every right to be treated as individuals, but they've got no right to look anonymous and drab and sound self-consciously

Peter plays with politics and passion



Gabriel growing up. Pic Al Johnson.

under-rehearsed and expect whoops of blissful thanksgiving.

Pity, really, because that's what they got.

At the matinee show there were small clusters of clappers and swooners just lapping up shrinkwrapped incompetence, and this was why I avoided the 'adult' show, where the number of sycophantic thumbsucking arts-patrons would have been torturous in the extreme.

Boogie *ubermenschen* like The Pop Group tend to bring them out of the drawing rooms in swarms.

I feel sorry for all the dour Hovis-hairstyled lecturing teachers, because they have to tolerate raucous and embarrassingly enjoyable funk to get to the message.

A Pop Group gig could be described as a crowd of A Level students from a Will Hay film having a garageband dance party at the coal face.

They have severe disorder in the Visual department — they dance like students and Bernstein a la Hank Marvin, but they had the entire matinee audience under a groove. I stood near the bass speaker and felt as though my ribcage was taking a walk — enjoyable, actually.

Their lyrics, what there are of them vary between a single phrase "Rob A Bank" and the swirling mirth of 'Scuba Diving' or a rapped polemic,

invariably vague and consisting of marvellous consciousness-expanding pearls like "To learn, unlearn" or "Are You Part Of The Problem?" All this visionary fore-warning was being done more arrogantly and consequently more self-deprecatingly by Subway Sect ages ago.

Their liking for tribal bassline GBH (they played 'Burundi Black' over the PA

Peter Gabriel

Leicester

THE sound of Supertramp is switched off. The house lights are left on. Skains of synthesizer drift through the speakers backed by empty echoes of percussion and static drips of electronic sound. There is silence. Then it starts again.

And stops.

The house lights dim. On cue the audience start cheering. And hand-held spotlights start spearing the hall, bleaching one awed face after another. Men are moving through the audience, their lights continually exposing slices of the crowd.

It's unnerving; you wonder — "Will it hit me?" As the haphazard procession converges on the stage, they beam their lights briefly onto their own faces; between thin fluorescent tubes, amongst slim stalks that support small stage lights, Peter Gabriel and his group start playing.

It is the most impressive start to any concert I've seen; it is not merely spectacle.

On stage Gabriel is dressed identically to the rest of his group in a black boiler suit striped asymmetrically with white. He has short hair and a smooth face. Whether he is running, jogging, kneeling or sitting on stage with his head held in his hands, his movements are economically controlled. He has a still, seemingly inscrutable centre; the dancer's ability to make each gesture pregnant with import. Even when he turns his back, he's rivetting. He is the perfect performer.

Although 'Mother Of Violence' is superb, the childish ululations at the end and exquisitely chilling, and 'On The Air' blazes brilliantly, I'll pass over the old material. His new songs are stunning.

The clue to them (and him) is in a song, which since I didn't catch the title, I'll call *Punishment And Learning*. He explains that it is based on the famous American experiment in which volunteers were split into "teachers" and "learners". The teachers were told to assist the pupils by administering punishment in the form of electric shocks. It was discovered that 63 per cent of the volunteers were prepared to administer charges of 450 volts which would have severely damaged or exterminated the learner (unbeknown to the teachers, the learners were actors simulating pain).

"It shows just how far they'd go before questioning authority."

It also shows something about Gabriel himself: because during a concert, Peter Gabriel is Authority; he knows it and he's using his position with immense intelligence and laudible integrity.

That is why between each song he jokes with the audience, talking calmly and naturally; that is why he follows a song with the disturbing emotional intensity and, ultimately, manipulative power of *Punishment And Learning* with the release and relief of 'Modern Love'. And that is why at the beginning of the evening the group illuminated and involved the audience. Gabriel isn't shedding his responsibility, he's sharing it. He goes one step further. He gives himself.

During 'Games Without Frontiers' he is plainly nervous. He sings scrappily, makes spluttering attempts at mime, loses control of his careful external incarnation. At first I think he's scared of the song's success. But he nods curtly to the drummer who continues the beat, approaches the edge of the stage and falls, face first, into the audience.

This reveals more than the fact that he does care that he needs approval as much as, possibly more so, than the rest of us. It is a conscious admission of his own vulnerability, a diffusing of his power; in an emotional not physical exigency. He is courting a response to his own essential self.

It also makes sense of the Genesis nursery rhymes and tales, the reference to games, toys and the paraphernalia of childhood that are still splattered in his work.

Whilst Gabriel has retained a child's porous, penetrating perception, he also still has the child's acute sensibility that is easily squashed. Revealing himself is an act of courage for a man who uses his performance as protection.

His new work is immediate, mature, direct and devastating. Sound and sight are often inseparable; both involve the frequent use of contrast. The texture ranges from the simple stripped sound of piano, voice and percussion to the full, colourful blend of the whole band. More than ever he's using his music as a measured medium to transmit his own intellect and emotion. If this also implies instruction, it is only in the sense that his work demands thought.

He introduces each song carefully, but it's hard to assimilate their full import on first hearing. 'Family Snapshot' deals, I suspect, broadly with American politics, specifically with the death of John Kennedy as seen through the eyes of the President's assassin.

In another new song he becomes the passive incarnation of an asylum inmate. And the sound changes from a calm stream of gentle piano and trickling xylophone to lost, unearthly screams of unbearable, orchestrated angst.

He finishes the set with 'Biko', an ethnic, rhythmic chant in which he uses his immense power as a performer to deliver an explicit, intensely moving, indictment of apartheid based on the death of Steve Biko. ("You can blow out a candle/But you can't blow out a fire") The song is also a simple, forceful tribute that is rich with pure, fierce sorrow, and I can't have been the only person present who was fighting back bitter tears.

Gabriel has stopped telling tales, playing hide-and-seek, dressing up his ideas in amusing disguises. He now says what he means and means what he says.

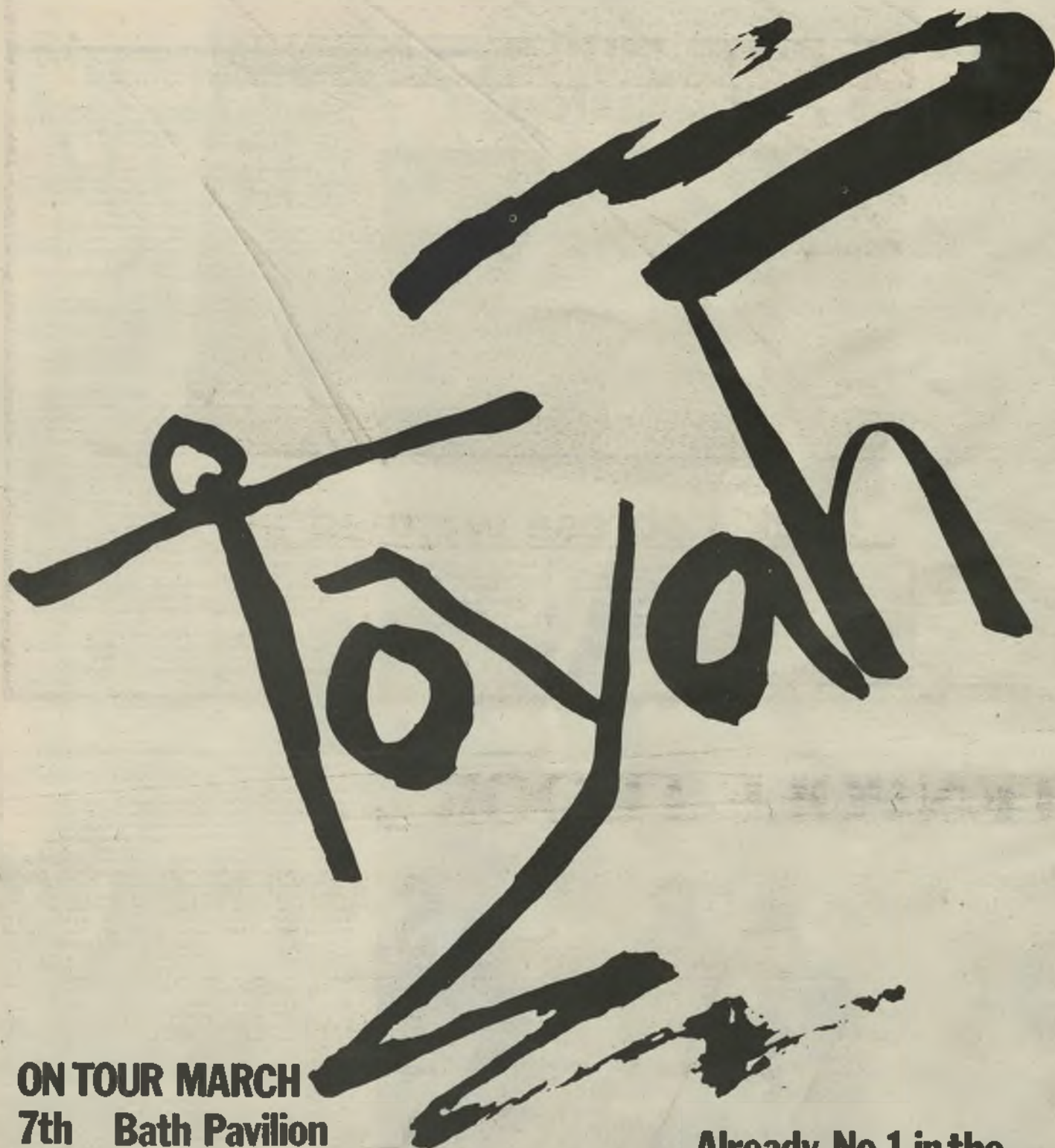
Peter Gabriel has grown up.

Lynn Hanna

guitar-work and pre-Barry White swishing drums, but it's a fairground of bodybludgeoning noise and very enjoyable in this form. I hope Seekers Of Wisdom, static, reactionary, media moguls hate it.

Funk with the coal-face face-aches, by all means, but I think the raps are crap. They might be Hippies.

Kevin Fitzgerald



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Whirlwind

Music Machine

GOING to see Whirlwind made me feel young again! Rock's getting really old now — middle-aged — and it's become too easy for teenagers unable to think up new punchlines and styles to cuddle their pet idea of when rock'n'roll began and pretend that they're starting all over again in a more determined, audacious manner.

The mass media love all this nostalgia indulgence because they know what to do with it. Everybody's happy nowadays!

Mod, the 2-Tone family and all the cousins were bound to succeed so dismally because of their cheery danger-tinged obviousness; it's fun with feeling ethnic, the complacent need for media people to feel that they're ever presently hip and trendsetting, and an overall relief that punk practice had settled down in a manageable direction.

Pop these days is most definitely a family affair.

The numbing response to the ska line suggests how safe people — from Gambo to NME — prefer things to be. The Specials, Madness, Selecter are so well mannered, mately, malleable, mobile. It's the sort of conspiracy that all superficial rock lovers who've long lost sight of rock's need — the whole point! — to move forwards and sideways constantly and dramatically are pleased to be part of.

They'll defend the method and motivation of energising, cheerful and conscientious idiocy to some kind of death.

Less relentless but coming your way more and more all the time, perfectly unformed, politely informed, are the rockabilly cuties and the heavy metal uglies, whose controlled music is already seeping into the charts and,

inescapably, our lives.

This lot revel in the fact that they've prematurely aged, that their music has such biblical history, and ignore the fundamental issue that they haven't anything idiosyncratic or original to add to extensive tradition.

Rockabilly and HM representatives haven't even

the good grace and commercial sharpness to dress up their rewrites with deceptive vitality or pretend to contemporary awareness. The practitioners just blunder and plunder onwards.

Whirlwind are pleasant entertainers, well regulated historians, neat and well scrubbed mini-stars for

Sunday. Soft, easy and swinging, tap your foot, electric bass-driven, spacious rock and roll (hat).

They're totally devoid of the edge, urgency and unreliness that was an undercurrent of Kent's piece. They gently throbbed with the bonhomie of Bill Haley; roused the audience with typical

revivalist zeal and like their distant heavy metal cousins were totally — and quite happily — squeezed dry of any of the original command and revolt.

The Fall have proved with 'Fiery Jack' the possibility of using the flighty sound and essence of rockabilly for hard and derisive effect; another

way of using repetition as a beautiful weapon.

Whirlwind were just candy. But through a combination of manipulation, submission and media attention such docile practice can easily become part of the rock'n'roll pattern, the supreme truth.

But where's the dissent, the anguish, the poetry?

If all comes back to how ancient Chuck Berry / Stones / Who values are still worshipped by those who matter, and are continually impressed upon developing rock'n'roll as the real and only ones. All through the '70s these puritanical values have become progressively more negative and destructive (punk has backfired in a lot of ways and merely intensified them). These values have given The Specials' chosen empire its position of power. They're helping HM and R&B. And Whirlwind are riding in on them when they barely deserve four minutes on *Oh Boy!*

To some the HM resurgence is appalling; the rockabilly thing is alright. To others it's vice versa. R&B's re-run comes somewhere in the middle both ways.

These dumb distinctions are easily applied and are rooted in those old values. To me it's all death warmed up. It's all stunting growth. And I'm the first to embrace pop triviality.

Whirlwind may look like four fresh kids with a message and a destiny who've discovered a bracing new way to lively up yourselves. But in reality they're just four more zombies. And all this plague of zombies is churning up is choking me.

Although I'm informed it's all very harmless. I must be missing the point.

Paul Morley

Whirlwind. Pic Steve Wallgren.



Rock's corpse warmed up

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escaping the

SWINDLE



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Rainbow

Ingliston

THE headaches have been getting worse. This time it was dark when I came to. There were parked cars stretching off in every direction and, amidst hundreds of other shapes I was walking between the rows, stumbling through mud and puddles. The air was filled with the thrumming of mighty engines.

There was a ticket in my hand. Rainbow it said, and then it listed all the famous people who play with that group.

Rainbow were playing at something called Ingliston Royal Highland Agricultural Exhibition Hall, presumably on one of the rare occasions when Highland-born Royalty weren't staging an Agricultural Exhibition. The noise was coming from a chicken canning factory. It wasn't Rainbow tuning up.

The hall was packed. It was like a rock festival crammed into a huge ice-rink. When the lights went out there were thousands of silhouetted arms flashing peace signs. A huge cheer went up as 'Land Of Hope And Glory' came on very loud, followed by vast, rumbling, rocket take-off sounds, an imitation storm on keyboards, voices, then flash bombs between the eyes.

It was like being hit from behind with a shovel.

Rainbow came on then, of course. It was very impressive. The backdrop was of the Earth with a huge rainbow shooting out from the atmosphere and curving down behind the band as if they were on the end of the rainbow, playing while hurtling through space. That's what the rocket noises were about: Rainbow blasting into interstellar overdrive, aided only by the latest technological achievements of five continents.

Rainbow were like the bit in



Roger Glover, Pic Harry Papadopoulos.

The faceless man of heavy metal

Star Wars where it took five minutes for a starship to move past the camera. Something colossal and sophisticated to gaze at. A display of power, high-level organisation and spectacle too immense and unwieldy to attempt anything

but the most specious forms of subtlety.

The band's name, or trademark, for instance, is so unimaginative and laughably simplistic it could be a paint company (though the logo is simple and easily identifiable

to build a merchandising company around). The music has exaggerated and simplified all the most mass-marketable aspects of early hard rock without retaining any of the spirit or substance. (I'm sure 1970 hard

rock was never as hollow and condescending as the majority of 1980 heavy metal).

It's as if the members of Rainbow decided it was about time they started using their considerable talents to do some making-up for all those years of hard work and debt, then hired a market-research company and started a corporation based on the findings.

And, of course, nobody ever lost any money overestimating the bad taste of the public. Graham Bonnet even spoke to the audience politely — as if they were shareholders.

Rainbow did their imitation of Sky briefly, then Ritchie Blackmore started to play 'Greensleeves', an old Henry VIII number, and a crowd favourite judging by the reaction. That merged into the recent hit 'Since You've Been Gone' before Blackmore finished it off, twisting the knife with (cringe) 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow', to further roars of approval.

This kind of thing was taken to extremes later with the advent of a Don Airey Keyboard Solo.

He started with a Phantom Of The Opera steam-organ classical dirge, then the band piled in briefly before leading into Blackmore's Rolling Feedback Solo, which eventually collapsed into another Popular Classical Melody, then onto the kind of endless keyboard solo I thought had died out with The Nice — bombastic crashes, whines and stereo swirls between numerous chances to Name That Tune! (special applause for the inevitable Scottish tune and the synthesizer motif from *Close Encounters*), ending with an impersonation of a helicopter landing.

Then there was a drum solo. And a cavalcade of buses began to appear out of the night to take everyone away. Glenn Gibson

The Only Ones Simple Minds Martha And The Muffins

Lyceum

A NIGHT of tradition, pretension and broken promises in roughly that order from the top of the bill looking down.

Three bands all dressed up with nowhere to go: plenty of pretty poses but with nothing beneath the gloss. Just strip away the wrapping and the trappings and you're left with very little meat.

Martha And The Muffins kicked off with a short and teasing set.

A Canadian six-piece complete with sax and two organs, they are over in this country for just three dates to promote a single and album on Virgin's DinDisc offshoot. They promised a lot but never quite achieved it.

Their niche is bright and breezy summer pop, somewhere between The B52s and The Yachts, though they patently lack the zany sparkle and flash of the former. They have a great sound, heavily dominated by the glorious Farfisa organ hum, but seem uncertain as to what exactly they want to do with it.

I like their tackiness and eclecticism, which encompasses driving motorik drumming and some great Andy McKay-style swooping sax lines, but they lack stage presence and any real focal point.

Whatever, they never came to grips with the problems that usually face bill-openers at the Lyceum; these being drastically limited lighting and a largely disinterested audience. In such circumstances bands need to grab listeners by the scruff of the neck, not just tap them gently on the shoulder.

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The Crooks

Nashville

THOUGH The Crooks have planted themselves firmly on the shelf marked mod, I suspect that their hearts lie a little further afield. Nearer to R&B country, in fact.

They started their set with brisk energy, and were at once quite a different jug of lemmings from the enfeebled foursome on display previously at the Moonlight Club. In place of listless drabness were brightly scrubbed chords and a singer putting the boot in from the off.

It's dispiriting to have to report then that The Crooks let themselves down with the middle section of their act which let the steam out of the performance. Too many pedestrian songs written to a faded formula.

But all was not lost. They picked themselves off the floor with a dense reading of 'The Small Faces' 'Understanding' and by the end The Crooks had done enough to leave a favourable impression. 'Modern Boys' is a fresh, snappy number and the new single 'All The Time In The World' owes too much to the Jam but isn't bad all the same.

Should The crooks choose to turn their backs on mod and

crank the dials towards 'Raw', they could be in with a chance.

Adam Sweeting



Left to right: Peter Perrett, Jim Kerr, Martha Muffin. All pix Anton Corbijn.



The ancient tedium of the modern age

Maybe it was the size of the venue that restrained them. Vocalist Martha stated at least once that this was the largest place they had ever played, in which case I wish I'd been able to make my acquaintance with them in the intimacy of a smaller club.

Simple Minds followed with a long and musically verbose set.

Self-consciously austere and modern, they seem to be aiming for the android pop of Numan but are rooted too irrevocably to mid-'70s

pomp/glam rock. Jeez, one of them even plays a Flying V guitar.

Like the Psychedelic Furs' Richard Butler, vocalist Jim Kerr meanders through a set of familiar Rotten and Bowie poses with neither the venom of one nor the wry detachment of the other.

Behind him, guitarist Charlie Burchill builds a plodding heavy rumble over which hangs the baroque electronic doodlings of keyboard player Mick McNeil.

The resulting sound is

symptomatic of everything that is unappealing about most of the new electronic bands: none of them inject enough soul or guts into what they do. Instead the medium is the message in the electronic age and all things are moderne, mechanical and mundane.

I could be doing the Glaswegians a sever injustice in labelling them so, but their cool, starched contrivances left me totally unmoved.

Where Simple Minds were bloated, The Only Ones were

unashamedly bombastic.

Playing their first London date for almost a year to tie in with the release of a new album, they came on like heroes with Peter Perrett looking like something out of *Life Of Brian* in dowdy, baggy robes.

The sensitivity and subtlety The Only Ones occasionally muster on record disappears without trace live, giving way to straightforward, leaden boogie, as tedious and unexciting as it is old-fashioned. John Perry's

out and out cosmic guitar soloing, even in these grim days of the HM revival, sounded like stray remnants from a bygone age in the confines of a simmering Lyceum.

A wildly swaying crowd certainly made them welcome enough, even though the newer songs like 'Trouble In The World', 'Me And My Shadow' (with Pauline Murray and Koula Kakouli on backing vocals) and 'Why Don't You Kill Yourself?' were received a lot

less enthusiastically than the old faves from 'Lover Of Today' to 'Another Girl, Another Planet'.

Both The Only Ones and Simple Minds, in spite of their souped-up, brave new world faces, are tied to the pompous, tried and trusted rock conventions of the middle of the last decade. I drifted out into the central London drizzle before the encores.

A wet night in more ways than one.

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NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 1 & 24 & 22. The song of the returning tourists? (2,4,2,2,4,4,5)
- 6 American bubblegum band who had a hit with 'Yummy Yummy Yummy' (I've Got Love In My Tummy) (4,7)
- 10 Joe's the one! (2,3,3)
- 11 Errol Dunkley's hit (1,1,4)
- 13 A Pil toe-tapper (5,5)
- 14 Larry and I'm a Capricorn etc outfit
- 15 See 23
- 16 Geordie singer-writer formerly of The Animals (4,5)
- 19 Lene's twist is in The Who!
- 20 Singer for 12 down
- 21 Erstwhile Eton collaborator (6,6)
- 25 Laura, N.Y. singer/writer
- 27 Happy Motown! (2,7)
- 30 & 29 The man Who Lives With Punk's Sex Bomb — c. Daily Mirror
- 32 See 9

DOWN

- 1 Guy Mitchell/Tommy Steele '50s hit revived by Dap Edmunds (7,3,5)
- 2 The Shades are on the retrat trail too... (5,6,2,3,3)
- 3 Costello/Attractions 45 (7,4)
- 4 In which D. Bowie was T. J. Newton (3,3,4,2,5)
- 5 Johnny, pa-in-law of Nick Reploys frontman (5,6)
- 8 Hi fi for people with two ears

- 18 Legendary LA rock band updo Orson Welles!
- 19 Minstrel of the modern world, financially in the pink!
- 18 First name of US soul singer whose hits included 'Walk On By' and 'Anyone Who Had A Heart'
- 20 Band or country?
- 22 See 1 across
- 23 & 16 Who oldie, one of the highpoints of their live sets
- 24 See 1 across
- 25 Predecessor of 'in The Navy'
- 28 Largest recording company in western hemisphere

ANSWERS

- ACROSS:** 1 The Mo-Dettes; 7 Revillos; 9 'Pyjamarama'; 10 (Randy) Newman; 11 'The In Crowd'; 13 (Gladys Knight & The Pips); 15 'Rosalie'; 16 (John) Mayall; 18 Stevie (Nicks); 19 (Richard or Linda) Thompson; 22 (In The) Midnight Hour'; 23 (Rem); 26 The Move; 28 Carole (King); 29 Randy (Newman); 30 Sting; 31 Peter (Tosh).
- DOWN:** 1 Tom Petty; 2 Magazine; 3 Them; 4 (Dave) Mason; 5 (Spirits Having) Flown; 6 Ray Charles; 7 Ramones; 8 (Martha & The) Vandellas; 12 'Spirits Having (Flown)'; 13 Peter Frampton; 14 Ry Cooder; 16 Matumbi; 17 Anita (Ward); 20 Phil May; 21 (Peter) Tosh; 24 ACDC; 25 (Paul) Jones; 26 Telex; 27 Paul (Jones).

SINGLES

From page 24

Mr Average. Making Crass songs sound startlingly on the ball I can already hear their spokesperson telling the locals how this review is all part of a clompdown on letting people know what's happening! They really do take us all for being as lame as they are. (Note: Edgar Allan Poe is quoted on the sleeve. Real heavyweight cats).

IAN LLOYD: Love Stealer (Scotti Bros). One of those HM did thuds that clomp along like an overdub for a film clip of hippos wedding. Maybe they're written on a saphophone, who knows. Whatever, our rock'n'roll'n' no nonsense cousins trot out another list of adjectives for this wild tiger of a woman they know: 'Raw dealer / A love stealer / Heart breaker / Love taker yeah!' So gifted.

MOLLY HATCHET: Flirting With Disaster (Epic). You know I'm beginning to think there's a place where you can go and buy a record contract for fifteen quid like a bent M.O.T. Otherwise we wouldn't be faced with such tired records boogeying and boring endlessly. 'Madman' Molly advertise themselves like vikings; in another age the poor loons would have been safely walled up in Bedlam or more rapped on the knuckles by a starchy aunt for being so tiresome.

JOSEF K: Chance Meeting (Absolute). More wigs and hats, this time a passable Lou Reed. Energywise this one is just a shade up on The Strangers' million seller 'Don't Bring Harry'. I'm reminded of the late Joyce Grenfell's immortal cry, 'Effort! St Swithens, effort!'

HOUDS: Under My Thumb (CBS). Not half as clever a reading as they think, this quirky version never strays that far from the dull original to be anything other than homage.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: Rockin Jerry Lee (Elektra). Traditional left hand boogie rolling with

breakneck vocals from Lewis that are severely undermined by weak support, weedy solos and the most anemic back-up singers I have ever heard.

DYNASTY: Satisfied (Sofa). Dynesty being the weakest link on the superlative Sofa label, and made even more superfluous by stablemates Shalamar who are a similar trio of outrageously gleaming Los Angeles, the label's house musicians and writers don't really stretch themselves here. This comes on like they forgot to add the main vocal track and probably won't hit like 'Don't Wanna Be A Freak'. Nevertheless the middle break shimmies sitc enough.

TOTO: 99 (CBS). Treacily MOW that may strike a chord with the legions of sensitive souls who buy nothing but sad songs soaked in crocodile tears. Broken hearts are so irresistible to the lazy.

MARTY ANDREWS AND THE GENTS: Big Boy (A&M). Dressed up like rockabilly it comes as a shame that 'Big Boy' is only average bitter cynic schtick simmering on more white reggae chords and bass pedal drive. A gray song in an already stretched market.

S.H.A.K.E.: Invasion Of The Gamma Men (Sire). Former Rezzos go for a new musical angle — unlike the frightened Revillos who are eternally cute in their embarrassing lockjaw dance — but forget to ditch their in-joke comic book fascination in the lyrics. A step forward heavy metal in fact with little to brighten the way. Give it a rest boys, we believe you've a sense of humour — honest.

UK SUBS: Warhead (Gem). If I own up I confess I rather cared for their flap single of 'She's Not There' but the menace is growing. Yeah, more heavy metal I say unto you. Muddy, club footed and backward real Sabbath sound check material.

VIBRATORS: Gimme Some Lovin' (Rat Race). Straightforward pub band rendition of the old school song.

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WELL we finally saw that fine pop group PiL on telly on *Olaf's Grey Worsteds*. And what a good looking bunch they are too. And those songs! Wow! I mean they were... like I mean, uh, so 'powerful'.

Actually I know I'm going to be very unfashionable but don't you think they were just the tiniest bit tedious? 'Poplines' took a long time getting nowhere in particular — that scratchy guitar and barely audible bass really had me boogieing round the singing room. And 'Careering', with all those crazy blips and things. But where was the energy, John? No-one's asking you to start doing UK Subs cover versions but you're in danger of becoming as boring as all the old farts you whined on about four years ago.

What would really put PiL on the right track is a good bunch of tunes. I know you chaps at NME voted 'Metal Box' number two in your chart, but while they may be different, they're not all that good are they? (The album sounds quite good on 78 rpm.)

D. Smith (mineral), Deganwy. Odd that a band going nowhere in particular can inspire so much post. There were more PiL letters this week than death threats from HM fans. Read on. — M.S.

Regarding Public Image's performance on the *Whistle Test*: By now, we have come to realise Anne Nightingale's vindictive thoughts on much of the old wave groups, and on the American music scene in particular, by her constant knocking and general condescending attitude.

While her views may not be totally without foundation, does she really feel the need to keep reminding us every week without fail? Anybody with half a brain could see that she'd already made up her petronising opinion on PiL's set before they'd even played a note, when she told us, with wide-eyed awe, that their set was the most powerful she'd ever seen on the *Whistle Test*.

Zappa put her quietly in her place, when she yet again (yawn) aired her views on how boring she thought the current American scene is. Come back Whisperin' Bob, all is forgiven.

The Scarlet Pimpernickel, Rochdale.

You have a cruel sense of humour, air. Rather Anne's gauche enthusiasm than Bob's bland blathering about tax-exile dullards and musical no-hopers. — M.S.

Re: PiL review 'Heavy Metal Boxed' (a couple of issues back). Frasier Clarke describes Johnny's dancing as 'effeminate' (sexist or what)? Could he please tell me how to dance masculinely? Mark, Basford, Nottingham. S'easy. You merely acquire the knack of dancing in a deep voice. Honestly, some people. — M.S.

First joke: Q — What's green and pear-shaped? A — A pear.

Second joke: PiL.

Will U.B. My Valentine, N. London.

Collapse of stout party. —

ETITL & LARGE (who

thought they'd told some duff

jokes in their time till they

saw your letter)

May we, the vulgar herd, rest

easy in the belief that the

recent pronouncements from

the Burchill/Parsons junta are

the last we can expect from

the saturnine ones for this

year? It takes time for us

to commit all that to

memory and adjust our world

views accordingly.

Heavy metal —



Uriah Heep's graceful Mick Box hypnotises HM hordes into bashing their bances in with wooden guitars (Pic by Robert Legon) while J. Lydon — above right in Kevin Cummins pic — looks on suitably impressed.

Thank you. Numbers 75357-8-9. Camp Coventry. You're welcome. — M.S.

My mate Tom got food-poisoning when he went to Russia and they put him in Leningrad Hospital. After a couple of days (he was in there for six — great holiday it was) he got bored so he got his cassette recorder out and played 'Belsen Was A Gas', 'Annelisa' and 'The Snivelling Shits', all of which he's got on a scabby C-30. I bet none of the people who write for the NME have done that. So up your bum.

Sandy Beach, *The Deckchair Attendant*, Fareham, Hants. CSM says he once played a Ramones tape in Kettering and hasn't been allowed back since. And I listened to some Khachaturian this afternoon. But I don't suppose either of them count, do they? — M.S.

Forward thinking hipsters everywhere are talking about it — first punk, then mod and now WW3! You chaps are getting slow, where is the article on avoiding the dreaded conscription?

Chelsea traders have already bought up ex-government stocks of radiation suits. Did you know that Britain's fourth most popular pestime is digging bomb shelters? MPs are already concerned about the situation (hard to swallow, that last one). And you can't buy a Russian phrase book anywhere. So come on, let's enjoy 1980 while it lasts. The good thing about WW3 is that there won't be a backlash — just a singed smell. Stick, Carlisle, Cumbria. Well, what do you think? Write to 'Phew What A Scorch!' WW3 Comp, the Sun, Street Of Shame etc. — M.S.

Isn't it about time that NME realised the presence of Heavy Metal and for once deigned to review one of the new British Heavy Metal

bands like Iron Maiden, Samson or Praying Mantis? By failing to do so, the true bias of your paper is shown in the constant write ups on Mod, Ska, Punk and Rockabilly.

Heavy Metal is the music of today, and in the present heavy metal/rock revival, more attention should be placed on groups like Kiss and Rush. Kiss play their music the way 200 million Americans want to hear it. Thus they don't go into the minor subtleties. Kiss aren't great musicians, but they play music to sledgehammer people over the head with clear simple rock, a type of rock the world enjoys. Kiss are modest, discreet people, who keep their private lives and their political views out of their music. The fans want an image to idolise, thus the make-up gives it to them.

I know I don't stand alone in my views, and by not printing this letter you are hiding yourself away from the real feelings of thousands of people who read your paper. It's time to change your ways and account for the interests of the growing HM movement.

Tim Griffiths, *Detroit Rock City*. Your remarkable analysis of those wonderful Kiss chaps and your predilection for things metal, heavy or otherwise, prompts me to draw your attention to pages 29-32. — M.S.

Dear Paul Morley, why do you insist on making fun of a few young men who wish to look their best? You may not consider highlighting your cheekbones, painting your lips and curling your eyelashes as a means of looking your best, but why laugh at people who do?

Have you forgotten this is the age of sex equality and equal rights? Why shouldn't the male sex spend hours perfecting their make-up and styling their hair? Not only might the cosmetic industry



A bitter PiL for women to swallow?



Pic by Jill Posener

boom, thus finding more jobs, but also there would be a reduction in violence as potential hooligans would think twice about picking a fight if it involved the risk of smudging their lipstick.

Mary Quant, Birmingham. P.S. If Japan are ever in need of a haircut while in Birmingham, go to Leon and ask for 'Charles'!!!!

An ad was placed in your Valentine section which read 'Love You Minus One'. I would like to make it quite clear that my Valentine was not implying that he judges me on the Bo Derek scale of 1-10.

Tessa Card, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Do you remember when you were at school and you used to have a satchel? Remember how great it was to write the names of your favourite bands all over it? Didn't it feel great if you wrote down a group that nobody else had heard of, even better if later they had a hit record, all the kids thinking 'Hey, he was going on about them ages ago'?

What a shame though, if they became really popular. I mean you couldn't admit to liking the same music as all those other thick nards. So you'd just have an inked in space where their name used

to be. Still there seemed to be a never-ending supply of unheard-of bands. I can remember writing names on my satchel I'd never even heard of myself, just for effect. In fact, the more obscure they were, the bigger you wrote them. I can laugh at it now but it was a sad day when I finally threw my satchel away.

When are your writers going to throw away theirs? Steve, Worcester. Throw them away? Sad that — we're rushing down to Boots to stuff them full of all that fab talc, eye-liner etc. — 'MAURICE' SMITH

Tell your newswave rockcrit who reviewed the singles recently that the lyrics of the latest Talking Heads single 'I Zimbra' were written and first performed in 1917 by Hugo Ball, a Dadaist poet. He is credited on the LP. So the 'nonsense' lyrics obviously say more about 'twists in David Byrne's psyche' than critic cads ever can. The best things in Art are free, but you can keep them from the boys an' me.

Dads for now. A. Salon-Drabster (Rtd.), Pembroke, Dyfed. P.S. A later line in the original poem reads: 'viola laxato viola bimbalo gamma beridi rambali'!! Fascinating. — M.S.

I've heard that in his next film, Art Garfunkel removes Dana Gillespie's dress. Quite right, too — he had no business wearing it in the first place. I hope you don't condone such behaviour.

M. Whitehouse (Mrs). Only if it's an integral part of the script. — MONTGOMERY CLIFT

OK, this is it! The Rock Against Mark Ellen/Julie Andrews Rules backlash starts here. Poxy review of '10', Ellen. It's all about image, sunshine. Why can't Andrews use phrases like 'strange vibrations' etc and naughty words? She isn't all *Sound Of Music* and *Mary Poppins*, you know. She's a friggin' sex symbol, mate!!

God what a woman. I love her and I want her. Julie Andrews is 100 per cent sex hiding a controlled, undefiled exterior. And if sales of NME drop it's because Mark Ellen slagged her off. So now you know.

A Peter Gabriel/Jam Fan. Thank you for sharing your moving experience with us — CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER (who's been there, too)

In your illustrious columns recently an important question was posed, namely that had 'all the current mods gone to see *The Towering Inferno* instead of *Quadrophonia* would they all have burned themselves to death?' But assuming that all the mods stayed till the end of *Quadrophonia*, are we to be pleasantly surprised when they take their motorised bicycles for a ride over the White Cliffs of Dover? After all, 10,000 lemmings can't be wrong. Emmanuel Can (no matter what they say). I'm just waiting for the re-release of *Expresso Bongo* so that you can get a decent cup of coffee again. — M.S.

I went to see *Towering Inferno*, but I became a fireman. Larry the Lambretta, Hull.

It had to happen I suppose — *TISWAS* eventually reaches the London TV era, and suddenly it's 'discovered' as the great, great programme it has always been.

I'm not exactly criticising you for your new found allegiance to it — after all, it's not your fault that you don't live in the Midlands and haven't been able to watch it until now. (It reminds me of the recent *Specials* article, where folks in America caught their first taste of ska and went crazy over it. Well in this case you are like those Americans — unaware until recently of the best show on TV.)

However, your attitude does worry me. *TISWAS* has survived uncontaminated for this long because it has been left alone — to its own devices. Five years ago at school, we soaked it up for three hours (yes it was three then!) every Saturday. We knew how good it was. We didn't have to be told — and no-one has to be told now. But I am afraid that by your (albeit good) coverage and treatment of it, *TISWAS* is in danger of becoming merely another trendy fad — something to talk loudly about in public, by people who don't understand, who see only the custard pies, and think that the time spent with the children is wasted.

No, the word *TISWAS* stands for 'Today Is Saturday, Watch And Smile'. Please — do just that, don't interfere. I'd hate to see it spoiled. True *TISWAS* Lover, Birmingham. Alright — I promise never to watch it again. I never do anyway. — M.S.

Bag sans major theme edited by MONTY SMIFF

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