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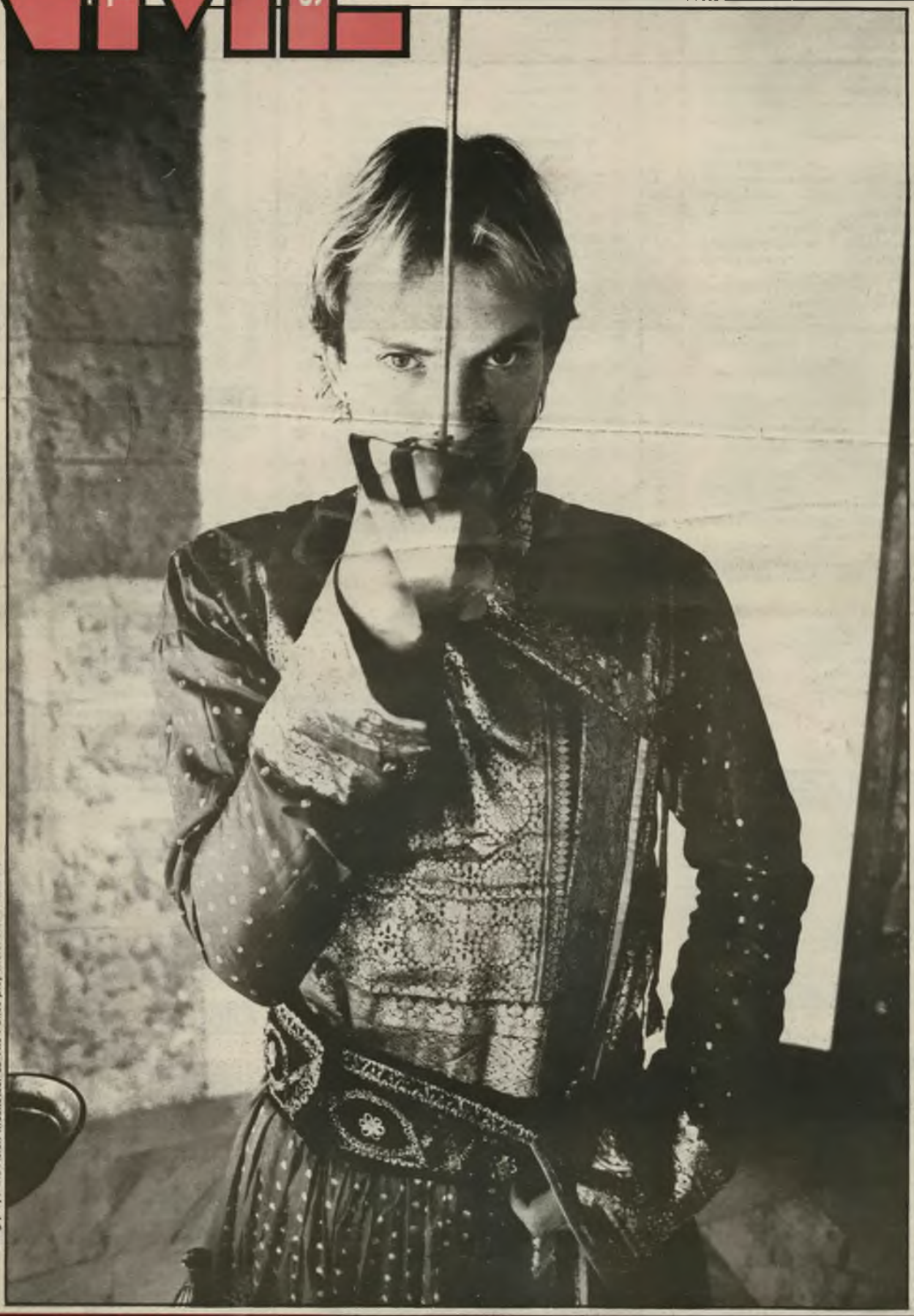
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

FLOYD'S WORLD WAR SIX

WEMBLEY DATES — FULL BOOKING DETAILS INSIDE

ROCK FASHION

CREDIBILITY OR COMMERCE?



Sting plays the Asian musketeer as The Police play India. Pic: Brian Aris.

The Bombay Caper - The Sting And I by Paul Morley

NME CHARTS

Week ending April 12, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	Dance Yourself Dizzy	Liquid Gold (Polo)	5	1
2	(1)	Going Underground	Jam (Polydor)	4	1
3	(5)	Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	5	3
4	(4)	Turning Japanese	Vapors (United Artists)	6	4
5	(13)	King/Food For Thought	UB40 (Graduate)	2	5
6	(29)	Sexy Eyes	Dr Hook (Capitol)	2	6
7	(2)	Together We Are Beautiful	Fern Kinney (WEA)	7	1
8	(10)	Poison Ivy	Lambrettas (Rocket)	4	8
9	(9)	Stomp	Brothers Johnson (A&M)	7	8
10	(—)	Night Boat To Cairo EP	Madness (Stiff)	1	10
11	(17)	Turn It On Again	Genesis (Charisma)	4	11
12	(6)	Echo Beach	Martha & The Muffins (Dindisc)	5	6
13	(15)	January February	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	3	13
14	(—)	Talk Of The Town	Pretenders (Real)	1	14
15	(7)	Do That To Me One More Time	Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	7	5
16	(21)	Don't Push It Don't Force It	Leon Haywood (20th Century)	4	10
17	(22)	Living After Midnight	Judas Priest (CBS)	2	17
18	(11)	All Night Long	Rainbow (Polydor)	6	9
19	(8)	Take That Look Off Your Face	Marti Webb (Polydor)	6	3
20	(20)	Happy House	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	18
21	(30)	My World	Secret Affair (I-Spy)	2	21
22	(28)	Him	Rupert Holmes (MCA)	2	22
23	(12)	Another Nail In The Heart	Squeeze (A & M)	4	12
24	(14)	Games Without Frontiers	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	7	3
25	(—)	Call Me	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	(24)	No-One Driving	John Foxx (Virgin / Metal)	2	24
27	(26)	Kool In The Kaftan	B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	2	26
28	(27)	Let's Do Rock Steady	Bodysnatchers (2 Tone)	3	27
29	(16)	Spirit Of Radio	Rush (Mercury)	4	16
30	(—)	Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Check Out The Groove — Bobby Thurston (Epic).
Wheels Of Steel — Saxon (Carrere).
My Perfect Cousin — Undertones (Sire).
Monkees EP — Monkees (Arista).
My Oh My — Sad Cafe (RCA).
Clean Clean — Buggles (Island).

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(21)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)	2	1
2	(1)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	6	1
3	(3)	Tears And Laughter	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	5	1
4	(4)	Star Tracks	Various (K-Tel)	2	4
5	(7)	Heartbreakers	Matt Monro (EMI)	4	5
6	(6)	Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	6
7	(9)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	22	1
8	(8)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	25	1
9	(14)	The Specials	(Two Tone)	22	7
10	(10)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)	3	6
11	(4)	The Crystal Gayle Singles Album	Crystal Gayle (UA)	4	4
12	(2)	Tell Me On A Sunday	Marti Webb (Polydor)	7	2
13	(20)	Pretenders	Pretenders (Real)	12	1
14	(11)	Down To Earth	Rainbow (Polydor)	18	7
15	(15)	Outlandos D'Amour	Police (A & M)	42	7
16	(28)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	21	2
17	(29)	Facades	Sad Cafe (RCA)	2	17
18	(—)	The Wall	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	10	4
19	(—)	Women And Children First	Van Halen (Warner Bros)	1	19
20	(16)	Get Happy!	Elvis Costello (F Beat)	8	2
21	(19)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	26	2
22	(22)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	27	3
23	(24)	Too Much Pressure	Selecter (2 Tone)	7	3
24	(18)	Loud And Clear	Sammy Hagar (Capitol)	3	18
25	(17)	Light Up The Night	Brothers Johnson (A & M)	7	15
26	(—)	Her Best Songs	Emmylou Harris (K-Tel)	1	26
27	(26)	On Through The Night	Def Leppard (Vertigo)	2	26
28	(27)	Permanent Wave	Rush (Mercury)	11	8
29	(12)	Nobody's Hero	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	4	9
30	(23)	Make Your Move	Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	3	23

UP AND COMING:

Look Here — 10cc (Mercury).
Initial Success — B. A. Robertson (Asylum).
Argy Bargy — Squeeze (A&M).
Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark — (Dindisc).
Official Bootleg Album — Blues Band (Arista).
Harder . . . Faster — April Wine (Capitol)

The Slits, at number one in the independents chart, celebrate by re-constructing their celebrated 'Trees, Tits And Outrage' session based on an incident from the 1969 Arsenal v Swindon League Cup Final. *Pic: Pennie Smith*

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	Call Me	Blondie
2	(1)	Another Brick In The Wall	Pink Floyd
3	(3)	Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners
4	(7)	Ride Like The Wind	Christopher Cross
5	(4)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love	Queen
6	(6)	How Do I Make You	Linda Ronstadt
7	(8)	Too Hot	Kool & The Gang
8	(10)	Special Lady	Ray, Goodman & Brown
9	(11)	Fire Lake	Bob Seger
10	(11)	I Can't Tell You Why	Eagles
11	(13)	With You I'm Born Again	Billy Preston & Syreeta
12	(14)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
13	(5)	Longer	Dan Fogelberg
14	(17)	Lost In Love	Air Supply
15	(9)	Him	Rupert Holmes
16	(18)	You May Be Right	Billy Joel
17	(22)	Sexy Eyes	Dr. Hook
18	(15)	Refugee	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
19	(21)	And The Beat Goes On	Whispers
20	(16)	Second Time Around	Shalamar
21	(24)	Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin
22	(27)	Pilot Of The Airwaves	Charlie Dore
23	(19)	Three Times In Love	Tommy James
24	(—)	Don't Fall In Love With A Dreamer	Kenny Rogers & Kim Carnes
25	(28)	Think About Me	Fleetwood Mac
26	(20)	On The Radio	Donna Summer
27	(25)	Give It All You Got	Chuck Mangione
28	(—)	I Pledge My Love	Peaches & Herb
29	(—)	Any Way You Want It	Journey
30	(23)	Desire	Andy Gibb

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	The Wall	Pink Floyd
2	(2)	Against The Wind	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
3	(3)	Mad Love	Linda Ronstadt
4	(5)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel
5	(4)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
6	(6)	Damn The Torpedoes	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
7	(7)	The Whispers	
8	(8)	Bebe Le Strange	Heart
9	(10)	Light Up the Night	Brothers Johnson
10	(11)	The Long Run	The Eagles
11	(16)	Departure	Journey
12	(9)	Phoenix	Dan Fogelberg
13	(13)	American Gigolo	Original Soundtrack
14	(16)	Get Happy!	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
15	(12)	Fun And Games	Chuck Mangione
16	(14)	Permanent Wave	Rush
17	(18)	Love Stinks	The J. Geils Band
18	(26)	Christopher Cross	
19	(20)	Ray, Goodman & Brown	
20	(19)	In The Heat Of The Night	Pat Benatar
21	(23)	Pretenders	
22	(17)	On The Radio Greatest Hits Volumes I & II	Donna Summer
23	(21)	Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School	Warren Zevon
24	(22)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
25	(25)	Cornerstone	Styx
26	(27)	Ladies' Night	Kool & The Gang
27	(28)	After Dark	Andy Gibb
28	(29)	Every Generation	Ronnie Laws
29	(30)	London Calling	The Clash
30	(24)	. . . But The Little Girls Understand	The Knack

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 8, 1975

1 Bye Bye Baby — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
2 There's A Whole Lot Of Loving — Guys & Dolls (Magnet)
3 Fox On The Run — Sweet (RCA)
4 Girls — Moments & Whitnauts (All Platinum)
5 Swing Your Daddy — Jim Gilstrap (Chelsea)
6 Fancy Pants — Kenny (Rak)
7 Love Me Love My Dog — Peter Shelley (Magnet)
8 I Can Do It — Rubettes (State)
9 Funky Gibbon/Sick Man Blues — Goodies (Bradley)
10 Play Me Like You Play My Guitar — Duanne Eddy (GTO)
10 Only You Can — Fox (GTO)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 8, 1970

1 Bridge Over Troubled Water — Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
2 Can't Help Fallin' In Love — Andy Williams (CBS)
3 Knock Knock Who's There — Mary Hopkin (Apple)
4 Young Gifted And Black — Bob and Marcia (Harry J)
5 All Kinds Of Everything — Dana (Rex)
6 Spirit In The Sky — Norman Greenbaum (Reprise)
7 Wandering Star — Lee Marvin (Paramount)
8 Something's Burning — Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)
9 That Same Old Feeling — Pickettywitch (Pye)
10 Let It Be — Beatles (Apple)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 9, 1965

1 For Your Love — Yardbirds (Columbia)
2 The Minute You're Gone — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3 Concrete And Clay — Unit 4 Plus 2 (Decca)
4 The Last Time — Rolling Stones (Decca)
5 Here Comes The Night — Them (Decca)
6 Catch The Wind — Donovan (Pye)
7 Stop! In The Name Of Love — Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8 It's Not Unusual — Tom Jones (Decca)
9 The Times They Are Changin' — Bob Dylan (CBS)
10 I Can't Explain — The Who (Brunswick)

REGGAE

1 Gambling — Bunnie Wailer (Solomonic)
2 Let The People Go — Ras Midas (Joy War)
3 Shy Girl — Ovations (DATC)
4 Jah Jah Children — Horace Martin (Big Ben)
5 Beautiful Dream — Horace Martin (Big Ben)
6 Susan — General Echo (Bunny Rabbits)
7 Let's Clean It Up — Barrington Levy (Busy Records)
8 Younger Generation — Eric Bubbla (Black Link)
9 Keep On Rocking — Barrington Levy (Syndicates)
10 Have You Ever Been To Heaven — Madoo (Studio B)

Chart supplied: Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W1. Tel. 437 4845

DISCO

1 Don't Push It Don't Force It — Leon Haywood (20th Cent)
2 Tonight I'm Alright — Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
3 Holdin' On — Tony Rallo (Calibre)
4 And The Beat Goes On — Whispers (Solar)
5 Stomp — Brothers Johnson (A&M)
6 Love Injection — Trussel (Elektra)
7 Sizzling Hot — Chuck Sissel (Arista)
8 Check Out The Groove — Bobby Thurston (Epic)
9 Haven't You Heard — Patrice Rushen (Elektra)
10 Together We Are Beautiful — Fern Kinney (WEA)

Chart Supplied by: Powerhouse Roadshow, 01-368 9852

INDIES

1 In The Beginning — Slits / Pop Group (Rough Trade)
2 Where's Captain Kirk — Spitz Energi (Rough Trade)
3 Spyderman — Akrylyte (Red Rhino)
4 Don't Touch — Tygers of Pantang (Neat)
5 Car Trouble — Adam and the Ants (Do It)
6 I'm The Face — High Numbers (Back Door)
7 Sledgehammer — Sledgehammer (Valiant)
8 King — U.B.40 (Graduate)
9 Take It All Away — Girl School (City)
10 Yap Yap Yap — Piranhas (Attrix)

Chart supplied: Target Records, Royal Oak Yard, Bondgate, Darlington, Co. Durham

NEWS

FLOYD: SIX WALLS FOR EARLS COURT

PINK FLOYD have finally confirmed details of their long-expected London concerts. They are to play six nights at the 18,000-capacity Earls Court stadium from Monday, August 4, to Saturday, August 9, inclusive.

This will be the first and only British presentation of their show 'The Wall', which was written and directed by the band's Roger Waters, and features animation designed and produced by Gerald Scarfe. It's previously only been performed at two American venues — the Los Angeles Arena and the New York Nassau Colliseum. A feature of the production is that bricklayers start building a wall at the start of the show, and complete it by the end of the set.

It's been decided to make tickets available by postal application only, as it's felt that this is the fairest method of distribution. Prices are £8.50 and £7.50, plus 25p booking fee per ticket. Applications may be made immediately to G.P. Productions, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL.

Please note the following stipulations . . . Tickets are limited to six per applicant, and up to six weeks should be allowed for delivery. Send Postal Orders only, crossed and made payable to "G.P. Productions" (no cheques will be accepted), and enclose SAE. Write your name and address in block capitals in the top right-hand corner of the letter, and state your preference for date and a second choice. And finally, mark the day required on the back of the envelope. Any questions?

This six-night stint (all shows start at 8pm) will enable 90,000 people to see the Floyd in action. As reported two weeks ago, they are also in the running to play an open-air concert at the new Milton Keynes Bowl in Buckinghamshire on Saturday, August 16. This event is still very much on the cards, though remains unconfirmed at the moment — but it's understood that, if it materialises, the band will play an orthodox concert rather than their show 'The Wall'.

PURPLE HEARTS: Promoting album — but quitting label!

THE PURPLE HEARTS set out next week on a 19-date UK tour, going out under the banner of 'Beat That', which is also the title of their current album on Fiction Records. Yet, despite the album's critical acclaim and reasonable sales, they have decided not to take up their option with Fiction — they say they want to try a new label and a different producer, in the hope of acquiring the push needed for chart success. Even so, the tour goes ahead, and the dates are:

High Wycombe Town Hall (April 16), Bristol Tiffany's (17), Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (18), Halifax Good Mood (19), Huddersfield Coach House (20), Sheffield Tiffany's (22), Retford Porterhouse (23), Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel (24), London Camden Electric Ballroom (25), Norwich East Anglia University (26), Northampton The Paddock (29), Manchester Osbourne Club (May 1), Birmingham Cedars (2), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (3), Penzance Demelza's (6), Plymouth Top Rank (7), Port Talbot Troubadour (8), Fareham Princes College (9) and Peterborough Focus Club (10).

Chelsea score 11

CHELSEA are playing a series of dates over the next ten days — at Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (Friday), Grimsby Community Hall (Saturday), Newcastle Centre Hotel (Sunday), Paisley Bungalow Bar (April 14), Nuneaton 77 Club (15), Wakefield Dolly Gray's (16), Manchester Osbourne Club (17), Retford Porterhouse (18) and Slough Merrymakers (19). Then after a fortnight's gap, they headline a London concert at the Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square on May 2. The band tour America through May and June, returning to the UK in early summer to play further dates and record their second album.

CHELSEA, from left to right: James Stevenson (lead guitar), Dave Martin (guitar), Chris Bashford (drums), Gene October (vocals) and Geoff Mules (bass).

Madness TV campaign, Parkas back, Cure add

MADNESS are to have their hit album 'One Step Beyond' advertised extensively on ITV. Although it's the second best-selling LP of the year so far and has already gone Gold, Stiff Records feel there is still an untapped market for it, and will be launching the campaign immediately after the band's spring tour which starts next week (see Gig Guide). Stiff have made the commercial themselves, and it's the first time they've ventured into this market. Meanwhile, Madness will be supported on the tour by top Hollywood dance combo The Go-Go's, with whom they've already worked in the States on two previous tours.

INTERVIEW will be appearing as support act on the previously reported UK tour by Martha & The Muffins, starting later this month. They'll be performing material from their second Virgin album 'Snakes And Ladders', for release on April 25. One more date has been added to the tour schedule — at Brighton Top Rank on May 7.

THE MERTON PARKAS are back in live action after a lengthy lay-off. They're playing three London dates this month — at Fulham Greyhound (tonight, Thursday), the Marquee Club (April 15) and Camden Dingwalls (22) — and these are in the nature of a warm-up for a full tour, details to be announced shortly.

LOCAL OPERATOR headline at London Notre Dame Hall this Friday.

THE CURE have added three dates to their UK tour with The Passions, reported two weeks ago — at Hull University (May 1), Newcastle University (3) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (5). But they have cancelled Aberdeen University on May 2.

Members add 16

THE MEMBERS have added another 16 dates to their spring tour itinerary, for which the first 11 gigs were reported last week. The outing aids promotion of their new Virgin single 'Romance' (just issued) and album '1980, The Choice Is Yours' (released on April 18), and the confirmed additions are:

Leeds Fan Club (April 27), London Camden Music Machine (May 2), Manchester Polytechnic (3), Dumfries Stagecoach (4), Aberdeen Ruffles (6), Dundee Maryatt Hall (7), Inverness Caledonia Hotel (8), Edinburgh Nite Club at the Playhouse (9), Sheffield University (10), Hull Wellington Club (12), Norwich Cromwells (13), Birmingham The Exit (14), Retford Porterhouse (15), Belfast Queen's University (22), Dublin Trinity College (23) Cork Arcadia (24).

It's understood that still more dates are being finalised, to bring the band's schedule to a final total in excess of 30 gigs.

After The Fire headline and New Musik support

AFTER THE FIRE are on the road for the whole of May, headlining their first full tour for a year. And special guests on most of the dates are New Musik, whose single 'Living By Numbers' reached No. 12 in the *NME* Chart earlier this year. Both bands have new releases to coincide with the tour.

The schedule comprises Coleraine Ulster University (May 1), Belfast Queen's University (2), Aylesbury Mexwell Hall (6), Leicester University (7), Edinburgh Usher Hall (10), Glasgow Pavilion (11), Derby Assembly Rooms (13), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (15), Ipswich Gaumont (16), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (17), Bradford St. George's Hall (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Hull City Hall (20), Manchester Free Trade Hall (22), Brighton Dome (24), Dorking Halls (25), Birmingham Town Hall (26), Portsmouth Guildhall (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), London Rainbow (30) and Slough Fulcrum Theatre (31). New Musik join the tour on May 10, and play all the remaining dates except the last.

After The Fire's second album (as yet untitled) will be issued by Epic on May 16, preceded by a single from the LP on April 18. New Musik have a three-track single issued by GTO Records this week, featuring 'This World Of Water', 'Missing Persons' and 'Tell Me Something New' — and their debut album 'From A To B' is due out on April 18.

PETER BANKS (left) and ANDY PIERCY of After The Fire

BRIAN WILSON COMES OUT OF HIBERNATION

THE BEACH BOYS will be accompanied by their mentor and co-founder Brian Wilson when they come to Britain in June, and it will be the first time he's performed with them in this country for almost 15 years! For more than a decade, his work with the band has been confined mainly to composing, direction and recording — but he is now reported to be in much better health than in recent years, and anxious to get back to live work. Brother Dennis Wilson, the group's drummer, will also be in attendance — despite rumours that he had quit.

As reported last week, they play London Wembley Arena on June 6 and 7. They are also expected to headline the open-air concert at Knebworth which — as forecast — now looks like being on June 21 with Santana guesting. Reports elsewhere, suggesting that Mike Oldfield will also be at Knebworth, have been denied by his management — but it's understood that 10cc are being negotiated for the bill.

B.B.KING
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Ian Hunter

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CJT6

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Angeline
Laugh At Me
All The Way From Memphis

SIDE 2

I Wish I Was Your Mother
Irene Wilde
Just Another Night
Cleveland Rocks

SIDE 3

Standin' In My Light
Bastard
Walkin' With A Mountain/
Rock 'N' Roll Queen
All The Young Dudes
Slaughter On Tenth Avenue

SIDE 4

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Chrysalis

Ronnie Laws' British debut

RONNIE LAWS headlines his first British concert series next month, timed to aid promotion of his newly released Liberty-United album 'Every Generation'. He plays Birmingham Odeon (May 2; tickets £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2), London Hammersmith Odeon (3; tickets £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3), Brighton Top Rank (4; all tickets £3), Manchester Ritz (5; all tickets £2) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (8; ticket details from the box-office).

ZZ TOP ONE–OFF

ZZ TOP, the Texan purveyors of "ten-gallon rock", fly into Britain to headline a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, April 24 (tickets priced £4, £3.50 and £3 on sale now), promoted by Paul King of Outlaw in association with Damage Management. And King told NME that there's every prospect of the band returning for a full UK tour later in the year.

After several years of acclaim and sell-out concerts in the States, but little recognition here, the band disappeared without trace in 1976. But they re-formed a year ago, and Warner Brothers have just released their new album 'Deguello'. They retain their original line-up of Billy Gibbons (guitar and vocals), Dusty Hill (bass and vocals) and Frank Beard (drums).

Rafferty opens Edinburgh venue

GERRY RAFFERTY is the first attraction to be confirmed for the Edinburgh Playhouse, which re-opens this summer after a three-year closure. He appears there on September 1, during the Edinburgh Festival period, and tickets priced £5, £4 and £3 are available now at the box-office. The Playhouse is Scotland's largest theatre, seating over 3,000, and it's been completely refurbished since the Scottish Regional Authority bought it two years ago. It's likely to become a regular venue on the tour circuit.

SUZI-Q ON TOUR IN MAY

SUZI QUATRO is to headline a 15-venue concert tour next month, aiding promotion of her 'Greatest Hits' album which comes out next week. Her schedule is at present being finalised by the MAM Agency, with full details to follow shortly, but the first confirmed date is at Croydon Fairfield on May 11 — tickets go on sale next Tuesday (15) priced £4, £3.50 and £3.

WRITZ IN STAGE RETURN

WRITZ play their first five gigs in over four months, when they begin an eight-week club and college schedule next weekend. The lay-off has been caused by lead singer Steve Fairnie's illness — a duodenal ulcer, leading to surgery and a long spell in hospital. Dates so far confirmed are Aberdeen University (April 18), Birmingham Bogarts (23), Port Talbot Troubadour (24), Carmarthen Trinity College (25), London Camden Music Machine (26), Sheffield Limit Club (May 1), London Middlesex Polytechnic (2), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (3), London Marquee (8), London City University (9) and London Fulham Greyhound (10). Their new single 'Downtown' will be issued to coincide with the opening of the tour.

CARS BECOME CADILLACS

THE CADILLACS are a new South Wales R&B band, whose line-up includes four ex-Racing Cars members — Graham Hedley Williams and Ray Ennis (guitars), Peter Hurley (bass) and Robert Wilding (drums) — plus former Sassafras vocalist Lyn Phillips. They're in action at London Islington Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday), Oakdale Institute, Gwent (Friday), Birmingham Bogarts (April 16) and London Fulham Golden Lion (17). More dates are currently being finalised.

U.S. R&B VETERANS DUE

AMERICAN R&B artists Tommy Tucker and Billy Boy Arnold, plus British band Split Rivitt, are the acts featured in a UK package tour currently being lined up — it's due to go on the road in the second half of May, and details are expected shortly. Tucker is best-known for his 1965 hit 'Hi-Heel Sneakers', which is being reissued by Red Lightnin Records on May 2.

THE REST OF THE NEWS

● **SAXON have switched the London date in their headlining tour (reported last week) from the Electric Ballroom on May 3 to Strand Lyceum the next day (4). As a result, Wolverhampton Civic Hall moves from May 4 to April 27, on which date Redcar Coatham Bowl is now off**

● CHARLIE DORE and her backing band Back Pocket have been booked as support act on the Dr Hook tour, starting at Glasgow Apollo on April 24 and ending at London Rainbow, on May 4. They then leave for their first visit to the States. Charlie's next album, the follow-up to 'Where To Now', is scheduled for summer release by Island.

● **RORY GALLAGHER is touring Ireland this month, and plays four concerts in Ulster this weekend — at Belfast Ulster Hall (tonight, Thursday), Londonderry Templemore Sports Complex (Friday), Cookstown Clubland (Saturday) and Newry Hilltown Hall (Sunday).**

● INNER CIRCLE have still made no decision regarding their future, following the death of their lead singer Jacob Miller, reported two weeks ago. They set played here at the 1979 Reading Festival, and were due to support Bob Marley & The Wailers on their summer tour.

● **AC/DC say they have still not made a definite decision on a replacement singer for the late Bon Scott, who died in February, despite reports from Australia that they had taken on a vocalist named Alan Friar. Although Friar is on the short list, they are still "actively auditioning and considering singers."**

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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OFF THE RECORD

● **Metro**, whose new single 'Gemini' is out this week, have their second album 'Future Imperfect' issued by EMI in early May.

● Stiff release a new **Lew Lewis** single on April 11 titled '1.30, 2.30, 3.35'. It was produced by Vic Maile, who has previously worked with Dr. Feelgood and Eddie & The Hot Rods.

● 'Runaway'/'Yeah, Yeah, Yeah' is the first single from the new Modern Records label, distributed by Liberty-United. And it marks the debut of **Ouida & The Numbers**, the London-based group fronted by a German-American girl singer. It was produced by Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers — the night before he went to jail. It's out this week.

● **UK Subs'** new 14-track album, released by Gem this weekend, is pressed on see-through vinyl. It's called 'Brand New Age', which is also the title of the band's major spring tour, currently being finalised.

● Fast-rising London band **Juice On The Loose** have their first single 'Anyway The Wind Blows' issued this weekend on the Songwriters Workshop label, distributed by Spartan.

● Highly rated French band **Shakin Street**, whose line-up includes ex-Dictators guitarist Ross The Boss and attractive girl singer Fabienne Shine, have their first UK album released on CBS this weekend — with their name as its title.

● Spartan have signed a two-year distribution deal with heavy metal band **Witchfynde**'s label Rondelet. Their first single 'Give 'Em Hell' has just been released, and will be followed by an album of the same name at the end of the month.

● **Thin Lizzy**'s new album 'Chinatown' will be issued towards the end of their May tour, their spokesman said this week. And they've have a special three-track single out at the same time.

● Fresh Records release a 45 rpm 12-inch called 'Sunday Girls' by **Family Fodder & Friends** — running for 25 minutes and costing £1.99. It comprises no less than 12 tracks, which range from two different versions of Blondie's 'Sunday Girl' to the 'Coronation Street Theme'. Fresh are at 359 Edgware Road, London W2 (01-258 0572).

● Edinburgh-based band **TV21** have their debut single 'Playing With Fire'/'Shattered By It All' out this week on the Powbeat label. Available in local shops, or by post priced £1 (including p&p) from Top Flat, 36 Millar Crescent, Edinburgh EH10 5HH.

● **Dave Edmunds'** first chart success 'I Hear You Knocking', which reached No. 1 in 1970, has been acquired by Blueprint Records who reissue it on April 18.

● Blueport Records of Newcastle, leading independent label in the North-East, this week issue the second single by **The Sabrejets** — 'Voodoo Cave'/'At The Quayside'. Distribution is through Spartan.

● **Danny & The Dressmakers** have two LP cassettes, both 90 minutes long, available at £1.50 each (including p&p) from Keith Dobson, Weird Noise, 47 Stoneleigh Street, London W11. They are 'Tribute To The Late Mr O'Reilly' (recorded in 1977) and 'Go Mental', which they've just completed.

● Real Kool Records this week release the second single by rockabilly band **Rockhouse**, titled 'Build Up' (distributed by Pinnacle). An album follows shortly.

● A four-track 12-inch EP by the now-defunct **Rema Rema**, titled 'Wheel In The Roses', is now available on the 4.A.D. label. It includes two live tracks, recorded last year at London's Albany Empire in Deptford.

This is WENDY O WILLIAMS, the former sex-show star who's now lead singer of New York band The Plasmatics — just signed by Stiff for UK distribution. Wendy, it seems, has a penchant for taking things off and breaking things up — attempts are being made to bring her and the band to Britain later this year. The mind boggles.

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New Scaggs LP

BOZ SCAGGS has his first album for almost 2½ years released by CBS on April 18, titled 'Middle Man'. Out on the same day is a single extracted from the LP, 'Breakdown Dead Ahead'.

● Limited Edition Records (of 107 Witham Road, Sheffield S10 2SL) release a twin disc, featuring two tracks each from local bands **The Prams** and **TV Product**. It comes in a poster sleeve and plastic cover, and costs £1 (including p&p).

● **The Monochrome Set**, who co-headline with American band The Feelies at London Camden Electric Ballroom on April 18, have a new single (this weekend) and album (April 25) released by DinDisc. Both are titled 'Strange Boutique'.

● Up-and-coming Irish band **U2**, the subject of a recent *NME* showcase feature, have been signed by Island. They are currently recording a single in Dublin, and will be touring Britain in early May to coincide with its release.

● Latest single from **The Words** is a re-working of the old Kinks hit 'Tired Of Waiting For You', released by MHG Records (distributed by Pinnacle). From the same label comes 'Big Green Thing' by the **Fender Benders**.

MAJOR DEAL FOR BUNNYMEN

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, the highly-rated Liverpool four-piece, have been signed by Korova Records (part of the WEA Group). Their first single for the label is 'Rescue', produced by Ian Broudie of The Original Mirrors, and released on April 18 — it's coupled with the self-penned 'Simple Stuff'.

The band are currently recording their debut album at Rockfield studios, and they'll be starting a full British tour in early June to coincide with the LP's release. Dates and venues will be announced shortly.

● Also from Korova comes the second single by Lori & The Chameleons, titled 'The Lonely Spy'. It's the follow-up to the group's 1979 hit 'Touch', which gave the label its first success, and it's issued this weekend.

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Terry Deakin, buyer for Take 6 chain: "It comes from the kids on the street . . . but ends up with big business selling it back to them."

Lloyd Johnson, owner of Johnson and Johnson: "I find the current fashions fairly tame . . . I'd welcome people daring to go out as difficult as possible.

Andy Pearl, owner, Carnaby Street boutique: "All the mods have become skinheads . . . they're looking for geezers in parkas to hit now."

Fashion broker ph: Pennie Smith

A FISTFUL OF COLLARS

The Rock/Fashion interface. Or how street becomes High Street.

ALMOST EXACTLY a year ago, *NME* published a special issue devoted to things mod: past, pulp and future.

Hours after the issue hit the stands, we received a phone call from Ian McLean, a marketing manager for Levi's jeans. He too had been aware of the burgeoning roots revival, and Levi's were gearing up to re-introduce their definitive jean cut of the '60s, the '501'. He wanted 200 copies of *NME* to help convince Levi's distributors throughout England and Europe of the business they would shortly be doing.

Ian McLean is probably one of the more attuned people on the overlap between rock and fashion, the twin industries trading in the ephemeral currency of style, and making regular capital out of the youth culture. His counterparts at the rival Brutus company, for instance, are just starting to catch on. Their range of 'mod' clothes is due this summer, and has been heralded in the trade journals with bare-faced cynicism. *"Sell Brutus"*, urge their ads, *"and turn those lovely mods into lovely money"*.

Mod style — American late '50s Ivy League re-interpreted via London's East End and re-occurring of late under less rigid definitions — isn't the first style to be absorbed by the industry and turned into commodity, nor will it be the last, but it has been spectacularly quick to succumb. (And how does it feel, all you mods, to be so *eagerly* assimilated?) Even Vivienne Westwood's Clothes For Heroes, the original Seditionaries styles, finally met the same fate, although it took the appearance of torn bin-liners on the Paris cat-walks to pave the way for fake leopard skin in the chain stores — which incidentally provide the real gauge of mainstream taste. It's in the chain stores that Brutus hope to make their lovely money, alongside those huge discounts available on 50 top-selling albums.

That music and clothes are inseparable expressions of the same tendencies hardly needs to be said. Amongst the youth, they both give small but tremendously vital respite from the grey mire and its pitiful rewards, which they sometimes even go so far as to taunt, reject, flaunt and rebuke. They both tend to originate from small cliques (for convenience called 'the street'), get picked up on by people employed by the industry to spot trends on the street (in clothing these are 'buyers', in music 'A&R men'), and finally reproduced *en masse* and sold back via the High Street.

Of course not all clothes styles originate on the street, and neither do all groups (although in both cases the more exciting ones do). Extending the analogy, however, the clothes that originate from the established designers can be likened to the music produced by established musicians: slick, commercial and safe. Furthermore, both the music and the clothing industries have the same insatiable turnover, both share the same market — which they both say is in a slump — and both have long been intertwined.

IN THE '50s, the predominant *popular* influence on fashion was the movies. Fashion then was Paris and Hollywood. After rock'n' roll came to England via the movies — the first taste that SuperMac's staid, prosperous post-war England got of seat-smashing rock 'n' roll behaviour was in the *cinema*, with films like *Rock Around The Clock* on screen — the idols of the music soon overtook those of the screen, and their clothes were every bit as loud and raucous. The Teddy Boys, who had existed in a much milder guise since the early '50s, soon caught on.

The next decade saw the advent of 'Swinging London', the quaint, antiquated world of World Cup Willy, the Mini, The Beat Boom, kinky boots, Mods and Dandies, that in the end dissolved into the haze of '67s 'Summer Of Love'. But one small aspect of that period now enjoying resurrected rage deserves special mention: the Specials-inspired black and white

High fashion crossover: Bryan Ferry & Jerry Hall on the cover of 'Men In Vogue' 1977

and Fay Fife-inspired 'Op art look'.

In 1965 the Museum Of Modern Art in New York ran an exhibition called 'The Responsive Eye', involving 99 artists whose work relied on kinetic or optical effects. It was a massive success, and Op Art chased Pop Art into the modern art glossary. Op art used geometric patterns and vivid colour contrasts, meant to suggest movement, and hence meaningless when affixed to something already moving — but no sooner had the term been coined than the Seventh Avenue fashion world stole the superficial look of Op, specifically of Bridget Riley's dazzling whorls of black and white lines, and sold it to every self-respecting Dolly Bird.

This is probably the only instance of art directly influencing rock fashion, although Paul Simon did once sport a Jackson Pollock shirt. (Incidentally, about the same time as The Specials were cutting 'Gangsters', the revival of black and white was a noted feature of the collections of St Laurent and others in Paris.)

Fashion's sustenance from rock grew lean towards the end of the '60s, during the Woodstock and denim era, and the clothes-makers and boutiques (which, like the word discotheque, is a French mod import) that had once flourished had to bite the dust or else bide their time until the arrival of Bryan Ferry.

Ferry and his contemporaries brought a sense of style back to rock. A sense of fatal, decadent, ritzy *style*. His publicist during the Roxy heyday was a woman named Adi Hunter. In the '60s, she was a publicist for Mary Quent, and it was she who, among other things, put Ferry's elegant cheekbones on the cover of *Men In Vogue*.

If Ferry brought style back to rock, it was Malcolm McLaren's Seditionaries who brought revolt back into fashion in '77, and finally a few doors down on the Kings Road, Johnson and Johnson have been providing fun since then. Naturally there are individuals that have been left out of this account, from Cliff Richard in his spivvish black and white suit and tie, to Richard Hell and his torn shirts . . .

CLOTHES ARE primarily a means of drawing attention to yourself, and any garment has certain social implications; it will say something about you. (In the 15th century there were even acts of Parliament denouncing "the outrageous and excessive apparel of diverse people, against their estate and degree"!!)

The most powerful social implications of any recent style were those of punk. Vivienne Westwood once said that "the paradox of this shop (Seditionaries) is *using what you've got*," but people soon became content to take what they were given, and ultimately there isn't that much difference between taking it from Johnny Rotten and taking it from John Travolta (who both, as it happens, took a lot of their style from the blacks). Even if in some faraway towns the bum-flap and leather jacket is still more iconoclastic than the white suit and gull-wing collar, they both now come off pegs that hang on the same rack.

People involved in the business of selling fashion to the youth are far more ready to admit this than their counterparts in the commodity of musical style. One woman I spoke to, a buyer for the Peter Robinson/Top Shop chain, felt she was wasting my time because her main objective was to make money regardless of the fashion, and the choices she makes rely mainly on the advice of her stock controllers and the concensus decisions of the designers, cloth manufacturers, and other buyers as to what will be 'in' each season. (Both she and her equivalent at a male volume fashion chain agree that it will be baggy jeans and Italian primary colours this summer. Bite on that, Brutus!)

Down the market slightly, Andy Pearl, the young co-owner of a shop catering to the mod trade in Carnaby Street with cheap knock-offs of the going styles, was amazed to hear of the record industry's reluctance to admit, except privately and apologetically, that it's there to make money. "That would be like me saying I want to do all the kids a favour by selling them clothes!"

Andy Pearl has been selling shoes since he left school. It was he and his partner Mel Castle's success with

By Paul Rambali

brothel creepers, 'Jam shoes' and Denson's points that got them a shop of their own, which in turn rewards Andy with "30 quid a week and a lot of worry". His ideas about the functions of the clothes in his shop are to the point.

"It's identifying with pop stars, isn't it? I didn't realise just how much influence music has on fashion until now. The Specials have said black and white, two-tone, and it doesn't matter what it is, the kids'll look at it. They come in with stuff which if it wasn't for the music, they wouldn't even look at.

"Our fashion is a dozen notes for a dress — which won't take forever to get together. It'll be forgotten after three months anyway. I want to keep the shop changing round. I want it to be different, cheap, but good.

"This stuff will probably last until September — and that'll be good, it'll be great in fact. Whatever the next thing is, we'll go along with that. It'll probably be skinheads — all the mods have become skinheads. I know so many of them that used to come in in Parkas; they're looking for geezers in Parkas to hit now!"

A more objective view of the mutual mechanisms of fashion and rock comes from Terry Deakin, main buyer for the chic London high street chain of Take Six that began during the height of the original mod era.

"It's the lifestyle that you're buying. It's like any product. You buy the lifestyle, the *concept*, as well.

"Plus there's the old thing of being judged by what you wear. You can't escape it. For a time people went around wearing jeans to go against that, but they ended up being judged by wearing jeans."

He explains that the clothes Take Six stock don't stem from that much of a conscious decision on his part.

"It must come from the kids on the street, the kids in the dance-halls, the kids in factories. We'll predict basic colour trends but we always leave a gap, because you'll get a trend that doesn't come from the designers, it comes from the kids, and after a while you begin to see it about. Then some manufacturer comes along with, say, an irridescent fabric (the two-tone cross-weave whose original brand-name was Tonik), and before you know it, the big manufacturers are coming out with it too."

(Cloth and garment manufacturers, of which there are hundreds, lesser and greater, play a key part in the dissemination of fashions. A manufacturer may make up a batch of clothes to order for a small *outre* shop, then show one to other buyers who in turn may ask their manufacturers to make something similar. Thus ideas get circulated and news of what's being made and therefore selling gets around.)

"Eventually it ends up with big business selling it back to the kids — which is ironic really, because the whole reason the kids start these things I always think is to get away from the business."

LAST YEAR Take Six introduced a bright, and compared to their immediate competitors daring, range of slim-collared jackets and shirts: the jackets flecked, woolly and often loud, the shirts a blaze of mustard and maroon. Skinny ties were available to taste. It was the chic version of power pop clothing.

Terry Deakin took his lead from watching *Top Of The Pops*, and admiring the way the younger bands, especially Elvis Costello And The Attractions, put their look together. From the beginning of '78, those bands have been buying their clothes from a shop called Johnson And Johnson, run by the close-knit team of Lloyd Johnson, Peter Boutwood, their respective girlfriends, and the shop staff.

Lloyd Johnson, who designs all the boys clothes while his girlfriend Jill designs the girls', is now in his early 30s and still wears the tidy look about him that is characteristic of many original mods, which he was, and which has left its mark on his ideas about clothes.

He started at 17, cutting ski-tights in Sweden, where he had gone for a spot of, er, ornithology. Two years later in '67 he opened a shop in Kensington Market, which is still there, and began making and selling clothes. Over the past few years, Johnsons have become *the* rock *couturiers*. It's impossible to count the number of times their clothes have appeared on *TOTP*. Iggy Pop calls regularly to have clothes shipped to him.

Lloyd Johnson is, above all, an artisan. He takes pride in his craft,

Out of the art galleries 1962 and into the clubs 1980: Bridget Riley's Op Art paintings of the early '60s inspired Mary Quant designs currently being revived.

Monsieur et Madame Bondage 1977: Vivienne Westwood's celebrated styles for Seditionaries, still going strong three years later.

Faces of today: Left, Jam Shoes anyone? Centre, Travolta's 'Saturday Night Fever' look which kept the Take 6 till ringing. Right, Suggey and two-tone suit.

Brutus get brutal: advertisement in rag trade magazine.

This year's model wonders where it's all going to end.

and the thing that satisfies him most is . . .

"Clothes. The achievement of getting something made. Seeing something from an idea all the way through. Cutting the patterns, getting the samples made, knowing it's right at the end of that, and then ultimately seeing it on the type of person you're aiming for. We don't want to increase the size of the business because we think the name of the game is staying small compact and versatile. I don't think everybody wants to look the same, but I might be wrong."

He attributes the current clothes-consciousness of groups to the simple fact that, until recently, there hasn't been a shop where you could walk in and buy a powder-blue shirt or a pink suit. "A few years ago the fashion thing was all browns and beige. Nobody was selling colours. I can honestly say that we don't follow fashion. We make what we want to make, and if anything, it then becomes fashion."

In the same way as a popular original sound, like that of say Costello, will soon spawn imitators, so a strong style of clothes will be quickly copied. "In a way it's a compliment, but it's also the song of a lazy mind. If somebody goes out of their way to create something unique, then that should be respected. It hasn't stopped me doing it, but it has stopped them down the road (Seditionaries) because they know that as soon as they do something, all the parasites will just jump on their back. We're determined to dream up so many ideas that it will totally confuse anybody that wants to copy them."

Since he obviously prizes originality, what does he think of the stock styles available to the young punter anxious to stamp his own identity on the world? And why are they all so retrospective?

"Well . . . I don't think anybody wants to be a spaceman! That's probably why the rag trade in general is doing badly. No-one's come up with anything better than that, really, except for Seditionaries. They came up with an image that appealed to kids who considered themselves rebellious — which is what the rockabilly and rock'n'roll image was, and the skinhead image is. I think the skinhead image is growing because it would be very hard for anybody to commercialise it.

"But on the whole I find the current fashions fairly tame . . . I'd welcome people getting their own ideas together, daring to go out as different as possible, which is what used to happen in the '60s. It was about being noticed, not being moulded into a background of a mass of Parkas. It wasn't like losing your identity — it was like gaining one of your own."

And without realising it, creates the first post-modernism look? Post-modernism is a term — first coined in the world of architecture — for the movement in the arts that renounces modernism for its own sake and employs elements of the old and the new side by side. Its most famous manifestation so far is the so-called Chippendale Skyscraper due to be built in New York. But post-modernist fashions! Now that *would* be something . . . It would throw into confusion the syndrome whereby although everybody wants to look different, they all end up looking the same. Everybody except the skinheads, that is, where the idea is uniformity, like an army.

THROUGHOUT THIS piece I've been treating both music and clothes as commodities, which ultimately they are. Two fairly large industries exist to substantiate this. The rock industry promotes the idols who propogate the fashions. The turnover is ever more rapid and intense. On the surface, style is all.

But beneath the surface, there is an emotional need that yearns to be satisfied. With clothes, it's a need to identify, either with the social order or without. And the latter, the outlaw images, are the ones that matter, since in the brief moments before their inevitable reduction into empty mass style they give as good a weapon against that abject, deceitful order as most people are likely to get.

With music, things are slightly different. The need is to identify, but it's with the emotions in the music that we identify. Music defines the things that clothes express. It gives meaning to style.

Jamaica's hottest vocal trio visit New York City

By Richard Grabel (words) & Joe Stevens (pix)

Michael Rose

BLACK UHURU have had a string of hits in the past year, popular plays on Jamaican juke boxes and sound systems that have also made marks on the English reggae charts. This streak began when Derrick "Ducky" Simpson and Michael "Tony" Rose added Puma Jones to the group and hooked up with the production team of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare over a year ago. Rose writes the songs, with occasional help from Simpson, and he is an inventive and sometimes provocative lyricist.

The musical weakness of Uhuru's songs lies in the sameness of their rhythms, but they are distinguished by Rose's instantly recognisable singing. He uses an odd mix of mannerisms, some deriving from talk-over style, others from elements of chant and scat.

Uhuru's singles also sell well in the Jamaican record outlets of Brooklyn, the Bronx and Greenwich Village. But on their first visit to America Black Uhuru are getting less than star treatment. They are flown in by a promoter the day before the show, leaving just one night for a band rehearsal. Now they show up for a soundcheck and have to cool their heels. Michael Rose is pouting.

His mood doesn't get any better when, at showtime, Puma doesn't show up until the set is half finished. It seems she misjudged what time the group would go on, and then got caught in traffic. But Rose and Simpson thought they'd been deserted, and one sensed a bleak mood to the performance. The two men practically stalked onto the stage, both in black leather jackets and gloves, a kind of Rasta-goes-bad-boy-punk ensemble.

While Simpson stood stoney-faced, Rose delivered his lines in a purposeful, testifying style. I'd seen Uhuru once in Jamaica, where Rose gave a breezy, show-bizzy performance, showing off his dancing style, but here he showed a darker side. Sometimes he seemed to be not dancing so much as going through a ritual stomping of unseen enemies. He teased the audience, skanking forward to the edge of the stage, then suddenly jumping back like a possessed puppet. He made you believe he could be a dangerous little stepping razor. The audience was transfixed.

When Puma finally showed she looked subdued and sang half-heartedly, her voice getting buried in the mix. Perhaps the pressure felt onstage was simply in the air that night. As the audience was leaving, four persons were shot, each in the right knee, outside the Hunter auditorium. The shots sent a panicked crowd running back into the building: the gun-play was later attributed to the continuing war between factions of the New York ganja trade who have organized themselves into "tribes" and are fighting, Mafia family-style, for control of the business.

AT THE soundcheck the group and I had agreed to a postconcert interview, but it was decided that the time was not right.

Eventually, some days later, a publicist at Island Records called, saying Black Uhuru were in his office and wanted to talk to me. Much as I hate phone interviews, I decided to seize the chance.

From Simpson, first on the line, I get a history of the group. He founded the group and named it, after an Amharic word meaning "sounds of freedom". The original line-up was Simpson, Rudolph Dennis, now with the Wailing Souls, and another youth named Errol. When Errol left he was replaced by Rose, whom Simpson knew from the Kingston 11 neighbourhood. Then Dennis left, and Simpson found Puma. She was an American, from South Carolina by way of Harlem, and she'd arrived in Jamaica the year before. Simpson was walking up Hope Road one day when he heard her singing from inside her house. He invited her to rehearse, and the present group was born.

Next on the line is Michael Rose. Rose began his singing career in talent contests, and as a youth was always hanging around the studios. He got his first break from producer Niney, for whose Observer label he recorded several songs, including 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner'. From Niney he went to a stint with a North Coast group called Happiness Unlimited, and then to Black Uhuru.

"After we get Puma, we rehearse and thing and then check Sly, a bredrin from a long time. So him say alright, and we did our songs for him."

At first, Sly roped them into recording some covers, including Marley's 'Exodus' and (wait for it) 'Age Of Aquarius'.

"They always introducing songs to us because they think things can happen with these songs, but we no do it. We know we can break with original songs."

Despite good record sales, Rose says, their career is not yet a financial success.

"We do enough shows, you know, but I and I don't like fe shake all the cashbox, all the time shake it. Things we fight for everyday, things a raise cost of living sky high, and can't live so. But I and I no get substantial money from singing."

I ask Rose about the differences I perceived in his performances in Jamaica and New York.

"I and I work according to how I and I feel. A yard me never feel I must talk, so me just do me walk and come off. But here, even if I and I do the work, me no really know how them feel still. Way I say is a message I and I deliver differently, you know?"

Speaking of messages, what is the message of 'Abortion'?

"It's a moral for the youths. So they should have caution, instead of take abortion." He then quotes the song's lyric in rhythmic speech. "You know, *'With thrills and pills and a whole lot of sodomy, showing to themselves no sympathy'*. It's first degree murder to I and I when you kill a baby in the womb, seen?"

Prohibitions against contraception and abortion are part of Rasta precepts, but it had been rare for these ideas to be developed in song lyrics before.

"It's not really Rasta, it's in general, I and I no see it right. Because it's really taking; it's not adding."

The feminist argument that abortion is a personal and political right doesn't even enter into Rose's ethical world view. "Because them check it more economical," he says, "but to Jah, it wrongful", dismissing all argument.

But there is more to probe. What about 'Shine Eye Girl'? Rose explains it as about a girl who won't do her household chores.

"It's like a girl in the ghetto, she just get up everyday, gone a street with her friends, just a chatty chatty girl. She pay for wash, dirt it tough, everything rough. Me can't help she. So I say she is a trouble to everyone. It everyday life a yard."

But isn't it oppressing women to tell them they have to stay at home for chores when the men go out?

"Jah see the women must respect man. Without the man in the house there is no home.

"But ya see me no want for the people to see that. 'Cause them say me no like women, seen, them get it wrong."

Last on the line is Puma. First off, knowing her as an American transplanted to Jamaica, I wondered if she had any Jamaican roots.

"No, not at all. But as an African, Rasta is not Jamaican, it's African, but it is one livity. Whatever was presented to I as America was not really my home. So I travelled to Africa, and it was my goal to travel to all black nations. Not due to a race thing, just I want to seek out my own tradition. So Jamaica just come like a home to I, 'cause I always try to deal with it from a truer sense of tradition."

Derrick Simpson

BLACK UHURU

A WEEK after we spoke, I saw Black Uhuru perform again, at My Father's Place, a Long Island club. The show went smoothly this time, and the club's better sound system allowed all three voices a chance to be heard. Technically, it sounded much better then the Hunter College show.

But it was less exciting. Rose was still neither amusing nor warm, as I had once seen him be, nor did he turn on the dread menace, as he had done at Hunter. He clung to the back of the stage, making little contact with the audience. Nonetheless, his voice sounded strong.

The current Black Uhuru set is limited to six of their recorded songs, plus an encore of a new, unrecorded song called 'Fever', which shows them happily breaking out of their rhythmic constrictions.

The group say that discussions are taking place with Island Records about an album deal, and that things look positive. A spokesman for Island says the company is "still talking" about it.

Black Uhuru might go on producing strange, flawed works laced with moments of eloquence. Or they might become a great dance music vocal group. I'm torn as to which I'd prefer. Let's see what time brings.

Puma

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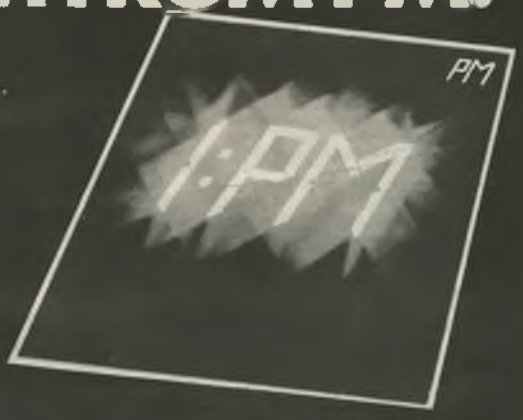

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Thrills

URBAN ALIENATION SPECIAL

Out of the cafes, into the streets

What really happened in St Pauls, Bristol last week — and why? John Michael, a resident of the area, gives the background and the details.

NO MATTER how many sociological theories, valid or invalid are used to explain away the St Pauls riot, one thing is certain — it didn't just happen in a vacuum. For the past few months increasing pressure had been put on the West Indian community, and with one club already closed down and another raided it's hardly surprising that many locals felt they were being subjected to more than the normal levels of aggravation.

The raid on the Black and White Cafe fitted into an increasingly familiar pattern. Reliable reports from customers who were there at the time of the raid suggest that the police were expecting to meet a lot of resistance. After two plain-clothes police had entered the Cafe and ordered a couple of coffees, between ten and twenty uniformed police with dogs are reported to have poured in claiming to have drug search warrants, but refusing to let the cafe's owner, Bertram Wilkes see them. For the West Indian community, drug raids are a normal part of the life they have to put up with , but the police coming in such force, and the indignities of attempted strip-searches were just too much to take. It didn't look like a normal dope bust to anyone who'd seen one before, and when a police transit van pulled up outside and a dozen or so police officers started looting the booze stash Wilkes had got in for an Easter party, almost all of the St Pauls residents, black, white and Asian from pre-teens to OAP's, came out into the streets to express their disgust.

The police reaction and the swiftness with which they called in reinforcements, led many locals to suspect they might be part of some weird new SPG training exercise and, not prepared to be part of some psychotic game, it took them just three hours to drive every policeman out of the area, burning the panda cars they left behind, and taking a swipe at any symbol of authority (such as Lloyds Bank) they passed.

By this time the media had mentioned the words 'race-riot' often enough to guarantee that all the idiots who poured into St Pauls as it was getting dark would have the sort of destructive fun that could serve as the excuse the authorities needed to justify the excesses of force they had used.

As dusk came bonfires were being lit in City Road, and the smell of ganja passing between hands, black, white and brown, reinforced the sort of solidarity that is only found in communities under seige. This obviously reassured Chief Constable Brian Weigh that withdrawing his riot squads was the wisest decision he'd ever made in his life. And it was a decision that, without doubt, prevented a nasty situation from becoming a really ugly one.

As the evening went on more and more confused reports appeared on the screens and over the air-waves. People who'd never even got out of their cars in St Pauls before were

■ Continues over

Police display sophisticated new riot control gear

Local residents attempt to keep warm.

Police vehicle narrowly fails its MoT.

In Paisley, punk prospers. In Easterhouse, they couldn't care less.

SOMETHING brushes quickly past my jacket pocket. A head. Its owner, surely no more than eight, runs on and shouts something at the band onstage — *"Ya buncha wankers!"* The call is taken up as a chant by the crowd in front of the stage, ages ranging I'd guess from seven to fourteen. Paddy Docherty from XS Discharge looks almost happy for the only time onstage as he conducts the abuse aimed at his band.

The occasion is the only gig of the 'Ha! Ha! Funny Polis Tour' featuring the four bands — The Fegs, XS Discharge, Urban Enemies, Defiant Pose — featured in the second Paisley sampler EP of the same name. The bands have been forced to hire transport out to a youth club in the notorious and inaccessible Easterhouse housing scheme.

Entering the area we'd almost expected to see grinning voodoo skulls on sticks round the perimeter to warn off interlopers. By reputation it's a journey to the Heart Of Darkness: an area map-marked in many people's imaginations with the modern equivalent of 'Here Be Dragons'.

Organisation is by Paisley Practical Anarchy (evolved from RAR, lacking any R to R against, and now touting basic smashing of systems, looting of supermarkets, painting slogans on police stations etc.), which also incorporates the Groucho Marxist Record Cooperative, responsible for both Alternative Paisley sampler EPs and with plans for further records including a Paisley album featuring fifteen local bands.

Glasgow hipsters tend to dismiss Paisley bands en masse as punk bands trapped in a time loop, endlessly recycling Sex Pistols poses. From a limited exposure the Pistols jibe would appear to be true but on closer inspection (ie actually going to see some of the bands) it does seem as though it may eventually be possible to tell them apart. It's worth a try anyway . . .

"We're no a mod band! We're no a rocknroll band! We're no a ska band! We're a punk band!!!" This is when you might expect *wan-two-three-fohur! — wham!!!* except that Defiant Pose have already been on stage for five minutes without playing anything, and besides, another three of them are shouting other things at the same time.

Their performance is equally shambolic; guitars and vocals sprawl into tuneless chaos, only attaining the loosest form of discipline for their EP track 'Fight' — great entertainers though.

The set is soon destroyed by feedback hum and the band storm off in high dudgeon, brushing past Urban Enemies, who take the stage with their more professional, ambitious attitudes, striped jumpers, Fender guitars and the ultimate fat kid street gang member — who's always getting beat up 'cos he can't run fast enough — playing bass.

Their sound is a lighter kind of urgency, an attractive, plaintive edge to the vocals, reminiscent of Belfast bands like The Outcasts and The Undertones, though there are no songs about people they used to go to school with or falling in love in bus queues. The songs are tuneful, though none of them made any particular impression.

After a break for Irn-Bru and Mars Bars, XS Discharge came on and made the event seem even more like entertainment for dissident refugees hiding out in the sewers of a Dalek city. They have the tattered clothes

■ Continues over

Paisley's petit punks. Pic: Harry Papadopolous

Wigan — the land that time forgot
See page 17

Bristol

■ From previous page

heard describing the place as 'a once fashionable area', but now a 'black ghetto', and expressing their supposedly long-held fears that 'something like this was bound to happen sooner or later'. The reality was somewhat different. It was simply the last straw, and for two hours an orgy of looting and burning ensued. I saw one West Indian teenager handing out a pair of nylon sheets to an old white lady from a shop window that, due to the meagreness of her pension, she'd probably never even looked into before.

But there were many from outside the area who'd come to loot the community shops the residents had left alone, and generally take advantage of the situation. So as midnight neared and fire engines and the riot-shielded police ventured back in, only the outsiders were left on the streets. The residents had gone indoors, content that when the time had come to say 'enough is enough', everyone had had the bottle to get up and say it.

Next morning the sun shone brilliantly on the hundreds of press and TV crews, who were falling over each other trying to interview anyone who was in the Black & White Cafe at the time of the raid, or even anyone who lived within a two-mile radius. And by the afternoon they'd been joined by social workers, bishops and Tory M.P.'s, hanging about on street corners they normally wouldn't drive past for fear of recognition.

Amidst all this, though, someone was setting up a P.A. system on the green opposite the cafe, and crowds of Rastas, Punks, Freaks and Mods were settling down to what was looking like an afternoon of Reggae. The police had discreetly withdrawn again, realising that now was the time for the peaceful protest. They'd learned the same lesson the hard way the day before.

If they keep busting the cultural entertainment facilities that the West Indians create and often share, and which the council has never provided for them, then the music, the fun and the ganja are going to come out of the cafes and into the streets.

Glasgow

■ From previous page

and the subterranean-life white skin and though they're highly derivative of PiL it all sounds bleak and dismal instead of haunted and rhythmic. The audience quickly resorted to abuse, as described earlier.

XS Discharge pay no attention when the disco starts up, merely announcing that the next song will be 'Sloop John B', then setting up a barrage of noise in competition, until the disco ceases. During 'Machete Shuffle' members of Defiant Pose appear onstage with guitars ready to plug in, but soon leave upon realising they're not welcome. Then, after announcing 'Lifted' and playing the opening notes, Paddy Docherty stops, says "Ach, I'm gaun hame," walks off followed by the other two, one of whom gestures his opinion of us as he leaves.

Lastly Paisley heroes The Fegs take the stage, reduced to a trio since their singer Kenny McGlynn is in borstal for attempted murder. They're still a good punk band, coincidentally sounding like another Irish band, though this time it's the more brutal, committed sound of Stiff Little Fingers (no implications intended to elevate Paisley to the status of a hotbed of social unrest and urban conflict — I'll leave that to others). The songs are adequate, though again not too memorable or distinctive.

Social unrest footnote. We didn't have to shoot our way out of Easterhouse, but one of the band vans was held under siege briefly, pounded upon by invisible assailants from outside. The driver roared off, but stopped after a mile or so to investigate the noise, which turned out to be a couple of stowaways who requested a lift home while fingering knives . . .

The Ha! Ha! Funny Polis backdrop sheet was last seen being dragged round Easterhouse by a bunch of kids followed by a police car at three in the morning.

GLENN GIBSON

Osmonds don't sell out

BOY! They served us in our hour of need. Offering pungent, even reckless, pastiches of the harsh urban landscape. They satirised in song and dance. Above all they caused us to confront ourselves and so enoble our own petty lives. But the wheel of a'fortune keeps on turning and pity them that gets caught in the spoke.

We refer, of course, to the Osmonds. Latest victims of the capricious, witless pop consumer. A show planned for April 3 at Bingley Hall, Stafford has had to be cancelled following the sale of just 300 tickets. Monies will be refunded.

Although "administrative difficulties" is offered as official cause of the paltry turnout, a spokesman for the family's London management company was led to confess last week that, at that time, not one of the other nine venues had thus far managed a full-house.

"Mind you" he said poignantly, "We're three quarters full for the Brighton show."

Perhaps mindful of the new state of affairs, the Osmonds themselves announced at a press conference not attended by this paper last week that the family is to undergo a transfiguration.

The Osmond mantle will in future be borne by the inconspicuous Merrill, Wayne, Jay and Alan, while the younger but more famous Mosmos intend exploiting their blue chip solo potential.

Through gritted teeth, senior Osmond, Alan, told the scribes: "It maddens me when people still think of us as this squeaky-clean, ultra wholesome bunch of kids."

Alan is 30.

ANDREW TYLER

Lowry

"We can overdub a backing group to beef up the vocals, fill out the weedy guitar sound with session musicians, slap on a lavish production job to fill out any other weak spots and cover his obvious lack of any wit, talent or originality with massive press and TV advertising, endless PR, hyperbole and free gifts to deejays and programme producers."

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Chrome Red Exposure

BEGGARS PRICE 2·80

Fabulous Thunderbirds What's The Word

BEGGARS PRICE 4·15

Ian Hunter Welcome To The Club

New Releases This Month

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Chrome	Red Exposure	Beggars Banquet	BEGA15	£3.65
Gerry Rafferty	Snakes & Ladders	United Artists	UAT 30298	£3.95
Fabulous Thunderbirds	What's The Word	Chrysalis	CHR1287	£2.80
Humble Pie	On To Victory	Jet	JETLP231	£3.64
Ian Hunter	Welcome To The Club (Double)	Chrysalis	CJT6	£4.15
UK Subs	Brand New Age	Gem	GEMLP106	£3.20
Defiant Upstarts	We Gotta Get Out Of This Place	Warner Brothers	K56806	£3.65
Genesis	Duke	Charisma	CBR101	£3.60
Motors	Tenement Steps	Virgin	V2151	£3.80
Carl Palmer (ELP)	1PM	Ariola	ARL5048	£3.45
Chris Rea	Tennis	Magnet	MAGL5032	£3.68
Saxon	Wheels Of Steel	Carrere	CAL165	£3.65
WEEK ENDING APRIL 18th				
Magazine	The Correct Use Of Soap	Virgin	V2156	£3.80
Members	1980 The Choice Is Yours	Virgin	V2153	£3.80
Sky	Sky 2 (Double)	Ariola	SKY2	£4.49
Rolling Stones	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones	COC 39111	
Undertones	Hypnotised	Sire	SRK 6088	£3.74
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The Great 2-Tone Rip-off

WELL you've heard of 2-Tone, you've heard of Two Stroke, you've probably even heard of Arthur Two Stroke but unless you're disgustingly hip you've never heard of Twin Tone. So imagine our surprise when their debut press release plopped through the editor's letter box last week all the way from Minneapolis, Minnesota. This brave new independent boasts amongst its roste The Suburbs, The Spooks, The Pistons and The Psychenauts. Out goes Minnesota's reputation for being the coldest state in the union. In comes private enterprise and local pride. If this sort of thing sounds interesting to you contact Twin Tone at 445 Oliver Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

HEY YOU! Don't be fooled . . . *Dr Cypher* may look like a graphic extrapolation of the black country skank — it even 'borrows' a certain cartoon figure for its 2-Zone logo — but what it promises to be it definitely isn't.

Eight pages (to be continued) of Brendan McCarthy's Dr Cypher strip, involving someone by the name of J Dammers, raise hopes for this garage publication that are subsequently dashed against endless pages of fifth form purple prose interrupted by the odd purposeless collage.

Even by today's standards, at 75p this does not represent value for money. Why not buy yourself some new rope instead?

Pot haul mystery deepens

POLICE and Customs officials have thrown a security blanket around the find of large quantities of a relaxing illegal plant washed ashore on the Hebridean isle Of Mull.

The bricks of compressed combustible were wrapped in plastic bags and thick sacking, and one islander reckons that as much as half a ton was recovered. Apparently, the packaging and type of cannabis was similar to that of a £2 million haul discovered in a container depot at Costbridge, early last month.

The reason for the secrecy surrounding the find remains a mystery. Police raided the nearby island of Iona soon afterwards, arresting a number of locals and assorted visitors. More arrests were later made on the mainland.

Meanwhile, it has not escaped attention that famous international drug-taker Paul McCartney owns an island adjacent to the isle of Mull, and was himself busted for cultivating the infamous plant on it in the early '70s.

Nor was speculation quelled when two separate news reports appeared — one in the *Daily Smut*, the other in the *Sunday Excess* — both bearing the imprint of a certain Stuart McCartney . . .

We do not know who he is. But we think somebody should be told.

MAKKA KNEE

Thrills!

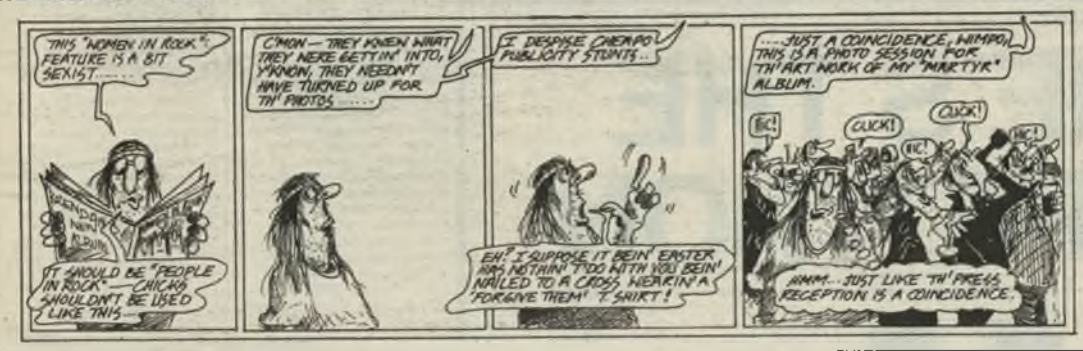
ARCHIVE FUN

ARCHIVE FUN brings you positive proof of Mafia involvement in pop music. Here, as early in the industry's growth as 1951, we see two leading figures of the music scene acting as pall-bearers at the funeral of Maurice 'Tiny Guy' Vendetto, the miniscule chief of all crooning operations. Maurice governed all notes sung between 'B' flat and 'G' minor, plus certain nuances on the squeeze box, and one word from him could severely restrict all songs composed from New York to L.A. It was, however, when he tried to collect illegal earnings from Julie Andrews over her 'Doe, A Deer' song from *The Sound Of Music* that he finally overplayed his hand. Vendetto's killers were never caught.

Despite Tiny Guy Vendetto's size, he still casts a huge shadow over much of today's music, and doubtless, all over America there are bands being forced into singing the same scales over and over, just so as the new 'don' can collect his 'taste'. The evidence is indisputable . . .

(Photo L to R): Deanna Gorgeous, Frank Sinatra, PeeWee 'The Accountant' Fermiccello. (Suits by K Vinyl of Stepney)

The Lone Groover — ***Benyon***



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A CLASSIC BAND
THE CLASSIC SLEEVE

OGDENS' NUTGONE FLAKE

The original Immediate recordings in the original package re-released on Virgin

COMING SOON-

The Chris Farlow, P.P. Arnold & Amen Corner E.P.'s

Yamaha introduce the first 1,500 bhp-powered motorcycles.

Between April 4 and April 19 Yamaha and British Rail literally bring you the first-ever train-powered motorcycle show.

On board the Yamaha Railshow will be the 1980 range of bikes spearheaded by the stunning new liquid-cooled, Monoshock RD350 and RD250, the all-new four cylinder, shaft-drive XJ650, the XS850, the single cylinder SR250 and its Monoshock variant the XT250, and several XS Specials. Plus the beautiful little Passola, Yamaha's commuter/shopping scooterette.

As well as the bikes there will be film shows, a competition to win an RD200, and the chance to ride one of several Passolas.

DATES AND VENUES FOR THE YAMAHA 1980 RAILSHOW:

GLASGOW (Central) April 4-6 (incl) MANCHESTER (Piccadilly) April 7-9 (incl)
BIRMINGHAM (Moor Street) April 10-13 (incl)
BRISTOL (Temple Meads) April 14-16 (incl) LONDON (Marylebone) April 17-19 (incl)

1980 RAILSHOW
YAMAHA

English Language turnin' de corner?

THE tropical rhythms of reggae music are affecting everyday changes in the English language. Reprinted below, the accompanying blurb from an LP by local toaster Errol Scorcher, 'Roach In A De Corner' released last week in Jamaica:

"The man Errol Scorcher is one of our most Dedicated and Promising young Artistee emerge through this Century from off both Foreign and Local Scene the name as become a favourite with the music public ever since his biggest Hit Roach in a De Corner. Many will be asking for more of this Hit from Scorcher not only has he shown a capability to make Hit after Hits but to let one aware of the versility seldom you will find comes out of one individual in such sensational manner of relax composement and above all his Dee Jay music are what mix with the reality concreated on some of what programming on every day life of people around and about."

COMP RESULTS

Police/Squeeze/Joe Jackson

AS WE'VE always gathed, *NME* readers are really sharp. When in January we offered a double 10-inch package of The Police's 'Regatta De Blanc,' Joe Jackson's 'I'm The Man' as a boxed set of five individually sleeved pic-singles and a little item entitled 'Six Squeeze Songs Crammed Into One 10-inch Record,' we discovered that of countless entries, 178 answered all seven question correctly. (1) Joe Jackson was the artist to have issued his debut as a limited edition two 10-inch record package. (2) 'Cool For Cats' was originally the title of a TV show. (3) The Police were once Cherry Vanilla's backing band. (4) Motorhead were the only one of the four artists mentioned not to have waxed a song called 'Bang Bang.' (5) The correct spelling of the first Police LP is 'Outlandos D'Amour.' (6) Manfred Mann recorded the movie soundtrack for *'Up The Junction.'* (7) Joe Jackson's white side-lacing winkle-pickers were Denson's finest.

As we only have five sets of these Stateside A&M Records, we asked you to suggest an appropriate title for a new Police album.

In no particular order, the five best suggestions came from: F. W. Dorward of Sunderland with 'L'Arme Longue Dolores,' Robert Simpson of Nottingham scored with 'Pulling Rank' (very droll), 14-year-old Lucy De Witt of London offered 'Un, Deux, Arrest!' Another Nottingham reader, Nick Billingham claims a prize with 'Encore Les Flics' whilst Philippa Llewellin who lives in Oswestry, Salop picks up the last package with 'Melange A Trois.'

HERE'S THE COMPETITION

BUY THE SINGLE – DO THE CROSSWORD
WIN A NIGHT OUT WITH THE RUTS
THE RUTS NEW SINGLE –
STARING AT THE RUDE BOYS
THE FIRST 20,000 INCLUDE THE CROSSWORD
YOU WIN – THEY PAY

Virgin

AROUND the same time as Euston Station first distends its new facade towards the prospect of South Bloomsbury, it is also participant in understudying Olympia with an exhibition subject to the more extensive advertisement of the Volvo motor saloon.

It is merely one of many in a series of similar such previews. Accommodating the station's central floor-space, accompanied by muted orchestrals of 'Come Prima' and 'These Foolish Things', attracting thin crowds of idle onlookers, fruit juices, the Welsh Tourist Board, press photography, children's art, and closer to home 'Electric Scots' — the five-hour special journey to Glasgow from Euston — these all in their turn grace the station and add a further dimension of fantasy to the bombarded transients that haunt the terminal's lugubrious confines.

The Volvo display affords singular spectacle. Perusers will first gaze awkwardly at these reassuring symbols, until growing bolder they peer interestedly in at the interior upholstery, or else trace a light finger along the chrome and crimson bodywork.

I structure time observing the various transactions this original exhibition engenders. No matter the sprawl of forlorn flotsam that determines its community in this destitute winter of crisis Britain, and no matter the battles more emotional than actual waging within the proximity of its crystal walls; no matter its refuge warmth, its flashes of fellowship as an omega to the North. Within Euston Station the pervading deceit is of an insecure stability, shifting transients and continental cars.

Without, the Euston Road offers a viste of similar if less public structures. This is the inner city's great westward road, and here is the modern metropolis rising out of the few blackened and enfractured 19th century dwellings that outline the terminus. Of the communities that settle in its shadow at the railway's genesis, they are scattered all and gone.

Cumberland Market west of Hampstead Road is no more. Its tomb is the cornerstone for Stock Conversion and Investment Trust's monopoly game Euston Tower; its inscription the voice of Capital Radio broadcasting on 194, medium 95.8 VHF day and night. Somers Town to the east, like Spitalfields a former colony of Huguenot weavers, favours squat, bland council flats, infamous for nurturing one of the more rampant Arsenal gangs of recent years.

All that remains of Tolmers Village since the extinction of Tolmers Square last year is a small Bangla Desh diaspora centred on the west side of the station in the vicinity of North Gower Street and Drummond Street, and the newly-redeveloped pied-a'-terre enclave of tiny Euston Street.

Notwithstanding its threatened vogue, the Village remains a curious perambulation off the main thoroughfare. Alongside its Bed & Breakfast retreats for weary Northerners, adjoining its small businesses and impertinent offices, the streets host a repose of cafes, kebab bars and Indian restaurants, including the Dhall Poori vegetarian diners beloved of *Time Out* columnists.

At the junction of Drummond Street and Hampstead Road, Lawrence's Corner is renowned throughout London for its array of surplus accessories from the armed forces. Next door Ms Lawrence and daughter run a denim boutique. Further down the road, opposite the Dhall Poori and on the site of the defunct Tolmers Village Association's former headquarters, Ms Carole Semaine's op art fashions boast the patronage of Scala cinemagoers.

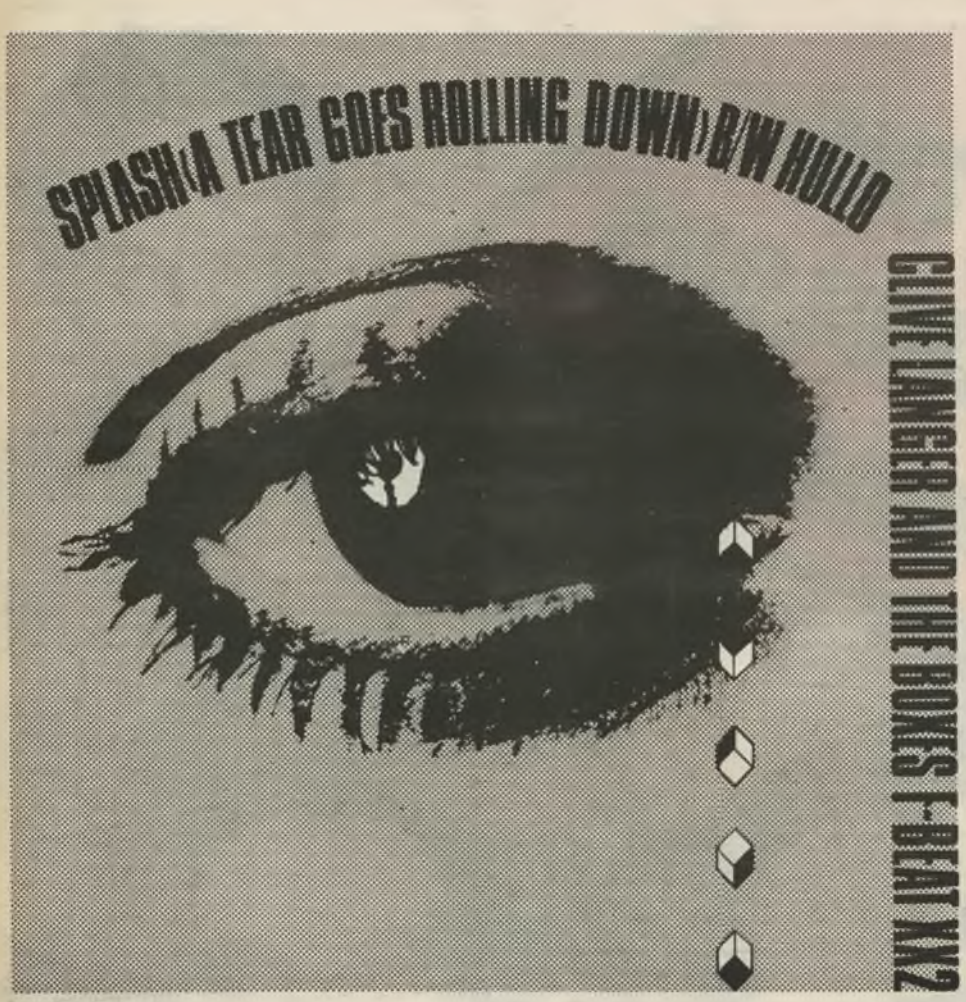
Except for the recent encroachment of overhanging cranes on the old Tolmers Cinema site, the Village is relatively rural in contrast with Euston Road just around the corner. If John Waddington & Co are currently re-designing the Monopoly game, their artists will never amalgamate Euston Road with the Angel at Islington and the Pentonville Road. Exclusive of geographical considerations, the thoroughfare now eclipses its lowly associates on the board, and although three stations, Euston, St Pancras and Kings Cross contribute much to the general impairment of the area, its property value soars on a scale of elevation matched only by the newly-risen property itself.

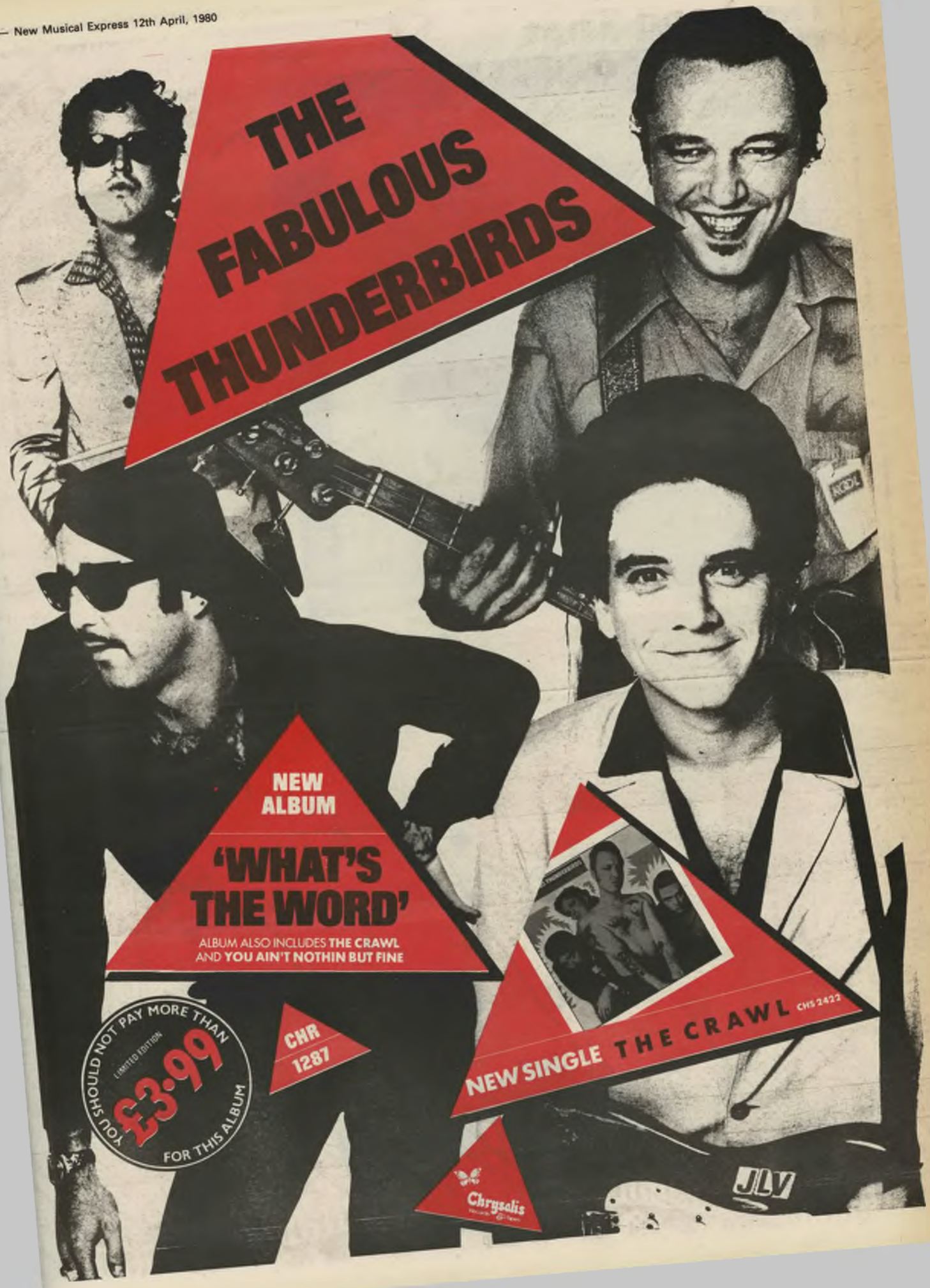
In the person of Mr Joe Levy, Stock Conversion and Investment Trust are buying up property in Tolmers Square since 1962, when it is worth a mere £50,000 per acre, and in a deal with Camden Council realise a profit in excess of £20,000 million in lieu of its redevelopment.

Due mainly to the campaigning activities of *Private Eye* journalist Mr Christopher Booker, this issue is something of a *cause celebre* in the early '70s, with Mr Levy the accredited villain of the piece. On one occasion, a building along the Hampstead Road collapses. It falls in two minutes, but nobody is hurt; a caretaker entertaining two friends making his safe escape. Two policemen and a fireman are treated for gas poisoning and cuts after they drag at the rubble with their bare hands to see whether anybody is buried underneath it. The building is owned by estate agents D. E. & J. Levy of 130 Jermyn Street, an office address they share with Stock Conversion and Investment Trust.

The Tolmers Village Association cite it as "the most striking of a number of recent incidents which illustrate the appalling consequences of years of neglect in Tolmers Square." Their broadsheet *Tolmers News* accuses the agents of deliberately neglecting the property and allowing it to run down.

Last year, the Square is demolished forever. A superstructure to rival Euston Tower in its dimensions is under present construction on the site. Its comprehensive effect awaits full de'nouement.


SPLASH (A TEAR GOES ROLLING DOWN) B/W HULLO
CLIVE LANGER AND THE ROKES F-BEAT XM2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The Land That Time Forgot . . .

Thrills looks at Northern Soul

All pix: Kevin Cummins

THE MOVIE *Quadrophenia* nearly got it right. Its representation of the mod enigma came close to invoking the mood of youthful exuberance in the south, but in the north it was different. When the rest of the world casually slipped on its beads and kaftans, the north remained steadfastly devout to its black roots and dedication. Wigan Casino became a Mecca for the disenchanted mods of the '60s. They changed, modified, developed and remained totally the same all the way through the '70s becoming 'The Torchholders', the soul fraternity who kept the faith.

Towards the end of the decade however, much of the respect they had gained for their stalwart belief in all-night dancing, amphetamines and soul had descended into virtual self parody with their short sleeved shorts, airline bags and flappy trousers.

To most people they seemed ridiculous anachronisms in the age of punk and the megastar. Their own reaction to public opinion though, remained constant: "Who gives a fucking shite?"

But with the dawning of a new era, these are the people who've got the last laugh. Mods are back, and that's why I found myself in Oldham at a 2-Tone, northern soul twelve-hour marathon. For somebody who begrudgingly became a mod to retain a bit of credibility with the girls at school, it seemed a perfect opportunity to assess what changes, if any, the mod revival had wrought on the old, purveyors of a life style that, while short in terms of shoe leather and arteries, offered endless enjoyment and your first chance to get really good at lying to your parents about where you've been all night.

Kim, a northern souler with an accent as wide as his trouser bottoms, described his weekend for me. He starts off from Sowerby in Yorkshire on Saturday afternoon and goes to the all nighter at Wigan Casino. After twelve hours of non-stop fun there he shoots over to Oldham for another dose of floor bashing before hanging up his dancing shoes until the next weekend. He's very thin. His exertions on the dance floor, like those of his friends, have all the frenetic energy of amphetamine crazed spastics in the final stages of St. Vitus dance.

Don't get me wrong; they're good, these kids. Your Studio 54s don't mean bugger all to Kim and his mates. Bollock-breaking splits form the basis for the majority of their routines, usually preceded by tossing in a few handstands and back flips for good measure. And after all that the nimnos actually applaud the DJ for his choice of record. It's a totally spontaneous reaction that shows a genuine love and affection for the music. Without it they'd be nowhere.

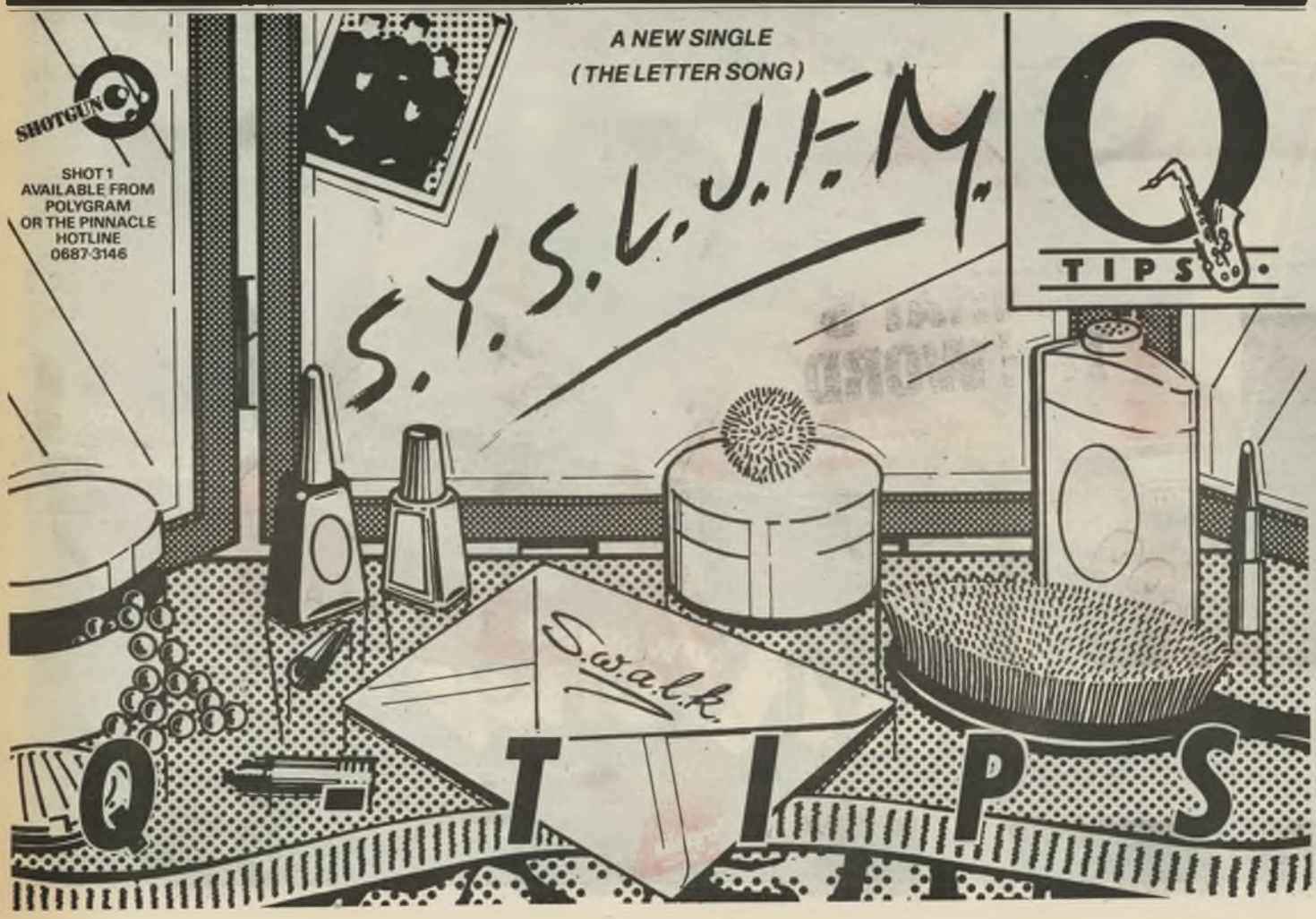
Kim and his buddies are a little bemused by the new influx of mods, but there's no resentment or dislike on either side. The promoter, Richard Serling, was quick to assure me that they've had no trouble at all from any of the disparate elements wandering around the gig, and he takes great delight in regaling me with stories of culture crossovers as the new young mods discover that there's a wealth of music to be unearthed by listening to the D.J. from Wigan. The northern soulers, on the other hand, don't seem particularly inclined to substitute Secret Affair for Ben E King. The elitism of digging out obscure nuggets by unknown black American artists of the '60s paved the way for the economics of obscurity. In other words any old crap as long as it's rare will be snatched up by somebody with more money than sense. Over to Roger Eagle, the man who almost singlehandedly started the R&B/Soul boom in the early '60s.

"I used to get a lot of my records given me by the groups themselves when they were on tour over here. Rickie from The Vibrations gave me the first copy of 'I Spy For The F.B.I.' ever to come into England. The only way to turn people on to a new music is to let them know what you're playing — it always was and it always will be. But the scene then was ridiculous. The competition was so great to be the first, the only person to have *that* particular record, that some DJs even used to scrape the labels off so that nobody could find out who they were by. Stupid."

Those DJs would have had a field day on the soul scene today, not so on the mod. Despite their good intentions the ones in Oldham don't seem to realise the potential of their new audience to enjoy something other than the standard crop of 2-Tone issues. The promoters are aware of the problems and the possibilities that they've presented themselves with. They're on the lookout for live bands to play at their venues, a solution for all as the amount of live venues in the north west steadily dries up. Events may overtake them, however, for the shallowness of fashion-styled rock is notorious, and a parka and pork-pie hat do not a culture make. They have no foundation to build an identity on. They're behaving in the way they feel the kids of some sixteen summers ago behaved. The pathetic irony of it is that they only have to go upstairs where Kim and his friends are dancing to discover the real survivors of the era they're trying to emulate.

C. P. LEE

Thrills!



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By Charles Shaar Murray

"Friggin' Ade Pen, 'urry oop an' take the picture, less! I can't 'old this booger much longer . . ."

Mensi, you gotta carry that weight...

THOMAS MENSFORTH'S day begins where it ends: in a small neat room only fractionally larger than his bed.

The walls are crowded with artefacts and totems: a huge Union Jack, posters of The Sex Pistols and Sunderland football team, front pages from the *South Shields Gazette* detailing the court case that sent a former manager of his band — The Angelic Upstarts — to prison for a number of years after a grisly series of incidents including violent intimidation of Mensi's family.

Other icons: glossy, misty posters of airbrushed imaginary girls, photographs of AC/DC guitarist Angus Young, photographs of The Angelic Upstarts. Before he leaves the unassuming terraced house in London's Wood Green, the bed will be neatly made: not a wrinkle to be seen in the yellow bedspread.

Clad in a purple tracksuit, he will head into the West End to begin a working day: a hard, gruelling session of weightlifting in the basement gymnasium below the offices of his band's record company, conferences with executives in the publicity and sales departments of that company, a meeting at the offices of his manager concerning arrangements for an imminent tour, and then a return to Wood Green to prepare for an informal performance that very night in a local pub a brick's throw from home; free of charge, word of mouth.

The workout begins at eleven for Mensi and his three colleagues — guitarist Mond, drummer Stix and bassist Glyn, the latter added to the band too late to participate in the recording of the band's second album but just in time to get his picture on the back — and weights are hefted and pressed, springs are stretched and punching bags pounded. The day stretches ahead as a series of obstacles to be hurdled: the band's new single 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place' — Mann Weil via The Animals — had entered the charts at a promising 65 but then, in Mensi's rueful, wry phrase, "soared straight up to 81", thus necessitating some hard talk up at Warners.

Then there was the tour to think about: The Angelic Upstarts have no tour manager to schlep them around, so they have to get on the phones and sort out details like hotel accommodation for themselves. To complicate matters further, not one promoter has yet returned a completed contract for a gig. Wages and 'float' — road terminology for the slush fund designated for ordinary and extraordinary expenses — have to be drawn.

And overshadowing all these concerns in the short term, if not the long, is tonight's performance. On one level it is simply an informal warm-up for the tour and a mild baptism of fire for Glyn, who — despite copious rehearsing — has yet to perform as an Upstart before an audience. On another it is confrontation: the audience will be principally comprised of the local skinheads, a small but prominent proportion of whom flirt — out of conviction, paranoia or peer pressure, who knows? — with the philosophies of the lunatic right. Also, there will be a heavy police presence, attracted both by the possibility of mob violence and by the Upstarts' reputation as cop-baiting troublemakers. If the performance goes according to plan, a wonderful time will be had by all, the landlord will keep his license and endear himself to his clientele, and the police will leave empty-handed.

If it does not, the consequences are potentially disastrous. Thomas Mensforth Jr has his bluster and bottle, his physical and spiritual toughness, his effrontery and his cunning and his charm. If things go wrong tonight, they may not be enough.

THE TALKS at the record company have proved less than illuminating. On the second floor, Mick Houghton in the publicity and A&R department can offer little but sympathy and consolation, a lager and a few records to take home. The Upstarts — Stix and Glyn small and shy-smiling, Mond with his popstar streaked haircut looking for all the world like a stocky, younger Mick Ronson and thick-set, cropped Mensi with his hardman's irony — are disconsolate but subdued. Mensi announces that they are going upstairs "to hurl abuse at Jonathan Clyde an' then we're going to hurl abuse at our manager," but no voices are raised. They bound up the stairs to the third floor, but the mood is more one of simmering resentment than howling rage.

Jonathan Clyde is a plump, curly-haired man in designer denims. His office walls are plastered with Beatles memorabilia — Derek Taylor rules (in absentia) O.K. — and his voice is quiet and reasonable, like that of a bank manager refusing a loan in a very polite and sympathetic way. There are no figures on the album as yet, and since the single isn't playlisted it would appear that the original chart placing was a result of hardcore Upstarts fandom zooming in and buying it in the first week. An observer points out that Joe Jackson's 'It's Different For Girls' sat around for donkey's years before it finally hit, but this is no source of solace. The suspicion that the single is virtually dead on arrival hangs heavy in the air.

A fifteen-minute walk to the offices of Tony Gordon — who oversees the careers of Sham 69 and The Cockney Rejects as well as The Angelic Upstarts — follows. The accents of South Shields — a terse, idiomatic cross between those of Scotland and the North — crackle through the rainy streets. Mensi bounces, shouts, guffaws. Mond, Stix and Glyn follow in his wake.

The office is in a quiet, opulent street. In reception, Albie from Sham 69 is on the phone sorting out details for the Sham tour. Copies of the Rejects' tour itinerary are being typed and photocopied. Above the main reception desk, a Toulouse Lautrec poster — a mass of gaudy, sensuous colour not unlike a representational

■ *Continues over*

Pictures by Pennie Smith

RESTARTS

■ *From previous page*

orchid — hangs uncertainly in its frame. The glass protecting it from the fumes of many Marlboros is splintered, having been the object of a minor tantrum on the part of Jimmy Pursey the previous day. Mensi is not amused. He is massively unimpressed with his former mentor these days.

"If it'd been one of us dud that," he observes caustically, "we'd have had a bill for it, us. He's really got the shits up because The Jam are Polydor's number one band now. He's always fucken moanin' . . . 'Aw, Mens'," — he lapses into a fair replica of Pursey's somewhat theatrical manner with a monologue — " 'I carn 'andle all this pressure, all them kids depending on me, aw Mens, wha' am I gonna do?' Wanker!"

Tony Gordon is out at lunch. Therefore, Mensi must contend with the guidianne of Gordon's inner sanctum, an extremely no-nonsense matron who is evidently in no mood for rough-hewn South Shields charm. "No, you can't have your twenty-five 'pund' until tomorrow," she snaps. "And if you want money for the tour, you'll have to let us know exactly how much and for what. We're going away next week, so if you don't write it out now you'll have to do without!"

Jimmy Pursey's six-figure villa (with swimming pool) seems a million miles away.

IN A PUB off Oxford Street, Mensi drinks a mixture of Guinness and cider and the conversation roams back and forth between past and present, theory and practice. Thomas Mensforth Jr is 23, and The Angelic Upstarts — the group that he formed with his schoolfriend and neighbour Raymond 'Mond' Cowie — have been his life since he saw The Clash on the White Riot tour in '77. "I'd been right inta Gary Glitter an' Slade an' — I'm nee havin' you on — Glenn Miller. 'Pennsylvenia 65-000!' 'Little Brown Jug' ... right inta that. Well tasty, him."

He begins to sing lengthy extracts from the Glen Miller songbook. Trombone swoops, cymbal crashes, the lot. "An' Nat King Cole. 'Smiiiiiiiile tho' your heart is bresaaaking ...' That's real singin'. Real singin' is Perry Como, Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra ... half the wankers in the chart canna sing at all. I canna sing, but at least I've got my good looks to sustain me."

Before The Clash — and an early Jam gig — most rock music had left Mensi cold.

"I'd been to see Bad Company and a coupla groups like that, but it did fuck all for me. All it was was the dregs of society makin' millions out of wimps like us, and I could not relate to it at all. Then I saw The Jam an' I couldna believe the energy, and then the fucken Clash — I just thought 'Wooooaaaarrrggghh!' Everybody was enjoyin' themselves so much and the band was enjoyin' themselves as much as the audience. I just had to have me a piece of that."

So Mensi jacked in his job. Prior to his punk epiphany, he'd spent three years down the pits — Mond had put in an equivalent period in the shipyards — working as a miner at the court of Old King Coal. "Me da was down there for *twenty-six years. Bad news*, that. There's not a person alive who's spent ten years or more down the pits whose body is still the same as when they went down. If I have a cough or a cold and I fetch it up from deep in my chest, I fetch up coal dust. *Still.*

"The miners got fuck all for it, too, until the last Conservative government ... the last *Conservative* government," he repeats sardonically. "The Labour government was no use at all, but they're both full of shit."

Mensi — a firm defender of the trade unions — is not unmindful of the fact that the NUM had to black out the country to get a fair wage for its workers.

"They thought I was a red when I first come down here 'cause I didn't hate niggers and I believe in Unions. 'Huh, Mensi, fuckin' Commie. Fuckin' nigger-lover, him'. There's no such thing as racism where I come from — there's loads of Asian families but they're all just Geordies. Where I come from they think the NF is just some old newsagent who don't like niggers. I didn't even know what racism was 'til I came down here."

Mensi's drinking companion for the day is caught up short by this use of the pejorative and loaded term 'nigger.' In his world, it is an insult, a word used only as an insult and then as a deadly one. To Mensi, it is a neutral term, used in exactly the same way as the more 'acceptable' "black." When — later in the conversation — Mensi describes the change in his attitude towards homosexuals over the last few years by saying, "Two years ago if a pouf had come on to me I'd a smashed him," a similar feeling of dislocation sets in. Again, he has used the term in a manner not intended to be demeaning or insulting, but in the circles in which the observer moves, an insult it most certainly would be.

"Yer not familiar with Marcel Proust then, Charlie?"

BACK IN the management office, Tony Gordon is back from lunch. A roly-poly man in early middle-age, he certainly does not resemble the popular notion of a man who would manage Sham, the Rejects and the Upstarts. With his expensive clothes and harassed, avuncular air, he gives the impression that if one were to jab him lightly with a pin, he would spout not blood, but port wine and thick beef gravy. He listens to his boisterous young charges' demands with weary, tolerant benevolence. Something will be worked out.

In Wood Green, a trickle of skinheads mooch through the door as the Upstarts commence soundchecking. Frank the landlord — a pleasant, shirtsleeved man in his late '30s — is simultaneously worried and elected. He tacks up a note by the door pleading for all patrons to keep the peace tonight.

Mensi has changed out of his tracksuit into faded Levis, black T-shirt and burnished brown Martens, and he points to the area of the pub on the far side of the second bar which divides the place in half: a main area where the bulk of the audience will stand, and a smaller, more out-of-the-way enclosure. "In there's any trouble," he advises, "just get behind there."

National Front and British Movement grafitti adorn — if that is the appropriate term — the toilet walls *(At least that's the appropriate place. - Ed).* The pub packs out by the time the support group — a local punk combo called Infra-Riot, making their public debut — take the stage, using the Upstairs' amps and drums. There are maybe three or four punk-rockaaaaaas present, a few regular drinkers, a kid covered in Stones badges and the rest is wall-to-wall skinheads. Frank mingles, chatting, reassuring, joking and fretting a lot.

Suddenly, a sibilant whisper of "Fifth!" Three heavy-set men jostle through the crowd. They are slightly less obvious than a rhinoceros in the Ballet Rambert or a Telecaster in the LSO.

"I smell shit in here!" announces Mensi in a conversational tone that probably wouldn't have carried more than twenty yards. The bulky trio go into a huddle with Frank and then leave. Frank does rounds again, announcing that the three — believed to be in the employ of the Metropolitan Police — will be back later to search everyone.

The assembled gathering are almost obsessively polite. Nary an elbow collides with rib nor foot grazes against foot without a "Sorry, pal" to make amends.

The pub is thought of in some circles as a BM hangout, yet blacks and Asians mingle and circulate without inhibition or challenge. A couple of black skinheads laugh and jostle with their mates and move to the front. The atmosphere is three parts tension to seven parts high spirits.

The Upstarts take the stage: Stix and Mond on-the-case and visually undemonstrative, Glyn leaping and grinning his way past his first-night nerves, Mensi larger than life, conscious that while his professional reputation isn't on the line the way it would be at a Proper Gig, something far more fundamental is at stake tonight. He's backing his faith in the essential decency of the kids he performs for, he's backing his friendship with Frank and Frank's personal trust in the band. Ultimately, he's backing his own ability to see trouble coming and stop it cold.

He grabs the mike. "There was a rumour that the skinheads were coming tonight, but I guess it wasn't true."

He pauses just long enough for the audience to cheer and jeer and then shouts, "YOU FUCKEN WANKERS!" as the band ram out their first slab of 120 mph white-hot slag.

The police are back, but there's nothing for them to pounce on. The Upstarts play their set, exhorting the biggest cheers for 'Police Oppression' — it's no secret in the pub that the police are massing outside — 'Who Killed Liddle Towers?' and their riotous theme song, the menacing slapstick 'I'm An Upstart'.

The stage is filled with kids for the choruses, Mensi cheerfully surrendering his mike for a mass chorale: *"I'm an upstart Oi! Whatcha gonna do! I'm an upstart LISSEN! Talkin' to you!"*

They play half an hour, and at the end the place empties, slowly but peacefully. The carpet is littered with broken glass, but no-one got hurt, no-one got intimidated and not one single, solitary fascist catcall was heard. The trio had a word in Frank's ear about keeping to precise drinking-up times, and that was that.

MENSI IS jubilant. "All the hooligans were there, all the thugs were there, all the bad boys were there and there was *new fucken trouble! NAW FUCKEN TROUBLE!*

"I didn't hear one fucken sieg heil or nuthin' from them, and there was ten or twelve lads there who I know are in the British Movement or who claim to be in the British Movement."

Much later, back home, Mensi folds himself into an armchair, relieved and still jubilant. All the jokes and catch-phrases come out, all the why-was-I-born-so-beautifuls and the you're-not-wrongs. Disaster has been faced and outfaced.

"See, it may sound strange but . . . I've got some close friends in the British Movement, and I really don't think they're Nazis. They're politically misguided, but they're not Nazis. You remember that guy I introduced you to?"

The observer remembers a tall, quiet youth in incongruous flares and grey pullover with long hair and a moustache. He had spent at least an hour in close and cordial conversation with a middle-aged Pakistani in one of the all-time terrible ties, chatting and buying each other drinks.

"Well, he's in the British Movement, but that geezer's one of his best friends," Mensi shrugs, implying "What can you do?"

"I hope that with our songs and our lyrics, we can make some people think. I don't have any easy solutions! But if we can make a few people think about a few things, then the job's worthwhile."

And Thomas Mensforth, at the end of the day, retires to the little room with the big bed and the Sunderland poster. There's still the tour to worry about, and the record "soaring up from 65 to 81" and the problems with the record company, but tonight is enough for tonight.

Mensi goes to sleep feeling he's done something positive. He's not wrong.

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CRUISING FOR A BRUISING

Mick Farren exorcises William Friedkin's controversial story of gay life in New York.

THE SAME WEEK that the movie *Cruising* was being premiered in midtown Manhattan, a 15-year-old kid was trying to sneak onto a subway train without paying, just a few blocks away at the Columbus Circle subway station. Unfortunately he was caught by a Transit cop and found himself being frogmarched out of the station. Legally there's some sort of fine for dodging the fare on the subway, but in practice all that happens is that you get your ass kicked out of the station and for the next few days it's usually a good idea to get on the subway someplace else.

Not in this kid's case though. He decides which way he's going to come and it ain't going to be with his hands on his head. He makes a grab for the cop's gun. The cop is a little slow. He's obviously not expecting such a massive over-reaction on a 50c subway fare dodge. The kid jerks the gun out of the cop's holster and pumps five bullets into him. The cop is dead and the kid is running. He doesn't even make it out of the station. Another cop has heard the shots and grabs him. The cuffs are on and he's got the kid in custody and the dead cop's empty gun as evidence. Not only has the kid killed a police officer, he has just done an admirable job of scrambling his own future.

Down at the station, the kid refuses to give his name. He is John Doe (Hispanic). Later, in court, he tells the judge that he is from another galaxy. The cops claim that he is no stranger to angel dust.

Could this be violence as a means of self-expression?

During the premier of *Cruising* and for some days afterwards, the National Theatre — on Broadway at Times Square — was picketed by militant gays who objected to the way in which a series of gay murders were depicted in the film and who feared that they might spark off yet another round of anti-gay violence. Only a few weeks before, a gang of juvenile studs from the Bronx had erupted out of the West 4th Street subway station and gone on a "get the queers" rampage through Greenwich Village.

Not being too sophisticated in village ways, these baby hoodlums had attacked anyone gay or straight who didn't actually resemble John Wayne or Muhammad Ali. The obvious gay activist fear was that *Cruising* might cause such attacks to escalate.

The picketing of the National Theatre was not the first organised gay protest against *Cruising*. Back in the humid, overheated days of the summer, there had been a near-riot while filming had been taking place on New York's notorious Christopher Street, a three-block strip in the heart of the Village where the guys in the Village People outfits really mean it.

Before the movie had even been completed, the gay community had decided that any movie about a gay sex killer, particularly if it was being made by the same man who directed *The Exorcist*, could do nothing to improve the homosexual image and would probably bode badly for gays in general.

Was this the fear of violence as a means of self-expression?

At root, *Cruising* is nothing more than a murder mystery. Sure, it's a particularly gruesome. Jack the Ripper stuff, based on a series of real murders that took place in New York between 1973 and 1979. In these cases, the victims, apparently all homosexual males, were dismembered, wrapped in black plastic garbage bags and dumped in the section of the Hudson River that flows past the western boundary of Greenwich Village.

At the time, the police were sufficiently baffled that they sent undercover cops into the so-called "homosexual underground" in the hope of flushing out the gay ripper.

SO WHY the protests? There have been mass murder movies before. The list would go on for pages. More often than not, the victims are heterosexual women. From *Psycho* to *Klute* to *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the theme has been the same and nobody has bothered to raise that much of a fuss.

What has both the gays and the censorship lobby in an uproar is the fact that *Cruising* is set in a particularly dark and extreme sub-world inside the gay community. The *Cruising* press release tactfully describes it thus: "The backgrounds for the actual slayings and for the film are the S&M heavy-leather bars and sex clubs clustered along the waterfront of the West Village and the Central Park cruising area known as the Rambles. Characterised by intense and often violent sexuality, this is a world that exists far from the mainstream of gay life, experienced by only a few homosexuals and by almost none of the straight community."

This is almost certainly violence as a means of self-expression.

The old West Side Highway is a derelict overpass that runs down the west side of Manhattan along the Hudson River waterfront. It no longer carries traffic, it is so dangerous. In recent years large chunks of concrete have dropped off it. It has decayed and corroded, neglected by a close-to-bankrupt city until it cannot be repaired. Its decorative cast iron is almost eaten away by rust while City Hall wonders how it is going to pay for having it torn down.

Under the shadow of this highway, from 14th Street going south where the end of the Village slips at the dirty river water is the strip where *Cruising* is set. This is the strip where bars like The Mineshaft, The Anvil and The Toilet prosper and flourish.

Once upon a time this was real waterfront. The bars had different names and were patronised by longshoremen and merchant sailors. Now the docks are empty and all that's left are vacant warehouses and the dead elevated highway. In a city as crowded as New York, though, nothing remains deserted very long. The twilight streets become the turf of the denizens of the gay S&M leather freaks.

To the unsuspecting, a walk down there is like a visit to an alien planet. The posers and hustlers are dehumanised in creaking leather, gleaming studs and inscrutable mirrored aviator glasses. Few walk there by accident. This strip goes from nowhere to nowhere and most of those who wander there from choice are seeking experiences best left to the imagination. (A pair of body builders disguised as bit players in *The Wild One* inflicting sexual injury on each other assumes such Godzilla proportions that it's best not to dwell upon it.)

It is violence made the total means of expression.

This is the subworld in which Al Pacino is forced to immerse himself as the cop tracking down the psychopathic killer in *Cruising*. Coupled with the straightforward plot of the hetero cop doing undercover work in the world of the terminally bizarre, the film is the study of the increasing psychological pressures on him as he moves in this leather bar milieu.

The Pacino character begins to experience severe doubts about his own sexuality. The film is disturbingly oblique about whether or not Steve Burns (Pacino's detective) fully participates in violent homosexual acts to maintain his cover. It is equally oblique about closet homosexuality inside the police department and whether, at the end of the movie, Burns himself has turned into a psychotic, sadistic killer.

MAYBE, in the hands of some other director, a movie of this type, a murder mystery set in a sexual edge-city, might have been made into something worthwhile. Unfortunately this movie was in the hands of William Friedkin, the man who made *The French Connection* and *The Exorcist*, and all he seems to have succeeded in doing is coming out with what *The New Yorker* calls "A slovenly, bruising sort of movie, whose persistent uncertainties of tone and meaning only confirm the fears that it was made mostly to shock and offend."

There is no quarrel with *The French Connection*. It was a fast-moving story and William Friedkin is a robust storyteller. I do, however, have a serious quarrel with *The Exorcist*, which seemed to be little more than a very cleverly designed emotional rollercoaster ride that wound up the senses and twisted the imagination.

Some people were disturbed by *The Exorcist*, some had bad dreams, others threw up. A tiny minority reeled away from the film and murdered their relatives or set fire to their children in the belief that they were casting out devils.

This was violence as self-expression when all other means have failed.

The Exorcist had a lasting and, for some, very negative effect. There were deaths and there were cases of psychosis apparently triggered by the film. Friedkin could have been excused from any responsibility for these incidents if he had simply been making a film on the subject of demonic possession.

Unfortunately Friedkin was not playing it straight. A quiet controversy still goes on over whether he was using subliminals in *The Exorcist*, fast flash visuals and sub-audible sounds that profoundly disturbed the audience even before the plot or the action on the screen had made its impact.

Needless to say the gay community was hardly thrilled when they heard that Friedkin was working on a picture set in and about one of the most sensitive and least attractive fringes of their world.

To a great extent the gays' fears were well founded. *Cruising* hardly presents anything close to a sympathetic or even balanced picture. There is only one homosexual character who is not a bizarre macho man or screaming queen. It makes homosexuality appear a contagious and brutal disease to which nobody, including Al Pacino, is immune. Despite all protestations to the contrary on the part of the makers, the only message that comes out of the picture is that, if you hang around with homosexuals or the leather set long enough, you either are the killer or a victim.

Suddenly it seems to be just another case of violence as a means of commercial exploitation.

NOT EVEN all the gays seemed to be able to agree, though. Some of the leather set, although not supporting *Cruising*, seemed to object to the rest of the gay world treating them as some sort of shameful underbelly that had to be kept hidden from the straights.

Wall posters appeared all over New York, declaring, along with suitable graphics, that "The difference between S&M and torture is consent."

We seemed to be back with violence as a means of self-expression just so long as it's between consenting adults.

What everyone seemed to be

■ *Continues over*

CRUISING

■ *From previous page*

forgetting is that violence is not restricted to male, female, straight or gay, young or old. Violence comes without consent and usually without warning. In New York City, it has reached epidemic proportions. Recent statistics have shown that murder has actually topped cancer, heart disease and road accidents as the major cause of death in males. If you happen to be a 21-year-old black man born and brought up in the city of New York, statistically you have slightly more chance of being killed by a total stranger than the average soldier in World War II. But certainly only a minute proportion of this out-of-control mayhem can be attributed to the gay community. Gays beat on gays, gays rob and gays murder, but *Cruising* notwithstanding, no more and quite possibly less than any other section of the population.

A major factor in this rising tide of mayhem has to be the fact that the city no longer has the money to police its streets. With only some 8,500 officers in the NYPD (as opposed to 30,000 in the Met), New York experiences a strange duality with regard to law and order. On one hand there is an extraordinary freedom for the individual. Christopher Street and the west side S&M strip exist with only a minimum of harassment. There is no need to worry about your door being kicked down because you have a few pills or a quantity of marijuana. Narcotics officers neither have the time nor the inclination to go after the likes of John Lydon.

On the other hand, random violence can descend on anyone at any time. Robbery is an ever-present menace, 12-year-olds are picked up in Washington Square Park with loaded guns in their pockets and the Subway Slasher, a psychotic black who has so far been responsible for three sets of unprovoked meat cleaver attacks on subway passengers, is still at liberty.

There are probably a million or more reasons why New York should be so violence-prone, and the influence of movies must come very low on the list. If not at the very top, something that must come very near it is the massive spread of heroin addiction. At a conservative estimate there are something in the region of 10,000 junkies totally dependent on heroin. A percentage of these, with no effective care programme, are forced to steal at least once a day to maintain their habits.

It's not only the heroin addicts who contribute to the atmosphere of violence in the city. A recent Board of Education survey claimed that there were some 17,000 uncontrollable, uneducatable children running loose in the city. Many were the kids born during the last heroin boom in the late '60s and early '70s. Many suffered the brain-damaging trauma of going into instant withdrawal immediately they were born. Some are abandoned early in life as toddlers and grow up on the streets with only pre-teen gangs as support and surrogate family, like the Crazy Homicides who live in and around Union Square subway station.

These are the kids who make a hobby out of pushing people under subway trains and eventually graduate to the senior gangs similar to the ones romanticised in the movie *The Warriors*.

LOOKING DOWN into these subworlds of New York City is rather like a peek into some nightmare of William S Burroughs, and yet New York is not so unique. It is simply a large, early 20th century city that is nearly broke and can no longer care for its misfits. Failing a global economic miracle, there are a lot of other cities headed in exactly the same direction.

Looking down into the subworld may be bizarre, but a glance at the supposedly real world can be even more frightening.

Here it's violence as a means of manipulation.

Up in the glass towers of midtown, 40 blocks north and 30 stories above the *Cruising* strip, is where they really know about violence. The leather boys and the street kids know about it on a gut level. On the top of the heap, they have it down to 18 decimal places. Of course, the violence rarely touches the men at the top of the heap. They have guards, chauffeurs and bulletproof limousines to make sure of that. (The only exception is when there's a maverick Lee Harvey Oswald on the case, but that happens just once in a lifetime.)

To them, violence is merely a useful tool. For so many years it is pumped out, cradle to grave, and it's forcibly equated with pride, potency and male sexuality. In the end it is a knee-jerk response that both sells products and engenders instant patriotism.

Tom and Jerry beat the crap out of each other daily on TV. In the Schlitz beer commercial a mad bull smashes through the wall of a bar. In a Harley Davidson motorcycle advert their new Sportster is described as "the centre of burning desire". In a Revlon commercial starlet Lauren Hutton recounts how her lips "are whipped". The "Fuck Iran" posters are still up in the family grocery stores. Everyone approves of the return of the draft except the actual 18-26 age group who'd be drafted. Presidential candidates rattle nuclear sabres at the Russians to prove they've got the balls it takes to run the country.

Is violence ingrained in the society?

WE'VE COME a long way from Al Pacino and the movie *Cruising*, and then again we haven't. *Cruising* isn't an isolated case. It's just another symptom of our cities, our society and ourselves. Some scream that it should be banned, but that seems to be little more than another sweep-it-under-the-rug exercise. Network TV has an early evening moritorium of shootouts and fist fights but it had little noticeable impact. While the crowds form to both see a movie like *Cruising* and protest against it, you know that what damage there is has already been done. The only sign of hope would be if people just didn't bother to go.

There's a time in New York, round about 4.30 in the morning, when a calm descends over the city. Although it's probably far from the truth, it feels as though all the crimes have been committed and all that can happen has happened.

At Dave's all-night luncheonette on the corner of Broadway and Canal Street, the turnout of some SoHo gay bars mingle with the hot punks of the junior set from the nearby Mudd Club and the winos who have managed to raise the price of a cup of coffee. It's an hour of the day when everyone's axe seems to have been ground. It's noisy, but there's little friction and violence is rare. The sub-groups seem to co-exist with consummate ease.

Perhaps, in the end, violence is a self-perpetuating aberration.

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SINGLES

Left: Robert Smith of The Cure. Pic: Zbysiu Rodek. Right: Dionne Warwick. Pic: Valerie Clendenning.

To moan more meaningfully than man has moaned before

I've got moan singles column to do moans Julie Burchill

JUNIOR MURVIN: Police And Thieves (Island). A sentimental world away from the Clash Battle Hymn of the People's Republic cover; lovers rock practically, Joni-voiced Junior sounding like he should be singing "(I Check For) Police And Thieves". I'm biased because I grew to loathe reggae via sitting through years of it waiting for punk bands to take the stage. They made a fuss about the violence — the endless reggae was much worse. If this version moved any slower it would get hauled in on suspicion.

SHOES FOR INDUSTRY: Spend (Fried Egg Records)
CISSY HOUSTON: Break It To Me Gently (EMI)
THE CURE: A Forest (Fiction)
MARY WILSON: Pick Up The Pieces (Motown)
THE BLITZ BROTHERS: The Rose Tattoo (Vertigo)
DIONNE WARWICK: I'll Never Love This Way Again (Arista)
CRISPY AMBULANCE: From The Cradle To The Grave (Aural Assault records). What do lots of young white men have in common with lots of old black girls? Not much, you'd think; the one kids itself it has autonomy and the other never had any illusions about who plotted its career; the one is loved by John Peel and the other has never heard of him; the one is intent on doing its own thing and the other would sing anyone's song to get a hit. Most importantly, you can buy badges with the young white men's names on.

What they share an interest in is MOANING; more specifically, trying to etch a sketchy living out of moaning, and thinking they're moaning more meaningfully than man has ever moaned before. Without a tune, too; reactionary (a great way to be) though you may consider it, a tune is the snake-charmer of sales, the fool-proof alibi that sells the sub-standard story to the consumer jury.

The old black girls at least keep the griping between consenting divorcees; *"I'm not ashamed to admit I hurt inside — these are my feelings, why should I hide?"* groans Cissy. *"I don't want our relationship to end!"* begs Mary. *"I know I'll never love this way again!"* grimaces Dionne (God rest her soul, wherever it is — maybe she left it with Bacharach.)

The post-angrylists, though, insist on projecting their own petty incapacities onto the world, in the same old way that muddled old misanthropist John Osborne did — the Better Badges bands are the music industry's (any band, however pure, becomes a part of the music industry the moment it says yes to the press) equivalent of the poor old people you hear complaining about what entrails they've had removed recently, and what a piece of trash everything in the world is today — the state of the self mistakenly and fatalistically merged with the state of the nation.

Or as Crispy Ambulance so succinctly put it — *"I'd like to let the world pass me by — just let them pretend that I'm not there."* The thing that I find funny about the Better Badges bands — apart from the way they all look just the same, like awkward pre-pubescents trying to conceal illegal sex organs about their person — is the way they think they're so beyond reach, off-limits, free of trivia and conditioning, whereas really this new "Let's be totally serious about music" movement is the biggest red herring to emerge from rock's history. All this sitting up all night, arguing about music, being ecstatic about music, starting little labels, making little records, playing little gigs . . . isn't it great to be lost in music, kids? You take it so seriously, it takes so much of your time and mind that you never question or change or stop anything at all.

What a great agent of social control this post-modernism is! Muzak for those who think they're immune.

MICKEY JUPP: Rooms In Your Roof (Chrysalis). Another song about changing that stupid lock and wishing the skeleton at the front door had been made to leave its key. Strident, vibrant, vehement — but that was Gloria Gaynor. This pub rock plodder grins gamely and wouldn't mind one bit if the hawker with her foot in the door sang along — it needs all the help it can get. R & B's only function is to make male-beer-drinkers perspire in public houses. But it's the musicians — apart from Charlie Murray's outfit, and you never heard 'South Of The River' if you think this is an old pal's act — that make it who should be sweating.

ROCKY BURNETTE: Baby Tonight (EMI)
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS: The Crawl (Chrysalis). That Confederate flag is an acceptable swastika — a soft-core symbol of something very ugly (keeping blacks as slaves, etc). Water it down and not only won't they throw rocks, you might win them over.

But rockabilly lacks the finger-snapping righteousness of ska, the nightlife promise of disco, the thrill of punk, even the bloody-eared fraternity of heavy metal. It lacks a face, its adherents are too reverent, too in awe of their ancestors to do anything worthwhile. INFLUENCES ARE USELESS IF YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON THEM. The rockabilly tribe are too humble, too rept about what went before — the young rockabillies are the Moonies of music.

Rocky Burnette is full of beans, affecting a charming speech impediment and worrying up some dynamics that could seem moderately nifty if one didn't regard them with a modicum of suspicion, uncertain if they've been around for three days or thirty years. The Thunderbirds are totally authentic right down to the greasy, tinny, three-doors down production. They go gaga about a new dance craze sweeping the nation, and they're not satirical in the least. They're really not here with us — they're more than 3000 miles and three decades away, living in the past and loving it. Good luck to them.

But talk of a rockabilly revival on any large scale is just myopic hipsters seeking out a fad like Pinky and Perky poking around for truffles. This ain't no revival — this is a life support machine.

BETTE MIDLER: The Rose (Atlantic)
GHEORGHE ZAMFIR: The Rose (Instrumental) (Philips). *The Rose* is a film about capital punishment in which Bette Midler gets to die for murdering all those great old songs. Bette must be a very happy old lady; she always wanted to be an all-round entertainer and thought there wouldn't be a big screen in the world wide enough to capture the giant shadow of her boozy, brassy bulk. But whatever you think of her, you've got to admit the gal has "balls". They were clearly visible through the crotch of her *lame* leons when she appeared on *Brucie's Big Night Out*.

RUFUS & CHAKA: Any Love (MCA)
BILLY OCEAN: Stay The Night (GTO)
MICK JACKSON: Hangover (CBS). I see the uppity, set-on-a-solo-career Khan has skulked back to second billing in Rufus — just like Farrah Fawcett snooting the Angels on the crest of a film career, and now forever turning up in "guest star" disguise after a whole bunch of tired and emotional box-office takings. Real rubbish. With all respect, I don't expect dance music to be anything but mindless — soul-less is another matter.

HOT GOSSIP: Space Invaders (DJM). More dry fornication with extra-terrestrial androids. The first incarnation of Hot Gossip put out 'I Lost My Heart To A Starship Trooper' which, if you gave it the benefit of the doubt, may have had a disco backbeat, much in vogue at the time. Similarly, here Legs & Co. With Leers are accompanied by — being generous — a penny-transfer Ska effect; no doubt by the time this lot start getting above themselves Hot Gossip Mark Three will be about ready to weigh in with a heavy metal masterpiece entitled 'I Fell In Love With Buzz Aldrin's Helmet.'

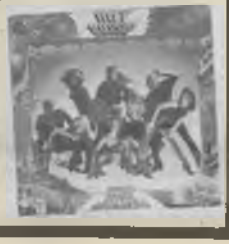
Our elders used to call people like these "cosmic buffoons". What is this fascination Arlene Phillips has for the outer reaches of the galaxy? Does she alone recognise the rampant phallic symbolism inherent in even the briefest moonshot? Those super powers over-compensating for getting sand kicked in their faces by the students of Iran and the victors of Rhodesia? Is Arlene ahead of her time? The sage we've been seeking? Will she lead us out of the fragmented rock and roll wilderness to the Promised Land, free at last?

Of course not, silly. Her moderne Apache dancers will continue to move minimal units. They will go back to the zany safety of the Everett show until everyone sees the boring old beatnik for the dope-smoker's Penelope Keith he is; the ad man's wet dream and the worst case of hackney in the Western World.

Whoah! Look at them Negroes! What a pair of shoulders on that one, eh girls? Don't get many of them to the kilo, etcetera, etcetera.

HEART: Even It Up (Epic). Even Led Zeppelin fans need an Abba — but do they need a clumsy, cluttered gruff and grinding self-conscious boogie — look Ma, no inhibitions — that sounds like extras on the set of *The Rose* posing with tennis rackets in front of Midler's dressing-room mirror while Bette's out in her tea-break getting a new tattoo done? Like woodworm in their Flying V plywood guitar, they do.

NEW MUSIK: The World Of Water (GTO)
TELEX: Euro-Vision (Sire). Heads down, no nonsense, mindless robot, bang your clone on the wall.



MADNESS in PARIS

FOLIES BERSERK!

Pic: George Chin

"So this is Blackpool"

Pic: George Chin

"Trust me, I saw The Lavender Hill Mob eighteen times ..."

Picture this. Paris, France. Europe's haven of sophistication, home of the gilded sets, plays host over Easter to the cream of our 2-tone types. Oui, the world famous Pavillons Ballard rattled its rafters as a throng of Frenchmen joyeux experienced the delights of deux ton, in a festival organised by french radio's Europe 1 station.

On Samedi a bill that boasted Wreckless Eric, Lew Lewis (including a guest 'slot' from Lee Brilleaux), Lene Lovich and chart-topping Madness had the frogs' legs hopping with joy. On Dimanche religious rites were interrupted by sets from Selecter, Fischer Z, Strychnine and Dolce Vita (homegrown groups) and Jo Lemaire et Flouze, a Belgian band plus forte.

In a grand finale that will be remembered by all for its spontaneous celebration of untrammelled youth and the sheer joie de vivre of Europe's new companionship in the face of the gathering storm clouds of war, Madness, Miss Lene and le petite Eric 'jammed' with Selecter — in a procession led by that ubiquitous master of the bon mot Chas Frappe. Don't vous wish vous'd been there?

Selecter: off the charabanc and into the streets

The End Of The Pier Show

Lene gets her Vin Blanc intravenously

Pictures: Alain de la Mata

Kramer vs Kramer
Written and directed by Robert Benton
Starring Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, Jane Alexander and Justin Henry.
(Columbia)

THAT *Kramer vs Kramer* has been an enormous success in the States is not a particularly welcoming prospect (remember *"10"?)* but in fact it's surprisingly good.

That's due in no small measure to the quality of acting by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep (as Ted and Joanne Kramer), and to the studied restraint shown by Robert Benton's hand in direction and screenplay. Sure it's lump-in-throatsville, Arizona, but it's a long, long way from a routine Kleenex job.

With this film Ms Streep will consolidate her position as the current embodiment of vulnerable career lady, here fleeing the roles of "somebody's wife, somebody's mother" to tread the *Annie Hall* path of 'self-awareness' in California. Her trademark — a sharp turning away of the head, usually at rightangles, always at awkward moments — betrays a natural, sensitive openness allied to a self-control which, during the clinical courtroom interrogation, is diametrically opposed to Hoffman's impotent anger.

Hoffman's role, too, is an interesting development of his familiar screen persona — an amiable middle-class type baffled and confused by a situation beyond his experience — as the strengths he has to find are not the traditional masculine ones.

His scenes with the child (Justin Henry, mercifully unbratty) work well, especially a funny miniature of his *Straw Dogs* character when — over a serving of chocolate chip ice cream — he can be pushed, but only so far. And his nervy confrontations with his wife and callous boss are minor set-pieces, registering bonhomie, apprehension and defensiveness within a few seconds.

It would be easy to take sides over the custody wrangles at the centre of the film, which dare to suggest that the system's prejudices are loaded in favour of women (ie motherhood). But the real villain of the piece is Ted's competitive, all-demanding ad agency. Understandably, Joanne rebelled but even she [illegible] up as a kind of female version of Ted. The all-devouring career is a jealous god that will have no others before it — not wife, husband or child.

Throughout all this emotion and emoting, the direction remains suitably muted, Bergman-style, using long fades between scenes.

And it's really good to see a family whose kid isn't a little monster, in league with Satan or otherwise.

Jacob O'Callaghan

Robert Benton: "No publicity please, I'm only the director. Oh, and the writer. What the hell, I'll talk." Pic: Tom Sheehan.

Silver Screen Special

Joanne and Ted and Bonnie and Clyde . . .

Monty Smith meets writer-reluctantly-turned-director Robert Benton

WITH JUST his third film, Robert Benton has won the supreme accolade from his peers — for *Kramer vs Kramer*, the Directors' Guild of America have named him the year's best director.

Not bad going for a man who merely stumbled into direction in the first place. Because it was his erstwhile partner David Newman — their first screenplay was for the enormously influential *Bonnie And Clyde* — who initially caught the directing bug after they worked on *There Was A Crooked Man* with Hollywood veteran Joseph L. Mankiewicz ten years ago.

"We had a big fight about it," says Benton, a polite bookish, vaguely professorial man who speaks with the slightest impediment due to a minor overbite.

"It had never occurred to me to become a director, but David was completely taken by Mankiewicz's behaviour on the set and said 'That's the greatest job in the world — I have to direct a movie.' So I said 'If you're going to direct, I'm going to direct.' "

Curiously, it was Benton's directorial project that got off the ground first — 1972's *Bad Company*, an elegiac Civil War western that, despite good reviews, died the death.

Newman was to have made *Money's Tight* the next year, a comedy about middle-class poverty starring George C. Scott, but it fell through for, of course, financial reasons.

While Newman was devoting his time to endless re-writes of their *Superman* script, Benton branched out on his own with *The Late Show*, an accomplished private eye spoof.

Dustin v. Justin

Three years later, along came *Kramer* which seemed to me an odd job for Benton to take. Unlike all his other films, *Kramer* isn't based on any prior film form — Benton's great gift is his uncanny knack for turning hoary old genres into the stuff of ironic movie myth — nor is it original material, being taken from Avery Corman's novel.

"Yes, it is much less like the films I have done, except that it has an odd couple in it, those two misfits trying to work out some kind of relationship.

"It was very scarey for me, but I wanted to do it for any number of reasons. It's much the most naturalist picture I've ever worked on and it's a film about my own feelings.

"My son is now 14 years old and there is in this film a kind of nostalgia for that child he used to be. In America it's considered right and proper that a father has no relationship with his children and I'd like to think that this movie will change that way of thinking."

The Hollywood establishment have certainly taken *Kramer* to their heart — rave write-ups, multi-Oscar nominations etc — but has there been any loony fringe backlash, that here's a man taking even motherhood away from women?

"Yes, but I don't think it's that at all. If this film is about anything, it's a story about two people who have somehow forgiven each other and who can treat each other with compassion.

"Although there was an extremely intelligent piece in *Ms* magazine which said the tragedy of this film is that if it had been about a woman it would never have been made. And that's true. I would like it to be otherwise, but it's true."

To my relief, Benton will be returning to a genre format with his next film, a thriller called *Stab*, featuring a female Jack The Ripper figure (*Ms* magazine is bound to love that one).

To Benton's relief, he is not involved in writing *Superman 2* with David Newman: "In the time David's spent working on that he could've made three pictures," says Benton, a wan smile inadequately disguising the genuine frustration he feels for his friend.

To Newman's relief, I've never met him.

Pete Frame's Rock Family Trees

For the first time Pete Frame's 'Rock Family Trees' appear in book form. Drawn especially for this edition, and printed on giant fold-out pages, 'Rock Family Trees' will answer all your questions about the history of rock 'n' roll from Gene Vincent and The Blue Caps to Ian Dury and The Blockheads. Order today. £3.95 plus 35p post/packing. Mail Order Music, Camden House, 71 High Street, Newmarket, Suffolk.

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I-SPY RECORDS

Sherlock Holmes — a plum role for Christopher.

Ripper yarns

Murder By Decree

Directed by Bob Clark
Starring Christopher Plummer, James Mason, Donald Sutherland and David Hemmings
(EMI)

THE Ripper Saga is matched only by *Richard III — Did He Croak The Princes?* as a debate for which there's really no concrete evidence and has thus become the subject of endless conjecture for historians and aspiring criminologists.

Two recent retreads — Elwyn Jones' *The Ripper File* and Stephen Knight's *Jack The Ripper, The Final Solution* — present the intriguing, fairly convincing theory that the Ripper (once thought to be The Duke Of Clarence) was actually hired by a top-level Parliamentary syndicate, under direction of the Monarchy, to erase any evidence of the bastard daughter born to an east end prostitute by Victoria's grandson, the heir to the English throne. Gruesomely engineered to appear as the work of some demented pervo-psychopath, the real motive would be camouflaged beneath a sinister wave of media-fanned blank hysteria. And there's nothing to prove them wrong.

Director Bob Clark takes up this idea, expands it, splices in a sub-plot and films it in fog-cloaked, gas-lit cobbled backstreets within the immediately familiar context of a Sherlock Holmes inquest.

By redesigning its components and using simple, direct techniques — distorting lenses, treated soundtrack, slow motion for the gory bits — he turns what's essentially a very trad. formula into a totally absorbing, enjoyable film, only rarely letting the tension slip between the deceptive composure of its main characters and the macabre undercurrent of such a calculated murder plot.

Also Clark creates a perfect atmospheric balance, an authentic feeling of the stifling wretchedness of life in the late Victorian East End without it seeming either conventionally quaint or the least bit romanticised.

Only towards the end does the film sag, as Holmes gets a little over-sentimental about the pitiful state of the nightlife around E.C.2. Perversion, ruthless murder, barbaric ritual, corruption, anarchy — that's "entertainment" by any other language, nothing to get cut up about.

Mark Ellen

P.S.

WHOSE theory exactly?

Besides referring cryptically to "other recent theories", the credits mention only *The Ripper File* by *Softly Softly* scriptwriters Elwyn Jones and John Lloyd, the spin-off from a 1973 TV series in which the authors' creations Barlow and Watt sifted the known evidence and hypotheses and added some speculation of their own.

However, the chief (and intertwining) elements of the *Murder By Decree* theory — that the Duke of Clarence, son of the Prince of Wales, had a son by and secretly married an illiterate Catholic, that four of the Ripper's five victims knew of this and that several of them were mutilated in ways similar to those described in Masonic ritual — are dealt with briefly and separately.

Stephen Knight's later *Jack The Ripper — The Final Solution*, by contrast, links the two explicitly and convincingly, meticulously amassing a wealth of circumstantial evidence to support the Victorian painter Walter Sickert's contention that the women were lured into a coach and their bodies later dumped, the operation involving at least two people.

This process, nowhere mentioned in *The Ripper File*, forms the central image of *Murder By Decree*.

But why credit the wrong book?

Only one reason suggests itself. It was scriptwriter John Hopkins who created *Z Cars* all those years ago.

Have I been watching too much *Law And Order*, or is this the Old Cop network in action?

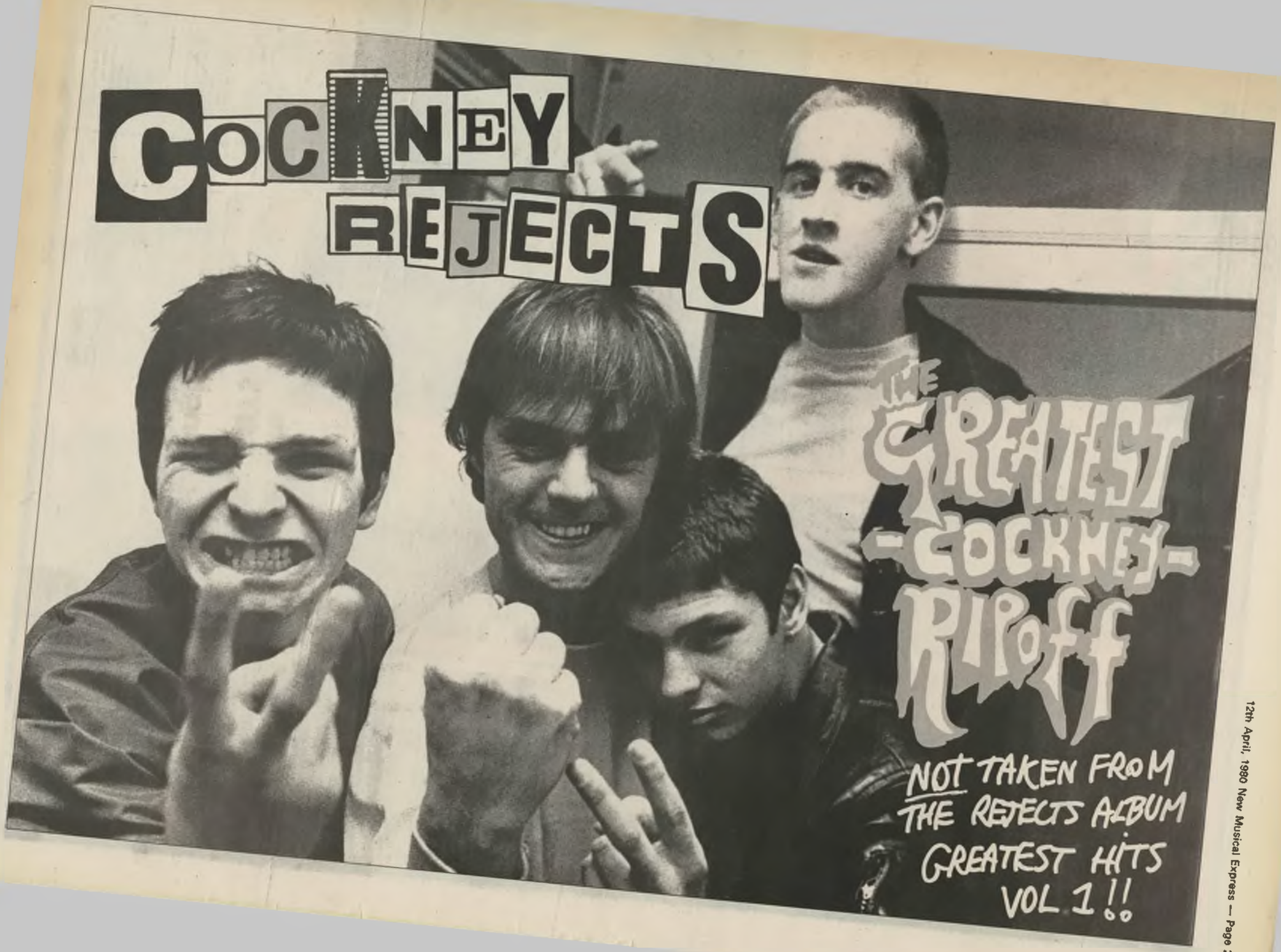
Harry George

On The Box

Sunday April 13
BAD COMPANY: After the Easter glut, a quiet week for movies but Robert *Kramer* Benton's 1972 directorial debut is outstanding (see review and interview on previous page), a sepia-tinged western that invokes nostalgia not only for a bygone era in America's history but also the golden years of Hollywood film-making — at times *Bad Company* recalls nothing so much as Buster Keaton's *The General*, particularly the naturalistic costume design and the use of Harvey Schmidt's plaintive solo piano on the soundtrack. Jeff Bridges and Barry Brown lead a bunch of urchins 'handpicked for gumption' around the Midwest in a series of picaresque encounters, and David Huddleston is hilarious as the imperious old gunfighter Big Joe (based on Joseph L. Mankiewicz, line for line).

Otherwise, there's not a lot you may care to try Jeff Bridges again in **Nella Of Anger (BBC 1, Monday April 14)**, a well-meaning 1970 soap opera about school-busing or prefer to switch off your brain and laugh at the Oscars in **Academy Awards (ITV all regions, Tuesday April 15)**. I've a feeling Robert Benton will get another mention there.

Monty Smith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The Police World Tour

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

by Paul Morley pictures Brian Aris

GETTING OUT of Bombay was one of the hardest things I've ever done.

I'm certain that everyone is staring at me; that they're all whispering and watching behind my back; that they're all waiting for me to fail — or at least to trip.

I was escaping India, the dreamworld or the real world, and I knew that I was running away and so I was panicking. There was a threat. I could come to no decision. I felt impotent and pathetic. Fraudulent. If only I could see further than others . . .

India is a place full of ghosts. The air is thick with madness and lethargy.

I had been in Bombay only three days. Most of that I had spent tripping wide-eyed and unconsciously through the unkempt streets, markets, bazaars, parks and alleyways of the laughing misery class.

I had sensed the stringed hierarchical attitude of the state upper class, but had always been with a party. Other people with whom to laugh and discuss and share . . . an absurd circus of rock stars, film makers, TV people, journalists: enough people to camouflage the confusion; to maintain cheery comforting barrier; that kept the Indian impatience, its monotonicity, a distant, bearable dream.

For three days I was on the press trip to end all press trips.

It was part of the exotic section of The Police's triumphant world tour. I was promoting The Police. Summarising this or that.

The experience! I tried to discard the feelings of frustration and submission, the vague feelings of self out (and mostly managed it). This was a sign that I was beyond hope. I lost sense of reason. But for three days I was with my people and I got on with my job: interviewing, reporting, looking, listening. I had a great time.

But then these rock stars and film makers — this troupe forcing history into the books and onto the screen — jetted off to Cairo, Egypt, seeking up more history and having more fun.

I had to get out of Bombay on my own. And I couldn't shut my eyes all the time.

But I didn't want to. I wanted to stare and rationalise — or at least believe I was rationalising. But stuck in a sticky taxi-capsule lurching maniacally towards Bombay's ramshackle airport, I was paralysed, embarrassed and, ultimately, humiliated. Everybody must've been looking. You know how alarmed I felt. I was sweating more than is natural.

What the hell was going on?

I LEFT the hotel seven hours early to make sure of my flight, as I had been warned about over-booking. I took no chances. I panic easily. I suffocate slowly.

The Taj Mahal Intercontinental is a soothing westernised haven. It is set deep inside but far away from the constant Indian pressure and commotion of natives looking to sell wares, drugs, girls. Indians just looking crowd around the perimeter of the magnificent hotel grounds, but they're kept at bay as if by an invisible barrier (but actually by old discreet Indian policemen).

I walk through the lobby past relaxing tourists and emerge into the outside glare and wet heat. Yellow and black taxis are lined up. One is ordered for me. It pulls up. I clamber in. It curves away. Scatters some Indians. Screech! Honks horn. Scythes through crazy traffic.

At least the taxi is some protection from the weirdness outside.

Bombay life has no order. It is so disordered it is magnificently disciplined. The city is an out of focus confusion of an antique present, a precious past and a chaotic future. It's a city that never stops. I could grow to love it. All the beauty and all the ugliness the world could ever muster has collapsed into an agonising and challenging haze called Bombay.

In vivid afternoon daylight, with a panicky glance through a taxi window, Bombay is like any major city, except it's been left to rot and animate. When it falls down no one will rebuild it.

Roadside hoardings advertising Gurkha footwear, the best brand of cigars, mendelssohn sweets and Cadbury's chocolate, mock the characteristic crisis of Bombay with explicit cruelty.

The taxi takes such a ridiculous route to the airport that I begin to think it doesn't exist. I sit in the middle of the small taxi's back seat, lean towards the shoulder of the driver in a futile attempt to disperse the irrational panic in my stomach, and try to look straight ahead. I hold my breath. Sweat. No one flies me.

Every time the taxi stops at traffic lights, at junctions — and that's every three minutes — the beggars descend and collect around the taxi. They've spotted me. It's not pretty.

It's not easy to slot into any perspective that I know. It's me use writhing in pity. Who can handle the confusion? Where to direct the hate? Is there any use in getting worked up?

Some of the beggars are limbless, a few stagi-comically contorted. There are those who drag bony children; others carry rank babies close to their bodies, half hidden inside their rotted. They all not stigmatised. They present themselves naturally.

Sitting in the taxi, willing myself on the plane or in London, because all of a sudden the shimmering clearness, the brilliant and nebulous differences of the place, was affecting me. I had nothing I knew to cling on to. The beggars floated towards me, weaving in and out of other cars, and performed their trade. I was lost.

The people of India are victims. Do we remember as a matter of courtesy? How do we deal with it? How do we act? Western guilt and ignorance mixes with Indian principles with degenerate illogic. Begging is an Indian tradition; truly a trade.

These thoughts do not ease the emotional uncertainty of the visitor, the tourist. Those Indians who are comfortably off, and those who are richer and smugger than you or I, are enthusiastically quick to dismiss the innumerable beggars that cling to likely targets. They make a rocket clicking their tongues. "But these people earn more money than the poor fellows working in the factories," a well off Indian would explain.

Some of the beggars are melodramatic and too well rehearsed in their manner. A lot of them use exactly the same gestures and timing, as if they've been taught in the same drama school. If you presented these with a full set of clothes they would be back the next day in their same carefully torn rags, I am sold.

Those Indians who have a good home to live in and more than enough to eat, are quick to point out that the hundreds and thousands of natives who sleep in inches of brown dust on the city's pavements do so out of choice. It is another half truth. Given the choice of horribly crowded and unsafe tenement buildings or a pavement where you can stretch and pretend you have privacy, most choose the pavement. It's not the sweetest of choices.

THE taxi pulls me through the outer limits of the city: a warped parody of Moss Side. What is worse? The makeshift shacks leaning against each other for support, or the twisted tenements that look like a Hatma housing estate turned inside out — walls bleeding, crumbling, black? It's here in the noisiest outer limits that the beggars come in droves. Trapped in a turmoil whether I was giving chocolate to the starving but unable to reach hundreds of millions, wondering whether I was supplying a comparative rich racket or what, I end up with my fingernails clenching in my palms giving nothing. Now I feel bad about it, except the whole scene flickers out of sight, desperately out of mind.

I stared straight ahead, leaning over the driver's shoulder, but he was no help. He looked menacing. He had a leathery, pinched face, a droopy moustache, green teeth, eyelids that could crush an arm.

A beggar peers my expensive suede jacket. I stare straight ahead and he curses me. Apparently my head will fall off tomorrow.

The driver murmurs to every beggar that signals, weeps, chuckles and sighs. Is he pointing out my callousness? Telling them to go away? Sharing a giggle. Can he understand my confusion? Like a dog sensing fear, he undoubtedly senses my pathetic stillness.

A little child is pushed through the back of the taxi. She whimpers. I clutch some rupees in my pocket. But the taxi quickly pulled away. I rub a thumb over my forehead . . . and collect a strip of grime and perspiration.

We reach the airport that's set in the midst of this desperate wasteland. From the outside it looks like a row of garages. I'm visibly shaking for reasons I only half know. The taxi meter registers 16 rupees. The bandit driver snarls 20. Outside a horde of eager porters surround the taxi ready for my bags. I point to the meter, having been warned that it will be conned. But it's stupid arguing hysterically over 20 rupees (just over £2) for a journey that would cost three times that in London.

I throw the money into his lap. Drag my bags out of the car. Almost fall over. Stumble into the departure lounge? Into what I wildly presume will be a bland, anonymous airport land, somewhere clean and comfortable. But the chaos I trip into is no comfort. Where do I go? What do I do? No helpful signs. No obvious people to ask. I spend the next five hours in a state of high panic and paranoia — pacing around, gabbering . . .

Five and a half hours after reaching the airport I get to my plane seat. Smiling Japan Airlines. Escape. I sit back and shut my eyes. Pop music. The Police. India. Taxi drive. Beggars.

What the hell was that all about?

THE FIRST time ever I met the Sting

Was at The Who gig at Wembley Stadium, and it was also around the time of Quadrophenia, and Sting had a seat in the royal box. I was at the bar, absentmindedly sucking some white wine, when I half-recognised an agreeable looking guy who was standing next to me. But he was carrying a small, three year old boy and that threw me off. Then he said something to me. He recognised me. Now I'm not going to pretend that this never happens and when it does that it doesn't cheer me up. I'm not going to pretend that I'm not corrupted.

So this guy with the boy recognised me and introduced himself as Sting. Oh, I thought, unimpressed.

He mumbled something about the Ted Nugent article I had written. I'd argued with Nugent about "Rasputin" — I'd called it, bitterly, polite, and I'd never thought of The Police as being anything other than polite and certainly nothing to do with me. The Sting softly told me that he'd stuck the pertinent part of the piece into his scrapbook.

This appealed to my London-bred conceit. I can be a bit of a show off. Sting and the kid departed in a searing wave of cool. I gulped down the rest of my white wine.

It was the first time ever I'd seen his face . . . really. I began to think about Sting. Within two months it was as if I'd never loved a pop star as much as I loved Sting.

Stars are as much a part of rock'n'roll as the progression and the sex and the poetry and the introversion and the communication, and rock'n'roll would be grimy without them.

I'm where I am because of Marc Bolan, so I could never lose the part of my heart that flutters for stars. But the stars have got to be right. I am also where I am because of punk, so I know how destructive stars can be. The power they have can go either way.

The real stars look larger than life and see the world through a personal magnifying glass: with a lot of spite, sadness, drama, defiance. They're not meant to be just pretty pictures. It would be patronising and vulgar to say that there should be no such thing as stars.

In the latter part of the '70s there had been no new star who had the sublime glamour, timing, looks, mystery, sensitivity and relevance of The Ideal Star and who also had punk enforced principles. Johnny Lydon isn't a good and poster star; there are too many shadows.

I tried to make a few of my own: Pete Shelley, Howard Devoto (the closest . . . so close). Then it began to get desperate: Gary Numan! I soon lost interest. I began to mean about how the true new pop — beat, heart, melody, love and yearning, chiming life studies, dress, style, charm — was not where it belonged, in the charts, on our walls.

Bob Geldof is not a real post punk star. Gloux comes closest. Most of the new pop stars who would be are being shoved into the underground. The industry is still in control. People older than me still run the media.

I was thinking about Sting. And then — "Message in A Bottle" made my nose bleed, helped shape a new vision — I realised that everything I wanted was already there. The cool. The mask. The soul. The beauty. The music. Those words. The voice. *The Star.*

Sting! More so than The Police. Sting had beaten everyone.

The Police. I hadn't liked the name, the image, their record label, their egos, the smoothness of their music. I hadn't liked their summer success. I was lazy. I didn't look through the gloss. I didn't like Andy Summers, she has been; and I didn't like the brash and ludicrous Stewart Copeland.

But Sting introducing himself, not one bit bothered by all the nasty things I'd written about the group, had swollen my head and made me think.

"Message in A Bottle" was released with its crystal clear communication and startling structure. It clicked. The Police (Sting) were only right as a supergroup. Were the only right supergroup: the tension, aggression, vulnerability, superiority. When they were obscure and struggling, supporting Chelsea, rushing off to America. The Police smacked of insincerity and conspiracy. But The Police as supergroup . . . were important and, if we only looked, refreshing!

Sting transcended the whole blue and frothy Police myth. He took back the notion of star as something stupid, to be revilled. He was part of the rock'n'roll tradition, yet the looks, the voice, the intimacy, the intelligence and developing perception contradicted it all. Sting with The Police as star in the charts and on our walls was the fantasy and mocked the fantasy.

Sting didn't hide the fact he was smart.

THE SECOND time ever I met the Sting . . .

Was at ten o'clock in the morning in India. I was jaunty walking through the large lobby of Bombay's inconvenient hotel, foolishly kidding myself that I'd got used to the decaying and fantastic country. Walking towards me was the Sting. I paused. I tried to pretend I hadn't seen him. It didn't work.

Since the last time I'd met Sting I'd elevated him into something special and here I was fooled by the personality that I'd made Sting into. He said hello. Stewart Copeland was with him. He said hi. I stuttered. They went off for breakfast. After recovering I went in and joined them.

Just as I expected, Stewart Copeland reared and raved about the charts. Sting sighed, tried to read, stayed mostly silent and restless.

Later on, during one of two conversations I have with Sting where I was beginning to look at him as if into a mirror (his will strangely impose itself yet is quite selfless) we were talking about art and innocence. I ask him about the immense cool of Sting. It cannot be ignored or played down. It is not intimidating. It is merely . . . spectacular.

He shrugs. The cool makes The Star. His voice is soft and economical, husky from recent throat rest.

"I don't feel like a star, myself. I just feel like I always did."

But you do build up this cool mess, I push.

"I know what the effect is and I know why I choose to do certain things," he muses. "Just cool! I just think about how I look. I care about how I look, and I care about how I present myself. Like this morning when we met, I cared very much what you thought of me at breakfast.

"Maybe it's vanity. I feel that I'm being watched and I enjoy it, therefore I have a task to do it at all times. I mean, it's no great burden on me. If anything I find that it's a pastime, just to maintain that kind of cool . . ."

I let him know that the second time we met I was nervous. "I know! You moved away! You thought you'd pretend you hadn't seen me!"

The first time we met I was very cynical towards The Police so it was a different thing. The Sting has some more of his secrets slip. "I went up to you at Wembley with the sole purpose of introducing Sting because I didn't think that Paul Morley had ever thought about Sting and it was a good opportunity to get you to. The excuse was the article about Ted Nugent."

Blatant! It did have a profound effect on me. "I knew! I knew! I thought it's put the cat among the pigeons."

It worked. What a sucker!

"I knew it worked. I tell you how I knew it worked because not long after the photographer Pennie Smith came along and said Paul Morley sends his regards, and I thought, 'It's worked! I've got him'."

"It's interesting how personal meetings can affect things. Like I met Elvis Costello once. I was walking down Kensington High Street and this guy leaps out of a car to buy a newspaper. He was in front of me and he's small and he was trying to pass me and he looked up and saw that it was Sting and he's trying to cower at me, and I just shrugged. And he fucking went off and I thought, 'Well, that's the first meeting, wait till the second one!'

"And there's this thing building up about him being The Police and I'm just dying for the next meeting, because I'm going to get him. Metaphorically. There is no way I'm going to be drawn into a slagging match. The next meeting I'll get him to love me."

Sting chuckles, presumably plotting again. "And that's the ultimate cruelty."

IN THE lobby of the hotel The Police troupe is slowly gathering. It is the 26th of March, my twenty third birthday. The day The Police play a special concert in Bombay, the first rock concert in the city since Hawkwind played ten years ago. It's a cultural occasion; a significant event.

Because The Police in Bombay is being covered by a posse of film, TV and journalist people, there is always a wait for everyone to assemble before the pack takes off. "Who's not here?" shouts The Police manager Miles Copeland, intensely fluttering as usual. Those that aren't don't answer. Those that are sit on a long seat facing the hotel reception. Elongated drummer Stewart Copeland sits at the end. His brother Miles resigns himself: those that are coming will come when they come.

He sits next to his brother. In many ways Miles is the fourth member of the group. "With the belief they have, I think Stewart and Sting and Andy would have made it in the end, but probably not as big. Me, personally, I'd like to think that part of the success of The Police is up to me!"

His brother Stewart has his say. His American accent is slower. "If you like the music then we get credit for that; but if you respect our success then Miles gets a lot of credit for that."

Miles takes off. "The Police is the ultimate dream for everyone, y'know. It happened without hype; the kids discovered the record in America, the record company followed afterwards, but it was the import that was taking off in the charts not the record . . .

"It is a group that did not get into debt when it started happening, so the first royalties actually went into their pockets. Erm, for me as a manager, they look good, they're co-operative. If you say, 'Hey guys, we need a photograph,' they're all there. They're ideal. Obviously I'm speaking comparatively. . ."

"The things that make us co-operative," butts in Stewart, "the things that Miles says are good about us, that we're good boys, are just little things that you've got to do, extra parts of the job. And we definitely get paid for it, so quite another hand. It's not such a hassle."

There is a three-way pull inside The Police. A flamboyant blend of steadiness, tradition, ambition, rivalry, calculation, dedication. Out on the left is the champion Sting. Out on the right are the breathless Copeland brothers. Andy seen-it-all Summers is a placid but influential buffer for this rivalry.

The personality and cool of Sting dominates the group, is the phenomenon. But it is the workings of the Copeland brothers — third brother Ian runs an agency in America which gave them their early dates there — that has pushed The Police into their sturdy, unprecedented position. In many ways it has also given Sting his stardom. But whereas Sting will talk about breaking down barriers, looking to challenge stereotypes, the Copelands talk incessantly about facts and figures and markets and success in the abstract.

A lot of the things that are bad about The Police are rooted in the Copelands' activity. Sting suggests this rivalry is stimulating. I ask Stewart about it.

"We've got different things that drive us, that keep us pushing. He is kind of sense of rivalry and mine is something different. There are different things that I want out of life. I have a different plan for getting them. And I have different kinds of talents for getting them, different things to put into the bargains to make it happen for both of us.

"During the three years that we've been working together, Sting and I have evolved a way of working with each other that brings the best out of each other, and it's mostly just out of making it hot for each other."

Continues over

The dope smokes Stewart . . . or should that be the other way round?

WALKING IN BOMBAY

From previous page

What has success and The Police given to the drummer?

"The fact that I get to do anything that I want to and if I want to do it really seriously I can shun other responsibilities and get really involved in it.

"Ordinarily that would not be possible because I would have to earn a daily crust. Things like making movies; such as going to Bombay; such as, well, making records, which is what I'm best at. I mean you can have a pretty good old time and it's been like this for the last year."

Does his immense popularity crush his impetus in any way?

"Oh no, because it's really only different in degree from what I've always known. The feelings I have about my current popularity are pretty much the same as when I first headlined at the Marquee with my own group and you swagger into the club and everyone knows who you are. And it's exactly the same now but to a different degree."

Does he think about responsibilities?

"Sort of. Every now and again. When I'm in a pious mood I do feel that I have to kind of ramind myself. I have to kick myself every now and again. I've been doing that ragularly up to now and I don't know what good it's done. We're doing this gig in Bombay for charity and so that all seems OK, and I can relax, my karma's alright.

"I suppose I'm guilty of a certain amount of vanity . . . shit! . . . y'know . . . you really got to struggle to get where you wanna get and when you get to the top you're bound to want to thumb your nose up at people!"

WHILE WE'RE sitting in the hotel lobby waiting for everyone to gather for the gig at the Rang Bhavan in the very centre of Bombay, I'm wondering — why India?

Sting said it was about challenge, adventure, initiative. Then he'd talked about Miles Copeland and his 'vision', a long term project to introduce rock'n'roll into countries such as India with a view to 'westernising' such places. Is he serious? Sting had said Miles had "a sort of right wing drive."

But when I asked Sting how he related to his manager's apparently half-political ambition, he was cautious. "I'm into his energy. I'm enjoying the adventure and Miles isn't in charge by any means. We will argue about things . . . Miles' energy and Miles' ideas, whatever the end is, are useable. There is no Police spokesman, I speak for myself and him for himself. I think he's probably one of the most dynamic managers in rock and roll, he really digs it, he thinks of great things to do . . .

"But he does have this idea about Russia. All Americans are frightened of Russia, and I'm sure it's the other way round.

"Miles' idea is that the world is in two camps and that there is a political solution to the world. I don't believe that. I play along with it . . . I think the solution needs to be more spiritual . . ."

Later I tell Miles what Sting has said. I ask him about introducing western and capitalist values into the eastern world. His deceptive face breaks into a stiff smile and he answers as if addressing some distant persons, half preaching, almost reciting, drawling like a wet Jimmy Carter.

"I believe in the word capitalism in a different way to maybe how some English people would use the term. In England the word means oppression and everything like that. To me it means freedom of the individual, and to me the great thing about England and America and our western way of society is that the individual can pretty well make up his own mind, at least compared to other countries — i.e. Russia.

"I find socialism oppressive because I don't believe The People when they start talking about *The People;* they really mean a few people dominating everybody else in the name of 'The People'.

"Erm, I grew up in the political life. My father (a top man in the CIA) was involved in various aspects of politics and the way governments run and all that, so I obviously have an interest in it. I grew up in a lot of exotic places and as a young kid I met Nasser and I hob-nobbed with rulers of various countries.

"But I'm not trying to inject politics into what I'm doing in music. But the fact is if Western music gets played in Russia and gets played in India and gets played in China it tends to liberate all those individuals to a degree that it's revolutionary music. It's kids standing up for themselves.

"Look at England. Music is used as a form for changing society; it's a revolutionary force and our society has the freedom to do that and it can influence events. In the '70s a lot of pop stars altered the course of America in the war with Vietnam.

"But if all the Russians and all the Chinese and all the Indians get into western music it means really that they get into western culture, which means they become oriented towards the west as opposed to the east.

"But I did not get into this business to do that. I'm not playing India because I want to change India. I'm just saying maybe that's a side-effect that in the end is a good thing.

"I happen to believe in the values of our western society as opposed to anything else that is being offered. I don't pretend we're perfect, but we certainly are better. Somebody like me is free to do what I want to do in England. But I wouldn't be able to operate like this if I was in Russia. So I have to believe in the values of our society.

"But The Police are not in India for any ulterior motive on my part. We're having a good time! It's fun! It's a new culture! It's exciting. It keeps the band fresh. They're playing places nobody else has. We're doing something good I think. All the Indians are real excited that at last all these rock groups they hear about are gonna come over and they're gonna get a chance to see what it's about."

"LET'S GO!" Miles Copeland commands loudly and the huge white limousine which is totally incongruous amongst all the tiny vehicles in India, eases away from the hotel and heads for the open air theatre where the gig is to be. I'm in the back of the car with the two Copelands. Andy Summers is in the front. Sting is lost.

The two Copelands are chattering on about the endless tapes of conversations and idle chitchat that Miles is building up from the whole tour. "I'm catching all those little moments that in ten years from now when they do The Police story, syndicated all over the world, I'll have all these little bits."

Miles grins like a little boy. Stewart begins "We're laying the foundation . . ." and Miles completes ". . . for The Police Tapes!"

But the atmosphere of happy tourists cruising along Bombay's early evening streets soon comes to a horrific end.

"Oh my God," groans Miles loudly.

The car has pulled up at some traffic lights. An armless girl beggar has presented herself at the car window.

"Shit!" spits Stewart. "Can you imagine showing your deformities to everyone?"

We all try to stare away. No one knows what to say. "Oh God," Miles repeats. The car moves off. "But if you give them money you're actually encouraging it, and I think it's not to be encouraged . . ."

"Where do you draw the line?" wonders a shaken Andy Summers. "Where do you stop. You can't give it to one and then leave seven million out . . ."

The incident is soon forgotten. Deep down everyone needs consoling. The car pulls up outside the neat open air theatre and Miles is back to his good self.

Two hours before the concert and there are already queues for the sell-out concert. Three and a half thousand tickets have been sold.

He looks gratefully at the queue which is breaking up and beginning to surround the car. "I see that there are a few foreigners here come to check the stars."

THE THIRD time ever I met the Sting . . .

Was on a high balcony of the Taj Mahal Intercontinental Hotel, and by now we must know that Sting knows what he's doing. But how.

Overlooking the Arabian Sea and the majestic Gateway to India, Sting and I talk about Joy Division. Sting may like the group

The promoter (honest injun) keeps her cool.

— "The LP blew me away" — but he also knows full well that they're my favourite group. It's a calculated move for us to talk about them immediately, yet still honest. It's part of that *Cool*.

In the lobby prior to The Police p k going off on some outing into the Bomba maze, we arrange when we'll do the interview, when we'll talk about Sting and Pop, and I say that I feel slightly silly discussing the pop phenomenon in Bombay. "Oh no," Sting shakes his head. "Pop is important."

Have you always loved pop?

I always hated rock in my teens. From about 15 to 25 I stopped listening to it. But I loved the '60s thing and the whole heavy punk thing.

Is it the idea of The Star that interests you in the Ray Davies, John Lennon tradition and not the Plant, Gillan sort of macho thing, and you want to find new ways of adding to that tradition because of what it's given you?

Yeah, I think we add . . . I think the whole school of pop and rock groups take their inspiration from the generation before the last one. We hate the groups from the last generation and so we take our inspiration from somewhere else, and carry on from those people.

Or maybe we're just trying to get as far as they did. The Beatles are definitely the blueprint for almost any group.

Well, you can look at it objectively and say, 'God, this is a load of crap. This is a load of noises on a piece of plastic'. But there's something about the music that is indefinable, a magic to it that you can't laugh at.

BUT NOW you are what you are it's important that you resist becoming aloof.

Well, we've got a good start. A lot of groups have an image that is very hard to adhere to, like the stony-faced idol who can never be approached. I think Gary Numan has this, and it looks great at times, but how long can you keep it up? It's not long before people are sick of it.

We get up on stage and we laugh a lot and we tell jokes and we banter with the audience, and I feel very natural. I feel very ordinary in fact. I think that will stay longer than the cold unapproachable icon. That's attractive for a short time — unless it changes all the time, like with Bowie, which is fascinating, it's a work of art. But there's a lot of pressure on him. He can do it because he's a very clever man. We don't have that problem. We're just ourselves.

How does your work in films move into this Sting as Star angle?

I try and keep it very separate now. I've been offered lots of movies lately where the two worlds merge. I was offered a film by Francis Ford Coppola to play the singer in the film, the lead, and it was very attractive. The pedigree of the film was impeccable, but reading the script it was like the stereotype rock star with stereotype rock star problems, which has nothing to do with me. I find that too dangerous an area to work in. Too much a risk. The goal at the end of the movie was not worth the risk. What I would get out of working in that movie wouldn't be worth the price of failing in it.

What inputs went into the Quadrophenia mod? The character was very enigmatic; lots of secrets in there.

That performance was . . . me, actually. Definitely part of me and very easy to do.

I'm not an *'actor'*; looking good on screen is just a matter of intelligence. I was lucky in that film because I was in it just long enough to create a big impression, and not long enough to blow it. It was perfect.

The Police did a lot for that movie actually. The week it came out in England we were number one. I know for a fact they waited until The Police had toured Australia before they released it there.

How do you relate The Police Sting and the film Sting; do you feel there's a common goal?

Yeah, I suppose so. I think Sting is separate from The Police.

That separation has been a seductive development.

Yeah . . . I've developed . . . I think the other two are developing their own personas. I'm standing back a lot now and letting the other two take the limelight, because there was a sort of imbalance — and I don't apologise for that. I was the singer. But I'd like my career to be a long one and I don't really want to stay just a rock 'n' roll singer. I think there are more graceful ways of growing old. And acting is one that appeals to me. I don't think I would go back to teaching.

You taught for two years. Was that a good apprenticeship for what you're doing now?

Yeah, learning to stand up in front of people and not being an arsehole, although I might seem to be one. Self-confidence in front of people. Entertaining, I suppose.

I think the phenomenon in the classroom isn't teaching, it's learning. I think what you have to do is create an atmosphere where people can feel happy and want to learn things, and I think the rock'n'roll thing is similar. You create an atmosphere where people can let themselves go, get worked up if you like. It's a sort of ritualised release. We get back to the placebo thing: wouldn't they be better off on the streets, bringing down the government, killing off old ladies? I don't know. Music made me give up teaching.

DO YOU enjoy being involved in other people's lives?

I feel a lot of responsibility, actually, I don't know how much I'm in their lives. I feel a responsibility and that's a reason that I want to avoid the stereotype. I feel that responsibility very strongly, because I think rock stars let people down in many ways. It's not that they're not intelligent, it's just that they stop thinking and that is disgraceful. That's an insult to people who follow them, to the people who buy their records.

The average Police fan is spending money on me, he believes in me, and he expects something from me, and I feel a responsibility to that kid. I don't want to serve him up the same old shit.

First of all I want to please myself, and it would please me more to think that I'm giving more satisfaction than cynically saying 'Oh, any old shit will do!' But that's such a danger and it happens so often.

It happened to pop in the '70s. It wasn't the artists themselves who were being cynical, it was the industry who created Mud, Sweet, Alvin Stardust, The Bay City Rollers — absolute puppets. They had no intelligence whatsoever in the real sense. The puppetmaster was just breaking them in. And on the other hand, on the serious side, you had Led Zeppelin doing the same thing but pretending they weren't.

So that's why The Sex Pistols happened. And that is why The Sex Pistols are probably the greatest group since ...

The Beatles!

They were! They were totally relevant, totally right ...

I personally owe a lot to The Sex Pistols. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for Johnny Rotten. I don't suppose he gives a fuck whether I've said that or not, but I do actually feel that without any of that initial push there would be none of this and we'd still have Gary Glitter.

What about The Police's appalling record because whenever a wreck of rock is asked what new wave group they like, they always say The Police. Cozy Powell did last week

Cozy Powell, Paul McCartney, Ted Nugent, Keith Richards ... just another area of society where The Police has infiltrated! From 8 year old girls to 30 year old rock aficionados.

Why do you think these wrecks who perpetuate the stereotypes flipped for The Police despite you being opposed to those stereotypes?

They weren't the only people to like The Police, Paul.

But those who were moving to break down these stereotypes are hostile towards The Police and those who relied on them for their continuing existence were in favour.

Yeah (sigh) ...

This has never helped your reputation. Did these rock elders merely identify with the craftsmanship of the records?

Yeah, I think so. I think they identified with the polish of the records. The way we put them together.

You're right. In many ways that's another albatross around our necks. Fucking hell! Keith Richards likes us! Oh shit! But Frank Zappa likes us ... there's light and shade in the whole thing. I think it's nice that Paul McCartney likes us! I'm greatly honoured! It's just another degree of hipness depending where you're standing.

But I'm most interested in new groups and what they think of us ... like Gang Of Four ... like, well I know that Joe Strummer doesn't like us.

What's needed to be done is separate the

Continues over

"We've sold six million albums but I still live in a two room flat in Bayswater. Next year I'll be rich and that's when the rot could set in."

Is that an old fashioned thing to say?

It's true, whether it's old fashioned or not, because they did it. They did everything. They did it long before we did. The whole perpetuation of the myth and the idol and the star thing, they had it . . .

And tried to do something strongly within that . . .

Yeah, I think The Beatles changed the shape of history.

So Pop is important!

Oh, it's vitally important.

I mean, being English from the age of five onwards I've been as interested in who's at the top of the charts as I have been in which Prime Minister or government has been running my life. I think England is probably the only country in the world where it's that important. I don't think America cares that much about it.

England as a community is very very pop orientated. I think it's the folk music, the folk culture of our time. People just take it seriously.

I can come close to blows over it. I can giggle at its silliness. And here I am in the middle of Bombay trying to discover whether one of the biggest pop stars in the world is 'serious' or not.

INDIA STUNG

From previous page

too-good-to-be-true public image from the actual — what Sting is from what he seems to be. Few bother to penetrate the nasty Police myth. It's the same laziness they accuse others of having.

I think it's a slow process. The initiative is with us: to convince these people. I'd like to convince the *cognoscenti* that we're worthwhile listening to even though we're a pop group. Because I feel that we're in a position where we can make what was once crass worthwhile, and I think they can do the same thing.

Why not sell great music to masses of people? Why not? I think it's a great objective to have. The easiest thing in the world is to appeal to a minority. It's much harder to actually appeal to a lot of people without compromise, without going for the lowest common denominator, but going for a reasonable level of art. I think that's what bands should be aiming for.

How do The Police oppose stereotypes?

In the way we live.

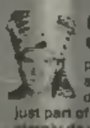
How about performance and presentation?

There's still a lot of tradition in The Police; we're still on the boards and we go through a lot of showbizzy things. I like to get the audience singing. It appeals to the nightclub entertainer in me, it's definitely part of me.

It's not a rock star stereotype. I feel that the old god who stood there and went through his act totally aloof of whether the audience was there or not is something that I'm against. I am a musical entertainer. I don't demean people. I don't demean myself.

Like we played at Leeds and you could hear the audience singing the songs louder than the group, and we play fucking loud. That got the old ticker going. I just enjoy it. I don't think there's anything wrong with that.

If that's a stereotype, it's a good one. I want to get rid of negative stereotypes. The ones that almost destroyed rock music.



SO WHAT is integrity? Do we knock The Police for visiting India, does such an exercise put them out of reach, or do we admire their curiosity? Their determination? Their innocence? Is it just part of the game? How frivolously or how sternly do we look upon their visit?

I was never happy with the idea of interviewing Sting in India. There is abuse everywhere. The poverty and ruin of India savagely warps the straightforward interview. I just wanted to talk to Sting about pop and pleasure and protest because in our world these things are important and are becoming more important. An interview with the Sting that uncovers the extent of his strategy and his cool sensible head is important ... as far as it goes. Forming the interview in Bombay — which in many ways left me so impoverished it was hell — was indulgent.

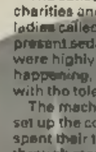
The Police's two day trip to Bombay — the things they did, the sights they saw, the people they met, the autographs they signed, the beautiful meals they ate in upper class houses, the constant filming and interviewing and photographing — was almost like the farcical fantasy of a lunatic. Nonsense.

The concert itself was performed for local charities and promoted by a dozen delicate ladies called Time And Talent who usually present sedate classical music concerts. They were highly delighted with what was happening, and happily posed for pictures with the tolerant group.

The machinery and patience necessary to set up the concert were enormous. The Police spent their two days in Bombay wandering through receptions, eating meals, visiting record stores, buying musical instruments, shaking hands and signing autographs. They performed their task without scorn or visible condescension. So polite. It's their job.

I did the interview with Sting in two parts, and during these conversations we entirely forgot about the circumstances and the commotion, the sweet ladies, the despair all round us and the nonsense.

I still wish we'd done the interview in a cold white wash room in London.



THIS IS the sort of life that we're leading now. We've been doing Japan, Bangkok, Hong Kong, and I think this is an ongoing sort of thing. The band has always had a sort of pioneering spirit about it, just to do things for the sake of it. The reason we went to America was not because we thought we could be big in America but because it was something to do. We were languishing in London when we did it, and it was the same kind of thing that drove us to do it as this has been. This thing isn't about making money or anything. It's just an exciting thing to do.

You impose structures immediately around yourself and then work towards them — like being photographed, for instance, which is happening all the time and yet you always make sure that you look good, you always pose carefully.

I think there's a stereotype that a lot of bands fall into, a lot of individuals in rock fall into, that of being bored, aloof, indifferent to anything else but being on stage. That's a mistake. You end up being manipulated; the Keith Richards syndrome I call it. You end up being a vegetable.

I want to be seen to be in control of my own life. I do not want to be thought of as this rock stereotype, which I really abhor and don't want to copy. I want to appear very positive about what happens to me. Because I am, I am very concerned. There are so many pressures and you can see them all the time. The pitfalls in this business are so obvious if you just look.

What kind of opportunities do you now have in this position?

The constant challenge is What next? In the space of two albums we've sold more records than people do in ten. In England our album is quadruple platinum or something.

The constant challenge is to forget that, because it is a distraction, it really is. You've got to try and come up with music that is valid and relevant not just feeding the industrial machinery that all of a sudden is all around us. The cogs are so well oiled that as soon as anyone's a success the world immediately becomes what you want it to be, and you sort of have to get outside of that. I don't want to make music where my heart's not in it.

A band like Joy Division are on the periphery of the whole thing, they don't have the whole industry behind them, they've got to fight it. For what they want to do, they're lucky to be in that position. It's a very creative position to be in.

Whereas our position is entrapment. You have a vast army of people dependent on you for a living. The record company expects you to produce so many singles a year, so many albums, so many units, and they're depending on you. And the radio stations want it, and the fans want it, and what you really want to do is make music that you like, music that reflects you not the industry. It's a problem.

See, in many ways this is a dream. It's escapism, and I'm not saying that's a bad thing . . . The Police are an anachronism in many ways. We've achieved overnight international riches and fame and success and that is a kind of Elvis Presley dream. It shouldn't happen in this day and age. We shouldn't be able to make this amount of money and be loved by this many people.

I feel very strongly that this is an anachronism. A time warp if you like. It's like [illegible]

Superstars are coming back — it's sticking at Rats, Blondie, Police, and that's no good.

It doesn't seem to be happening. It's closing up.

So what do you feel about that?

I think the lifeblood of the whole business is new groups, and that's why the early '70s was so frustrating to someone like me . . . Led Zeppelin . . . Deep Purple . . . and you couldn't get a record deal unless you'd been in one of those groups. So the only people who were getting record deals were about 20. I couldn't bear that, and then there was the revival of interesting new groups that we sidled in on, and now it's beginning to close up. It's getting harder and harder.

So have you reached this point by being [illegible] — you mention the words 'valid' and [illegible]

I don't feel compromised. The music that we make we enjoy making, and although there is a certain amount of craft in it . . . We just happen to be making music that is successful, and I don't think we've really compromised. I enjoy making records that I think are going to get into the charts. That now has become inseparable.

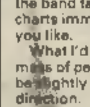
What about the distance between what you're trying to achieve and the way that it's finally received?

It's a challenge. In many ways it's a challenge. Without challenge there's no gig in Bombay. The challenge is in the hurdles you have to go over to change. And the challenge at the moment is to forget the distractions and the distractions are the charts.

Do you break down this mass into individual listeners. The energy and intelligence you put in the music might be being wasted.

Well, it's one of the things that upsets me. That I know if we recorded three minutes of the band farting it would probably be in the charts immediately, and that kills the will if you like.

What I'd like to do is place demands on that mass of people. I would like our next record to be slightly a bit . . . off. I have plans in that direction.



A*CKNOWLEDGING that there is little you can constructively do about the new superstars, part of your responsibility has to be to constantly move into unexpected areas, introduce the innovations being made elsewhere in rock into the chart consciousness. 'Message' and 'Moon' stand up next to what say Gang Of Four are doing in terms of inverting rock tradition.*

Gang Of Four, yeah . . . well, you see, I am into that school of bands. That's the sort of knife edge if you like where pop and rock is going. It's not yet a commercial and but I feel that you have to be aware of it. In our position I know realistically where we stand, we're with the Rats or the Blondies, but I'm very aware of where the actual musical barriers are being broken. I'm not saying we rip people off I'm just interested in what other musicians are doing.

How do you feel that The Police introduced reggae moves into a white consciousness. A lot of people consider you diluted the music.

Maybe we did. I'm not apologising for that. We're white Anglo Saxons. But I've always loved black music. I feel we add something to it.

Anything you can put your finger on?

Whiteness, I think. It's like the Stones in the '60s were just as valid as John Lee Hooker. I mean, there is a sense of guilt, all white musicians feel that sense of guilt, that sense of duty to the black man, and whenever we meet black musicians, y'know we're interested in what they think of us.

But haven't you taken the reggae thing as far as it can go?

Yeah. People call us a white reggae group which is a bit of an albatross around our necks. I think it will always be there intrinsically in the music because I think we're good at it, but not as overt as it has been.

Do you place qualitative or quantitative demands on what you do? You say that getting into the charts and writing songs is inseperable; you also say that the charts are a distraction.

The music we make we do the best we can. It's not a sort of cynical, 'Oh, that'll do', or 'Let's go for the lowest common denominator and sound like Slade and it'll sell millions anyway'.

We don't do that. This music is the best we can do. We try as hard as we can, and it just happens that it's commercial as well. Six months from now it might not be and six months before this happened it wasn't and that's just an accident of fashion or fad.

I also think it has a lot to do with our image. I think that's inseparable from the music now. The gestalt of the music is very simple. Three blond hairs, the macho name, albums that have a very camp title . . . it's very cleverly put together. I'm quite proud of it. The videos are good; it's product. As that, I think it's impeccable.

Yeah, we do have quality control.

But is this package empty, or are you offering challenge; are you being subversive?

We're interested in making people think. If you want to get into our lyrics, they have been slammed sometimes, but I think the lyrics to 'Message In A Bottle' are subtle enough and well crafted enough to hit people on a different level from just something you just sing along with. I think it's a quite cleverly put together metaphor, it develops and it has an artistic shape to it. I'm very proud of that song. I've never thought of it being subversive.

You're talking in terms of making the next single 'a bit off'. You imply that you want to unsettle the chart norm. Why's that?

Because I think we have to place demands on our audience. There are so many pressures. One is the artistic pressure inside. I want to make something that's good and I want to make something that pleases me first of all. That's the whole thing. It has to please me. Second, there is the thing of wanting to sell records — you can't get away from that.

There are so many influences on us, there's the press, and we're very aware of everybody who listens to our records — everybody will listen to the next Police LP very closely either to pull it down or to say that it's the greatest work of art since the ceiling of The Vatican or whatever.

You're asking: what drives us artistically? I suppose it's ego. I have to say it. But it's like we don't have any choice. In this position as successful songwriter in a successful group you start losing alternatives, and you constantly have to look for new ones. That's why I say that the next single has to be an alternative, a direction that we really shouldn't take; that the forces around us say we shouldn't take.

Can those forces halt your natural drive?

They couldn't. We're in such a position now, financially, managerially, logistically, we're in command. There's no way people can stop us doing anything. The only thing that stops us is the responsibility to the whole thing. At the same time we still want to take chances.

These claims can be easily made. Do you really see these chances being taken?

I'm on this tightrope. I feel it would be so easy just to say, the next album all we have to do is get ten songs, all the usual cliches and it will sell millions. That's dead easy. But I want more than that. I'm already comfortable. I want something that I can't actually put my finger on.

THE BAND walkabout Bombay. They push their way along crowded, crushing streets, constantly surrounded by beggars and the curious. They're also constantly being filmed as the *Old Grey Whistle Test* is assembling a documentary on the group.

Strolling nonchalantly through the teaming rowdy streets could look really bad on film, especially if it's edited against the group.

"It's our film," Sting claims, "and we have control over what the *Old Grey Whistle Test* does.

"But when you're out there in the streets, what can you do? What's the alternative? I find it very hard to take an attitude out there apart from stunned amazement. Either you break down and cry, or you ignore it. It's just what they say in the books, it's the old mystery of India.

"But walking around Bombay, I just felt odd. Strange. I keep thinking of The Clash and the pictures they had taken in Belfast, standing next to the soldiers. Copping this attitude. It looks good . . . but what does it mean? What do you do? Not come to India? Ignore it all?

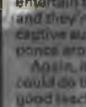
"But I enjoy being photographed wherever. I was also aware that there was a kind of madness about it, all these people living with their nerve endings hanging out."

What about being in a place like Bombay and not being able to walk an inch without it being filmed or snapped or spotted by a journalist? Publicising this thing, don't you feel it trivialises it too?

"I don't think you trivialise it. I think it would be a waste if it wasn't being photographed. We do what we do and we're seen to be doing it, because we are doing it.

"As for this concert in India, one way out of it is that we are doing it for a charity, however vague, and we are actually promoting a few rupees for the people. We can sort of salve our consciences with that.

"I wrote a song called 'Driven To Tears' — what are you left with when you're faced with atrocities? You see it all the time in the papers, but what do you do? Basically . . . all you can do . . . is cry . . . really. Then again that's a bit of a futile, useless gesture anyway."



W*HAT ABOUT the money, Sting? The hundred billion dollars.*

I haven't really got it. It's on paper. We've sold five, six million albums and I get 20 pence each. It's a lot of money, but I haven't got it yet. I still live in a two room flat in Bayswater. I don't have expensive tastes. Next year I'll be rich and that's when the rot could set in. Very easily. I'm very aware that money corrupts.

So why don't you ease back, forget The Police, try something else, if the money could possibly distort the songwriting you say you care so much about?

I enjoy making money as well. It's a complex thing. It is inseparable, which is why it's so difficult. I enjoy making money; I enjoy playing the game that is the charts; I enjoy the success; and I also enjoy the abstraction that is music; and er it's a constant battle. But I also enjoy that challenge. I also enjoy that [illegible]

Do you enjoy being comfortable and enjoy being uncomfortable at the same time?

Yeah, I'm a workaholic. I could never stop working. When I stop this tour it's great to be back with the wife and kid, but pretty soon I want to be back on the road again.

"It's the old musicians thing. See, my life is comfortable but difficult. I can't go shopping anymore, I can't scratch my arse in the street because people are watching . . .

Do you 'enjoy' being a celebrity?

I enjoy being the centre of attention. But this is something I enjoyed before I was famous. I enjoyed being a bus-conductor for six months after I left school.

I suppose you were always joking with the old ladies.

Oh, well, it's a situation where people are looking at you and you have the ability to entertain them because you're standing up and they're sitting down. So you have a sort of captive audience for a while and you can ponce around or you can tell jokes.

Again, it's creating an atmosphere, and I could do that and that's why I think I was a good teacher.

Where I did really badly — and I've had lots of jobs — was where I didn't have that facility. Like I worked for the Inland Revenue for a while, in an office, from where I almost got the sack. It's almost impossible to get the sack from the Inland Revenue but Stingo almost fucking did — just because it's so isolated from that function for which I feel I've got a talent. I'm not particularly good at one to one for some reason. It's a weird thing, but give me more than 20 people and I'm fucking magic.

Do you need that attention?

I must do. Yeah. And I need it more and more everyday, I also need success. It's like a drug. When I first started in the business, two lines in *Melody Maker* was incredible, but now I have to have the front page otherwise it doesn't mean anything. Then it has to be the front page of all the papers. Then it just escalates.

So within your [illegible] it's reasonable to expect front pages all the time?

Yeah, you expect more and more.

It's a situation I never actually aspired to really. When I left teaching I wanted to be a serious musician, I was a muso basically — beard, into Charlie Mingus — and I wanted to be respected in the jazz world. I really did. But the horizons just kept receding. Your objectives go further and further away.

Like the first objective was to get a single out, just to make a single; the next was to get on the Radio One playlist, and it took us ages to get that; and then it was for just one person on *NME* to like us.

And then it just happened: breaking in

Continues page 57

"There's a healthy antagonism in the group because we're all strong egotists. Stewart and I have an intense rivalry, but we don't hate each other."

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS' NEW ALBUM

THE TOUR

April 10	MANCHESTER	Osbourne Club
11	BATH	Pavilion
15	CLEETHORPES	Winter Gardens
20	DUMFRIES	Stagecoach
April 21	AYR	Pavilion
22	DUNDEE	Marryat Hall
23	ABERDEEN	Music Hall
24	DUNFERMLINE	Kinema
April 25	GRANGEMOUTH	Town Hall
26	SHREWSBURY	Music Hall
28	NUNEATON	77 Club
29	SHEFFIELD	Tiffanys
30	EXETER	Roots

Some dates are provisional and liable to change. Please consult the appropriate local venue nearer the date. London dates are being finalised.

wea Also available on cassette.

Spot the difference? Thought not. Above: Paul Di'Anno of Iron Maiden and elder brother Rob Halford of Judas Priest. Below: David Roth. Pix: Andre Csillag (twice, brave man) and Gus Stewart. Yellow Roths by George 'HM' Bodner.

The threat to our nation's youth looms ever larger

IRON MAIDEN
Iron Maiden *(EMI)*
JUDAS PRIEST
British Steel *(CBS)*
SAXON
Wheels Of Steel *(Carrere)*
SCORPIONS
Animal Magnetism *(Harvest)*
VAN HALEN
Women And Children First *(WEA)*

IF HELL'S got a jukebox, it probably plays heavy metal. I could go so far as to say that this style occupies a place that's wholly unique in rock music — the nadir. But that's to forget that HM feeds on our taunts and derision, and grows stronger with unfashionability.

The new tribalism is with us, parading itself with strident pride and glowering defiance, not to mention a lot of commerical clout. Ignoring it would be bliss, but really not on (or so I'm told). And therefore, for mine is not to reason why, it's once more over the top . . .

These five albums cover the entire metal spectrum, from the relative refinements of The Scorpions to the honest crass-out of Saxon, from the sophisticated meaninglessness of Van Halen to the rough enthusiasm of Iron Maiden. Judas Priest, as ever, stand dead centre, inexorably perfecting their killing machine effectiveness. All aficionados of the genre with sufficient disposable income may safely purchase without risk — nothing nasty like innovation to worry about here, lads — and of course will do, in large numbers.

The only real element of doubt must surround Iron Maiden, for this is their debut effort and they're far less experienced than their competitors. At the same time, the expectations to be met are uncomfortably high, because the evidence of the last few months had suggested that they're about the best the fresh scene has to offer. As it is, the album is a definite pointer to their potential for development — albeit along strictly conventional lines: an encouraging beginning rather than a convincing achievement in its own right.

Without that bland assurance that characterises the more established HM acts, Iron Maiden have to rely on their basic drive and nervous urgency to top up the power level; they do at least sound genuinely excited to be playing.

Apart from two unhappy attempts at the archetypal HM ballad, the songs — if not the lyrics — are strong, especially 'Running Free' and 'Charlotte The Harlot'. The two guitars of Dennis Stratton and Dave Murray play off each other with a nice inventiveness in places, though Paul Di'anno doesn't match his vocal attack with enough personality to give the material a lot of character. Still, for better or worse, their future looks secure.

Judas Priest, with 'British Steel', lumber on with a lot more finesse, though not so much inner conviction. Songs like 'Metal Gods', 'Grinder' and 'Breaking The Law' perpetuate the now familiar posture of rebels without a context. Frankly it's difficult to get indignant about silliness like this — besides which, it's a living, isn't it?

I do think their music is getting more treacly than venomous, but to all intents and purposes Judas Priest are still delivering the goods, and if you want them you're welcome to them.

Blunt Barnsley men who have paid their dues and are proud of it, Saxon release their second album at a time when they're accepted as stars of HM's new wave. 'Wheels Of Steel' is earthy stuff; fast and basic and strictly no cissies allowed. Essentially a tight, cranked-up hard rock band, Saxon belt through the numbers with minimum distraction or fancy exhibitionism. From 'Motorcycle Man' and 'Stand Up And Be Counted' to 'Street Fighting Gang' and 'Machine Gun', they race and rage and rampage, scowling about how you'd better get out of their way and so on and so forth.

The Scorpions are altogether more couth. Ponderous and melodic, these high grade metallurgists from Germany go in for majestic grandeur and tautonic precision. Their 'Animal Magnetism' album is another example of dull craftsmanship wrapping itself around even duller songs, each ingredient apparently calculated to reassure the group's massive audience that nothing has changed and probably never will. The vocals stretch and scream; the guitars whine in sympathy.

Why does this record exist?

Van Halen are an enormous joke, a bloated monstrosity of a band. They don't create, they churn. They don't write; they regurgitate. In many respects, they're the perfect American HM band.

Produced, like the first two albums, by HM maestro Ted Templeman, 'Women And Children First' is a standard slab of undemanding bombast and crass pantomime; a cleverly commercial piece of work. The significance of a phenomenon like Van Halen, with all its attendant ritual, doesn't merit that much critical attention, it's more a matter for accountants and anthropologists.

What all this music has in common is that it takes some aspects of rock and roll — volume, aggression, speed, narcissism — exaggerating them to the point of caricature, and completely misses out on other aspects — change, challenge, wit, imagination. Granted its guaranteed acceptance by a market as faithful, staid and unchanging as any Radio 2 audience, heavy metal is immune to the pressures of self-analysis and development. Its success is its inertia is its success. Full Stop.

Paul Du Noyer

BB KING
"Now Appearing" At Ole Miss *(MCA)*

BB KING has always been the consumate blues entertainer. Even in the '60s, when he cut that unparalleled pair of live albums, 'Live At The Regal' and 'Blues Is King', the emotional intensity of the music was weighted carefully in relationship to the show. In other words, despite appearances, any 'emotion' was acted.

These days, there's no pretence about it. The music is strictly subservient to its context. Half of the blues 'songs' on this set are no more (no less?) than virtuoso raps, with the occasional 24 bars of impassioned singing chucked in to demonstrate a point.

After thirty years at the top, King has honed his act to a knife-edge of style. This four-sided live album — one complete show at the University of Mississippi — features the most articulate blues guitarist on the planet, the most cultured soul singer, and the most dignified presenter, a patter merchant who makes most professional linkpersons sound like rank amateurs. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome to the stage that dynamic Gentleman Of The Blues, Mister Bee Bee King!

And he's there, ripping out biting warm-up licks over the 'BB King Blues Theme', his 13-piece orchestra pumping coolly behind him. It's about that time . . .

From the off they leap into the one really driving track on the set, 'Caldonia', an *extremely* uptown swing blues. That's followed by a 14-minute blues medley consisting principally of 'Don't Answer The Door', Jimmy Johnson's unrivalled jealous blues that King long ago made his own. Ever one to move with the times, it's laced with a rap which cunningly defuses the sexist content by addressing itself to the ladies in the audience. The song is only there as prop for the talkover, but it's a tour de force, as King switches effortlessly from jive talk to anguished singing or devastating bursts of guitar.

By way of complete contrast, next up is 'Hold On', title track of King's last album with The Crusaders. To me, those Crusaders albums don't quite ring true — partly because King dubs fussy guitar parts all over his singing, partly because he seems stifled in the bland web of funk. Here, with a string section adding subliminal sweetening, the song is allowed to blossom, and King's voice and guitar give each other a bit of breathing space.

'I Got Some Outside Help (I Don't Really Need)', never one of my favourite songs if only for its reliance on the title line of 'I Believe To My Soul', here sounds doubly superfluous, as its lyrics are simply a poor copy of 'Don't Answer The Door'. That track and the slightly mawkish 'Darlin' You Know I Love You', with its intrusive string section, close the first album on a comparatively mundane note.

The guitar genius doodles serenely through 'When I'm Wrong', a nine-minute instrumental which is slightly flawed by the band's over-ornamentation, and then comes the evening's crowning glory: 'The Thrill Is Gone'. The strings come into their own, sweeping the Albert King-like splinters of guitar to irresistible climaxes while the voice shouts, cries and bites at the words. When King cut this in 1969 it was reckoned to be something like his *five hundredth* single, it's a song worthy of being number 500. The instrumental section it runs into, though clever, doesn't quite match up.

The band and Lucille get a run out on the Crusaders-era hard funk of 'Never Make A Move Too Soon', before a strangely unsatisfactory finale with 'Three O'Clock In The Morning' and 'Rock Me Baby', brilliant King performances marred by unidentified funny noises from the vicinity of the percussion section.

BB closes things down with a touching rendition of the soppy ballad 'Guess Who'. Schmaltz from a master.

' "Now Appearing" At Ole Miss' is the work of a mellow, successful man, the former plantation worker who's come home as an international cultural ambassador, the Gentleman Of The Blues.

Sometimes the music gets lost amongst the trappings of show business, but that's show business. BB King plays and sings like nobody else knows how, and for nearly an hour of this 80-minute showpiece, that's exactly what he does.

Phil McNeil

ALBUMS

And the word was Thunderbird

FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
What's The Word *(Chrysalis)*

ESOTERIC isn't it. The title of the second Fab Thuns long-playing thing coyly alludes to an ancient hunk of '50s SouthSide greeting ritual. Way it worked: you'd see a pal on street and greet same with "What's the word?", to which your interlocutor would respond "Thunderbird!" and then you'd go off and have a drink.

The Thunderbird in question was the brand name of a variety of inexpensive wine which was noted more for its ability to impair judgement and basic motor functions than by a capacity to delight the palate and stimulate the senses. Without any desire to extend the alcoholic metaphor past licensed hours, it must be stated that The Fabulous Thunderbirds — eminent exponents of Texas bar blues, promoters of turban chic, honchos of the dance beat and Most Bluseswelling — present a far superior brew: one that is simultaneously warming, refreshing and invigorating.

There's nothing flat, stale or tasteless about rhythm and blues played right: it creates neither indigestion nor a hangover. The Thunderbirds — Kim Wilson (vox, harp), Jimmie Vaughan (guitar), Keith Ferguson (bass) and either Mike Buck or Fran Christina behind the kit — deftly avoid the twin pitfalls of the genre by neither bashing and plodding like the Metallurgists (hide your head, Johnny Winter) nor indulging in the ol' minstrel-show hamboning as beloved of Nick Gravenites and his generation of fusionist blues-rockers.

Nothing flash, nothing fancy: neat and salty as you please. The way they open up on Weldon Bonner's 'Runnin' Shoes' is as good an example of the way they operate: the song — a loose derivative of Howlin' Wolf's 'Meet Me In The Bottom' — is mapped out by Jimmy Vaughan mixing a rockabilly tonality with a John Lee Hooker Essential Blues Trance riff over Sun-sound percussion before Kim Wilson steps in with a faithful recreation of Wolf's phrasing and a Sonny Boy Williamson II style harp solo. They genre-hop with sly adroitness: the way Wilson evokes zydeco accordion with his harp on 'You Ain't Nuthin' But Fine' is little short of masterly.

Elsewhere, they lay down sharp little harp and/or guitar shuffle instrumentals, so the slow blues and the fast rock and generally demonstrate that the people who laid down the original basics of rockabilly and R&B back in the '50s weren't just pissing about. It'd be nice if the success of the Thunderbirds, Thorogood and the rest of the rhythmic and blues fraternity stimulated a few more people to investigate the work of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Slim Harpo, Jimmy Reed, Little Walter, John Lee Hooker, Sonny Boy Williamson, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, Son Seals, Albert King and the rest of the Real Stars, but Wilson, Vaughan and Co are doing a far more honourable job of letting the youth know what this music is about than so-called 'bluesmen' like Rory Gallegher.

It may be reactionary and it may be another 'revival', but it'll take more than the withering scorn and cold stares of the modernists to bring R&B to its knees.

Now let's see if you've been paying attention. What's the word?

Charles Shaar Murray

Danger first . . .

FAUST
Faust *(Recommended)*
FAUST
So Far *(Recommended)*
MOEBIUS & PLANK
Rastakraut Pasta *(Sky)*

THE "old" and the "new". Or, to throw things into clearer perspective, the dangerous and the safe.

Viewed collectively, these three records demonstrate clearly the extent to which that type of modern music euphemistically known as "German avant-garde" has deteriorated over the past eight or nine years. What was once rude, precarious and precocious is now polite and merely precious, a hollow vessel of form topped up with diluted content.

Almost single-handedly, Faust developed a new language of recording techniques and approaches, and a musical vocabulary quite without precedent in popular music; Moebius & Plank, like the majority of the Sky offerings, use a fraction of these elements to construct music which blends nicely with the cheeseplant and the picture-window: safe, emasculated music. When it works — take a bow, Michael Rother — this satisfies a certain kind of need, but with the album in question, there's neither need nor satisfaction.

'Rastakraut Pasta', judging by the recipe, should have been rather tasty: take half a Cluster, mix with a well-known (and undeniably talented) German producer, add a pinch of Czukay, and bake for several weeks in Conny's Studio. When cool, garnish with smart, pseudo-ECM sleeve and serve.

Without wishing to stretch a metaphor, the result is a plateful of half-baked hors d'oeuvres for those whose palates follow a dish's reputation rather than its taste. For the most part, the album's seven tracks sound like discarded clippings from Cabaret Voltaire's wastebin, formal noodling minus the emotional input, pedestrian sub-reggae dabbling, plodding distorted grinds and static dribs and drabs of sound. The only well thought-out piece here is 'Two Oldtimers', seven minutes of Rotheresque guitar and keyboards which possesses a subtlety of construction completely absent on the rest of 'Rastakraut Pasta'. Even so, it's ultimately just a mild and harmless little frisson.

Which is something you could never say of Faust. Both 'Faust' and, especially, 'So Far' sound as fresh and invigorating today as they did in the early '70s, though one would have thought that what once was daring would now be commonplace.

'Faust', the transparent one, is a record of hidden structure. On first hearing, most frown and close their ears to what appear to be formless sound-collages, and that's as far as it goes. But the more one listens, the more natural the progressions sound, the more cohesive the constructions become. Eventually, the continuity imposes itself indelibly on the pieces, which can be appreciated for what they are — formidable exercises in organised spontaneity.

'So Far', the black one, which comes complete with a series of prints illustrating the tracks, is more immediately approachable, fierce and rhythmic for the most part, and possessed of a wry, absurdist humour on tracks like the closing swing workout, ". . . In The Spirit", and 'I've Got My Car And My TV', which starts with a childlike sing-song and ends with a jaunty keyboard bounce (which resurfaced, incidentally, as part of 'Giggy Smile' on 'Faust IV').

Here, the structures are evident from the outset: the opener, 'It's A Rainy Day, Sunshine Girl', takes the dance-pulse to its logical, ludicrous extreme, paving the way for the more subtle alternative-rhythms of 'No Harm' and 'So Far' itself. Yet as with jazz improvisation, the structures impose a flexibility rather than sheer rigidity: the music here bristles with surprises, dislocations, and the odd joke or two.

Writing in the *NME* seven years ago, Ian MacDonald said: ". . . the *implications* of what Faust are doing form the most significant conceptual revolution in rock for ten years." How far that revolution has been betrayed can be measured by listening to 'Rastakraut Pasta'.

Andy Gill

King does the king's thing. Triple view: Al Johnson.

In the court of the blues king

SHAKIN' STEVENS
Take One! *(Epic)*
ROCKIN' LOUIE AND THE MAMMA JAMMERS
It Will Stand *(Charly)*

JUST what is it in the South Wales air that produces so many dedicated rock'n' roll lunatics? Like Crazy Cavan and three-quarters of Rockpile, these two gentlemen have long been keeping the flame alive in a country remarkable for its absence of deltas and jook joints.

The proof of Shakin' Stevens endurance in the face of his reputation as an outriding Elvis clone lies in his current hit 'Hot Dog' and a subsequent long player with a pedigree of talent and taste. Assisted in his search for the elixir of youth by the cream of Britain's country (or R&B) mafia — Stuart Colman, Geraint Watkins, B J Cole and the awesome Albert Lee — Shakin' still manages to emerge as the incumbent star with a set of vocals that are never affected (the downfall of Robert Gordon) and occasionally inspired.

Shakin' is an alumnus of Rockin' Louie's from the original Sunsets period, as, apparently, was Dave Edmunds (Mr Louie introducing him to 'I Hear You Knockin' ' and a slew of similarly entertaining nuggets from various vintages).

'It Will Stand' is a less even selection than 'Take One!', but when it sticks the results are more bizarre. Louie's matter, as a white interpreter of a mainly black music, leads him into waters outside the domain of Shakin's mainstream. Those backwaters include songs from Hank Ballard, Louis Jordan (a giant amongst songwriting midgets in any era) and old Fats Domino — the relaxed slant and the singer's rough cut amused inflexions are testimony to a spirit willing to succumb to the pleasures of the flesh.

The finest moments on a genuinely delightful slice of boiling wax happen when the Mamma Jammers (Southside strutters all) blow the joint out in unison. Sax players Don Weller and Mike Peice sound like they could toot a substantial living from Boston to Memphis

Rockin' or Shakin', the terminology makes maximum sense when you hear what goes down — the only jive is in the aisles. Pronounce that twice as nice.

Max Bell

DESPERATE BICYCLES
Remorse Code *(Refill)*

IT'S been a long pedal to this Desperate disappointment. The Bikes were *the* pioneer D-I-Y band, as influential in their way as the Pistols, inspiring the whole amateurist movement from Small Wonder to Scritti Politti with their famous clarion cry, "it was easy, it was cheap, go and do it".

Gaily dispensing with all notions of musical ability and studio know-how, the Bikes demystified recording technology at a stroke and it was this attitude, rather than their music, which proved the galvanising agent. Even so, their first singles possess a primitive elan that peaked on the 'New Cross, New Cross' EP, six brief, catchy, clattery tracks of barbed and whimsical social studies.

'Remorse Code', alas, loses all such qualities, being an album of meandering guitar-dominated songs of little import and feeble puns. All that early roughness has gone, smoothed away by an anonymous competence that is the album's saddest quality. The Bikes have lost the brevity and brittle that sparked their singles — and despite the three-year wait to make an album, they sound sorely stretched to fill the available space.

Another problem may be their changed line-up, with two new members drafted in to replace Roger Stephens and Dave Papworth. And perhaps significantly, the band have already parted company with new guitarist Dan Electro since recording the album last October. But Danny Wigley, who wrote the songs, must take at least some of the blame for allowing them to ramble on so.

'Remorse Code' has ended up a slack, pointless album of sadly conventional pop. No charm and all chunter. It's OK to be a bike-shed band, but on this outing their tyres are flat and the steering's more than a little wonky.

Graham Lock

The lovely Phyllis

Hitting the right notes

PHYLLIS HYMAN
You Know How To Love Me *(Arista)*

THIS LP's a gorgeous little break from the worry of modern day rock inspiration starvation. After a surplus of so many earnest young Brits trying on so many angles, just to slip on an album that glides through an unpretentious, unstylised set of songs about soppy old love comes with all the unburdening relief of taking off tight shoes.

Escapism they might call it, but expendable it certainly ain't. Phyllis Hyman has a terrific voice and isn't just some model stuck up front for disco's — which this isn't really — sake. The album was cut and recorded by a small band of people — who had actually met each other several times before going in to work in the studio — which, as you know, is quite a novelty for current black American LPs.

The single, after which the set is named, would have been a hit over here in less uncertain times, being one of the best records released over the past six months and combining the pumpy backbeat of 'I Love The Night Life' with a front sheen that's hearty, delicate and Philly. OK, so the lyrics are pretty standard issue in the main but you're gonna wait a bleedin' long time for that perfect treat and could do far, far worse than Phyllis' bunch of nine.

Simply a collection of punchy, understated arrangements fronted by a woman who isn't afraid to sing and sing and sing. And all the right notes get hit too. Come on in and remember what it sounds like.

Danny Baker

Twenty Little Piggies Went To Market

By Charles Shaar Murray

THE ROCKETS
No Ballads *(RSO)*
THESE guys are obviously tough. A collection of ex-Mitch Ryder sidemen from the Michigan bad-boy/biker rock scene of the late '60s/early '70s, The Rockets dress up in designer leathers ("courtesy of Gandalf & Co, Royal Oak, Michigan", announces a coy little note on the back sleeve) and lean against a wall trying to look hard while a smashed chair lies overturned in the foreground. On vinyl, they roar, strut, strangle their guitars and go "Whoooosssahh!" a lot on songs like 'Desire', 'Restless' and 'Troublemaker', rebuke women who might be foolish enough not to wish to be deserted in 'Don't Hold On' — they sing tenderly about themselves and roughly about women in the standard manner throughout — and invite two of The Pointer Sisters to assist in the pointless exercise of trashing Lou Reed's 'Sally Can't Dance'. Real men's music. Ballads are — after all — strictly for sissies. Aw-rahhhhh! Rack'n'rowl! Git Dawn; Hello *Cleveland!* Are you ready to . . . (yuck).

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
The Electric Horseman *(CBS)*
I SEE by your outfit that you are a cowboy. If I get an outfit can I be one too? Half the album consists of songs by Willie Nelson ('My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys', 'Mamma Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys', 'So You Think You're A Cowboy', etc *ad tedium*), while the other side contains basic film soundtrack music w/syndrums. You should be able to get this album free by sending two Marlboro boxtops to CBS.

THE GREAT SOCIETY WITH GRACE SLICK
Conspicuous In Its Absence *(CBS Embassy)*
LIVE album by the band Grace Slick was in before she joined Jefferson Airplane. Among the delights to be sampled herein: original versions of 'Somebody To Love' and 'White Rabbit', a musical tribute to Lenny Bruce and a cover of 'Sally Go Round The Roses' that would be almost spooky if it wasn't for Slick's ex-husband Darby playing remarkably pointless drug-guitar solos all over the place. Complete with reverential sleeve-note by the late Ralph J. Gleason, this album is an essential artefact of an era that nobody with any sense gives a shit about any more.

RONNIE LAWS
Every Generation *(United Artists)*
CREAMY, sophisticated jazz-funk for people who like their music well-dressed, highly qualified and modest enough not to think of itself as anything other than a function of interior decoration. Laws is to jazz and soul what Mantovani was to the classics or Foreigner are to hard rock. Highly suitable in-store music for clothes shops where they sell clothes that you wouldn't buy even if you could afford them.

PRESSURE
Pressure *(MCA)*
THE Laws Effect is obviously contagious, since many of the foregoing remarks are also applicable to this album, produced by Smiling Ron. The cover depicts some sort of mechanical device about to explode from an excess of (this bit is rilly subtle) *Pressure* (geddit?), implying that the music is liable to prove over-stimulating to the average metabolism. This claim would seem to be a trifle far-fetched.

FLEETWOOD MAC
Black Magic Woman *(CBS Embassy)*
THE '68 vintage Fleetwood Mac were probably the best blues (as opposed to R&B) group that Britain ever produced, and Peter Green certainly the best blues guitarist of his generation. However, what made that group as good as it was were Green's abilities as a vocalist and composer: his singing was free from the patronisingly affected "I-wanna-be-black" mannerisms that screwed up singers from Eric Burdon and Chris Farlowe right through to Joe Cocker and his ilk. When Jeremy Spencer was given his head to do his Elmore James impressions things got a little excruciating, but there's enough crisp Greenery here to render the album worthwhile for interested parties.

ROBERT KRAFT & THE IVORY COAST
Moodswing *(RSO)*
INDOLENT, complacent Me-Generation music for and about moaning metropolitans who frequent singles bars. Anybody who finds that this music reflects their life is obviously leading a faintly repulsive existence.

ALEXIS KORNER & FRIENDS
The Party Album *(Intercord)*
THE grandfather of Brit Blues celebrates his 50th birthday by inviting a clutch of famous friends — ranging from leading British jazzmen like Dick Morrissey, Dick Heckstall-Smith, John Surman and the *very great* Art Themen to mainstays of the '60s blues-club establishment such as Paul Jones, Zoot Money, Chris Farlowe and Eric Thingie — for a 'blow'. The two sides in which the horn section let rip on a mixture of Ellingtonia and Kansas City swing could burn a few holes in your carpet, but the quartet side falls limp despite Colin Hodgkinson's extraordinary bass, and and the closing blues jam — nine minutes plus of 'Hi-Heel Sneakers' and six of 'Stormy Monday' — is completely out to lunch. It was recorded for Radio 1 on the BBC mobile and probably made good radio (as birthday parties go), but you'd have to know at least four of the people involved before you'd want to take it home.

IAN MITCHELL BAND
Lonely Nites *(WEA)*
What I can a person possibly say about a band who get their art department to retouch their photo to look as though they've dyed their hair yellow/blue/green/orange/crimson. We shall not hold a grudge against Ian Mitchell just because he used to be in the Bay City Rollers. Such prejudice would be completely superfluous, mainly because this record will give all of the 32 people who will hear it grounds for holding brand new grudges against everybody involved.

KROKUS
Metal Rendezvous *(Ariola)*
AH! I see that copies of the first two Led Zeppelin records have just been released in Switzerland. The effect upon local youth has been demoralising, although thankfully somewhat delayed. In a couple of years we can safely send them 'Raw Power', 'Ziggy Stardust', 'Catch A Fire' and 'Born To Run'.

BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS
Nuclear Blues *(MCA)*
HOW curious it is that those jazz musicians whose abilities have failed to render them pre-eminent in their original field (jazz being a music which places the highest musical and spiritual demands upon its practitioners) still feel that they can automatically achieve success in rock, a field entirely occupied by morons. All they have to do is join the horrendous David Clayton-Thomas in a revived Blood, Sweat & Tears which contains none of the original members, play pointless fussy originals and ludicrous parodies of Ray Charles and Jimi Hendrix material and they'll clean up. Let us leave them to enjoy this delusion while they may.

CHOU PAHROT
Live *(Klub)*
LATE '60s deda progressive-rock eccentricity still survives . . . somewhere. Chou Pahrot are Glaswegian, boast pseudonyms like Eggy Beard, Mama Voot, The Amphibian and Monica Zarb, circulate what one presumes are highly favourable reviews of themselves from German publications, have beards and play energetic wheckiness of the vaguely Beefheartian variety. Has Deevid Allen been informed of this? I do not know. But I think he should be told.

JOHNNY CASH
A Believer Sings The Truth *(CBS)*
YOUR starter for eternal bliss: just who is the subject of song 'The Greatest Cowboy Of Them All' (one of 20 devotional songs on a gospel album)? If you guessed right, you are

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The reviews editor brings home Charlie's bacon

obviously not beyond redemption. Has Bob Dylan been told of this?

STRAIGHT SHOOTER
My Time — Your Time *(Sky)*
HM from Germany. The singer has an accent which renders it difficult to decide whether he is singing in English or German. The guitarist, however, plays in an international language: every lick transcends petty nationalistic barriers to state with fearless pride, "I'm pretty cool, but my trousers are causing me extreme discomfort."

POCO
The Songs Of Richie Furay *(CBS Embassy)*
HEEEYYYY! Let's get mellow! Richie's a rilly laid-back guy, and his songs are real sensitive, y'know? Cools you out like good weed (tfft, tfft, tfft). In other words, more Marlboro Country horrors, heavily mentholated. If you wish to set somebody up for a road accident, arrange to have this played for them while they're driving.

CLASSICS IV FEATURING DENNIS YOST
The Best Of Classics IV *(United Artists)*
OUT of all the many records that Classics IV made, only one — the seriously pleasant 'Spooky' — was a hit over here. This album, which presents 'Spooky' plus 19 other examples of their work, demonstrates exactly why: Classics IV were a staggeringly tedious group.

JOHNNY NASH
The Johnny Nash Album *(CBS Embassy)*
IN the first half of the last decade, Johnny Nash peddled a pleasant, Sam Cooke-ish line in soft soul and pop reggae. His covers of some of Bob Marley's compositions ('Stir It Up', 'Guava Jelly' and 'Reggae On Broadway') got Bob international airplay even before Enoch Clapton picked up on 'I Shot The Sheriff', and his own 'I Can See Clearly Now' made for good radio. An inconsequential but mildly enjoyable anthology (Yawn). Actually, that's unfair as some of it's pretty nice, but (yaawwwwwwn). These late nights are killing me . . .

FESTIVAL
Evita Disco *(RSO)*
WHAT a brilliant idea: an album of *Evita* songs done *a la* disco. Whoever could have thought of such a stroke of creative genius? Keep watching your local record shop, and save your money until they do 'Evita Dubwise', 'Evita Rock Steady', 'Original Evita Rockabilly' and 'Evita Live At The Heavy Metal Soundhouse'.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Flashbacks (Vol. 1) *(Sonet)*
"20 ROCK AND ROLL Favourites", trumpets the cover — you know, 20 slices of (y)our priceless musical heritage, turn this down and we'll call your loyalty to the cause into serious question — over a slick gauzy graphic in which a woman becomes an artefact, '58 Chevy style. Theoretically, there is a finite number of fine numbers which scrabble into the prestigious 'classic' slot, and these get shuffled from compilation to compilation like kids in a school photo trying to show up in six different places at once (looked ya!). Out of the 20 venerables on sale herein, eight qualify as Da Goodz: Larry Williams' 'Slow Down', Little Richard's 'The Girl Can't Help It', Shirley and Lee's 'Let The Good Times Roll', Jerry Byrne's 'Lights Out', 'The Cadets' 'Stranded In The Jungle', Lloyd Price's 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy', Bruce Channel's 'Hey Baby' and Sam Cooke's 'I'll Come Running Back To You'. For the rest . . . 'Rock Around The Bloody Clock' *again?* Paul and Paula?? 'Wheels' by The Stringalonge???

An economist notes: It is easier and cheaper to issue old records in new sleeves than it is to suss out what new music is required and locate bands who are playing such music. Even the wattest-eyed professional nostalgic has to cry "Enough!" at some point and this is it. "ENOUGH!!!" (Now about that forthcoming Eddie Cochran four-album boxed set . . .)

Charles Shear Murray

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

IT'S BEEN Country Festival week, all fresh-air music and Marlboro smoke fumes. Which is why this week's opener is 'Nashville Jam' (Flying Fish), one of those oddball country-jazz offerings inevitably headlined by fiddleman **Vassar Clements**. Surrounded by such musicians as Doug Jernigan, a steelie whom I rate only behind Ely's Lloyd Maines and the redoubtable Buddy Emmons, Jesse McReynolds, one of the most respected bluegrass mandolinists on the scene and Bob Hoban, a pianist who often turns up on country discs but only plays jazz licks, the one-time Earl Scruggs and Bill Monroe sideman travels his own eclectic way, utilising the rosin on bluegrass breakdowns, rags, blues and even a swing riff which is cheekily called 'Doc's Place' and has the names of Hoban, Clements and Buddy Spicher appendaged as writers.

Odd that, for I could have sworn they played 'Tin Roof Blues', a number penned by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings in 1923 and later half-inched by Allan Copeland and Bill Norvus to provide a 1954 million-seller for Jo Stafford under the title 'Make Love To Me'. Questionable activities apart, 'Nashville Jam' is an enjoyable record made for fun.

Both **Darryl Anger**'s 'Fiddlistics' (Kaleidescope) and **The Red Clay Ramblers**' 'Chuckin' The Frizz' (Flying Fish) similarly cross and re-cross musical borderlines. Anger is the regular Strad-scraper with the David Grisman Quintet and his solo album, on which Grisman and Co. add their VAT's worth, ranges from chunks of pure bluegrass travellin' music, like 'Ride The Wild Turkey', through to what could be termed a highly-strung version of Charlie Parker's be-bop classic 'Moose The Mooche', on which Tiny Moore provides the type of 52nd Street mandolin solo that could even rouse Tom Waits long enough to go out and get a shave.

The Red Clay Ramblers, who have played a modicum of British gigs in recent times, cut 'Fries' live at a North Carolina club shindig. A typical example of their belief in things that sound at least 40 years old, the album contains a spirited rendition of the Cowboy Ramblers' daft 'Wahoo, Wahoo', with its lyrics about buckaroos and dogie stews; a good-timey 'Tilly Take Your Time', a song usually associated with Bessie Smith, one-time Queen Of The Blues; an instrumental medley that segues from 'Santa Anna's March' to 'Donegal Reel'; and 'Baby Grand' a great song that deals with the occasion when Fats Waller was jailed for failing to pay alimony. The Red Clays are impossible to really pin down — imagine a band with a bassist who also plays '20s' style cornet! But I guess that's why I love 'em despite their musty aroma.

Finally, while we're still on a vaguely country tack, I'll insert a mention that 'West Texas Squeezebox' (Amazing), an E.P. cut by Ely accordionist **Ponty Bone** in the company of Texas bar-band Lewis And The Legends, is now being shipped in by *Honky Tonkin'* editor Richard Wootton. Copies can be obtained from 21 Melbourne Court, Anerley Road, London SE20 8AR for £1.60.

That's the end of the commercial. Can I go home now?

Fred Dellar

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Madness make more mayhem

MADNESS are on the trail again, this time visiting a string of slightly off-beat venues. With plenty more gigs to follow, the first two opportunities to work, rest and play Madness are at Llanelli (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).

● B. A. ROBERTSON (below) is one of the big new chart successes of the past year, and now he's going out on his first major concert tour. Opening dates are London (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Bridlington (Wednesday).

Thursday

Barnstaple Chequers: **Holly & The Italians**
Barry University: **Eric Bell Band**
Bath Centre 69: **The Review**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Rory Gallagher**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Chevy**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Vision Collision**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn Duck Inn: **Sniper**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Jack Jones**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Sledgehammer/Verdie**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Chels/Dick Damage**
Brighton Dome: **Sad Cafe/The Out**
Bristol Granary: **The Mechanics**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Emotion Pictures**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury Alberry's Wine Bar: **City Blues Band**
Cardiff Casablanca: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Chesterfield Fusion: **Nine Below Zero**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Speedy Bears**
Dundee Maryan Hall: **UK Subs**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Tom Paxton**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Hollow Men**
Gosport John Peel: **Airport**
Harlow Tiffany's: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Johnny G**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Cockney Rejects**
Leeds Casino's Club: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Fan Club: **Chelsea/Red C**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Valety Vak**
Leeds Gladrags Club: **Vex**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
Llanelli The Moonraker: **Andy Pandemonium**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Pink Military**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Network/The Playthings**
London Catford The Squire: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Hitmen**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Method/Martian Dance**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Reactos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Fulham The Cock: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Capital Letters**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jethro Tull**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Pencils**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cadillacs**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **Southside**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Paul Collins' Beat/Fatal Charm**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Sir Charles Thompson (for a week, except Sunday)**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spitz 80**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tribesmen-/Sunshine Steel Band**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Cecil Payne/Terry Mann Trio**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Rhythm Hawks/Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Gary Glitter/Classix Nouveaux/Cuddly Toys-/Bauhaus**
London Victoria The Venue: **Tour De Force**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Featwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **National Zeros/Metroz**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Billy's Club: **Network**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Ski Patrol/The Lucys/Emotional Jose**
London W.C.1. New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Maidstone Royal Albion: **The Stitz**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Norwich Manor House: **Zerro**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Brendan Kidulis & The Stroll**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **New Attitude**
Redcar Cutty Wren Club: **Earl Okin**
Sheffield City Hall: **Def Leppard/Magnum/Heritage**
Shepperton The Goat: **Acker Bilk Band**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Genesis**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Lone Wolf**
Thornaby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Windsor Blazers: **Roy Orbison**
Workshop The Ship: **B Movie**

Friday

Bath Moles: **The Scoop**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Collage**
Berkhamstead King's Hall: **The Adults / The TV Surf Boys**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Photographs**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Verbal Assault/The Last Wave**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Beggar**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teaser**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Crucifudon**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Golinski Brothers**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Killermeters**
Chatham Central Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Cirencester The Phoenix: **Emotion Pictures**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Nostoc Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Stanton Club: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Kelvin James/Peter Sarstedt**
Didcot Rutherford Laboratory: **Roaring Jelly**
Edinburgh Eric Brown: **The Metronomes**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Josef K / Organe Juice / Go Betweens**
Exeter Routes: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Eynesham Board Hotel: **Twelfth Night**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Sammy Hagar**
Grangemouth Town Hall: **UK Subs**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Def Leppard / Magnum / Expozer**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Alan Price**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Roy Orbison**
Lampeter St David's University: **Eric Bell Band**
Lancaster University: **Mike Oldfield**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Dodgy Tactics**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Old Swan: **Bloodshot**
London Camden Brecknock: **Marmigan**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Whirlwind/Newtown Neurotics**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/The Distractions/Flowers**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Johnny G/The Small Hours**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Split Rivin**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett/Tennis Shoes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jethro Tull**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Fibi**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Reactos**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Records**
London Ladbroke Grove The Elgin: **The Door & The Window / Janet & John / Jamming Jazz**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spitz 80**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **The Johnnys**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Louis Mogolo's Spirits Rejoice**
London Paddington The Chippenham: **The Orange Cardigan**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Second Line**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night with Snatch 22/Dr Cosgill**
London Putney White Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Campbell Burnap Quintet**
London Tottenham White Hart: **The Rhythm Hawks**
London Victoria The Venue: **B.A. Robertson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Metro**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Rockin' Roll Trio**
London W1 Scala Cinema (11pm): **The Distributors/Medium Medium (plus film)**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
Londonderry Templemore Sports Complex: **Rory Gallagher**
Luton Royal Hotel: **Idle Dancers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gerry Rafferty/Richard & Linda Thompson**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **District 13**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Secret Affair**
Manchester Russell Club: **Joy Division**
Milton Keynes The Netherfield: **Spud & The Fabs**
Minehead Regal Theatre: **Screamin' Lord Sutch/The Artists**
Newport The Villate: **Nine Below Zero**
Nottingham Outlaw Bar: **Brendan Kidulis & The Stroll**
Oakdale (Gwent) Institute: **The Cadillacs**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Red Ellis**
Peterborough Cresset Centre: **The Point**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **English Tapestry**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Sale Cafe/The Out**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Cockney Rejects**
Rugby Emmaline's: **The Foundations**
Skipton Rugby Club: **Muggins Blight**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Jack Jones**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Genesis**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Tony Hall**
Southend Top Alex: **Steve Hooker Band**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Holly & The Italians**
Sudbury Sports Centre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Sunderland Annabel's: **Junco Partners**
Taunton Trull Memorial Hall: **Essential Bop**
Worcester Bankhouse: **George Melly & The Featwarmers**

Saturday

Barkingside Old Maypole: **Shades**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Alaka Horns**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Wicked Sister**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Cerberus**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Nine Below Zero**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Alan Price**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Twelfth Night**
Brighton The Centre: **Genesis**
Bristol Bear Hotel: **The Review**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sad Cafe / The Out**
Bristol Turntable: **Cygnus**
Bury St Edmunds The Griffin: **Cobra**
Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Chatham Central Hall: **Roy Orbison**
Chippenham Neeld Hall: **The Scoop**
Chorley The Imperial: **PRS / X-Cells**
Cookstown Clubland: **Rory Gallagher**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Swinging Cats**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Prize Guys / Riot Squad**
Dereham Beetley Hall: **The Running Dogs**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Jack Jones**
Edinburgh Playhouse Nite Club: **The Dominators / Strange Innocents**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Wild Horses**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Mike Oldfield**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Earl Okin**
Harrow Co-op Hall: **The Au Pairs / Red Shoes**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Insiders**
Leeds Staging Post: **Dodgy Tactics**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **The Cockney Rejects**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **B. A. Robertson**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Revelation / Spartacus R**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Vapors**
London Chalk Farm Royal Exchange: **The Dipsticks**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Whirlwind**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Step**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound (1.30 pm matinee): **The Members**
London Fulham Greyhound (evening): **The Roll-Ups / The Fatal Charm**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Flying Saucers**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jethro Tull**
London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club: **The Mo-dettes / The State**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
London Islington Sadler's Wells Theatre: **George Melly & The Featwarmers**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Records**
London Marquee Club: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Tony Hall**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Vengelis**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Barnes Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Movies**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Dixie Phoenix**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **District 13**
Manchester Mayflower: **Capital Letters**
Mansham Donnathorpe Miners Club: **Strange Days**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Newcastle City Hall: **Sammy Hagar**
Nottingham Casanova: **Human The Demon**
Nottingham Outlaw Bar: **Disease / The Naughtiest Girl Was A Monitor**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Pallas**
Peterborough Focus Club: **The Circles**
Pontadawe Dynevor Arms: **Andy Pandemonium**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Reading Target Club: **The 01 Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gerry Rafferty / Richard & Linda Thompson**
Shoreham Community Centre: **The Cruisers**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Rikki & The Cuffinks**
Southend The Countdown: **The V.I.P.'s**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera Lido: **Def Leppard / Magnum / The Point Fives**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **The Mechanics**
Tenterden (Wittersham) Ewe & Lamb: **S.P.G.**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Asylum**
Warrington Wilderspool Leisure Centre: **The Foundations**
Wells Little Theatre: **Roaring Jelly**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Withernsea Grand Pavilion: **Secret Affair**

Sunday

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Trecks**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **One Adult**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Spider**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Cockney Rejects**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Sham 69**
Cheltenham Victory Club: **Roaring Jelly**
Chippenham Alexander's: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Ice**
Coventry Theatre: **Genesis**
Dundee University: **Mike Oldfield**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Cadiz**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Rude Boys / The Exploiters**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Wild Horses**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Rednite**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Agony Column**
Ipswich Royal William: **Zorro**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Loftus Social Club: **Eric Bell Band**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Bethnal Green The Green Gate: **Pagan Altar**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nine Below Zero**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Genave / Blind Date**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Judie Tzuke**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Between Pictures**
London Fulham The Cock: **Aura**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jethro Tull**
London Hayes Grange (afternoon): **GBH / The Attendants**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Decoys**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Hitmen / The Small Brothers**
London Richmond Brollies: **Sledgehammer**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Def Leppard / Magnum / The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jimmy Lyden's 4 Be 2**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **The Drifters**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Acker Bilk Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Chris Hodgkins Band**
Manchester Eccles Town Hall Hotel: **Loud'n'Lazy**
Newcastle City Hall: **B. A. Robertson**
Newry Hilltown Hall: **Rory Gallagher**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Cuban Heels**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Legendary Flobs**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Secret Affair**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Tom Paxton**
Solihull St. Margaret's Church: **The Civil Servants**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Alan Price**
Southend Shrimpers: **Bastille**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Andy Pandemonium**
Torquay The Pelican: **Holly & The Italians**
Wolleston Nags Head: **English Subtitles**

Monday

Aspley Guise Hog Sty Folk Club: **Earl Okin**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Circles**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Hotel Metropole: **Acker Bilk Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Boston Folk Club: **Bill Zorn**
Bradford University: **Mike Oldfield**
Brighton Dome: **Judie Tzuke**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Def Leppard/Magnum/Lautrec**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Zips**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Wild Horses**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **B. A. Robertson**
Guildford Bunters: **El Sleen**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Secret Affair**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Flying Saucers**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Side Effect**
Liverpool Everyman: **The Room**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Pencils**
London Camden Dingwalls: **T. K. A. Arrogant/Feet First/The Stains**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Broadway Beat**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jethro Tull**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Records**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Lightning Raiders**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London N.W.1. Royal Exchange: **Juice On The Loose**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

SHAM 69 are doing the rounds again, but they're lacking a London venue as no-one in the capital is prepared to risk booking them. Evidently they're more enlightened in Cardiff (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday), Blackburn (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday). Pictured right, beneath a new haircut, is Jimmy Pursey.

MORE GIG GUIDE

London Putney Half Moon: **Noel Murphy**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Earl Hines (for two weeks)**
London Shepherds Bush Wheatsheaf: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Victoria The Venue: **Band Manners**
London W 14 The Kensington: **No Limit**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sammy Hagar**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Osmonds**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Holly & The Italians**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalhir**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Generals**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Turbo**
Rickmansworth Civic Hall: **Nine Below Zero**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Sham 69**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Alan Price**
Southampton Eastleigh Crown Inn: **The Blazers/Big Brother**
Southport Theatre: **Sad Cafe/The Out**
Watford Bailey's: **Osibisa (for a week)**
Windsor Blazers Club: **Gloria Gaynor (for two weeks)**
Witham Public Hall: **The Teenbeats**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Wild Horses**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Def Leppart/Magnum/Jamieson Raid**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Service**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Sham 69**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Comix/Dangerous Visions**
Bristol Turntable: **The Mo-dettes**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Secret Affair**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **The Bavinos**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Fast Eddie**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Pop Group/The Slits**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Capital Models**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **B.A. Robertson**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Anne Lennox-Martin & Sam Stephens**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Osmonds**
Glasgow The Countdown: **The Waterfront**
Keighley Kings Head: **Muggins Blight**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Genesis**
Leighton Buzzard Unicorn: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Llanelli Glen Ballroom: **Madness**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sons Of Cain**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **White Rabbit**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Navigator**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tour De Force**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Brainiac Five**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Records**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Danny Adler & The Gushe Bros.**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Pencils**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pizza All-Star Jazz Band**
London Tottenham-Court Rd YMCA: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sonny Terry & Brownie Mcghee**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The V.I.P's**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Juice On The Loose**
Manchester Apollo theatre: **Sad Cafe/The Out**
Norwich City College: **The Running Dogs**
Norwich Cromwells: **Eric Bell Band**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Restricted Code**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Judie Tzuke**
Sheffield Blitz (at George IV): **Minny Pops**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sammy Hagar**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Nine Below Zero**
West Kirby Black Horse Music Hall: **Earl Okin**

Wednesday

Ayr Pavilion: **Wild Horses**
Bath Moles: **Bill Taylor Quartet/Kat McNab**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Racing Cars**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham The California: **The Sensibles**

Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Auditions**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Secret Affair**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **The Blazers**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Judie Tzuke**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Sham 69**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **B. A. Robertson**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Techniques**
Bury St Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Tom Paxton**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Madness**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mo-dettes**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Acker Bilk/Iris Williams**
Darlington New Imperial: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Genesis**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Southbound**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **The Osmonds**
Exeter Routes: **Sledgehammer**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Spectres**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Sammy Hagar**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Holly & The Italians**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **The Purple Hearts/No Name/Joe Public**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Blue Poland**
London Camden Brecknock: **Lammagyre**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jimmy Lindsay's Result**
London Camden Music Machine: **Tour De Force**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Pencils**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Resistance**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Step**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hitmen**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnite Express**
London Southall The Seagull: **Dirty Strangers**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Pulsaters**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee**
London Wandsworth Nero's Palace: **Pagan Altar**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Martian Dance**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Dance Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Marty Wilde**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe/The Out**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwalhir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **Killermeters**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Dead Skunk Band**
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: **I'm So Hollow/B Movie**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Crosswinds**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stevenage Leisure Centre: **The Drifters**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Entries for inclusion in the Nationwide Gig Guide are accepted by post only (no phone calls, please). They should arrive at least a week prior to publication date. Write to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — and we'll do the rest.

HOLLY & The Italians have quickly forgotten their ill-fated spell on The Selecter's package, and are going great guns with their own 'Right To Be Italian' tour. Latest gigs are at Barnstaple (Thursday), Stroud (Friday), Torquay (Sunday), Newton Abbot (Monday) and High Wycombe (Wednesday).

FOR DETAILS OF
LIVE!
ADVERTISING, PHONE
01-261 6153

CITY HALL ST. ALBANS
Saturday 12th April
GIRL
+ Support
Tickets from Box Office 37, Chequer Street, St. Albans 0727-64511 Evenings 61078 or on door
May 2nd: SAXON + Bleak House

WATERSMEET, RICKMANSWORTH
(High St., 7.30 p.m.)
Monday 14th April
9 BELOW ZERO
+ Sid Sideboards and the Chairs
Tickets from Box Office Tel 71542 Harum Records Watford, or on door

WINDSOR CASTLE
309 Harrow Road, E9
Wednesday 9th April — Free
EXCEL
Thursday 10th April — 50p
WORLD SERVICE
+ The Pencils
Friday 11th April — 50p
FLIX + Panther
Saturday 12th April — 50p
RUBBER JOHNNY
+ Idiot Dancers
Sunday 13th April — Free
THE ROOKIES
Monday 14th April — Free
OPHIDIAN
Tuesday 15th April — Free
THE BRAINIAC 5
Wednesday 16th April — Free
EXCEL

JACKSONS ROCK CLUB
(Jacksons Lane, Community Centre, 271 Archway Rd., N6. Tel 340 5226 Opp. Highgate Tube)
Sat 12th April 7.30 p.m.
THE MO-DETTES
Prior to U.K. Tour
and THE STATE
£1 members
£1.50 Non-members

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1
Wednesday 9th April — 75p
SAM APPLE PIE
Thursday 10th April — £1
THE CADILLACS
(ex Racing Cars)
Friday 11th April — £1
RICKY COOL & THE RIALTOS
Saturday 12th April — £1
LITTLE ROOSTERS
Sunday 13th April — 75p
THE DECOYS
Monday 14th April — £1
THE RECORDS
Tuesday 15th April — £1
THE RECORDS
Wednesday 16th April — £1
TENPOLE TUDOR

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
THE FALL
PATRIK FITZGERALD BAND
PLUS GUESTS
7.30 PM, THURS, 17TH APRIL
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1

R 'n' B Thro' The Eighties
BEGGAR
Live at
The Golden Eagle
Friday April 11th
All Enquiries
Pinball Artists: 499 2933

All You Pillocks Missing Our Fantastic Show Are MAD.
You Don't Know What You're Missing.
(Check Gig Guide)
A Message From
TENPOLE TUDOR

CRAWDADDY CLUB
THE STAR PUB, LONDON ROAD, CROYDON
Wed 9th April — 50p
MADRIGRAL
+ Rifles
Sat 12th April — £1
THE BOYCE BAND
+ Dead Certs
Sun 13th April — £1
SMALL HOURS
+ The Breathers
Mon 14th April — 50p
THE JETS
+ The Fanatics
Tues 15th April — 50p
BAVANDES
+ The Deal
Wed 16th April — 75p
THE HEYDAY PLAYERS
+ The Lonely Boys

BILLY'S
69 Dean Street, London W.1. (Nr Shaftesbury Ave)
Thursday 10th April
NETWORK
(Ex Klaks & Foster Brest)
Thursday 17th April
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
FULLY LICENSED BAR
9 pm - 3 am
£1.00 Adm Before 10.30
After 10.30 pm
Ladies £1.50 Gents £2.00

BRASS MONKEY TOUR
NINE BELOW ZERO
APRIL
8th SHEFFIELD Limit Club
10th CHESTERFIELD Fusion Club
11th NEWPORT Village Club
12th BLACKPOOL Norbreck Hotel
13th LONDON Dingwalls
14th RICKMANSWORTH Civic Hall
15th SWINDON Brunell Rooms
17th DERBY Blue Note Club

PTARMIGAN
LIVE! AT
THE BRECKNOCK, CAMDEN
Friday April 11th
THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, CHICHESTER.
Thursday April 17th
"LICENSED TO EVERYBODY"

TO ADVERTISE PHONE 01-261 6153

Live page

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 10th April 60p
DIRECTORS
+ Playthings

Friday 11th April 70p
TOUR DE FORCE

Saturday 12th April £1.20
CHICKEN SHACK
with Stan Webb, Ric Lee, Leo Lion

Sunday 13th April 70p
CADILLACS
(Ex Racing Cars)
+ Nightshift

Monday 14th April 60p
Good luck on The Only Ones tour
WASTED YOUTH
+ Citizens

Tuesday 15th April 60p
THE SPOONS
(Family 54)
+ Absentees

Wednesday 16th April 60p
THE GUVNORS
+ Pencils

Thursday 17th April 60p
UPP

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN DARK
THE DISTRACTIONS
FLOWERS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
(64 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN))
FRIDAY 11th APRIL at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (inc VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE TEL: 485 9006.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL: 240 2245.
ON BOOK ON WEEKDAYS, 3 BERTLEY TERRACE, LONDON E14 TEL: 455 5068. ON £2·50 ON DOOR

SUNDAY MUSIC PRESENTS

DEF LEPPARD
MAGNUM
TYGERS OF PANTANG
LYCEUM
STRAND WC 2
SUNDAY 13th APRIL at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (inc VAT) IN ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL: 836 7711.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL: 240 2245.
ON BOOK ON WEEKDAYS, 3 BERTLEY TERRACE, E14. TEL: 455 5068.

The Venue
160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 8552
Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm 3am

Wed 9th April £3.50
COMMANDER CODY
+ The Cadillacs

Thurs 10th April £3.50
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Dumb Bloodies

Fri 11th April £3.50
1st Night of Initial Tour
B. A. ROBERTSON
+ Film Stars

Sat 12th April £3.00
MOVIES + Johnny G

Sun 13th April £3.00
4 BE 2 + Friends

Mon 14th April £3.00
BAD MANNERS
+ Support

Tues 15th to Thurs 17th April £3.50
SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGEE

Fri 18th April £3.25
BETTE BRIGHT

Sat 19th April £3.25
CRAMPS

SUNDAY BLACK SUNDAY
(A benefit on behalf of Multiple Sclerosis)
Jamaica
OSIBISA + ASWAD
A poetry recital by A'du + Steven Pollock
Traditional African Bands and Dancers from Ghana

Mon 21st to Weds 23rd £3.75 advance £4.25 on night
Rescheduled
DAVID CROSBY
concerts 2 shows per evening
If you hold tickets for the previous concerts please apply for exchange or refund immediately

Thurs 24th £3.00
YACHTS

OUTLAW PRESENTS

SHAM 69
Plus Special Guests

CARDIFF TOP RANK
SUNDAY 13th APRIL
SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
MONDAY 14th APRIL
BLACKBURN KING GEORGES HALL
TUESDAY 15th APRIL
BRADFORD ST. GEORGE'S HALL
WEDNESDAY 16th APRIL
BIRMINGHAM TOP RANK
SUNDAY 20th APRIL
MANCHESTER APOLLO
MONDAY 21st APRIL

ALL TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICES & USUAL AGENTS
BIRMINGHAM TICKETS £2·50
MANCHESTER & BRADFORD TICKETS £2·00 £2·50 £3·00
CARDIFF, SHEFFIELD & BLACKBURN TICKETS £2·50 in advance £2·75 on door

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OAK TREE
WESTERN AVE., EAST ACTON, W.3.
THE SATELLITES
EEYORE
+ The Dogsuckers
Ad £1.00 Friday 11th April
Tube. East Acton. Buses 7, 105, 12, 72.

NOW AVAILABLE FOR LIVE DATES

Gangsters are appearing at the following venues

11th April Henry's, Rose On Wye
12th April 400 Club, Tamworth
14th April Tiffany's, Shrewsbury
18th April Kidderminster Town Hall
19th April Picker's Lock

GANGSTERS

Gangsters Current Single
"WOOLLY BULLY" (BE26)
Contact Big Bear Records 021-454 7020
100 Monument Road, Birmingham B16 8UU

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 11th April £2
COCKNEY REJECTS
Saturday 12th April £2
MARK ANDREW & THE GENTS

CHANGE MUSIC

LOCAL OPERATOR
THE BOOKS
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
54–36
FRI APRIL 11 8pm
ADM. £1.50 AT THE NOTRE DAME HALL, LEICESTER SQUARE

ALTERNATIVES on Broadway
CLARENDON HOTEL
On the roundabout, Hammersmith

This Thurs April 10th
8—12pm Late Bar Reggae meets Ska
CAPITAL LETTERS
MOBSTER
Tickets £1.25 advance from Virgin, Greenlemons, LTB, etc. £2.00 at door

Next Thurs April 17th
Alternative Rhythm
THE MEMBERS
+ THE DIALS
£1.50 Advance usual agents £2 at door

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, NW6

Wednesday 9th April £1.25
SPLODGENESSABOUNDS
+ The Idiot Dancers

Thursday 10th April £1.25
SOULYARD
+ X-O-DUS

Friday 11th April £1.50
METRO + The Mice
+ Manhattan Slide

Saturday 12th April £1.50
SOX + A-Z

Sunday 13th April £1.50
THE MO-DETTES
+ Gina and the Sharks

Monday 14th April £1.00
A-Z + The Attendants

Tuesday 15th April £1.00
V.I.P's + The Act

Wednesday 16th April £1.25
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
+ Martian Dance

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1927. One day, in downtown Chicago, Earl Hines bumps into Louis Armstrong. The two are old friends and often hang out together in the pool-room at the Musicians Union on State and 39th, but they're working in different bands. This particular day, Hines is hurrying to rehearse with Carroll Dickerson's outfit, Armstrong off to rejoin King Oliver.

"Hey man," jokes Hines, "you oughta come and play with us younger fellows."

Armstrong shakes his head: "Aw no, I promised Joe Oliver."

But he did. And that was the day jazz got off the ground and began to *fly*.

The Dickerson band played at the Sunset Cafe on 35th Street, where Shug Burroughs and Joe Eadey had blasted each other to kingdom come after the former brushed against the latter whilst in a hurry.

Dickerson was often so drunk he'd play his violin with the back of the bow and wonder why he couldn't hear the music. His conducting was erratic too; he'd walk offstage in the middle of a number, or continue to conduct long after the band had finished. Even the customers began to notice.

When he got the push, Armstrong got the band and Hines became musical director.

They hung out together all the time then and when they played you could *hear* the empathy. At two recording sessions in 1928 they laid down 19 cuts that contained the first true masterpieces of jazz: tracks like 'West End Blues', famous for Armstrong's opening cadenza, 'Sevoyager's Stomp', 'A Monday Date' and that astonishing trumpet/piano duet 'Weather Bird'.

Hines was 23 then, Armstrong 28. These were the last important recordings they ever made together.

The Sunset had closed late in '27. A year later, Armstrong left for New York while Hines formed a band for the opening of a new Chicago club, The Grand Terrace, where he was to play regularly for the next decade or so.

In the early '30s Al Capone kindly offered to protect The Grand Terrace for a mere 25 per cent and the place became a favourite haunt of underworld society. The waiters took to wearing guns, but most arguments were confined to a little bottle-throwing among friends. Hines split his time between playing the piano and hiding beneath it.

Slim and handsome, he also spent time chasing women.

One night he was in bed with pianist Una Mae Carlisle when her boyfriend returned unexpectedly, waving a chair in one hand and a knife in the other. Hines leapt to the window and inched out along a narrow ledge, three floors up, until he found another open window farther along. He stepped into the room of an elderly woman who fainted on the spot

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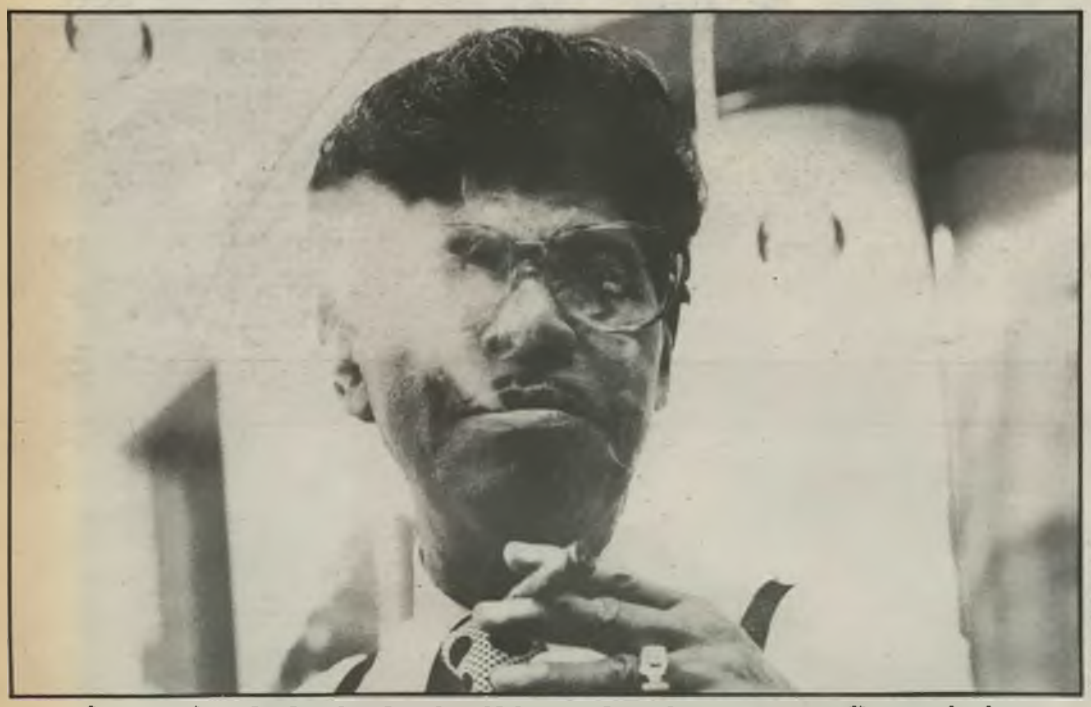

Pic Jill Furmanovsky

A gangland pianist in the '30s and an innovatory figure in jazz for 50 years, Earl Hines has a fascinating story to tell. Graham Lock interrogates.

FIFTY YEARS later, Earl Hines sits in a small, crowded dressing-room at Ronnie Scott's club in Frith Street, sucking on a big cigar. He's a well-built man with weathered features and a thick shock of hair, dressed smartly in a light suit and white tie with blue polka-dots.

He wears dark glasses to protect the eye damaged in a 1946 car-crash. His voice has that husky, whining quality that sometimes comes with age and he talks like he moves, with massive deliberation. I've also been warned that he's going deaf.

Hines and vocalist Marva Josie are chatting to friends. Josie has crimson fingernails, several inches long. They hang from the tips of her fingers like grotesque stalactites of frozen blood. Yes, they're real, she tells photographer Jill Furmanovsky.

It's very noisy.

Josie natters away in one corner, an electric fan whirs loudly in another. The dull thud of support group Semuta comes shuddering through the walls. As Hines is deaf, I have to SHOUT all the questions and his softly-spoken replies are almost lost in the din of background noise.

Worst of all, Hines has little to say and constantly refers me to his biography, *The World Of Earl Hines*. I'd read it before the interview and hoped that Hines would elaborate on the data therein. Fat chance.

HOW DID you first get interested in jazz? I begin nervously.

"What did you say?" asks Hines.

I shout the question.

"Well, it wasn't jazz then, it was called syncopation. That's what it says in my book."

I ask loudly how it had been working with Armstrong in '28. How far had they been aware they were making history?

Hines shrugs. "Nobody knew they were making history. We were just playing."

But surely you knew you were doing something a little different?

Hines shakes his head. "No, we didn't know *what* we were doing. We were just enjoying life. It so happened that what we were doing, the public liked. That's what pushed us out there."

But you must have known, I plead desperately, that your style of playing was reshaping jazz piano?

"I'm telling you, I didn't *have* no style," Hines says, exasperated. "Why work on a style? I never wanted to be a soloist, I just wanted to be in a band. The public put me out there. They said 'Earl we wanna hear you play'. I didn't *wanna* play solo. I still don't care for solos."

My head begins to feel like its being banged against a brick wall. Why not? I ask.

Hines leans forward confidentially. "What the hell, I'll tell you why not," he declares. "You a soloist, you gotta have a written set, piano arrangements to play every night and such like. But I just freelance when I play cos I don't like to work too hard. I *never* liked being a soloist."

WHAT WAS it like when the gangsters took over The Grand Terrace? I ask, referring back to Chicago.

Hines leans forward again. "Uh?" he queries.

A sigh of frustration slips from my mouth. Then I open it wide and bellow the question at him.

"Oh, you mean Al Capone? He took 25 per cent that's all."

But what was he like?

Hines considers. "You see, a man like that, people make publicity out of him. But a man like that is just like any other man, he had his way of doing business. And Capone himself had a nice disposition. It's all in my book."

Was he a friend of yours?

"No, no. If you're working in a place and a man takes it over, you've gotta do what he says, that's all."

But you liked him? I persist.

Hines laughs. "Oh, I like everybody. A man treats *me* right, I've got nothing against him. What his profession was, his livelihood, that's his business. It's not up to me to question him."

In your book, you say he sent a couple of bodyguards to look after you.

Hines nods. "That was just for protection. They thought that something might happen to me and it would hurt their pocket if it did — so we had to have a bodyguard."

How long was that for?

"Oh, two or three years. When Uncle Sam got behind the gangsters for tax, they got out of the club. And that's when I lost my bodyguard."

I give up on Al Capone and try Charlie Parker instead. In the early 1940s both Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were members of the Hines Orchestra — a band which Duke Ellington once described as "the incubator of bebop".

Did you suspect Charlie Parker was about to change the course of music? I ask.

"No, it was just one of those things. He had an unusual style and that was it. Like I told you before, we were just playing."

But you must have realised that he was *special?*

Hines remains maddeningly off-hand. "Oh well, we were all looking for good musicians. It just happened that he fitted my organisation at that particular time. I used him as a sideman and he was very good, that's all there was to that."

Why did he leave?

Hines laughs. "Money. That'd make anybody leave, wouldn't it? You can have a *gas* with money."

Morale sagging, I try a half-hearted question about Hines' feelings towards modern jazz.

"I don't hear it, I'm on the road all the time." Hines shakes his head. "I have no feelings about it all."

MY HEAD reels and my hands are clammy with sweat. Hines had *no* piano style? Al Capone had a *nice* disposition? Charlie Parker was a good *sideman*? Does he really believe all this or is he putting me on? Hines looks disinterested, puffing sombrely on his cigar stub. But paranoia nags.

I notice Marva Josie in the corner. She's smiling gaily and waving her nails in the air. They give me the creeps. I watch in horror the strange contortions of wrist and face as she attempts to scratch her nose. It's all very depressing. My Monday date with a jazz giant turned out like something from a Bonzo Dog record.

As I'm ushered out I remember I haven't asked Hines what he said to the Pope when they met in 1966, or talked about the time in Canada when he fainted onstage cos his underwear was too thick, or . . . oh well, you'll just have to read his bloody book.

But don't ask me, I've got the West End Blues.

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THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING

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Birthday greetings from

The Jam
The Records

Rainbow

YOU know that feeling when you're 60 seconds from a stampede? When the security mob are going to be left there gawping as the seating gets mashed to matchwood?

Standing in the stalls this Monday night as the lights begin to fade, I suddenly get this feeling loud and clear. It's no surprise when 'In The City' gets part-drowned by the crush of bodies swarming down the aisles, peeling off a chunk of Row K and mangling it underfoot. Or when the view of the stage during the playing of the nation's current best-loved single is obscured by pieces of chair being passed hand-to-hand upfront to be showered on to a pit full of photographers.

Nothing gets any further out of hand and no-one gets hurt. The crowd want more room to move so they meet The Rainbow halfway.The difference of opinion totals six rows of seats.

It ought to be no surprise, too, that after the last three long years, The Jam have scaled the kind of heights where they can sell out a venue this size twice (and twice again, if they so wished), and drive its contents stark staring mental with every turn of phrase, every cymbal thrash and every splash of light. So much of tonight makes me think back on The Jam playing to ever-larger crowds at various stages of their recognition (marked by songs like 'Away From The Numbers', 'Billy Hunt', 'Mr. Clean'), and yet the excitement of this whole spectacle still knocks me sideways.

I'd expected it, but I still can't believe it's actually happening.

And this set proves, once again, that no band could be more deserving.

Every detail spells Class and Discretion in letters so huge that it's glaringly obvious why this lot have scorched up so many notches with all their marbles still intact when other contenders once hunched over the same starting-grid (mainly the Rats, Pistols and Clash) have seen their respective cliffs whittled away by the tides of concession, complacency or obsessively narrow restriction.

Every Jam song is so carefully and so powerfully stated. Scarcely dented by tonight's mike problems and Wellers' fast-fading voice, the crispness and clarity of their attack are nothing short of stunning. Even the lighting is tastefully exact, framing them at odd moments in a cross-lattice of thin coloured threads and driving them from beneath Rick Buckler's drum riser with bursts of brilliant silver; always a complement, never too elaborate or over-indulgent.

Also tonight they're touting more than just a change of backdrops and a new set of suits (slate-grey double-breasted mohair numbers with cloth-covered buttons, if you're interested), they've added a keyboard, though I've no idea who's playing it, or why. Its thin tremulous sound is so unobtrusive that it's almost inaudible beneath Weller's blistered layer of guitar and just cements a few cracks in 'Strange Town' and throws an eerie shadow over spaces that speak for themselves.

The Jam just don't *need* any extra weight or texture. 'Private Hell' and 'The Eton Rifles' ("A song about brawn against wit") prove clearest of all that Weller can distil all his anger, passion, hope and sadness into one short sharp statement and has the means to deliver it as if he only wrote it at lunchtime.

The old adage still rings as true as ever: The Jam can do in three minutes what most can only squeeze into ten. And do it better.

The Records raise the curtain but with it only polite support. They play like they'd rather be somewhere else, so I guess they deserve it.

They've shifted course a little over the last year, probably as a result of much hard labour trying to seduce the American pop fraternity, and getting adjusted to new guitarist Jude Cole. Some of their colour and exuberance has been drained by a heavier overall tone, but they still come over like a trad pop group (in the same mould as Rockpile), straddling the great divide between Merseybeat and The Byrds without making waves either side of the Atlantic when, by rights, they should be cleaning up on both.

It's partly that they don't cut it as effectively live as on record. It's easy to take the 'Shades In Bed' album at face value, as derivative but intriguingly reworked pop for the radiowaves. On stage they'd do well to adopt some of Rockpile's studied tongue-in-chic to add credence to such flyweight lyrics as 'Teenarama'.

No one seems to know what to make of The Records. This audience can't decide whether to laugh or cry, and ends up doing neither.

Mark Ellen

John McLaughlin
Steel Pulse

Rainbow

JOHN McLaughlin is the world's first Olympic guitarist, rattling off triple-chord wallies faster than a Tory stooge can mumble "boycott the Moscow games". I guess he doesn't so much practice the guitar as go into training — "OK John, we knocked six seconds off 'The Dark Prince' yesterday, now let's break the four-minute barrier."

Speed, as someone said, kills; and whatever life lingered in McLaughlin's music was annihilated in the lightening 'search and destroy' raids he unleashed on his hapless guitar, sharing out riffs like a pneumatic drill, while beside him his mate Christian Escudes strummed madly along, wrist flaying strings in true masturbation frenzy.

No, bub, this was not the sanctimonious HM of Mahavishnu days, this was an Acoustic Guitar Recital. McLaughlin and Escudes perched frontstage, flanked only by a trio of potted plants that screamed culture at the ecstatic middle-class vultures who populated an unfilled Rainbow.

McLaughlin's guitar style is like Nazi architecture — arid technique and abstract splendour. His playing is a kind of cultured machismo that feeds on the egotism of displaying *mastery*, on the kudos of self-discipline and ascetic rigour.

Frankly, I was bored stiff.

The set ripped along for two hours, taking in old McLaughlin classics and

The Stranglers

Rainbow

"I CAN think of worse places to be, like in Pentonville nick," yelled Ian Dury at the climax of The Stranglers' Good Friday show and the audience — from weenies to Jet Black age and mostly inbetweenies — roared agreement.

It was a Stranglers show extraordinaire, sometimes hardly a Stranglers show at all as a cavalcade of contemporary rock celebrities fronted for the group in sympathy/celebration for the absent Hugh Cornwell.

The visitors took a couple of Stranglers songs apiece and with extensive instrumental passages — all bass thud and keyboard tinkle — the inevitable uncertainty over lyrics, and long passages for the vocalists to do comparatively little, it was a night that sorted out the movers from the mincers, the presence from the pose. The art was not to look spare, but most did.

The three Stranglers and John Ellis (ex-Vibrators, now Peter Gabriel band) who was doing the honours for Cornwell's lead guitar, wisely maintained a low-profile, concentrated on holding the music together and wisely let the guests lap up the limelight.

There were some bizarre and some magical combinations. The Members' Nicky Tesco and Wilko Johnson (an old room-mate of Jean Jacque's) worked well together. Toyah Willcox and Hazel O'Connor tried hard to upstage one another with Toyah coming out marginally ahead, though both provided part performances.

Ian Dury — accompanied by Blockheads' Johnny Turnbull and Davey Payne — stole the show with a lascivious 'Peaches' and a growling 'Bear Cage'. The Skids' Richard Jobson revealed an entirely one dimensional quality in both his vocals and dancing and should know better than to be fooling around with iron crosses at his age. Leni Riefenstahl — Bahl Peter Hammill, all beard and tee-shirt — did a good job and left everyone wondering who he was. Steve Hillage and Robert Fripp played valiantly and apparently irrelevantly. Nick Turner looked and played like the psychedelic refugee he is. Billy Idol came on for the encore and ended the show on his arse after JJ had put him there. Two strippers — one man and one woman and *ergo* not sexist — peeled off their respective policewoman and judge's threads and a jolly good time was had by all.

What the gig lacked in musical finesse it certainly made up for in atmosphere and surpise though by all accounts Friday's show lacked the spontaneity of the first night, but with two excellent support bands — Sector 25 and Joy Division — no one can have left feeling short changed.

Dutch S.

The Great Stranglers More Friends Than Talent Show (from the top): Peter Hammill embarrasses his T-Shirt. Toyah and Jobson await the final decision during the jewel judging final. Ian Dury as John Rickman. Hamish Stuart dings his plectrum down just a little too far — but he isn't a Stranglers' friend anyway.

All pix Anton Corbijn

tributes to various jazz giants, all gutted by similarly dazzling displays of strum 'n' fret, the sound and fury that signify nothing (but expertise).

I sat stupefied, hoping for an earthquake or at least a string to break. But I had to make do with a few notes on the different styles of face-pulling favoured by the two guitarists.

Steel Pulse, meanwhile, surprised everyone by not being Al DiMiola, the advertised support act. They began lethargically, their sound a muddy chaos, but as the balance improved so their energy rose and they ended strongly via 'Ku Klux Klan', 'Handsworth Revolution', strobes and a guest appearance by Steve Hillage — a sort of musical equivalent of throwing in everything plus the kitchen sink.

A pleasant 40 minutes but hardly rivetting — and tonight the band were neither sharp nor edgy enough to justify their 'best British reggae group' tag. The surging keyboards, seat-shaking bass, bright dress, dancing about and Rasta trimmings all seemed more to do with badges than beliefs, as did the lyrics which ran a tediously predictable gamut of Africa, Babylon, your' 'erb and sufferation. Surely it's possible to write an anti-racist song that isn't stuffed with cliches from that overused Book of Rules?

One song, about George Jackson, did provide a different slant though it's anybody's guess what that stern Marxist revolutionary would have made of the stoned, bible-totin', male-supremacist Rasta brigade. Not that other religions are any better, especially those more into stoning than being stoned.

As George said, "dialectical materialism's my bag" and tonight my only laugh was that onstage nobody's bags were Levis (who promoted the shows). No, there aren't many laughs in McLaughlin.

Graham Lock

Average White Band
Billy Connolly

Rainbow

THE DISTANT swish of applause sends me quick-stepping through the Rainbow foyer — one foot straight in the fountain — and down toward the auditorium. Jesus, Baker, just once you should plan the night to begin before the national anthem, I'm thinking as a petite blonde usherette shines her beam of light in the general direction of the orchestra pit and bids me sit.

Two bruised shins and a crushed creeper later I'm in row 'Q' squinting at a lone figure onstage, who to all intents is holding the audience mesmerised.

Backed only by a shrill piano, I determine that it's Paul Goodman up there, until recently publicist for The Moody Blues, now turned cabaret turn and darling of Ned Sherrin's *Friday Night Saturday Morning* chat show. The wee Scot divides his influences squarely between Leo Sayer and Neil Diamond with a generous portion of Al Jolson mannerisms. During his set he fell to his knees more times than a covered wagon full of jubilant Italian centre forwards.

Goodman will be a massive success but not within rock'n'roll. His gruff, 'heart-rending' shapeless ballads are the kind of bitter visions and love - against - the - odds hammery that win over mushy middle class parents with guilty consciences and two best stalls for *Evita*?

For a night so obviously geared toward the sentimental, regimental gathering of the clans, I was surprised when the lights came up to discover so much brown denim where there should have been tartan cloth. (Brown denim yet!) The *Parkinson Show* has obviously alienated Billy Connolly in the ethnic hoots-roots stakes, and this being so, his over-the-top alt jocks in London schtick was a tad misguided.

Wearing a two piece denim suit of many colours, he came on like a Dulux colour chart for hippies, admitting himself that his tired hairy appearances was 'out-of-fashion' these days. But in saying that, Billy obviously expected to endear himself to his followers who — by his references to "Clapton" and "Purple Haze" — he sees as the same seen-it-all-and-ain't-it-all-daft-man dropouts that he casts himself as.

His material lingered (and lingered) on haemorrhoids, the bad ol' days, C&W's (or rather his) obsession with physical disability. A couple of years back Billy Connolly had something, but whatever laughs he garnered from the world about him have now been chewed tasteless and his desperate search for new inspiration finds him pale and forced. Any rate how much longer can exiled Scots rally round the "Wait till we get England at Hampden" cheer?

You might say that on Sunday, Billy Connolly was a real laugh. Or was it two real laughs?

The last time I saw the Average White Band was in the Marquee when Robbie Macintosh was still alive and one of the best nights out I've ever had with live music. Since then they've released two astounding LP's — the 'White Album' and 'Soul Searching' — and a bunch of more fair to middling sets that have been passed by.

On album their crisp, weaving funk get's dismissed as lethargic and on the evidence of this gig that accusation has plenty of substance.

Opening brightly with the fabulous 'When Will You Be Mine' the set rapidly became flat and dull on the eyes. Seven men in white plus two inaudible back up singers — the exotically named Doreen and Irene Chanter — may as well've been the black disc itself going around and around. The band barely acknowledged each other, just noodling away at the studio versions and never straying from the 'run it through, strip it down and all together for the big finish' formula.

The flesh, the snarl and the celebration has vanished from AWB as it has from Billy Connolly — The Lord most certainly has forsaken The Picts since '78. As ever, the stuffy straight-jacket of cinema seats got to me and the old eyes began wandering. It's odd that so many people will dance to dry heavy-handed music if they believe that it's perpetrators know what they're doing. Of course, dance music has nothing to do with calculation and strict musicianship, but the crowd on the night were obviously desperate.

Here and there, people executed a bizarre variation on the invisible guitar syndrome. It was the invisible grass skirt and all sizes of hips gently wiggled up and down the aisle — nothing more you note, just an appreciative, dignified shuffle designed not to incommode or embarrass. The audience and band dovetailed perfectly . . .

"Come on dear, the last tram's gawn." A firm hand shook my shoulder and I rose swiftly from the deep sleep. Over me stood a cleaner with a broom in one arm and a crumpled bunch of programmes in the other.

Danny Baker

Finsbury Park

B. B. King

Hammersmith Odeon

A SLY old dog who knows all the tricks, B. B. King is capable of making you realise that the blues is rather more than an old man with broken teeth on his front porch. He's not ashamed of a little old-time showmanship and he's not afraid to play jazz, funk and rock'n'roll either.

A leisurely start to a deceptively relaxed performance was provided by B. B.'s band. Calvin Owens acted as musical director, MC and trumpet soloist. His trumpet break in the band's opening number, a lacklustre funk wander, was pretty dreadful, but everybody was much more at ease for the ensuing 12-bar swing.

They dropped into another funked-up piece, distinguished by little except bassist Russell Jackson's smartly-thumbed solo, then B. B. King himself strolled sedately to the front of the stage. Acknowledging frenzied applause with a grin, B. B. had the warmly glowing air of a man who has just eaten a large meal. Perhaps he had.

After a few exploratory licks, B. B. prodded the band into a blues number. He croaked some lyrics casually, not straining himself. Then the band slowed down and King took the lead on guitar. Suddenly everything clicked into place.

King's playing is readily identifiable. Not for him the blizzard of effects so eagerly resorted to by guitarists a third of his age. He even restricts himself to a solitary Fender combo onstage (though a second appeared when the first went ape). And of course to a guitar called Lucille. Eschewing artificially-induced distortion, King can sustain a note indefinitely with his stinging finger vibrato. He can stroke any number of tones from his guitar and he never has to shout.

And that's the key. Though backed by a giant 10 piece band which Calvin Owens referred to as an orchestra, the tone of King's playing is generally intimate and conversational. His solos in the slow, sparse blues tunes were spun on a fragile thread of notes, punctuated by sudden flurries like muttered asides.

There's quite a bit of jazz in his playing too, as in his hectically accurate phrasing during 'Three O'Clock Blues'. If there's a trace of Wes Montgomery, there's also an application of rigorous restraint to the more modern notion of feedback. King used feedback only once, during his encore, coaxing it so lovingly from his amp that second guitarist Leonard Gill gave a chuckle of delight.

King hides his craftsmanship beneath a droll exterior. He's obviously a fan of his own mockingly self-effacing persona which gives a small and humble bow when applause greets a favourite tune. Celebrating an astonishing 30 years on the boards, B. B. conducted a willing audience through a tour of his past. King played both the host and provided all the scenery.

Drily, he spanned the gap between his earliest recordings and new material like 'Don't Look Down'. In the '50s, he used one or two track studios: "You had to do everythin' you was doin' at one time." Whereas nowadays, recording machines have so many tracks that — "You can record a whole song and never know it."

The stage, though, is surely King's real home. He revels in his own immense presence, both physical and as star of the show. He made sure his band received all the credit due to them, but his did it with avuncular indulgence. As he handed his guitar to the servile Calvin Owens, he grinned as if to say 'Well, that's shown the young tearaways a thing or two'...

And of course it had. King commented that he'd recorded 'Sweet Little Angel' because he was being left behind by the rapidly multiplying rock'n'rollers, but he was quite at home playing it. Lurching ahead to the early '70s, he chucked in the superb 'The Thrill Is Gone', all palpitating funk and bluesy organ.

He has a fine grainy voice too, even if he is a little lazy about using it. It was at its best among the warm gospelling chords of 'When It All Comes Down', though the hilariously deadpan treatment of 'I Got Some Outside Help' ran it close.

As long as he doesn't put on so much weight that he can't stand up, B. B. King looks permanent. If you're looking for living legends, there's none better.

Adam Sweeting

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Hazel O'Connor
Marquee

HAZEL O'Connor is actress, foremost; musician, second. This leaves her in an invidious position.

It's unjust (the rock fraternity would claim) that she's by-passed the bottom rungs and is already to be heard gabbing her way through radio interviews and chat shows and getting comfortably bankrolled around a a few select dates by virtue — solely — of her abilities on the screen (the lead role in the upcoming *Breaking Glass*), as opposed to any hard-fought slog around the capital's pop parlours.

None of this would actually matter if she could deliver the goods, or even any semblance of same. As she can't, I guess it'll eventually bounce back at her as critical flak because she'll very soon be a film star almost on a par with Phil Daniels, and so her success in rock terms is as assured as her music seems incidental.

And, really, this music's as little a part of rock kinetics as, say, The Vapors, but without even the redeeming feature of a brash commercial edge.

It's a basic, bass-heavy reduction of the Bowie strut, incorporating a straight line between Lene Lovich and Cold Wave rock but distilling only the former's accentuated uneasiness and the cavernous void of the latter. Block follows block of strident, almost militaristic chords, often built around a gradual descent, which a disenchanted five-strong band attempt to lighten with riffs and thin harmonies but haven't got the space or inclination even to get halfway.

And Hazel just comes across like a studied excercise in what she feels a performance *ought* to be, as if pressurised into being 'different' or vaguely 'contentious'. So the songs make an ideal platform for her heavily cosmetic mannequin persona, concessional theatrics and dubious croon nicked straight from the Lovich larynx legacy.

In fact the whole set sounds to me like an outsider's view of 'modern mainstream rock.'

It's virtually a pastiche. If *Rock Follies* want to update, they've got a ready-made sound-track.

Mark Ellen

Pic Anton Corbijn

Screened but not heard

On a scale of one to ten this is a ten!

Diana Ross & The Supremes-"Supremes Medley" 12TMG 1180 10 minutes of non-stop Supremes on one sensational Tamla Motown 12" single.

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Tamla Motown

Also available as a 7" single (Parts 1 and 2) TMG 1180 12" B-side — "Love Hangover"

Pic Robert Ellis

The man-machine turns off

Gary Numan

Paris

TO A Marxist, Gary Numan must represent the apotheosis of the theory that the Industrial Revolution turned workers into 'a mere appendage of flesh on a machine of iron'. Not only does Numan flaunt his interdependence on his synthesizers, but he's also the most commercially successful musician whose work centres on the theme of alienation.

The effect of this man-machine on his audience seems contradictory — for most of the gig they stood rapt and statuesque, more entranced than emotional; yet at the end he received exceptionally enthusiastic applause.

Parisian rock fans are a non-sectarian bunch and Numan is as fashionable as The Specials or The Police, but this hardly explains tonight's fervour. "Je m'en fous" (I don't give a damn) is one of the most frequently-used expressions in Paris, and it's not considered hip to show enough enthusiasm to make an encore obligatory.

What made the reaction even more surprising was that this was a reasonably mature, young adult audience, not the band of teenyboppers you might have expected.

Perhaps the fans appreciated the trouble and expense that had gone into the presentation of the show. Numan's attention to detail is manifest, and although his image is that of an automaton, he smiles enough to suggest that he might have a likeable personality.

All this makes it difficult to be too harsh about a gig which struck me as tedious. The central failing was that Numan seemed to have tried to maximise the impact of each individual song, while ignoring their cumulative effect. This was epitomised by the use of a mass of varied lights. They gave an excellent initial impression, and were no doubt perfect for the cameras filming the show for French TV, but ten minutes of multi-coloured beams, huge flashing panels and ultra-violets had me covering my eyes. The occasional introduction of dry-ice came more as a relief than as an imaginative use of variety.

One function of the lights may have been an unconscious attempt to compensate for the greyness of the music. There were some nice touches such as the drumming and coda on 'Down In The Park', a couple of instrumentals and the odd funkier number, but these were overshadowed by the monotonous thrashing of electronic percussion and Numan's limited nasal droning. 'Cars' (a perfect replica of the single) and 'Me! I Disconnect From You' were as dynamic as anything produced all evening.

Visually, Gary Numan is as successful as you would expect a robot to be. For all his cool stylishness, the same fixed snarl, vacant stare and carefully rehearsed slow motion chops did little to enhance the music. Only the jokey way he dispensed with 'Are Friends Electric?' and a few occasions when he played guitar indicated any depth of human talent. It came as quite a shock when, not having spoken all evening, he took the trouble to thank his road crew at the end of the show.

If it had been spread out as a dozen cameo performances on *Top Of The Pops*, this set would have been innocuous enough, maybe even enjoyable. As an evening's entertainment it was excruciating.

Frazer Clarke

Gerry Rafferty

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Mistakes

Rock Garden

MISTAKES are a feminist band from Oxford. A vastly enjoyable five-piece whose casual onstage charm and light boppy music gave rise to a warm, friendly atmosphere; and whose politics accounted for a rare feeling of solidarity between band and audience.

The danger is that reciprocity can sink into cosiness. And Mistakes do play a little safe, both in the conventional modes of their music — an attractive, eclectic but hardly daring mixture of pop, reggae, soul and parody — and in the prescriptive tendency of the lyrics. Their politics are problematic in exactly the same area that scuppered TRB — the doubtful feasibility of expressing radical sentiments in traditional forms.

'Radiation', for example, a welcome anti-nuclear tirade, works during the eerily chilling chanted chorus but not in the sneering irony and crass sloganising of the lyrics: *"We don't want your nuclear shit"* . . . A honed-down, more allusive approach would be far more persuasive.

This crucial criticism aside, Mistakes' music is heady and danceable especially their reggae — as 'That's The Way The Cookie Crumbles' and 'Man Or Woman' exemplify. Scratchy guitar, splattery percussion, a fluid driving bass, and swirling, swelling keyboards slink in and out and around the rhythm. Still, more explorations, more excess, would not come amiss.

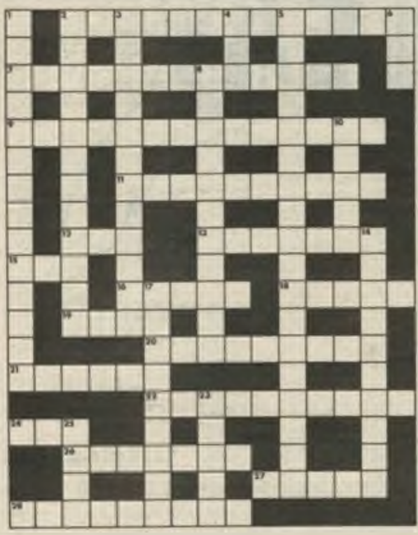
Other judicious borrowings are their poppy versions of 'In The Midnight Hour' and 'My Girl' which subvert notions of sexuality in the same way as The Raincoats' 'Lola'; and 'I Put My Money In The Jukebox', an affectionate parody of '60s pop, complete with *"shooby-dowahs"* and *"yeah yeahs"* that recall The Kursaal Flyers at their best.

Mistakes haven't quite got it right yet; but if they open up their music a little and take few risks, look out for the first feminist hit single

No mistake!

Graham Lock

NM EXPRESSWORD



ACROSS

2 Aka The Grave Robbers?!
7 I'll love Page EP (anag. 2 words)
9 'Saturday Night Under The Plastic Palm Trees' Combo from E10 (6,8)
11 '60s US rocker whose trademark was his falsetto vocals (3,7)
12 Cooke the Sham?!
13 This is lunacy!
15 Folkie actor/wimp
16 A. Neil in Wings?!
18 Letters they bet us remix!
19 & 26 Lemons do end (anag. 2 words)
20 & 24 Wings LP (4,2,3,3)
21 See 25
22 I've set lion (anag. 1 word)
24 See 20.
26 See 19.
27 Blondie No 1.
28 His big UK hit was 'I Can Help' (5,4)

DOWN

1 Specials toaster (7,7)
2 Like a goat from Tom Finney's old team? (6,7)
3 Follow-up to 'I Don't Like Mondays' (7,5)
4 'How Long' Outfit
5 Wet US MOR duo, and let's leave Beefheart out of this (7,3,8)
6 1 down's music.
8 American folkie short person swallows a couple of letters and comes out punky! (4,7)
10 Means of entry?
14 'Swindle' 'star' (alc) (5,5)
17 Fleetwood Mac instrumental oldie.
23 Dean Friedman 45.
25 & 21 Denial sake (anag. 2 words).

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 2 'Going Underground'; 10 Johnny (Cash); 11 Bob Harris; 13 'Down To Earth'; 14 (Dave) Vanian; 15 Kiss; 16 Richie; 18 Byrds; 19 Paul; 22 'It Mek'; 23 'Money'; 25 (Andy) Gibb; 27 'Can The Can'; 28 'Get Back'; 30 'Rude (Boy)'; 31 (Johnny) Cash; 32 'Stop Your (Sobbing)'.

DOWN: 1 'Poison Ivy'; 2 'Another Nail In The (Heart)'; 3 Supertramp; 4 John Lodge; 5 Andy Mackay; 7 David; 8 'Goodnight Tonight'; 9 Southside (Johnny); 12 'Stop Your (Sobbing)'; 17 Spencer (Davis); 20 'Peaches'; 21 '(Another Nail In The) Heart'; 24 Andy (Gibb); 26 (Ginger) Baker; 29 '(Rude) Boy'.

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Secret Affair — Glory Boys ... [illegible]
The Jam — Setting Sons ... [illegible]
[illegible]
Stones on Tour (by Jagger) ... [illegible]
Wings Over The USA ... [illegible]
Sting — Police Songs ... [illegible]
Clash Song Book No.2 ... [illegible]
Sex Pistols File ... [illegible]
Sex Pistols Song Book ... [illegible]
Led Zeppelin (Japanese) ... [illegible]
Bowie — Lodger ... [illegible]
Bowie — Story In Words + Pics ... [illegible]
Bowie — The Photo Mag (exclusive to Harlequin) ... [illegible]
Bowie — His Private Life (Japanese) ... [illegible]
Bowie — Stage Anthology ... [illegible]
Bowie — Low/Station to Station ... [illegible]
Bowie — David Robert Jones Bowie ... [illegible]
Bowie — The Photo File ... [illegible]
Bowie — Songs of ... [illegible]
Bowie — Photo Magazine (Japanese) ... [illegible]
Bowie — Life and Times ... [illegible]
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The Who In Their Own Words ... [illegible]
Decade of The Who ... [illegible]
In The Gutter (Punk Pics) ... [illegible]
The Boy Looked at Johnny ... [illegible]
Dylan Illust Discography ... [illegible]
Blondie — Picture This ... [illegible]
Blondie — Eat To The Beat ... [illegible]
Queen Tour of Japan (Japanese) ... [illegible]
Rock Family Trees (Pete Frame) ... [illegible]
Elvis '56 ... [illegible]
Best of Deep Purple ... [illegible]
Kiss — Double Platinum ... [illegible]
Kiss — Love Gun ... [illegible]
Kiss — Dynasty ... [illegible]
Kiss — Destroyer ... [illegible]
Kiss — Rock 'n' Roll Over ... [illegible]
Genesis — Evolution of a Rock Band ... [illegible]
Genesis — Trick of the Tail ... [illegible]
Genesis — [illegible] ... [illegible]
Rod Stewart — The Vintage Years ... [illegible]
Rod Stewart — Biography (words + pics) ... [illegible]
Bruce Springsteen Story ... [illegible]
Bruce Springsteen — Anthology ... [illegible]
Bruce Springsteen — Born To Run ... [illegible]
The Billy Joel File ... [illegible]
Dylan (by Miles) ... [illegible]
Sex Pistols — Double Mag ... [illegible]
The Great Trouser Mystery ... [illegible]
The Life of Brian ... [illegible]
Elvis — Photoplay Tribute ... [illegible]
Elvis — Photo Mags 1956-61 (inc) ... [illegible]
Beatles Forever (USA Magazine) ... [illegible]
The Beatles Monthlies (Nos 1-47 available) any 5 of these issues ... [illegible]
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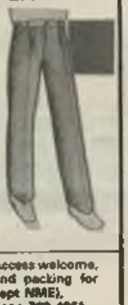

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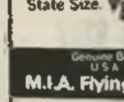

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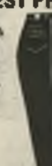

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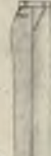

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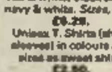

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By Fred Dellar

Mick Ronson — *Pic: Kate Simon*

HELP ME by including a list of records that Mick Ronson has played on — apart from those with Bowie.

MARK OSBORNE, Stanwell.

● Hounsome and Chambre's *Rock Record* lists Ronno as being on Michael Chapman's 'Pleasures Of The Street' (Nova) and 'Fully Qualified Survivor' (Harvest/Criminal), Bob Dylan's 'Hard Rain' (CBS), Roger McGuinn's 'Cardiff Rose' (CBS), Ian Hunter's 'Ian Hunter' (CBS), and 'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic' (Chrysalis), Mott The Hoople's 'Best Of' (CBS), Annette Peacock's 'X Dreams' (Aura), Phil Rambow's 'Live' (?), Lou Reed's 'Transformer' (RCA), and, of course, his own solo albums 'Slaughter On Tenth Avenue' (RCA) and 'Play Don't Worry' (RCA). The Rambow 'Live' album seems suspicious — though maybe this is a reference to the Rambow cut on 'Live At The Hope And Anchor', which was recorded round the time Rambow and Ronson were working together — and Hounsome-Chambers are obviously not aware that the 'Rick' Ronson who bedecks Pure Prairie League's 'Bustin' Out' (RCA) is also the little lad from Hull. More recently, Ronno turned up on Ellen Foley's excellent 'Night Out' (Epic) and I guess there are other examples of his axe-work on vinyl. But that's all I can think of right now.

BALLS! No, seriously, that's what I want to know about. I read somewhere that Steve Gibbons was part of the band and so was Denny Laine. Who else was in that band and did they make any records?

S.G. FAN, Derby.

● Balls first came together in early '69, the line-up at that time being Gibbons (vocals), Laine (vocals, guitar), Dane Morgan (bass), Keith Smart (drums) plus ex-Move men Trevor Burton (guitar) and Richard Tandy (Keyboards), the latter now a member of ELO. Within a few months, everything fell apart and Laine and Burton began working as a duo, meeting drummer Alan White (he of Yes fame) on a Rick Gretch session. White came in as Balls' skin-basher for a while but didn't stay too long, and at the end of 1970 the band comprised Laine, Burton, ex-Spooky Tooth drummer Mike Kellie, and Steve Gibbons, who had once more returned to the fold replacing Jackie Lomax who lasted all of a week: An album was planned for January '71 but didn't materialise and Balls finally split during the following month, their only memory being a lone single, 'Fight For My Country'/'Janie Slow Down' (Wizzard WIZ 101), released in January '71. Any similarities between the Balls story and the plot (?) of *Crossroads* is entirely coincidental.

I WOULD be grateful if you could provide any info on the West Coast group Illinois Speed Press as I understand Poco member Paul Cotton was once part of the line-up.

GRAHAM REED, Roborough Park.

● The first Illinois Speed Press album, which came in mock newspaper form appeared on the CBX label (US CS9792, Euro S 63691) in the Spring of '69. The band's line-up at that time was Paul Cotton (guitar/vocals), Fred Page (drums), Michael Anthony (keyboards), Kal David (guiter/vocals) and Rob Lewine (bass), their producer being James William Guerico, of Chicago fame (ISP also hailing from the Windy City). But by March, 1970, the band was down to a duo formed by Cotton and David, who released an album actually called 'Duo' (US CS9978) and split later that same year, Cotton joining Poco and David becoming part of The Fabulous Rhinestones. God, this column gets more like prehistoric *ZigZag every day!*

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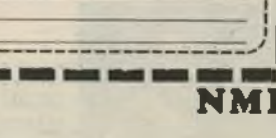

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The Police World Tour

From page 34

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Going out of your way to pick fights?

I think so. Also within the group there's a healthy antagonism because we're all very strong egotists. I don't stand there and say, 'Right, we'll do this and that' and it's done. There's always a struggle. It's not easy being in this group for any of us. We keep it hot for each other.

Stewart and I have an intense rivalry which is at times destructive, but is often creative. We like each other; it's not as if we hate each other. We have lived in each other's pockets for three years. For our first American tour there was the three of us in one double bed.

What about the Sting going over the top as glamour boy?

Oh! That's another danger. It is for sale. The whole thing is for sale. We appeal to the anorexic 14 year olds. Why not? In many ways that is what puts the Gang Of Four out of influence, because we have this kind of overt pop image.

It's inseparable, it really is. It's helped us get to the position that we're in, but I just want to make music. We'll lose the glamour image very quickly. I'm 28 for fuck's sake.

THE CONCERT itself is close to miraculous, vaguely reminiscent of an open air gig in Regents Park. Sting had worried that the audience was just going to sit still, confused, shocked. In the end it was almost too easy a triumph.

It was good to share but there was no sense of conquering India.

The event could have crumbled into something ugly. It was a sell-out and excited people without tickets clamoured to get in. There was only one small entrance and so huge uncontrollable queues built up, ticketless and ticketed. The mass outside the gates thought the tapes that were played before the group came on were the actual performance and they panicked.

Miles Copeland cooled things down. They all got in; from the craziest hippy to the Chief of Police.

The gig was exciting! They danced! They sang along! They cheered! They didn't spit! They screamed for more! What a lovely sight.

Afterwards backstage it's like any gig. Young Indians crowd around the group, asking for autographs, offering sincere congratulations. An Indian journalist wanders around until he hits the right person. "How did you get your name?" When he gets to Andy Summers he asks: "What is your favourite beat group?"

Andy Summers passes me by as I chat to an Indian about The Boomtown Rats and *Melody Maker*, "So that was India," Summers shrugs dismissively.

Later still at the hotel Miles is telling us about how the people who'd paid for the front row, 100 rupee seats were confused when all the people moved in front of them and started dancing.

"They were complaining they'd paid their money and now they couldn't see, and why didn't all these people sit down? I said, 'It's rock'n'roll, you just got to let it happen'. They understood."

"Oh that's cool," says Sting. "They'll know next time."

Next time?!

"Oh yeah. There'll be a next time."

SO WHAT ABOUT FUN?

That is the main thing. I think, you've got to keep having fun, finding fun. It's like everytime I pick up the bass I have fun with it. I find something to play.

You've got to keep having that experience. As soon as you stop having fun, music dies. There's no point to it. Just nothing. Then it becomes a chore.

It really is fun for us. Sometimes it's exhausting, it's really hard work, but it's never a chore. I think I'll always have that. I hope so.

We were talking before about why do people get corrupt? Why do they fall down? Why do they lose touch? I think they've lost the sense of fun, the joy of playing. I think drugs have a lot to do with it.

You don't take drugs?

I'm not puritanical about drugs; I think drugs should be used. I've used cocaine to get me on stage when nothing else would do it. When you've been travelling 17 hours on a plane and done two shows the night before and nothing else would get me on the stage, I had a snort of cocaine and I think that is a justifiable use of a chemical. I'm aware of the implication.

As far as sitting around with a load of pals listening to Grateful Dead albums and sticking it up your nose, y'know, *forget it!* I don't want to know.

I've never smoked tobacco so I don't have any inkling to smoke dope. The only time I've ever taken hash is when I've eaten it, and then it's given me nightmares! I'm interested in hallucinogenic drugs as things to be used. I'd never be so stupid as to take drug after drug after drug.

For people who write songs, part of their task is to experience things. I get a lot of inspiration from low-life. You get a lot of low-life being on the road: prostitution, gangsters, dodgy parts of cities. That's a good input to get; to go and experience it.

There has to be people like you who does?

Yeah, I mean, the other night I went out in Sydney. There's a great part of Sydney called Kings Cross which is a real zoo, and one of the streets there is a total gay street. I'm not gay but I'm fascinated by that and I walked down the street and it was fucking heavy just to see those people obviously lonely looking for love and affection in a way that I find alien. Just to go down that street; I needed to.

Maybe it's just curiosity, but there's also a part of me that says, I can use this. I can use this as an input later on. Like today, seeing those kids begging. It's very predatory in a way, but any situation, whether its positive or negative, you can use.

You're not singing songs of extreme experience?

No. They're metaphors about loneliness. Everybody feels lonely. Who do they think I am? Maybe they've been fooled by The Cool. I suppose that's it. I've succeeded in fooling them. Jesus Christ!

You can feel lonely doing something as manic as this world tour?

I feel lonely making love to my wife. It's like we're all here but we're totally isolated, no matter how close you are to one person or a hundred you're always totally isolated. And I find that compelling as an image.

The melancholy tone of the lyrics is an unsettling contrast to the exuberance projected in the music and the visuals.

Mmmmm. We don't just project one image. We are exuberant; we are friendly; we are open; and at the same time we are, everybody is, isolated. We're isolated all the time. I do get lonely. I'm not that social.

I think it's a reaction against being on stage . . . being what is really everybody's friend. When you're on stage it's like being everybody's brother.

How much longer can you go on singing songs about loneliness and playing the white reggae?

Yea, it's . . . change, we'll have to . . .

Presumably all your experiencing in the rock star fishbowl is more loneliness?

I suppose we have to get more and more subtle in the way we treat the subject. I am obsessed by it. I don't suppose I'll ever lose that. I just think we'll get better at disguising it. That's one objective I have as a songwriter, is to kind of vanish behind the handiwork so that the song exists on it's own; forget who wrote it.

I think 'Walking On The Moon' is a good metaphor. Nobody thinks it's good because nobody really thinks about it . . . to them it's just another set of lyrics . . . but it's a really good metaphor for feeling good. And I'm not sure what the song's about.

How does Sting as Star intrude into your personal life? You had married and had your son Joe before you were a household name.

'76 was a crucial year: I decided to have this kid, live with this girl, quit my job, move to London. It was all a big trauma. And then I saw The Sex Pistols, had my hair cut, dyed it; it was like an acid trip without the acid. It completely turned me around . . .

The constitution we set our marriage on was very flexible. I said, 'right, we'll have this kid, but I don't ever want to say to him that I gave up the best years of my life for you', because it was said to me. I wanted to carry on living my life to my standards; and both of us were like this.

We're rich enough to have a nanny, so we've been very lucky, and our relationship is strong because of these separations. It keeps it fresh.

I've been married four years and I'm still in love.

FOUR HOURS after tidying up the last bit of business in Bombay all the Police except Stewart Copeland (who joins them hours later) Flew to Cairo, Egypt. To do it all again.

I came away from India as pale as ever. As nervous as ever. Nothing has changed, everything is changing. The Police did something, achieved something that may have a profound effect. It may mean nothing.

There is still India. There is still greed. There is still hell.

There is still Sting, and somehow that seems to be important. To me.

For no logical reason — except maybe The Sting Interview — I came away from India not thinking that pop was sillier than I imagined, but that it was far more valuable.

At the end of it all I don't know whether I'd been tricked by the Sting . . . he'd used me! To add yet another new dimension to the Sting. Sometimes looking at Sting was not so much like looking in a mirror but like seeing right through and seeing something that was simultaneously compelling and repelling.

Whatever I spent the first three hours of my twenty third birthday discussing POP with the Sting, and for a while it didn't seem like I was getting old. Present from heaven! And there I was, piling all sorts of pressures and contradictions and compromises on to him, saying that whichever way he turned he faced problems, that no one was paying serious attention to him, that he was losing himself in the industry, that he was fighting a losing battle, that he was living . . . hell.

"No. It's not hell," the Sting smiled.

I don't suppose it is. Hell is what you make it.

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GASBAG

Post your toast the Gasbag way, send us a letter every day. The address: Monty's Bin, Gasbag, NME, 5–7 Carnaby Street, London W.1.

IN your issue dated March 29 Monty Smith did not see fit to comment on a letter from DKJI of Northern Ireland. I'm afraid I must.

For the benefit of anyone who didn't see it, he said that while the *NME* was "full of crap on *Blue Peter* and *Grange Hill*", the "IRA crowd was marching in Glasgow" and when the admittedly "far from perfect" NF opposed this they got lifted.

Let's get the record straight:

Fact one: Fascism breeds best if it can set working people against each other. The NF does this easily in England with its 'blacks out' policy. In Glasgow the coloured population is smaller and there is little or no racial hatred, but there is plenty of religious intolerance. The NF realise that if they call themselves 'The Scottish Loyalists' they can encourage a good number of bozos to march under their banner.

Fact two: The Anti-Nazi League ("the IRA crowd" to you, D.) decided that they didn't fancy the idea of an anti-Catholic, pro-Nazi bunch marching in the streets of Glasgow and organised a counter demonstration.

Fact three: the cops decided they couldn't cope and banned all marches. The NF gathered, sang the National Anthem giving Nazi salutes and marched anyway — hence their arrest. The ANL had a rally instead — hence the fact that they *didn't* get lifted. The cops did their beat; if they could have arrested us, they would have — believe me.

A message to you DKJI — if you are opposed to the IRA you don't need to get under the same banner as Nazis to do it.
Jamie, Glasgow.
I thought it was fairly self-evident that DKJI — cute name — was a bit of a loony. As are all practitioners of sectarianism. — M.S.
Fact two: As for the "crap on *Blue Peter* and *Grange Hill*", I'm all in favour of that sort of thing in *NME*. Diversification, what? — A.T.

I suggest Gavin Martin and *NME* journalists go and boil their bottoms. His article on Jake Burns and SLF was the most biased piece of journalism I have read. He obviously disliked the group immensely. At first I thought SLF must owe him some money. But then I remembered how Ian Dury, Penetration and UK Subs have all been pulled to pieces in your bastard rag over the last few months. So I think it is *common* policy for the *enemy* to support up and coming bands until they become too popular and have cult followings, then you slag 'em off.

At 26p a shot I want to read neutral journalism. *And* the crosswords are getting harder.
An unbiased New Waver.
Neutral journalism!? Go read the pop page of *The Sun*. And there's no such thing as a common policy at *NME* — on that we are *all* agreed. — A.T.

Doesn't Wreckless Eric look like Beau Bridges?
John Connolly, New Barnet, Herts.
Who's Beau Bridges? — A.T. Who's Wreckless Eric? — Beau Bridges.

Some news service you've got! Not a word about Rob Halford being replaced by Tim Brooke-Taylor. What next — Bill Oddie takes over from Joe Strummer?
A. Rat, Edinburgh Castle.
Now there's an interesting concept. I should have thought of it earlier. — Bernie Rhodes.

Is Rob Halford with the Goodies now? Because I saw Tim Brooke-Taylor on with Judas Priest on *TOTP!* Will I see Bill Oddie with Secret Affair next week?
J. R. Baby, Goole.
I dunno, but one thing's certain: I'd hate to hear Ian Page attempt a trumpet solo for 'Funky Gibbon' — A.T.

Did anyone else notice that Rob Halford now looks like Tim Brooke-Taylor?
The Lone Harangueur
Who is Tim Brooke-Taylor anyway? — A.T.

Dear Sir, how old is Charles Shaar Murray, and if so, why? Also, why is a trout?
Matt Bardens-Bardens, Egypt.
Charles Shaar Murray is almost 29 because of when he was born. A trout is because God fancies a change of plaice. — CSM
That was the *worst* . . . A.T. Wasn't it. — CSM

I'm just writing to tell your 'Citizen' that his favourite unrecorded song of all time has in fact been immortalised on record only last year even. By those loveable chaps (Maley's faves) The Mental on their Extended Play EP, the track in question being a song that would go down a bomb at the police ball, namely 'Kill The Bill' which incorporates the words: *'Harry Roberts is our friend, is our friend, is our friend/Harry Roberts is our friend, he kills coppers.'*

He's not all that on the ball, is he, your Citizen?
Andy Smith, Saltash, Cornwall.
Not on the ball? Quite the contrary. He plays an absolutely wizard outside left when the fancy takes him. — A.T.

'The Citizen' is Tony Parsons, right? Lumpen indeed!
John Wimbush, Calverley, Leeds.
Wrong! — A.T.
This correspondence is now closed. — The Citizen.

"Advertising — a career of evil": Who are you trying to kid, Julie Burchill? An article expressing all the prejudices of *The Hidden Persuaders*, a book published over a generation ago.

Sure, there are bad ads, just as there are bad editorial articles. There are also good and informative ads. And they serve a purpose. Even *NME* is known to advertise for new readers. Is this advertising "slimy, sly, slobbish, sleazy, slow, slothful"?

The media have a two-fold function; to provide the information that people require, both editorially and through advertising. It is because of advertising that a wide range of media is available at a reasonable price.

If you really wish to "never work for it" then why write in *NME*, or, if you must, why not insist that all the ads are pulled out?

The cover price will then be a lot lot higher and you can be sure that people will "laugh at it a lot".
Peter Rhodes, Advertising Manager, NME, King's Reach Tower, London SE1.

Julie Burchill's article on advertising was as annoying as ever. Every month or so, we are given one more instalment of 'Julie's Guide To Life' which is to be spent reading trashy literature, listening to Radio 4 and laughing at advertisements, these activities naturally leading to a better understanding of Life — and what the hell is that?

Fundamentally I agreed whole-heartedly with everything she said this week, but I should have thought anyone with a grain of intelligence could see through TV advertising anyway. Julie has descended from Sinai and given us the Tablet: 'Advertising is Horrid'. What an extraordinary depth of intelligence that demanded. Advertising is an evil, and has been ever since the Pears Soap Ad of the late 19th Century when a white child tried to wash off a black child's pigment with the wretched stuff. But equally it is a product of society — change society and you will change Advertising, which is only a symptom of present attitudes.

As the world's number one condescending journalist, Julie, perhaps you ought to broadcast for Radio 4 — now *there's* a reflection of 'Life' if ever there was one.
D. H. Lawrence.
This letter has nothing whatsoever to do with rock'n'roll — A.T.

Will someone tell Julie Burchill that English people spell 'arse' a-r-s-e-s. 'Ass' is another word for donkey.
The Amazing Pedant, Winchester.
Except when you shake it. — A.T.

Could we please have the Elvis Costello backlash now? I'm sick of waiting for the interview.
A Smart Young Woman, Darlington.
What interview? — Jake Riviera.
Yeah, what interview? — Neil Spencer

Letters bagged by Adrian Thrills

The feature on 'Women in Rock' (29.3.80) was without doubt one of the most pointless and destructive pieces I have read in *NME* since I started buying it at the beginning of last year. Deanne Pearson did not set out to analyse the position of women in rock, the special pitfalls they face or the advantages which they might have. She merely picked a number of all-girl bands, found out their views on sexism, and dismissed anyone who was not aggressively feminist.

The Mo-dettes, who were roundly condemned, in fact seem to have an extremely intelligent and positive attitude. They are girls who play in a band — nothing more, nothing less — just as The Jam and The Undertones are blokes who play in a band. Why should the Mo-dettes have any axe to grind about men, sexual discrimination and so on? If they are happy as they are, isn't that okay? Ms Pearson clearly doesn't think so. Women musicians, she thinks, must stress that they are women primarily, and musicians second. But surely from being patronising, isn't such an attitude in itself sexist?

The Mo-dettes don't object to being thought of as pretty girls. Why should they? I don't suppose that Sting or Gary Numan lose much sleep because *they* are regarded as sex symbols. And they would laugh if anyone suggested that they were being exploited because of their good looks. So why should Ms Pearson think that girls in bands are being exploited if their looks are capitalised upon?

Symptomatic of Ms Pearson's paranoia is her deliberate distortion of the quote from the Rainbow song 'All Night Long'. I agree that it's a very sexist song, but the line which she quotes, *"Your mouth is open but I don't want to hear you"* is incomplete. It actually runs: *"Your mouth is open but I don't want to hear you say goodnight"* — a fair enough sentiment, surely? Why does Ms Pearson feel she has to make things worse than they really are?

Sexism is a great problem; I'm sure that it's causing a great deal of suffering in this country and around the world. But what is the point of creating problems, and exaggerating existing ones, as this feature set out to do? That can only aggravate tensions, and bring about more trouble and suffering in the long run.
An extremely grey student, Cambridge.

Middlesbrough is to 1990 what Gillingham was to 1979!
Pete The Thickie, Cleveland.
Not if I can help it — John Neal, Ayresome Park.

Won't it be funny to see all the mods wearing plastic aprons? (Can sheep wear aprons?)
Sarcastic bastard, Belfast.

Three weeks ago you published a letter from John Connolly of New Barnet. I was dead chuffed as I went to school with this chap and he was the first person I'd known that you had published a letter from.

Then next week you published another! Hell, I thought, this is too much. Two letters in a fortnight by someone I actually want to school with!

Now you have published a third, and I must ask you to stop because it's getting so interesting to see if you are going to continue the series for ever, that it is getting silly.
The Last Great Barnet Punk, Andover, Hants.

There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio, than there are in the *NME*.
John Connolly, New Barnet, Herts.
Who's Horatio? — A.T.
And who is this prat from New Barnet with nothing better to do than write five letters a week to *Gasbag*? — Horatio.
This correspondence is now closed. — A.T.

I spotted the glaring gap in your 'Women in Rock' article. Deanne Pearson — who should know better, being one of them — makes no more than a half-hearted nod of the head in the direction of the women she calls Pauline Penetration.

Firstly, Pauline's surname is not Penetration.
Professionally she uses her maiden name of Murray and privately her married name of Lloyd (hi, Peter!)

Secondly, to virtually ignore the contribution made to, dare I say it, progressive new-wave by Pauline *and* Penetration is bloody outrageous. What's wrong with you people? For me and a few thousand other people Penetration were *the* band and Pauline Murray is going to be *the* female singer in the new-wave of the '80s. Just look at the placing she got in the last Readers' Poll if you don't believe me.
Tim Clark, Darlington, Co. Durham.

T-ZERS TAKES A GROPE INTO THE PAST

DAVID BOWIE has grown a moustache. This is a fact and is only one of the many that pepper this august column week ending April 12. Or is that 'this april column week ending August 12'? Or, possibly, this twelfth column week — *(Oh come on. — Ed)*.

Famed **Dylan** song subject **Rubin "Hurricane" Carter** — you heard the rumpus, you bought the record, now feel the (law) suit. Even with Dylan's added weight to the 'Free Hurricane' publicity campaign, Rubin still languishes in gaol, but at last he's been granted another appeal and the defense will charge that racial prejudice interfered with the jury decision. Note: in the modern go-getter press, a hero always 'languishes' in gaol. This means he comes out speaking several foreign languishes. *(Just great. — Ed)* . . .

Chart-topping **Motorhead** were playing the Market Hall, Hamburg last week when they noticed what were later described as 'rockabilly rebels' beating on several members of their road crew. The incident escalated (more newspeak) until it could be seen that the 'rebels' were doing a nifty sprint from a horde of Motorhead clansmen wielding baseball bats, obviously pleading with the locals to shake hands and have a quick game of rounders . . .

Lemmy lookalike **Elvis Costello** has been digging deep into the attic to pad out his current set. Aired and cared for once again we hear 'Red Shoes', 'Mystery Dance' and 'Alison' as well as soul oldies 'One More Heartache' and '(Walk And) Don't Look Back'. And how's about El Shrimpo getting up and getting dahn with **Dr Feelgood** in Southend last week. He even found time to stop the set and get some trouble boys ejected . . .

Elitist Kult Kids show *Tiswas* goes all out for a whammo finish when the series bows out for the summer this Saturday. Hopefully present will be **Cozy Powell, Roger Glover, Rick Parfitt, Siouxsie** (just Siouxsie), **John Bonham, Shakin' Stevens** plus various members of **Genesis, Wings, The Beat** and **Secret Affair**. Finally an official note to all you TV areas that received it way back: it wasn't any better, just cosier for you . . .

The cover of the upcoming **Rolling Stones** LP shall be ladled with thermograph photos of four band members (head and shoulders only). Noticeable by his absence will be **Bull Wymoon**, well known 'left' person. Fans may be interested to note that the Stones make an appearance in part six of **David Attenborough's** *Life On Earth* when Mr Ottenburgi cracks open a billion year old rock to reveal the perfectly formed fossil of a **Jagger** maraca discarded at some ancient free-concert . . .

Ranking Roger now has to wear glasses. This *T-Zer* now shuffles off to stand next to **David Bowie's** moustache . . .

According to *Variety*, **Pink Floyd's** 'The Wall' is selling at a million copies per week and total projected sales are now estimated at ten million. These figures align the double set with 'Saturday Night Fever', and far outstrips weedy ones like 'Frampton Alive' and 'Tusk'. Figures for **Wavis O'Shave's** album are still to be computed . . .

Speaking of gross-outs, The Recording Industry Association Of America have just changed the rules for awarding gold and platinum records — the second such change this year. Under the new rules a company must wait sixty days before certification *(Fine word. — Ed)*. This halves the existing waiting game which was originally enforced because so many albums 'shipped' platinum and were then returned in massive quantities when nobody bought them (Giggle). So why the about face? RIAA president **Stanley Gortikow** explains: "While maintaining industry practises, it makes the awards more useful as marketing and merchandising tools." Gee, how impressive Stan . . .

Mind you, do you realise that *over there* people actually *bootleg* **James Taylor** and **Billy Joel**? . . .

And so, **Peters and Lee** have split . . .

Britain's top band **Punishment Of Luxury** have had all their equipment removed by adoring fans, probably for momentos. Things like synthesizers, guitars, amps. And so if any of you see any moon-faced young things walking around with huge great Fender guitars hanging from their lapels you can name the guilty men to United Artists . . .

Lee Dorsey is 54 .

Latest focus on **Shane Hooligen** of the late Nips is that he seriously considers becoming a Buddhist Monk is the only way out of this depressing maze of bills, opression, doom, Babylon and the conclusion of *All Creatures Great And Small* — that is, day to day life. Seems he's *that* heavily into Zen etc . . .

Blues Band bass player **Tom McGuiness** — whose greatest problem is the same as *T-Zers* (is a total inability to pass refrigerators at night without opening the door). Well, Tom has become Treasurer and Organiser of The Greenwich Labour Party. His first fund raising duty is to get the band to play a gig at the Albany Deptford on Wednesday April 16. All monies strictly for the tin box . . .

Rachel Sweet is awaiting the outcome of a screen test to discover whether she gets the leading role in **Walt Disney's** *The Devil And Miss Davlin*. Already cast are **Bill Cosby and Elliott Gould** and, should she be successful, Rachel will play a rock singer, a role which will call upon all her ability as a character actress . . .

CLASSIC SLAUGHTER PICTURES UNEARTHED!

'Twas press day at the NME, and the deputy editor was browsing through the Slaughter & The Dogs picture file, as he is wont to do in his more idle moments.

Suddenly one picture made him stop in his tracks. It was taken by NME photographer Joe Stevens at a party held by one Andrew Logan in 1976, and showed the band's lead singer onstage helping a young film starlet called Jordon to adjust her dress. "Must be their pre-'Cranked Up Really High' period," he thought and passed on.

The next picture was another Stevens shot, this one taken at London's Nashville Rooms. The deputy editor recognised Vivienne Westwood, the live-in seamstress of Sex Shop entrepreneur Malcolm McLaren, being strangled by an unknown assailant. He also noted the then infamous Dave Vanian and Sid Vicious looking on. "Ah," thought the Dep Ed, "the historic gig where the whole band leapt offstage to beat up members of the audience!" He passed on.

The next shot was yet another previously unpublished Joe Stevens shot. "Wow!" breathed the Dep Ed. "Chris Spedding, Chrissie Hynde and Jordon all raving it up at an early Slaughter & The Dogs gig! It'd really destroy their credibility if we printed this!" And he passed on.

The next pic was a DJM publicity handout of Wayne and the boys circa 1979. "At last, just what I've been looking for," said the Dep Ed, and retreated from the filing room clutching his booty.

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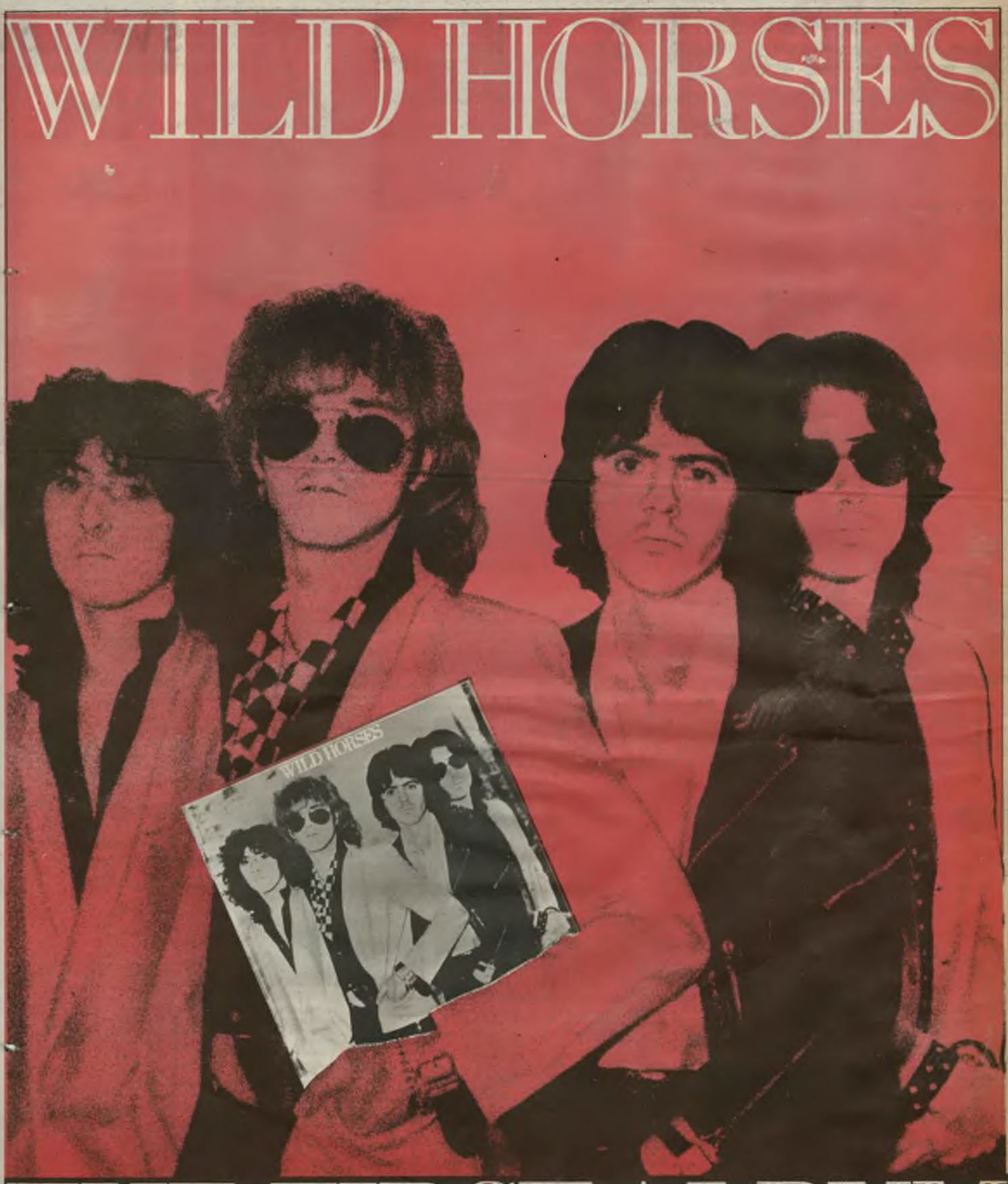

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