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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

John Bonham Simple Minds **Black Uhuru**
Rod Stewart **Orange Juice** Elvis Costello
The Police Josef K **Joy Division**
Brian De Palma **Dead Kennedys** Gregory Corso
Comsat Angels Janis Joplin **Northern Ireland**

The Mad Hatters' TV Party

MADNESS OFF-SCREEN P.32/33

Chas & Suggs — just a couple of swells. Pic: Anton Corbijn

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
October 4th, 1980

Black Sister Good Lord! Now there's a name that brings back a couple of memories. I haven't heard a squeak out of those chaps since, ooh, must have been when they stopped calling themselves White Plains. Controversial types they were then. Remember that 'When You Are A Queen' single? Sit near the knuckle I thought. Still, this 'Amigo' single is a regular tonic. Toned down the old act a bit, eh? Hang on a minute . . .

Pic: Paul Cox

Richard Jobson, now there's a man who can turn his hand to anything. Probably you younger types won't recall that Ricardo once plucked with Roxy Music. The last I heard of him Jobbo was holding down a day job with Curved Air. Anyway, he's a fair old seamer too. Pity the chap's a German really. Still Butcher's hardly British either and Botham's damned fat. Hang on a minute . . .

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(16)	Don't Stand So Close To Me	Police (A & M)	2	1
2	(2)	Masterblaster	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3	2
3	(1)	One Day I'll Fly Away	Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	4	1
4	(11)	Baggy Trousers	Madness (Stiff)	3	4
5	(18)	My Old Piano	Diana Ross (Motown)	2	5
4	(4)	Feels Like I'm In Love	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	7	2
7	(6)	Another One Bites The Dust	Queen (EMI)	3	6
8	(19)	D.I.S.C.O.	Ottowan (Carrere)	2	8
9	(3)	It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef	Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	3
10	(5)	Modern Girl	Sheena Easton (EMI)	7	5
11	(10)	Dreamin'	Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	8
12	(7)	Eighth Day	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	6	4
13	(9)	Start	Jam (Polydor)	6	1
14	(17)	It's Still Rock And Roll To Me	Billy Joel (CBS)	7	14
15	(—)	Three Little Birds	Bob Marley (Island)	1	15
16	(27)	I Owe You One	Shalamar (Solar)	5	16
17	(—)	Amigo	Black Slate (Ensign)	1	17
18	(29)	Searching	Change (WEA)	4	18
19	(12)	Sunshine Of Your Smile	Mike Berry (Polydor)	7	7
20	(—)	Stereotype	Specials (2-Tone)	1	20
21	(8)	Ashes To Ashes	David Bowie (RCA)	8	1
22	(14)	Paranoid	Black Sabbath (Nems)	6	14
23	(13)	9 to 5	Sheena Easton (EMI)	11	3
24	(23)	I Got You	Split Enz (A&M)	3	23
23	(—)	Killer On The Loose	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	25
26	(—)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	1	26
27	(—)	If You're Lookin' For A Way Out	Odyssey (RCA)	1	27
28	(—)	You're Lying	Lynx (Chrysalis)	1	28
29	(—)	What's In A Kiss	Gilbert O'Sullivan (CBS)	1	29
30	(—)	Love X Love	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

When I Dream — Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)
Party Lights — Gap Band (Mercury)
Let Me Talk — Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)
Gotta Pull Myself Together — The Nolans (Epic)
Woman In Love — Barbara Streisand (CBS)
All Out Of Love — Air Supply (Arista)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	Another One Bites The Dust	Queen
2	(1)	Upside Down	Diana Ross
3	(2)	All Out Of Love	Air Supply
4	(5)	Lookin' For Love	Johnny Lee
5	(8)	Drivin' My Life Away	Eddie Rabbitt
6	(6)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
7	(13)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand
8	(7)	Fame	Irene Cara
9	(10)	I'm Alright (Theme From Caddyshack)	Kenny Loggins
10	(12)	Xanadu	Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
11	(9)	Late In The Evening	Paul Simon
12	(14)	Real Love	The Doobie Brothers
13	(11)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones
14	(16)	All Over The World	Electric Light Orchestra
15	(15)	Hot Rod Hearts	Robbie Dupree
16	(18)	He's So Shy	Pointer Sisters
17	(19)	Look What You've Done To Me	Boz Scaggs
18	(17)	One In A Million You	Larry Graham
19	(22)	Jesse	Carly Simon
20	(23)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills
21	(30)	Old Fashion Love	Commodores
22	(20)	You'll Accompany Me	Bob Seger
23	(4)	Sailing	Christopher Cross
24	(—)	Dreamin'	Cliff Richard
25	(21)	Don't Ask Me Why	Billy Joel
26	(—)	I'm Coming Out	Diana Ross
27	(—)	Midnight Rock	Al Stewart
28	(28)	No Night So Long	Dionne Warwick
29	(—)	Who'll Be The Fool Tonight	Larsen-Fleten Band
30	(—)	How Do I Survive	Amy Holland

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	The Game	Queen
2	(3)	Xanadu	Original Soundtrack
3	(2)	Urban Cowboy	Original Soundtrack
4	(5)	Diana	Diana Ross
5	(4)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones
6	(6)	Hold Out	Jackson Browne
7	(7)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
8	(8)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
9	(9)	Panorama	Cars
10	(10)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
11	(13)	Honeysuckle Rose	Original Soundtrack
12	(12)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel
13	(14)	One Trick Pony	Paul Simon
14	(11)	Back In Black	AC/DC
15	(15)	T.P.	Teddy Pendergrass
16	(17)	Drama	Yes
17	(16)	Against The Wind	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
18	(18)	Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere	Rossington Collins Band
19	(20)	Fame	Original Soundtrack
20	(19)	Full Moon	The Charlie Daniels Band
21	(21)	Lost In Love	Air Supply
22	(29)	Love Approach	Tom Browne
23	(24)	The Year 2000	The O'Jays
24	(22)	Heroes	Commodores
25	(27)	Shine On	L.T.D.
26	(23)	One For The Road	The Kinks
27	(—)	Wild Planet	B52's
28	(25)	Joy And Pain	Maze
29	(—)	Beating The Odds	Millie Hatchet
30	(—)	Voices	Hall & Oates

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(3)	Never Forever	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	1
2	(13)	Scary Monsters	David Bowie (RCA)	2	2
3	(2)	Signing Off	UB40 (Graduate)	4	1
4	(6)	Now We May Begin	Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	3	4
4	(—)	Mounting Excitement	Various (K-Tel)	1	4
6	(1)	Telekon	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	1
7	(8)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)	18	1
7	(—)	The Absolute Game	Skids (Virgin)	1	7
9	(4)	I'm No Hero	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	4
9	(—)	The Very Best Of Don McClean	Don McClean (UA)	1	9
11	(5)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	10	5
12	(7)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Bros)	11	1
13	(19)	Hanx	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	2	9
14	(—)	Live Crash Course	U.K. Subs (Gem)	1	14
15	(12)	Breaking Glass	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	6	4
16	22	The Game	Queen (EMI)	11	1
17	(9)	Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz	(Jet)	2	9
18	(20)	Black Sea	XTC (Virgin)	1	18
19	(14)	Diana	Diana Ross (Motown)	15	3
20	(—)	Gold	The Three Degrees (Ariola)	1	20
21	(—)	I Just Can't Stop It	The Beat (Go Feet)	2	19
22	(15)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)	24	2
23	(30)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	51	3
24	(—)	I Am Woman	Various (Polyster)	1	24
25	(10)	Change Of Address	Shadows (Polydor)	3	10
26	(18)	Xanadu	Soundtrack (Jet)	12	1
27	(—)	Love	Various (K-Tel)	1	27
28	(—)	Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	2	23
29	(—)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)	10	6
30	(—)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

More Specials — Specials (2-Tone)
True Colours — Split Enz (A&M)
Empires & Dance — Simple Minds (Arista)
A Case Of The Shakes — Dr Feelgood (UA)
Rev Up — The Revillos (Snatzo)
Shadows and Light — Joni Mitchell (Asylum)

INDIES 33s

1 Signing Off ... UB40 (Graduate)
2 Closer ... Joy Division (Factory)
3 Live At The Electric Circus/Guillotine ... Various (Cherry Red)
4 A Musical Bag ... The Afflicted (Afflicted)
5 Return Of The Durutti Column ... Durutti Column (Factory)
6 Fresh Fruit And Rotting Vegetables ... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
7 Jane From Occupied Europe ... Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
8 Art Of Walking ... Fire Ubu (Rough Trade)
9 Put Me On The Guest List ... Giant Babies (Heart Beat)
10 Colossal Youth ... Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)

REGGAE

1 Rope In ... Errol Scorcher (Scorcher)
2 Run Come Come ... Tony Tuff (Scorcher)
3 Unchained ... The Abijans
4 Black Force ... Norris Reid (Rockers Inter.)
5 Roots Me Roots ... Michael Taylor (Sounds Of Science)
6 Love Is Here To Stay ... J Osborne (I Studio)
7 These The Hard Way ... Dillinger, Trinity, Al Campbell (Orbit)
8 My Woman ... B. Levy (Joe Gibbs)
9 One Thousand Go ... Kojak and Liza (Joe Gibbs)
10 Mash Mouth ... Jah Stitch (Steve Mack)

Chart by: Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W.1

INDIES 45s

1 Totally Wired ... Fall (Rough Trade)
2 Are You Glad To Be In America ... James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
3 Drug Train E.P. ... Crempe (Illegal)
4 Shack Up ... A Certain Ratio (Factory Benelux)
5 Love Will Tear Us Apart ... Joy Division (Factory)
6 Blue Boy ... Orange Juice (Postcard)
7 Splits ... Lilliput (Rough Trade)
8 Transmission ... Joy Division (Factory)
9 Get/My Mother Was A Friend ... Blurt (Test Pressing)
10 Radio Drill Time ... Josef K. (Postcard)

Charts by: Paul at Bonaparts, 264 Pentonville Road, N.1

DISCO

1 Masterblaster/Jammin (12") ... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
2 Casanova (12") ... Coffee (Mercury)
3 Fame (12") ... Irene Cara (Polydor)
4 Down In The Park (12") ... Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)
5 I Like (12") ... Young and Co (U.S. Import)
6 The Breaks (12") ... Curtis Blow (Mercury)
7 Some Day I'll Fly Away ... Randy Crawford (WEA)
8 Big Time 12" ... Rick James (Motown)
9 Let Me Talk ... Earth Wind and Fire (CBS)
10 Woman In Love ... Barbra Streisand (CBS)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W.1

5 YEARS AGO

1 Hold Me Close ... David Essex (CBS)
2 I Only Have Eyes For You ... Art Garfunkel (CBS)
3 There Goes My First Love ... Drifters (Bell)
4 Sailing ... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
5 Moonlighting ... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
6 Una Paloma Blanca ... Jonathan King (UK)
7 Who Loves You ... Four Seasons (Warner Brothers)
8 Settle Down Easy ... Carl Malcolm (UK)
9 S.O.S. ... Abba (Epic)
10 Paloma Blanca ... George Baker (Warner Brothers)

Week ending October 7, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 Band Of Gold ... Freda Payne (Invictus)
2 Black Night ... Deep Purple (Harvest)
3 You Can Get It If You Really Want ... Desmond Dekker (Trojan)
4 Marriage Bay ... Bobby Bloom (Polydor)
5 Which Way You Goin' Billy ... Poppy Family (Decca)
6 Paranoid ... Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
7 Close To You ... Carpenters (A & M)
8 Ain't No Mountain High Enough ... Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
9 Give Me Just A Little More Time ... Chairmen Of The Board (Invictus)
10 Me And My Life ... Tremeloes (CBS)

Week ending October 7, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1 Tears ... Ken Dodd (Columbia)
2 If You Gotta Go, Go Now ... Manfred Mann (HMV)
3 Almost There ... Andy Williams (CBS)
4 Make It Easy On Yourself ... Walker Brothers (Philips)
5 Eve Of Destruction ... Barry McGuire (RCA)
6 Hang On Sloopy ... McCoys (Immediate)
7 Look Through Any Window ... Hollies (Parlophone)
8 Satisfaction ... Rolling Stones (Decca)
9 Message Understood ... Sandie Shaw (Pye)
10 Il Silenzio ... Nino Rosso (Durium)

Week ending October 8, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 Tell Laura I Love Her ... Ricky Valence (Columbia)
2 Only The Lonely ... Roy Orbison (London)
3 How About That ... Adam Faith (Parlophone)
4 Nine Times Out Of Ten ... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5 So Sad ... Everly Brothers (Warner Brothers)
6 Apache ... The Shadows (Columbia)
7 As Long As He Needs Me ... Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
8 Walk Don't Run ... Johnny Barry Seven (Columbia)
9 Walk Don't Run ... Ventures (Top Rank)
10 The Girl Of My Best Friend ... Elvis Presley (RCA)

Week ending October 7, 1960

Bonham dead after drinking bout

ZEP TO SPLIT?

THE MYSTERY surrounding the death of Led Zeppelin drummer John Bonham took a bizarre twist at the weekend, with suggestions that the tragedy — the latest in a series of disasters suffered by the band — is linked with black magic. Singer Robert Plant is reportedly convinced that the apparent jinx on Zeppelin is retribution for guitarist Jimmy Page's obsession with the occult.

However outlandish the theory, it gained some credence when a post-mortem on 32-year-old Bonham failed to reveal the cause of death.

He had been drinking heavily the previous night, and it was at first thought that (like Jimi Hendrix) he had choked on his own vomit — but that wasn't substantiated by the PM, which ruled out either drink or drugs as the cause. The coroner has now ordered further tests.

Bonham's body was found in bed on Thursday afternoon at Page's Windsor mansion where the band had gathered to rehearse for a new album. They had recently returned from a series of concerts in Germany, their first since their two Knebworth shows in 1979 — which, in turn, were their first live appearances for five years. Their lengthy stage absence was due in no small measure to the string of mishaps which had befallen them.

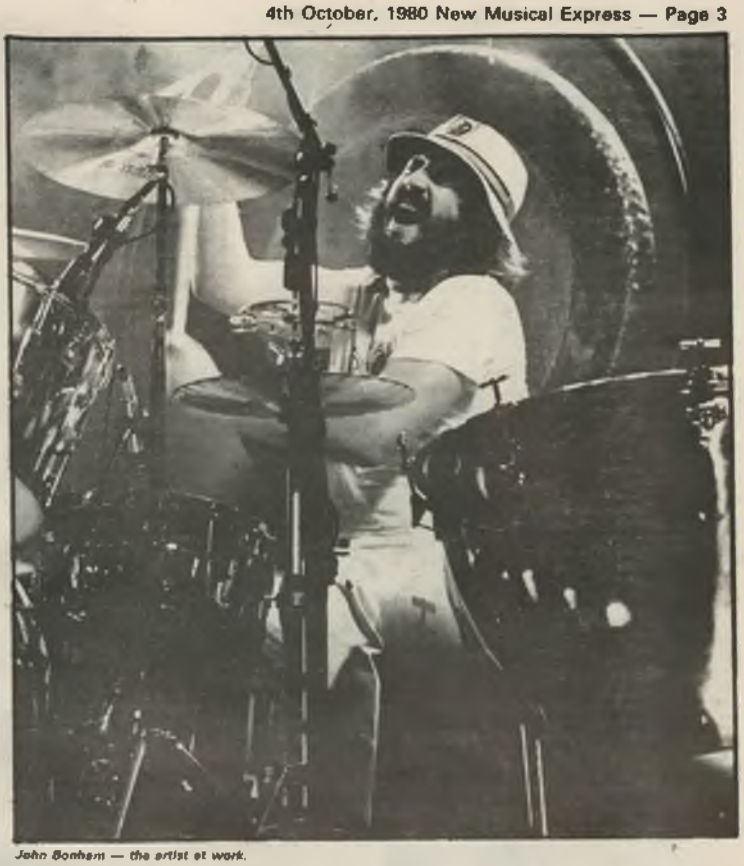
Zep were due to start a major American tour on October 16 — though obviously this has now been cancelled — and there were also tentative plans for British dates in the New Year.

At press-time, it was still not known officially if the band will eventually take on a new drummer and continue to function. Unconfirmed reports indicate that the three remaining members have already decided to disband Zeppelin, believing that it could never be the same again. Bonham had been with them since their formation in 1968, initially as The New Yardbirds.

But official sources, at their record company and management office, remained tight-lipped on the subject — saying only that all three Zep men were far too distraught to consider the future at the moment.

Bonham leaves a wife, Pat, and two children.

● At the resumed inquest on former Ruts singer Malcolm Owen last Friday, it was said that he died from an overdose of heroin. Death from drug addiction was recorded.



John Bonham — the artist at work.

Big guns roll on tour circuit

Rod, Elvis, Siouxsie, Cook & Jones dates

ROD STEWART's British concert dates have now been confirmed. They form part of a massive world tour, which opens in Europe on October 11, continues in Australasia in January and finishes in America next summer.

Preceding his UK outing, his first studio album for two years will be issued by Riva at the end of October, titled 'Foolish Behaviour'.

Backed by his permanent touring band, and with a specially designed stage set shipped in from America, Stewart plays Dublin Simmons Court Pavilion (November 20 and 21), Glasgow Apollo (24, 25 and 26), Leicester Granby Hall (28 and 29), London Wembley Arena (December 1, 2 and 3), Manchester Apollo (9, 10 and 11) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre Arena (13). There's every chance of a few more dates being added, particularly at Wembley.

Tickets for Glasgow (£8, £7 and £6), Leicester (£7 only) and Manchester (£8 and £7) are on sale now at the box-office; for Dublin (£8 only) they go on sale this Friday at Golden Discs and Switzers, also Harrison's of Belfast. For London and Birmingham (both £8, £7 and £6) it's postal booking only from Cloud Music, PO Box 4LQ, London W1A 4LQ — cheques and POs to 'Cloud Music', enclose s.a.e., and in both cases state preference for arena or upper-level seating (allow 21 days for delivery).

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions have now arranged their final gig of 1980 — and it's a special Christmas show with UB40 and Rockpile co-headlining. It takes place at the vast National Exhibition Centre Arena in Birmingham on Saturday, December 27, starting at 6pm, and two other acts are currently being negotiated to complete the bill.

The original plan was for Costello to play another London concert, as compensation to the many hundreds who were unable to obtain tickets for his Rainbow show last Monday. The decision was then taken to book a larger venue — but, as a suitable arena wasn't available in London at that time, the gig was switched to the 11,000-seater Birmingham hall.

But Londoners will still be able to attend, because plans are underway for British Rail to lay on special trains to and from Birmingham for the show. Tickets are all at the one price of £5.50, and are available now by postal application to Elvis Costello Box-Office, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham (enclose s.a.e).

● Rockpile's lunchtime gig at London Hammersmith Palais has been switched from October 26 to November 2, and now becomes the last date of their UK tour.

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES, currently touring Europe, return to the UK later this month to play a series of eight gigs — at Manchester Apollo (October 14), Belfast Ulster Hall (16), Dublin Grand

Cinema (17), Swansea Top Rank (19), Bristol Locarno (20), Cardiff Top Rank (21), Birmingham Top Rank (22) and Aylesbury Friars (25).

John McGeoch continues his role as "temporary" guitarist, in the absence of a permanent new member — though, following his departure from Magazine, he would appear to have found a regular niche in the band.

THE PROFESSIONALS, the band launched in the summer by Steve Jones and Paul Cook, are about to launch into live action. They're currently busy rehearsing for a series of gigs in November, to tie in with the delayed release of their self-titled debut album. Apart from bassist Andy Allan, the rest of the touring line-up hasn't yet been revealed, though it's understood that Jones will be complemented on stage by a second guitarist.

To precede this activity, their second single is issued by Virgin this weekend, titled '1.2.3.' — the two tracks on the B-side being the early Velvet Underground classic 'White Light White Heat' and the Presley oldie 'Baby I Don't Care'. The two ex-Pistols are also appearing in a major movie, produced by Lou Adler and due out at the end of the year — details to follow.

Auntie rocks around the clock

THE POLICE star in two special shows as part of a massive rock season on BBC-2 this month. It will be the most intensive saturation coverage of rock ever screened in this country, and among acts featured in their own programmes are XTC, Van Morrison, Kate Bush, Paul Simon, Rainbow and Randy Newman — all interspersed with classic rock films and TV rock compilations.

It's been arranged by *Old Grey Whistle Test* producer Michael Appleton, to mark the 350th edition of that series and herald the start of its tenth season. The centre-piece is an action-packed 'Rock Week' starting this Saturday — when, for eight successive nights, at least two hours daily will be devoted solely to rock. And this is the line-up for that event:

☐ Saturday, October 4: **Heroes Of Rock'n'Roll**, a two-hour documentary tracing 25 years or rock, and involving virtually every big name in its history — from Haley, Presley and Holly to The Who, Elton and Dylan. Plus the play **Long Distance Information**, set at the time of Presley's death and featuring many of his songs. In the afternoon, there are screenings of the Bill Haley film **Rock Around The Clock** and the Elvis Presley movie **Jailhouse Rock**.

☐ Sunday (5): Another Presley film **Loving You**, plus 14 rock stars in **The Girl Can't Help It** (Eddie Cochran, Little Richard, Gene Vincent, etc.), both in the afternoon. Later, the neo-classic **American Graffiti**, with its all-star soundtrack.

☐ Monday (6): **Joni Mitchell** in concert at the Greek Theatre, Los Angeles.

☐ Tuesday (7): An hour of **Kate Bush** live at Hammersmith Odeon, filmed during her debut concert tour. Followed by **The Kinks** in concert at Providence, Rhode Island.

☐ Wednesday (8): **XTC At The Manor**, a workshop documentary, showing the band recording their new single 'Towers Of London'. Then the renowned film of **Cream's Last Concert**, filmed at the Albert Hall in 1968, marking the farewell of the group comprising Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker.

☐ Thursday (9): The 1974 film of **Van Morrison** at the Rainbow, acknowledged as a TV classic. Then **Rainbow** at Castle Donington, filmed at the open-air event in Leicestershire on August 16 this year.

☐ Friday (10): **Police In The East**, a documentary record of the band's tour earlier this year, visiting Japan, Hong Kong, Bombay, Cairo and Athens. Followed by **Randy Newman** in concert at the Ahoy Stadium in Rotterdam.

☐ Saturday (11): A two-hour look-back at the last nine years of **Old Grey Whistle Test**, with Bowie, Springsteen, Hendrix, Lennon, Roxy, Alice Cooper and dozens more.

The following Saturday, *Whistle Test* officially gets under way with a 2½-hour relay via the Eurovision link of German-TV's live marathon *Rock Palast*. Among the acts are Graham Parker & The Rumour, but the last 80 minutes of the show are devoted to The Police live in concert, performing mainly new material. The time slot is 11pm-1.30am.

A Paul Simon special, filmed by an *OGWT* crew in Los Angeles during the summer, is screened on October 25. And on November 1, the series resumes its usual studio format from Shepperton. *OGWT* has acquired a Saturday late-night spot for its new season, but there will also be a regular early-evening repeat on Tuesdays.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

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Skids 'anthem'

THE SKIDS, currently touring the nation's concert halls and school-yards, have a new single out on Virgin this weekend. Titled 'Goodbye Civilian', it's described by the record company as "one of their typically rousing terrace anthems". The flip side is an instrumental called 'Monkey McGuire Meets Specky Potter Behind Lochore Institute' — the Institute in question is a Scottish drinking club oft frequented by Richard Jobson, and presumably the characters involved are a couple of his friends!

● Manchester band **The Chasters**, recently signed by EMI, have a three-track single released on the Parlophone label on October 13. The main title is 'Nuthin' Ever Happens On Saturday'.

● **Grand Prix**, the London rock band formerly known as Paris, have their first single out this week on RCA in a picture bag — featuring two self-penned tracks, 'Thinking Of You' and 'Feels Good'. Their self-named debut album follows in mid-October and dates for the band will be announced shortly.

● Young Blood Records are releasing their first video in time for Christmas. It's a recording of **Hoyt Axton's** recent London concert at The Venue, and it comes together with a cassette of his album 'Rusty Old Halo', with the package selling for under £25. A new Axton single 'Wild Bull Rider' is issued this weekend.

● U.S. band **Touch**, who made their UK debut at Castle Donington in August, have their new single 'Love Don't Fall Me Now'/'My Life Depends On You' issued by Ariola on October 24 — both titles are culled from their 'Touch' album. They're planning a return to this country for a full tour within the next few months.

Off The Record

● Pre Records (marketed by Charismal have signed a deal with San Francisco's Ralph Records for the UK distribution of material by **The Residents** and **Tuxedo Moon**. First releases on October 10 are 'The Residents Commercial Single' (six tracks) and 'The Residents Commercial Album' (40 tracks), followed on October 17 by the Tuxedo Moon single 'Dark Companion'. Pre Records will also be releasing a new reggae album by **Prince Far I** in November.

● **The Cockney Rejects** have their 14-track 'Greatest Hits Volume II' album issued by Zonophone, with the initial pressings containing a full-colour live poster. Out the same day is their single 'We Are The Firm'.

● **Aretha Franklin**, whose six-day season at London Apollo (November 18-23) was reported last week, has her first Arista album released on October 10 — titled 'Aretha'. *It's believed that she will also be appearing in this year's Royal Variety Show in November.*

● South London band **The Kraze** have their debut single 'Say Hello To My Girl' issued by Double D (marketed by Ariola) this weekend.

● **The Citizens**, who'll shortly be supporting UK Subs on their British tour, have been signed by Epic and have their debut single 'Satisfy The Citizens' issued this weekend. It was originally available on the group's own Cavalcade label.

STATUS QUO's album 'Just Supposin' — their first new studio set since 'Whatever You Want' last year (though their compilation 'Twelve Gold Bars' was a 1980 release) — is set for October 17 release by Vertigo. Recorded in Dublin and mixed in London, it contains nine new songs, one of which 'What You're Proposing' appears as a single this weekend (with a non-album track 'A.B. Blues' on the B-side). Quo will be undertaking a massive world tour early next year, with extensive dates in Britain, marking a build-up to the 20th anniversary of their formation.

XTC two-pack

XTC have a new single out on October 10, despite the fact that their current release 'Generals And Majors' only entered the chart last week. Reason for the rush is to coincide with BBC-2's screening of the film of their recording session (see story on page 3). It's a double pack single, on which the main title is an edited version of 'Towers Of London'. The other three titles comprise two tracks recorded live at the Rainbow last year — 'Set Myself On Fire' and 'Battery Brides' — and a version of 'Scissor Man' originally broadcast on John Peel's show.

● **Joe Jackson Band** have their third album 'Beat Crazy', produced by Jackson himself, released by A&M on October 10. A remixed and edited version of one of the tracks 'Mad At You', which stretches into a six-minute disco version, is issued as a single this weekend — with a B-side that's not on the LP called 'Enough Is Not Enough'.

● Phonogram are launching a new series of golden oldies under the banner of 'Classic Cuts'. The first 15 singles appear on October 10, including four-trackers by **Dusty Springfield**, **The Shangri-Las** and **The Chiffons**; and three-trackers by **Dion & The Belmonts**, **Roger Miller** and **The Walker Brothers**. Some releases feature more than one act — for instance, there are tracks by Esther & Abi Ofarim, Horst Jankowski and The Four Pennies all on the same single!

● And now for something completely different. This week Charisma release a new **Monty Python** single titled 'I Like Chinese', backed with two tracks — 'I Bet You They Won't Play This Song On The Radio' and 'Finland'. And October 10 sees the advent of the team's new LP, called 'Contractual Obligation Album'.

Queen hoisting their standard

IN BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON

QUEEN, just back from an extensive U.S. tour, say "thank you" for the success of their album 'The Game' and single 'Another One Bites The Dust' by playing five major British concerts — at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre Arena (December 5 and 6) and London Wembley Arena (8, 9 and 10). Ticket prices are £5.50 and £5 (Birmingham) and £8, £5 and £4 (London).

The opening show is the first ever at the new International Arena, which is part of the NEC complex in Birmingham, and the first arena specially designed to cater for rock concerts. It was only completed last month at a cost of £8½ million, has reserved seating for 11,000 people, and a raised level at the back to ensure the best possible viewing. Other concerts already booked for December include Rod Stewart and Elvis Costello (see separate stories on page 3).

Tickets may be booked by post at once from Queen, GP Productions, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — POs only, made payable to "GP Productions", and add 25p booking fee per ticket to the cost; also mark the back of the envelope with either "Wembley" or "Birmingham" and the date required, enclose s.a.e., and allow 21 days for delivery.

They go on sale on October 22 to personal callers at the two box-offices; also the Virgin Megastore (London), Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham) and Piccadilly Records (Manchester). Booking fees will be charged at all outlets except the venue box-offices.

Simple travellers

SIMPLE MINDS go on the road again later this month, this time to promote their new single for Arista release on October 17. The A-side is 'I Travel', culled from their current album 'Empires And Dances', and it's coupled with a previously unissued track 'New Warm Skin'. The initial pressings contain a free flexi-disc featuring the unreleased 'Kaleidoscope' plus 'Film Theme Dub', the latter being a remixed version of the 'Film Theme' track on their 'Real To Real Cacophony' album.

Tour dates are Bradford St George's Hall (October 16), Kidderminster Town Hall (17), Brighton Jenkinsons (19), Sheffield Polytechnic (22), Rickmansworth Watersmeet Civic Centre (23), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (24), London Strand Lyceum (26), Liverpool Rotters (27), Manchester Rotters (28), Keele University (29), Edinburgh Odeon (31) and Glasgow City Hall (November 5).

LATEST ROUND-UP OF

SAMSON play London Marquee tomorrow (Friday), in the first of a new series of gigs currently being lined up — details to follow shortly.

BAD MANNERS have added London Camden Dingwalls (October 12 and 13) and Liverpool Bredy's (15) to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago.

UB40 have sold out their concert at Birmingham Odeon on November 6, and have now added a second night at that venue on November 8.

NIGHTDOCTOR, the ten-piece reggae band fronted by ex-Bob Marley man Vin Gordon, support their new Young Blood single 'Music Like Dirt' with gigs at High Wycombe Nags Head (October 9), Coventry Warwick University (November 6), Dublin Trinity College (7), Cork Downtown Campus (8), London Strand Kings College (14), Wolverhampton Lafayette (16), Portsmouth Nero's (18), Hull Wellington Club (20), York Alquin College (21), Dundee University (22) and Edinburgh Nite Club (23). More are being set.

TOM ROBINSON's Sector 27 have added two more dates to their UK tour, reported last week, and both are No Nukes benefits — at Bath Tiffany's (this Sunday) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (October 13).

THE MOONDOGS, whose single 'Who's Gonna Talk Mary' is issued by Real on October 10, are supporting The Pretenders on their UK tour starting next week — playing all the dates except Sheffield on October 17. They replace Tenpole Tudor, who have now joined the 'Son Of Stiff' package.

JOHNNY MARS' Seventh Sun are playing a series of London dates with veteran U.S tap-dancer Will Gaines — at City Poly (this Saturday), the Marquee (October 10), City University (25) and Egham Royal Holloway College (31). Without Gaines, their London dates are Putney Hall Moon (this Friday), Finchley Torrington (Sunday), Hampstead Moonlight (October 12), Deptford Albany Empire (14), Camden Dingwalls (17) and Canning Town Bridge House (18). More to follow.

THE SPECIALS, Madness, The Selecter, The Beat, Bad Manners and **The Bodysnatchers** are all featured in a full-length feature film called *Dance Craze*, now nearing completion and set for national release in the UK in December. All the bands involved are seen in live performance, and the movie — produced by the Chrysalis Group of Companies — carries six tracks of sound.

JOHN MARTYN plays a series of selected concerts in mid-autumn, highlighted by a show at London's new Apollo Victoria Theatre on Sunday, November 2 — tickets on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Only other date so far confirmed is at Epsom Baths Hall on October 17.

RY COODER plays an extra London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on October 30 (tickets £5.60, £4.50 and £3.50 on sale now), due to the very heavy booking for his shows at the Victoria Apollo. And Warners are rushing out his new single '634 5789' (the Wilson Pickett song), taken from his upcoming album 'Borderline'.

CARAVAN have added three more dates to their autumn tour, reported last week — at Sheffield University (November 18), Liverpool Rotters (19) and Doncaster Rotters (26).

STILETTO, the Newcastle band whose single 'Someone Like You' has just been released by Mercury, have joined the 'Circus Tour 80' headlined by Famous Names (formerly Weltz) — dates for which were listed two weeks ago. And on October 20, Stiletto begin their own headlining club and college tour at Newcastle Balmbars Music Hall.

LILIPUT, the Swiss all-girl band formerly known as Kleenex, are playing a short series of gigs to promote their current Rough Trade single 'Split' — at North London Poly with Young Marble Giants and Essential Logic (tomorrow, Friday), London Lyceum with Pink Military (this Sunday), Brighton Basement Club (October 7), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (8), Loughborough University with The Spectres (9) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (10). Since they were last here, lead vocalist Regula Sing has been replaced by Chrigel Freund

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ANOTHER OUTBREAK OF AUTUMN TOURS

DATES CONFIRMED

Hazel on the trail

MOST OF THE dates and venues have now been confirmed for the autumn tour by Hazel O'Connor and Megahype, plans for which were exclusively revealed by *NME* last week. But it's just been announced that this is only the first leg of the tour — the second half starts after Christmas, and details will be released in a few weeks.

Confirmed gigs are Belfast Ulster Hall (November 14), Dublin Grand Cinema (16), Cardiff Top Rank (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Sheffield University (21), Lancaster University (22), Bristol Colston Hall (23), Brighton Top Rank (26), Birmingham Odeon (27, three days earlier than originally planned), Liverpool University (28), Edinburgh Odeon (29), Newcastle City Hall (December 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Leeds University (3) and Norwich East Anglia University (4).

Still to be set are one more provincial date — plus a London show which, as already reported, will be at an alternative venue not normally associated with rock. After the tour, Hazel goes to America as part of a package tour with The Skids.

BLIZZARD UNABATED

OSSIE OSBOURNE's Blizzard Of Oz, with special guests Budgie, have been meeting with such success on their current UK tour that they've now slotted in a 18-date extension — including return visits to several venues in their original schedule. The extra gigs are at Taunton Odeon (October 10), Poole Arts Centre (11), Malvern Winter Gardens (13), Brighton Dome (14), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (16), Newcastle Mayfair (17), Hull City Hall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Canterbury Odeon (21), Chelmsford Odeon (22), Ipswich Gaumont (23), St. Albans City Hall (25), London Hammersmith Odeon (26), Sunderland Mayfair (28), Middlesbrough Town Hall (29) and Birmingham Odeon (30).

● Because of this extension, Budgie have had to postpone the first two dates in their own headlining tour, reported last week — at Cromer West Runton Pavilion (October 18) and Port Talbot Troubadour (23). These will now be re-arranged for later in the tour.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

DARTS have added three more dates to their autumn tour itinerary, reported three weeks ago — at Newcastle City Hall (October 17), Glasgow Strathclyde University (18) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (19). But they have pulled out of their previously announced gig at Ashington Leisure Centre on November 4.

THE SCOOTERS, the four-piece American band based in Los Angeles, are currently in Britain recording their second Capitol album with producer Phil Wainman. But they're taking time off to play three London gigs this week — at Islington Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday), Camden Dingwalls (Friday) and Herne Hill Half Moon (Saturday).

DIANE PFEIFER — the country singer and writer, whose songs have been recorded by Billie Jo Spears, Johnny Mathis and Debbie Boone, among others — is to support Don Williams on his UK tour, opening November 7 (dates reported three weeks ago). Her self-named debut album will be issued by Capitol to coincide.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG have signed Kid Jensen, who will air his own show *America's Top 45s* from his new base in Atlanta, Georgia, every Monday night (9-11 pm). This is part of 208's autumn schedule, which marks a change of format by the station, expanding to take in rock 'n' roll and big bands. Other new highlights include a weekly Beatles hour (8 pm Tuesday), a hour of vintage rock (2 am Tuesday), a radio version of *Top Of The Pops* (8 pm Thursday) and *The Elvis Presley Hour* (2 am Thursday).

CRASS and POISON GIRLS continue touring together, with gigs at Rochdale Tropical Club (October 7), Halifax La Mount Club (8), Hull Blind Institute (9), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (10), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (11), Bradford Sweat Box (13), Liverpool Gatsby's (15), Nottingham Ad Lib Club (16), Manchester Mayflower (17), Edinburgh Nite Club (18) and Clacton Moor Civic Hall (19). Admission in all cases is £1.

3 MINUTES, who support XTC on their six-venue mini-tour starting next Tuesday, are to headline their own show at London Victoria The Venue on October 23. The band were recently signed by Rocket Records, who've just released their debut single 'Automatic Kids'.

DON McLEAN has added an extra last-minute London concert to his UK tour — at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Road, this Saturday (4).

RANDY CRAWFORD, whose single 'One Day I'll Fly Away' hit the No. 1 spot in record time for a little-known artist, is guesting with The Crusaders on their British concerts next week. *NME* reported this news three weeks ago but, as such a lot has happened to Ms Crawford in the meantime, you may like a re-cap of the dates: Bristol Hippodrome (October 6), Oxford New (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), London Royal Albert Hall (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (10), Manchester Apollo (11) and Newcastle City Hall (12).

SCREEN IDOLS have been commissioned to write the music score for an ITV comedy show called *Biggins History Of The World* — initially a pilot show, which could develop into a series. The band's future plans include a major British tour, starting later this month and running into November, which will go out under the banner of 'Prophets Of Doom'.

THE DANCE BAND have added four more dates to their extensive UK tour, reported two weeks ago — at Newport Stowaway (October 15), Coventry Warwick University (24), London Camden Music Machine (25) and Keele University (November 13).

THE FLATBACKERS' confirmed October gigs so far are Port Talbot Troubadour (tonight, Thursday), London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster (this Sunday), London Camden Brecknock (7), Gravesend Red Lion (24), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (26), Leeds Fan Club (26) and London W.10 Acklam Hall (31).

REAL TO REAL have a string of London gigs at Middlesex Poly (tomorrow, Friday), Chiswick John Bull (Saturday), Plumstead Prince Rupert (Sunday), Kingston Swan (October 10), Hackney Sebright Arms (16), The Kensington, W.14 (27), Dartford Thames Poly (30) and Stratford North-East Poly (31).

Beefheart is back

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & His Magic Band, whose 12th album 'Doc At The Radar Station' was issued by Virgin last week, have now been confirmed for a string of British dates — their first here in five years. They play Cardiff University (October 25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Doncaster Rotters (29) and Manchester Apollo (30). Then, after a string of gigs in Europe, they return for shows at London Victoria The Venue (November 12 and 14) and Guildford Civic Hall (13), with the likelihood of a few more being slotted in.

Front man Don Van Vliet (who also plays harmonica, soprano sax, flute and Chinese gongs) will, on this occasion, be accompanied by Richard Snyder and Jeff Moris Tapper (guitars), Eric Drew Feldman (keyboards and synthesisers) and Robert Arthur Williams (drums). There'll be two shows each night at The Venue, where tickets are £4 each go on sale in about a fortnight. Elsewhere tickets are already on sale, priced £3.75, £3.25 and £2.75 — except at Cardiff (£2.50 only, and open to the general public) and Guildford (£3.50 only).

● The Comsat Angels, already set to guest with the Yellow Magic Orchestra in their UK concerts (October 11-16), are Beefheart's support for the October section of the tour. The Comsats also promote their debut Polydor album 'Waiting For A Miracle' at London Lyceum with Pink Military (this Sunday) and London Marquee (October 15).

ROSSINGTON COLLINS OFF

ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND, the Lynyrd Skynyrd offshoot, have cancelled their debut UK tour — due to start on October 19 — because of the death of guitarist Allen Collins' wife. Dates will be re-arranged for January, and ticket-holders may retain their tickets until then, as they will remain valid; otherwise cash refunds may be obtained.

Straits for Xmas

DIRE STRAITS set out on a major UK tour at the beginning of December, culminating in two Christmas shows at London Rainbow. The British outing is part of a massive world tour, starting this month and running through to July, and it's preceded by the October 24 release of their third Vertigo album 'Making Movies'. Following the recent departure of guitarist David Knopfler, they'll be joined on the road by new members Alan Clark (keyboards) and American Hal Lindes (guitar).

British dates, promoted by Outlaw, are Stoke Trentham Gardens (December 1), Manchester Apollo (2 and 3), Sheffield City Hall (4 and 5), Glasgow Apollo (6), Aberdeen Capitol (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (8), Newcastle City Hall (9 and 10), Lancaster University (12), Leeds University (13), Birmingham Odeon (14 and 15), Derby Assembly Rooms (16), Ipswich Gaumont (17), Southampton Gaumont (18) and London Rainbow (22 and 23). They then play a series of Irish dates, promoted by Asgard, at Dublin National Stadium (December 31 and January 1), Cork City Hall (2), Galway Leisureland (3) and Belfast Ulster Hall (5 and 6).

Tickets are available now at all venues, priced £4, £3.50 and £3 — except Leeds and Lancaster (both £3.50), Stoke (£3.75) and London Rainbow (£5, £4 and £3).

Teardrop tour explosion

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have now confirmed details of their extensive autumn tour, their biggest yet, which ties in with the October 10 release of their new Mercury album 'Kilimanjaro' — which includes an alternative version of their current single 'When I Dream', plus re-recorded versions of their earlier singles on the Zoo label, 'Sleeping Gas' and 'Bouncing Babies'.

Their schedule, which goes out under the banner of 'The Teardrop Explodes In Dakiari Tour', takes in Nottingham Trent Poly (October 21), Bedford Addison Howard Centre (22), Manchester Poly (23), Stafford North Staffs Poly (24), Reading University (25), Canterbury Kent University (27), Leicester University (28), Norwich East Anglia University (29), Sheffield Limit (30), Liverpool College of Education (31), Portsmouth Poly (November 1), Brighton Jenkinsons (2), Yeovil College (3), Bristol Berkeley (4), Keele University (6), Leeds Fan Club (8), Scarborough Taboo (7), Newcastle University (8), Edinburgh Valentino's (9), Newport Stowaway (11), Wolverhampton Poly (12), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (13), York University (14), Liverpool University (15) and London Strand Lyceum (16).

ROCHES RETURNING

THE ROCHES, who made their UK debut earlier this year, return to headline at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on November 30 — tickets on sale from next Monday, priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. They also play Dublin Olympia (November 23) and Edinburgh Nite Club (28). Their second album 'Nurds' is issued by Warners on October 17.

KENNEDYS REVIVED

THE DEAD KENNEDYS, whose UK tour looked to be in jeopardy last week when lead singer Jello Biafra was detained by San Francisco police, were able to open at Scarborough last Thursday — after missing only one date. Biafra was only in custody for 24 hours over "a storm in a teacup", and dashed to London as soon as he was freed.

Dickson delivers

BARBARA DICKSON begins a lengthy tour at the end of this month, taking in 30 dates and climaxing at London's Albert Hall. Her current LP 'The Barbara Dickson Album' recently achieved gold status and, although no follow-up is planned to coincide with the tour, she'll have a new single released in November. Dates are:

Southport Theatre (October 28), Bradford St George's Hall (30), York University (31), Hull New Theatre (November 1), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (2), Preston Guildhall (3), Manchester Free Trade Hall (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (8), Aberdeen Capitol (9), Edinburgh Usher Hall (10), Middlesbrough Town Hall (11), Derby Assembly Rooms (12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Birmingham Odeon (16), Hatfield Forum (16), Croydon Fairfield Hall (17), Southampton Gaumont (18), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19), Brighton Dome (20), Oxford New Theatre (21), Newcastle City Hall (23), Belfast Groosvenor Hall (25), Dublin Stadium (26), St Austell New Cornish Riviera (29), Gloucester Leisure Centre (30), Reading Hexagon (December 1), Portsmouth Guildhall (2) and London Albert Hall (3).

Ticket prices vary from one venue to another, and details are available from individual box-offices, though it's known that Albert Hall tickets will go on sale to personal callers from October 17. Postal bookings for the Albert may be made at once to Barbara Dickson Box Office, 216 Westbourne Park Road, London W.11 (prices are £5, £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50.)

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October 13	£3.00, £2.50, £2.00	MANCHESTER Apollo
October 16	£3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25	HAMMERSMITH Odeon
October 18	£3.00, £2.50, £2.00	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont

NEWS EXTRA

IAN GILLAN has vehemently denied stories, reported in other papers last week, that he will be involved in an alleged Deep Purple reunion tour and album — dismissing the rumours as "crap". The ongoing Purple reunion saga, which has become the biggest bore in rock, is certainly stirring again and could conceivably happen (on a one-off basis) next year. But with half the ex-Purple men not wanting to know about it, the chances are that the new-look Purple would consist of three Rainbow members plus one — which all seems rather pointless.

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE are touring this month with top Edinburgh band TV21, and dates so far confirmed are Langholm Buccleuch Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Cumbernauld Theatre (October 6), Stirling University (8), Fort William Milton Hotel (9), Carlisle Mick's (10), Paisley Bungalow Bar (12), London Fulham Greyhound (20), Hull Wellington Club (23) and Leeds Fan Club (30), with many more to come. On their own, APF play Edinburgh Nite Club (October 11), Preston Warehouse (November 21) and Glasgow GIGI's (30), while TV21 play London Clapham 101 Club on October 21.

QUEEN IDA returns to the UK in November to play the final leg of a European tour. The 'Queen of Zydeco' visits London Wimbledon Nelson's (November 19), Coventry Warwick University (20), Kirklevington Country Club (23), Manchester Rafters (24), London Camden Dingwalls (25, 26, 30 and December 1), Norwich East Anglia University (27), Cardiff University (December 2), Southampton Concorde Club (3) and Maidenhead Riviera Club (4). Further dates are being set.

What's on TV, Dan?

THE TV Personalities (right) preview their debut album — due out in November — with a double A-sided single singing the praises of Syd Barrett.

The singles, titled 'I Know Where Syd Barrett Lives'/'Arthur The Gardner', will be available through Rough Trade.

The band, meanwhile, are on the verge of recording their first album, a 20-track project featuring cover versions of The Who's 'Glow Girl' and 'Mary Anne With The Shaky Hand' and The Creation's 'Painter Man' and 'Biff Bang Pow.'

The Personalities, still fronted by Dan — AKA Nicholas — Parsons, have just returned from a series of gigs in West Berlin and may even be considering dates in America by the time the LP is released. Pic: George Bedner.

Leeds band Music For Pleasure — who were featured on Rockburgh's 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation — release their debut single on the new Rage label this week. 'The Human Factor', the track included on 'Hicks', is backed with 'Madness At The Mission'. Pic: David Corio.

GARAGELAND

Independent Record News by ADRIAN THRILLS

ANOTHER regional compilation album — this time from Peterborough's **Plectrum Records** — is also released this week. Featuring 13 bands from as far afield as Brighton and Wakefield, 'No Cause For Alarm,' is the first in a set of compilation albums from Plectrum and their sister company Zoometronome in Cambridge.

■ Belfast's **Victim** and Welsh band **The Modernaires** both have singles out on the **Illuminated** label, 'The Teen Age' and 'Life In Our Times' respectively. They are available from Illusive at 120 Kings Road, Fleet, Hants.

■ Manchester's **Defensive Records** — who have nothing to do with City's propensity to concede goals — release a 12-inch compilation 'single' on September 23 featuring four local bands, **Mud Huttera, Vision On, Fire** and **Dislocation Dance**. Retailing at 75p, the single includes a total of 11 tracks and is available through Rough Trade and the other usual outlets.

■ In a similar vein, **Fuck Off Records** release their 'Streetlevel' EP this week. Retailing at just 70p, it contains tracks by **Blue Midnight, The Entire Cosmos, Vince Pie And The Crumbs** and **The Voltones** and is being promoted with a series of free Saturday afternoon gigs in London's Acklam Hall.

■ **Dangerous Girls**, a Birmingham group featured on the two Brum compilations currently available, 'Clinically Dead' and 'Bouncing In The Red' have their second single release this week. Titled 'Men In The Glass House', it is available through a new London based independent, **Human Records**. Also available:

■ **The Demons**: 'Action By Example' (£1 from **Crypt Music**, 11 Pleshey Road, London N7).

■ **The Mysterious Footsteps**: 'Like They Do In The Movies' (90p from **Kirk Enterprises**, 5 Kenmore Road, Wibsey, Bradford 5).

■ **The Shapes**: 'Blast Off' (**Good Vibrations International**).

■ **1-2-3**: 'Cocks And Lions' (£1 from Al Hilton, 15 Graeme Road, Enfield, London).

■ **The Accused**: 'Mell Square Music' EP (70p from 71 St Bernards Road, Olton, Solihill, West Midlands).

■ **The MP's**: 'Toytown Living' (**Acid Noise**, 41 Wellbank Road, Washington, Tyne And Wear).

■ **Captain Nog**: 'The Island Sea' (**Governor Records**, 111 Egerton Road, Fallowfield, Manchester 14).

■ **Cathy La Creme**: 'I Married A Cult Figure From Salford' — a tribute to John Cooper Clarke (**Ovation Records**, 169 High Road, Willesden, London NW10).

■ **The Games**: 'Childsplay' (**Games Records**, 'Marrion', Barnston Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Merseyside).

■ **Robert John**: 'The Aliens Stalk The Wretched Planet' (50p from Brian Cooper 73 Norman Crescent, Pinner, Middlesex).

■ **The Negatives**: 'Bringing Fiction Back To Music', the re-issue of the seminal doubtful Manchester band's EP in brand new imaginary sleeve to be followed by the next single 'Nostalgia Is Sound', due in December from 50 Newton Street, Manchester.

SNOTTY SNAIL RECORDS, the Burnley set-up behind such notables as The Notsensibles and Tiger Tails, are moving into the independent cassette field with the release of **Chimp Eats Banana's** first tape.

Out on October 3 in a limited edition retailing at £1, the tape is to be called 'The Cardboard Box' and fittingly comes packaged in a cardboard show box. Also around:

■ **The Bloodclaats**: A blank cassette plus SAE to The Bloodclaats at 86 Papist Way, Cholsey, Wallingford, Oxfordshire.

■ **Neffi Sandwich**: Rum 1, a C30 cassette available for £1.50 from 29 Tamworth Street, Earlstown, Merseyside.

■ **The Door And The Window**: 'Music And Movement', a C60 is available for £1.50 from **NB Records**, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8.

■ **Herman's Effey**: 'Social', a cassette single, available for £1 plus SEA from 11 Cyprus Ave., Lytham St Annes, Lancashire.

■ **Genetic Mistake**: 'Looking Forward To A Genetic Future', a 17-track cassette LP available for £1 from **Strychnine**, Kenmar High Street, Swineshead, Boston, Lincs.

■ **The Pits**: 'Up Your Ass', a C60 cassette containing live tracks, studio recordings and an interview, available for £1.50 from **Hurt Records**, The Post Office, Hassall Green, Sandbach, Cheshire.

■ **The Druids Of Distinction**: 'Parasites Of Heaven', a C60 available from **Clockwork Addiction**, 42 Antrim House, Bow, London E3 for £1.

■ **Strange Sounds**: Not a cassette but a fanzine specifically devoted to reviews of the better of the new independent tapes, available for 30p plus 10p postage from Gordon Hope, 24 Cowper Mount, Harehills, Leeds.

LINCOLN THOMPSON AND THE RASSES

ON TOUR

3RD OCT.	VENUE.
6TH OCT.	EDINBURGH, TIFFANY'S.
10TH OCT.	BIRMINGHAM TOP RANK.
11TH OCT.	SHEFFIELD CITY HALL (SUPPORTING JOE JACKSON).
14TH OCT.	DINGWALLS.
15TH OCT.	MANCHESTER APOLLO (SUPPORTING JOE JACKSON).
16TH OCT.	WARWICK UNIVERSITY, COVENTRY.
17TH OCT.	OXFORD POLYTECHNIC.
20TH OCT.	N. LONDON POLYTECHNIC.
25TH OCT.	INTERNATIONAL CLUB, HUDDERSFIELD.
28TH/29TH OCT.	HAMMERSMITH PALAIS (SUPPORTING JOE JACKSON).
1ST NOV.	MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.
3RD/4TH NOV.	MARQUEE.

THE BAND

PRINCE LINCOLN THOMPSON – VOCALS/GUITARS
PABLO BLACK – KEYBOARDS/VOCALS
ANSELL COLLINS – KEYBOARDS
BAGGA WALKER – BASS/VOCALS
MICKEY BOO – DRUMS/PERCUSSION
STEFAN – LEAD GUITAR/VOCALS

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TRAVEL

Jim Kerr: a grudge against reality

ONCE YOU get onto the European mainland, it's hard not to be infected by the virulent strain of fatalism sweeping the continent. En route to Charles De Gaulle Airport on the first stage of a journey back to the deceptive security of this island home, I'm injected with a final dose by a brazenly cheerful, walrus-moustached taxi driver.

The Russians are still far away, but Communists hold suburbs in the foothills of Paris, he moans. He sees conspiracies on every street corner, resentment in the face of youth reticent to defend the tricoleur. They're probably in on it, too! This isn't speculation, his grey whiskers quiver, this is fact. Or so his paranoia will have it . . .

Simple Minds have been infected by the disease, but their singer Jim Kerr sensibly refers to it as an education. And while he's learning, he's not taking any sides. We're careering across Belgium and France in the back of a minibus, through lush farmland too uniform to hold our attention, so conversation turns to the uglier aspects of modern living.

At the moment Jim's recalling an eventful ride through East German customs after SM's Berlin Gig.

"We were going through customs, playing a tape of the soundtrack from *Apocalypse Now*, and just as 'The End' started, a whole convoy of American tanks rolled past on their way to Berlin." Quite a coincidence of song and real life. "Now how can you ignore things like that? I mean people might say we're pretentious for using words like, er, guns, in our songs, but it would be more pretentious to ignore what's going on around us."

He lapses into silence. We pick up the trail the following afternoon in a Parisian hotel room.

"It's so easy in Britain when you don't see a soldier or a gun, just to say (adopting a derisive tone) 'Oh what is all this?' But when you're here — and we've been in Europe four times this year, we've been here more than anywhere else — how can you not be affected by it?"

He extends his line of thought into his songs and those of his peers.

"The whole thing with this new European stuff, I mean singing songs about Europe can be so crass unless you do it right. I remember a band in '77 called The Automatics, who did a song called 'When The Tanks are Rolling Over Poland'. I mean, whoo," he sighs resignedly. "What's that all about?"

During a brief pause, the strains of Simple Minds' 'I Travel' echo in my mind. The first track of this year's most subversive dance album 'Empires And Dance', it's a marching song for these desperate times. Above it all, Kerr's grandly exaggerated vocal taps tragic depths, when he sings:

"Europe has a language problem/Talk, talk, talk, talking on/In Central Europe men are marching/Marching on and marching on/Love songs playing in restaurants . . ."

Kerr comments: "I think if we can do a song that's appealing, but with an edge so that it doesn't get too comfortable, people might listen to what's being said. And the language problem in the song is politics — the last line goes: *"Babble on"*.

Scheduled for single release, the message should hit home. The chorus has already formed a loop running through my mind:

"Travel round I travel round/Decadence and pleasure towns/Tragedies, luxuries, statues, parks and galleries."

Travel has obviously broadened Simple Minds.

SIMPLE MINDS broadened mine and now I'm travelling to Paris and Brussels to find out how they did it. Up until their Hammersmith Palais gig a few weeks back, I'd always damned them with very faint praise, saying basically that they covered well in the absence of gods out-of-town like Bowie and Roxy.

Their first album 'Life In A Day' was a bulging holdall of influences regurgitated practically unchewed; cosy images of alienation and other modish themes nestled alongside jarring noises always a touch too familiar and comfortable to really cut it.

They revealed a more electronic bent on the second 'Real To Real Cacophany', but things like the title track scanning almost identically Kraftwerk's 'Radioactivity' didn't improve their critical status any. Coming in the wake of Numan, it was mostly dismissed as just another hopeful cash-in, but Simple Minds' rhythms have always packed too solid a punch for them to be bracketed under light-frame electronic pop, no matter how ethereal the topping. And though they're not doing anything that radically different now, they're certainly doing it a lot better.

Somehow they've made the great leap from being raw young impressionables unsure what to make of their vast input of information and influences, into a confident, adventurous band suddenly aware of their potential.

The resulting album 'Empires And Dance', is distinctly Simple Minds. They know it and are justifiably proud of it. It is everything Bowie's 'Lodger' could have been if he were younger and more open to life going on around him. Like 'Lodger', 'Empires And Dance' rapidly switches locations, but sensibly stays in Europe, whose problems are also ours. And unlike Bowie, Simple Minds are inexperienced enough to involve themselves with what they feel around them, using their songs as a field of operations for coming to terms with their own "confusion" — a word that crops up a lot in Kerr's conversation.

The album consists of gloriously depicted, desolate cityscapes, but however gloomy the music gets, a strong sense of discomfort prevents the listener cocooning himself in self-pitying melancholy. Simple Minds' struggle is not easily admired from a distance, but it has to be *felt*. That is the crucial thing.

SIMPLE MINDS' present visit to Europe comes courtesy of Peter Gabriel, who liked them enough to invite them along free of the massive fees usually associated with the support spots on prestigious tours. Not only that, he makes sure they get enough time for a good soundcheck, too.

This sort of behaviour ought to be common decency, but it's rare in the cut-throat world of rock and roll.

Personally, I never thought I'd be grateful to Gabriel for anything, but the sound in Brussels is great — you can even hear the words. Simple Minds open with 'Capital City', a pulsing suspense story, then, 'Thirty Frames A Second' is even better, an autobiographical slice of Kerr's life viewed in flashback: *"I lost my job/Security/Self-confidence/Bank account/Identity"*. The effect is overwhelming as the memory slips back another notch to the point where protagonist attempts to break free from the chains of his past — his family, religion, childhood.

"Go back to father/'Father where's my food?'/'Your food is on the table'/'But that can't be food/It is dirt'."

"It used to be a lot heavier than that when I first wrote it," Kerr tells me now. "It was about a man, who becomes a father, but he no longer recognises his children, because they don't take up his mistakes, so they turn around and say 'I'm sorry Dad, I don't recognise *you* anymore.' They reject his food an' everything. But it turns out to be the song of a man looking back, trying to grasp what purpose there is in existing, what is required, what you are meant to do. You too often get to the state of looking back, saying 'I should have done this and I should have done that . . .' "

He pauses before starting up again angrily. "Sometimes it pisses me off, sometimes I wish I went the full way with songs. I always feel that I've left out the best and put in just the beginning.

"Well, that's the trappings of being 'contemporary', I think. Maybe if I get 'contemporary' enough to get in a safe position with finance, I'll be able to go out of control, to do just what the hell I want."

Throughout this conversation Kerr confuses the word "contemporary" with commercial.

I ask him what stops him taking the songs as far as they'll go.

"It frightens me, because at the last minute I always think I don't know enough. . . each day you get the kick when you think you see differently now, and one day you stop and think, yes, finally, this is the answer. But when does it stop being ambiguous? And when does it really start to get in there, to be direct?

"My songs are just an attempt to educate myself, to get to grips with what's going on outside — start reading, start listening. . ."

Though we're in Paris, thoughts return to Glasgow. Family ties appear to be stronger north of the border, the processes of channelling that much harder to break away from. Kerr talks with slight discomfort at first about his past, but quickly opens to the subject.

"Sometimes I like to talk about it, and other times I don't. That whole Jimmy Boyle side of its gets glorified too much. Once a journalist asked me where I came from, and I said Gorbals, and the first lines of his article sort of

CHRIS BOHN◂TRAVEL GUIDE

BROADENS SIMPLE MINDS

said 'Gorbal Boy. . .' and things like that. It really came across the opposite of what I wanted to do. All that Alex Harvey street fighting man. . . There is beginning to be awareness in Glasgow, but there's still ignorance."

The life-dulling cycle of school-job-unemployment can't help increase it — especially in a town so culturally arid as Glasgow.

Exactly, that's what it is. People get caught up in drink. There's not much to do, their jobs are boring, so at the weekend all they're concerned with is getting out and forgetting it. They meet a girl, want a car, then they're too busy working to pay for all these things. Before they know it, they're married — and once you're married, you're just the same as your father.

"I think there's an awareness there now — a lot of good new bands coming up. There always has been — we're by no means unusual. We weren't gifted with this awareness, a lot of people had it at school, but it just comes to the point where they think, 'ah well, what's the use?'

"When you go home people come up to you and say that you can't be doing all that good, because you haven't been on *Top Of The Pops* yet. Well, I'm stumped by that response! I'm travelling, it's really great, I'm having a good time. But I find myself getting a bit sad *(not to mention patronising — Ed.)* because I think other people should get the chance to see the world. I mean, I don't think of myself as having more talent than anyone else. If anything, I've had more cheek, or perhaps arrogance, and that's what got me these places."

IF '30 Frames A Second' exorcised Kerr's private past, Simple Minds are still stuck with their public one. Especially here in Europe where 'contemporary' pressures dictate that they devote the remaining three fifths of their 35 minute set to older, less substantial numbers. 'Premonition', 'Factory' and 'Pleasantly Disturbed' are all sweet enough to consolidate their considerable following on the continent, but they lack the power of anything on 'Empires And Dance'.

Sometimes, SM's willingness to conform to commercial needs works against them, but then without an ear for strong, disco beats and persuasive tunes, 'Empires And Dance' wouldn't have been half so potent.

"It was great the last time we were in Europe," recalls Kerr. "In the nightclubs, 'Premonition' was played alongside Ohio Players, Donna Summer and The Talking Heads. It was really appealing for us to hear DJs liked it as much as Donna Summer; 'Premonition' has far more direct substance.

"That was why it was important to have a really good drum and bass sound, which you couldn't get by doing an album for £200 and releasing it on your own small label. That's taking a 'contemporary' route and hopefully putting a kick into it. There's an awareness in the song that you'll not normally get at this 'contemporary' level."

Guitarist Charlie Burchill chips in: " 'Premonition' is dance music, but it's also discomforting — people listen to it and that discomfort spreads."

But doesn't it get to the point where one cushions the discomfort to satisfy commercial needs?

Kerr replies: "Well, if you want as much control as possible you need money. If you've got it, you're no longer in the company's debt. Even if you don't hate them, there's this mental barrier which says if you don't please them they'll treat you tit for tat and say you'll not get this or that. It is a struggle, because we do want to remain 'contemporary' and use the channels already provided. And because it's 'contemporary' we do make concessions. We are ambitious. Our music might appear transparent, but if you've got an open mind it says a lot."

True now, but cynics might say that Simple Minds' career suffered due to early guidance by similar principles. Maybe a bit of background will expand Kerr's own interpretation of their past. Formed around a nucleus of himself, Burchill and drummer Brian McGee, who all attended the same Glaswegian Catholic school, early incarnations of the band used to play the music they enjoyed listening to at home: The Doctors Of Madness, Velvet Underground, even Genesis — " 'Foxtrot' was the first album I bought," admits Kerr.

Later joined by bassist Derek Forbes, who'd been playing in dance band in Spain and solo twelve string in pubs and clubs, and keyboards player Michael MacNeil, their sole motivation was fun when they came to record the demos that led to their Arista contract and first album 'Life In A Day'. "We were a very marketable proposition," recalls Kerr candidly. "There was no real venom or fight. At the time there was no real competition in Scotland. Life was nice and safe, no real heart."

They blithely went in to record their first album, possessing all the right noises but no positive direction, content and pleased with themselves for getting this far. The reviews quickly bracketed them with the likes of Ultravox and Magazine, and being Simple Minds ('78 version) they were quite happy about that too, flattered even.

Mike MacNeil: modern cliches against reality

Brian McGee: drums against reality.

Derek Forbes: kung fu against reality.

But disillusionment set in shortly after its release.

"We didn't see much of ourselves in it," remarks Kerr. "It was hard to see what went wrong. After a few months it was a matter of taking the whole thing and smashing it up."

Instead of carefully dismantling their career and reconstructing it, they persuaded Arista to let them back into the studio before they'd completed any new songs. It shows in the subsequent 'Real To Real Cacophany', which was recorded so fast they didn't have time to sift out the influences properly. Much of it sounds like straight theft.

"Yes," laughs Kerr. "It seemed to me as though there was an act distinguishing good thieves and bad thieves — a good bank job and not so successful. But it became more us.

"Listening to the first album now," he continues "I can see that we didn't really have the ability to pinpoint then what we were getting out of these bands, to break it down to the appealing elements in their music, to which we would add our own."

Their music struck him as so empty, their lack of motivation frightening.

"We were in the studio recording 'Real To Real', when news of things like Pol Pot were filtering through to us and I was thinking at first, what is the point of sitting here and pretending that nothing's happening outside? And the confusion carried through to the recording level. We began to grasp what was going on. We still admit that we hadn't kicked out every single influence, but at least 'RtoRC' proved we were aware of the fact, that the battle was definitely going on."

How did he respond to all the negative reviews that greeted it, which suggested that Simple Minds would hop any worthwhile bandwagon passing by?

"It was a little unfair to suggest we were coming behind these other (electronic) bands, because at the time Numan was just on his way up and we could've jumped in and said: 'Yes this is us'. We could have made 'RtoRC' a lot more direct. Look, with the electronic thing you can switch the synthesizer on and get really appealing tunes, to which you could sing typical science fiction lyrics and things like that. The record company would have loved it if we chose something so direct. . ."

"The reviews seemed to disregard the fact how easy it is to manipulate the public," interrupts Burchill. "We could have all worn the same futuristic clothes, splashed wires and capacitors across the album cover and all that . ."

"But we were trying to suggest that we'd sussed something out, that there was something going on outside us getting a debut album into the charts at 28. The whole thing with us has been an education. Every day we just open our eyes and minds, opening up more and more, slowly forming a backbone of our own," concludes Kerr.

SIMPLE MINDS' stunning contrast of naivety and suss works. Still in awe of their heroes — "Big" Kid Strange, Lou Reed, Peter Gabriel — they're inspired by them now, as opposed to being shackled to them.

In Brussels, part-time SM sax player and full-time Endgame Paul Wishart and chatty Derek urge me to catch Gabriel's show. I've seen it before, I say, and can't share their enthusiasm. However, temporarily caught up by it, I try again. I find myself standing next to Kerr, who notices my growing discomfort.

Gabriel's well chosen images sanitise the dirt and pain of his real-life subjects, whereas the youthful probing of his chosen supports hit all the sensitive spots. Compare his 'Biko' to their more oblique, brilliant 'This Fear Of Gods' and check which one reaches the heart of the matter.

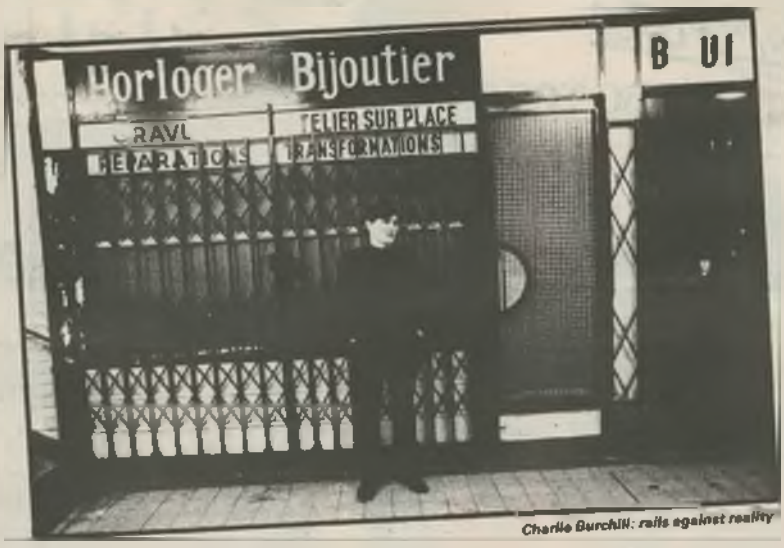
It's not all Gabriel's fault. This Belgian audience, like the London one I saw in Spring and the Parisian fans of a few days later, gives him far too easy a time. Their indiscriminate, enthusiastic applause gets embarrassing. I rant my disapproval in Kerr's ear. He partly concurs, but adds later: "When I see Gabriel now I can't see it from the outside. There's still this little boy in me that remains from the time I saw Genesis when I was 13, and I'm still in awe of him. He still has integrity *(I agree)*. Take, for instance, something like Throbbing Gristle. They give the impression that they'd rather take pictures of a man getting beat up in the street than help him. 'Biko' might drown in its art, but it still draws attention to its subject."

Did he want the sort of uncritical adulation Gabriel's audience heaped on their hero?

"That's difficult. At times onstage you feel like a mad dog barking. You don't know whether you're here to entertain them, to provoke or make contact with them. There's a lot of confusion going on. We do have arguments within the band about things like encores — whether this or that one would have made a better encore. But I'm not interested in that — that's pure show business talk.

"I mean, what's the point? You've got the audience right up there already, you must have impressed them enough, and then you come back onstage on your knees?"

These days, Simple Minds are confident enough to stand on their own 12 feet. Their own feats provide all the support they need.



Charlie Burchill: rails against reality

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BONZO'S LAST BASH

Is it the end for Zeppelin too?

EARLY LAST Thursday afternoon Led Zeppelin bassist John Paul Jones went up to one of the guest bedrooms in Jimmy Page's £900,000 Windsor house, where he found the dead body of the group's drummer John Bonham. Bonham was at first thought to have choked to death on his own vomit but this theory was not borne out by the post-mortem.

All four members of Led Zeppelin were gathered at Page's house, where the group were running through preliminary rehearsals prior to a US tour scheduled to open on October 16. This tour has now, of course, been cancelled and the band's whole future is the cause of much speculation.

On Monday, a radio news bulletin did announce that the band had decided to split, but this has not been confirmed.

Bonham's death has already fuelled the myth of Led Zeppelin's strange misfortunes with the Fleet Street dailies feverishly latching onto the story.

In Friday's London *Evening News*, John Blake dispensed with the customary press pussyfooting in such matters. *'Zeppelin Black Magic Mystery'* ran the headline, as Blake hammered home the often hinted rumours regarding singer Robert Plant's feelings about the chain of tragedies that mark out the group's history.

"Singer Robert Plant," he wrote, *"fears that the star's (Bonham's) death is retribution for guitarist Jimmy Page's obsession with the occult."*

In 1975, both Plant and his wife were badly injured in a car crash on the Greek island of Rhodes. When, in 1977, the singer became fit enough for live stage work, the first dates of the American tour on which the band were about to embark were cancelled as the singer succumbed to an unspecified throat illness, and when the tour eventually took off it was marked out by two major incidents. In San Francisco after allegedly dispensing some unspecified heavy treatment to the son of Zeppelin manager Peter Grant, an employee of promoter Bill Graham was allegedly badly beaten by the formidable foursome of Grant, Bonham, tour manager Richard Cole and "actor" John Bindon. Although Bonham himself escaped prosecution, Cole and Bindon received fines.

It was the second incident that caused the cancellation of the tour — Robert Plant's five year-old son Karac succumbed to a mystery virus and died. Heartbroken, the singer returned home.

Those were the days

It was after this that rumour gathered force that Plant personally blamed his tragedies on Page's obsession with occultist Aleister Crowley. Page had opened a London bookshop named Equinox dedicated to Crowley, the self-styled (albeit tongue-in-cheek) "World's Most Evil Man" as well as purchasing his former Loch Ness residence.

Indeed, it was a surprise for some that Plant was still with the group when 'In Through The Out Door' was released last year.

By those who know him and have some understanding of the occult, however, Jimmy Page is hardly seen as a Grand Master of matters magical. It was vocalist Terry Reid who, only last year, confided to one *NME* reporter that he turned down first options at being the singer for the band due to fear of Page's black magic interests. Reid had known the late Graham Bond, himself an illegitimate son of Crowley and something of an adept. Reid viewed the guitarist's obsessive inclinations to be those of "a dabbler . . . the most dangerous kind of occultist aficionado" because he said he had no idea of the exact nature of the powers that could be manifested.

Black arts or no, guitarist Page and manager Peter Grant's strategy in immediately transforming the virtual wreck of The Yardbirds into arguably the biggest selling rock band of the '70s was certainly sensational.

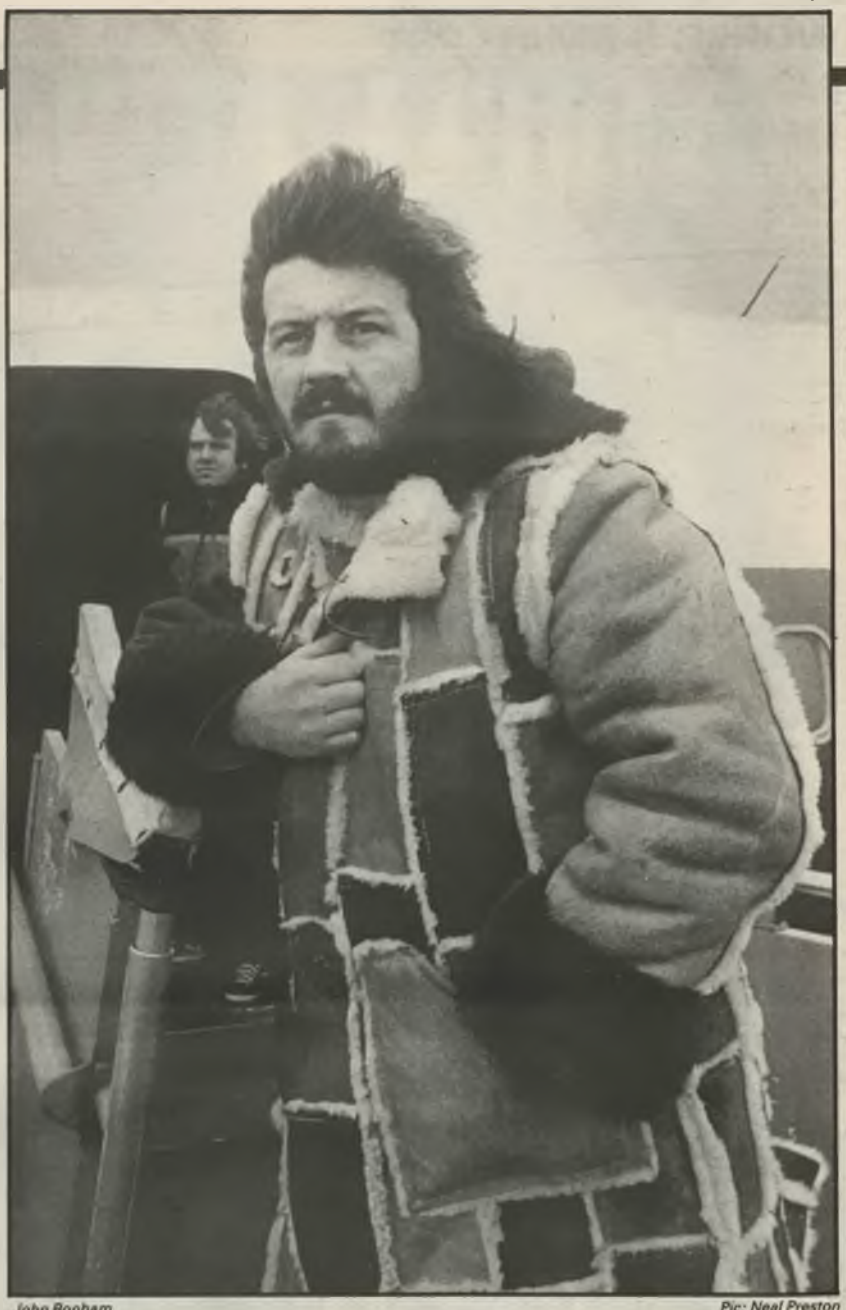
When Cream declared their intention to break up after a six month farewell tour, Page and Grant wasted no time in formulating the masterplan for a self-propelled successor to the former group's throne. Both Terry Reid and prospective drummer B J Wilson, of Procol Harum — Page's first choices — declined the offer but the former pointed Page in the direction of Robert Plant, at that time ensconced in the studio with Alexis Korner and Steve Miller. Plant's local Midlands band, the West Coast-inspired Band of Joy, had boasted the percussive wallop of one John Henry Bonham, born May 31st, 1939, in Redditch, Worcestershire.

At age fifteen Bonham had commenced playing drums with local band Terry And The Spiders, soon to be followed by The Way Of Life. The Band Of Joy's halcyon days were centred around 1967, after which Bonham had toured with Tim Rose and, legend has it, had turned down gigs backing both Joe Cocker and Chris Farlowe.

A lucrative Zeppelin deal with Atlantic produced an album recorded in three days — its immediate impact sparked by Grant and Page's ploy of personally traipsing relentlessly from radio station to radio station across the 52 states of America. Further, a shrewd choice of headline bands whom, as support band, Led Zeppelin could safely blow offstage ensured their success.

That success was certainly enormous and enabled the group to break all existing attendance records, whilst their three hour-plus exercises in puerile manipulative cock rock blended in with Gothic Heavy Metal created the concept of rock as Spectacle and made them the most popular live band in the world.

As the drummer of this musical behemoth, Bonham's contribution should not be underestimated. Though never as innovative and important a rock drummer as Keith Moon, Bonham's monomaniacally sturdy playing made him arguably the finest Heavy Metal drummer



John Bonham — *Pic: Neal Preston*

there has ever been. "If it moves I hit it, if it doesn't move I still hit it," was his motto.

It was during the American tours of 1973 and '75 that Bonham quite deliberately appeared to go out of his way to foster a Wild Man Of Rock image, smashing cars, wrecking hotel rooms, and generally behaving in a manner that few can describe in remotely affectionate terms. Those who witnessed these displays remember Bonham as possessing a capacity for quite malicious debauchery which would often terminate with him bursting into tears.

He seemed out of his depth and his gungho attitude towards intoxicants could only be paralleled with that of a bull in a china shop.

A supposed friend of Bonham's was in fact quoted immediately after the death report as saying that the drummer was viewing the prospect of touring America with great apprehension.

And so it goes. As we go to press, no official word has come from the Led Zeppelin SwanSong offices and any attempts to communicate with the company have proved fruitless. Thus speculation reigns supreme, though "close friends" make it appear that Robert Plant has declared a final desire to junk Led Zeppelin and this supposed jinx that has been shadowing them. It is known that he has been stockpiling songs of his own. Page has been keeping his usual low profile, though last year he did collaborate with Roy Harper on an extended piece of music that has yet to be released. John Paul Jones' extra-curricular activities would appear as ill-focused as ever.

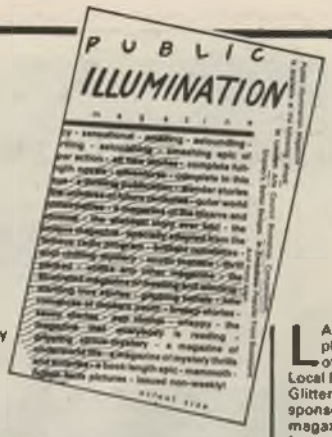
As regards the John Bonham legacy, Jimmy Page informed *NME's* Nick Kent of a "lavish total percussion track", dreamed up and executed by Bonham, which Page produced in Switzerland in 1975. Intended then to appear on a forthcoming Led Zeppelin album, it has yet to see the light of day. Also in existence is a Bonzo all percussion version of the '1812 Overture'. *(You sure about this one? — Ed.)*

The question still remains though: Why do people associated with Led Zeppelin seem to die.

WORLD'S SMALLEST FANZINE COMES OUT OF CLOSET

SOME Public Illumination is certainly needed about the magazine of that name which — after it missed out the *Thrills'* Vacation Reading Special — we were so keen to get in it made an uncredited debut in our pages a few weeks back. Due to an error at the print works which dispensed with the relevant copy, hundreds of hungry readers were left without the vital info pertaining to *Public Illumination's* Cosmetic Mutilation Issue (and its Modes for Mutants). Neither were they made aware that each and every issue of *P.I.* is a Concept Artefact, all appealing to the literate modiste of today (provided he or she has strong eyesight as *P.I.* measures a mere 4¼" × 2¾"). *P.I.* is now available in London at the Arts Council Bookshop, Compendium, Shipley's and Better Badges; in Zimbabwe at the Popular Front Bookstore — or by mail order from 257 Lafayette St, New York, New York 10012 ("The city so nice they named it twice").

BEVERLY HILLS



Lowry

"I'm arresting you for persistently posing as a spokesman for your generation, Rockin' Ted, alias Mersey Mervin, alias Protest Pete, alias Peace and Love Ron, alias Laid Back Len, alias Mutilated Bill Horrible, alias No Future Norm."

OUT OF TUNE WITH LONDON

Capital Radio strike a stalemate

LAST FRIDAY when *Thrills* phoned the Capital Radio press office everyone was "at the Local Radio Awards" — those Glittering Prizes of the airwaves sponsored by *Radio Month* magazine. Of three Capital nominees for various awards, two won: Jane Walmsley for Best Current Affairs Documentary and Maggie Norden for Best Educational Programme.

Both women are on strike.

Coincidentally, a non-striking Capital nominee, Tony Cornish (Head of Drama) lost out.

In the face of more David-and-Goliath struggles like the current local journalists' strike, the ACTT strike at Capital may not seem like the 'Grunwick of Broadcasting' participants have nominated it. But there have been some peculiar developments just lately.

First, the strikers agreed to go to independent arbitration, but they then received a letter stipulating that the management were willing to go to arbitration *only* if the union agreed to a set of preconditions with which they "suspected the union would not agree".

They were right. The preconditions were (1) that whatever the independent arbitrators decided, no more money above the amount originally offered by the management would be forthcoming, and (2) that 'arbitration' would therefore be confined to deciding how the offer would be divided up. Or, as Capital's press officer Jan Reid told *Thrills*: "We might divide the cake differently, but there is to be no more cake."

Both sides approached ACAS (the Advisory, Conciliation and Arbitration Services) to negotiate, and when that august body found 'conciliation' impossible, they offered to mediate — appoint an adviser whose advice would not be legally binding.

Meanwhile, management nerves are frayed by the thought that Equity might call out its members in support of the strikers. Striking personnel contend DJs say they have been told that if they support the strike Capital will have them replaced "within five minutes". (Allegedly the replacements would hail from hospital radio). Capital simply say that "We'll continue to broadcast and we'll find people to do it."

Equity has already forbidden its members to do the job of anybody strike-breaking inside the station, which means that the controls have been manned by management since the beginning of the strike. DJs can do little more than spin the actual discs; they can't even fade in the news or play commercials.

Personalities who have crossed the picket line in support of management include Jonathan King (who arrived for his stint in a Rolls Royce), and Lord George Brown, a Member of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

Local Radio Award winner Jane Walmsley, the official press spokesperson for the ACTT strikers, commented to *Thrills*: "The management are behaving as despicably as most of the people I've investigated this year."

ART DONOVAN

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Police - Zenyatta Mondatta

Specials - More Specials

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RICO ROCKS TOUT SOUL

Big day for JA precludes Specials occasion

Rico blows his own trimbone. Pic: Paul Slattery

IF YOU went along last Saturday night to The Specials show at Bracknell Sports Centre, you will have noticed the absence of trombonist Rico Rodriguez.

Rico, who is about to have his version of the classic 'Sea Cruise' released on 2-Tone, wasn't ill or anything. He just had a more important date.

September 27, y'see, is the anniversary of the day when the British colonialists granted independence to his native Jamaica. And the concert Rico was to play was the Jamaican Independence Day Celebrations.

"Really," purred Rico softly as he sat in the dressing-room on Saturday prior to the soundcheck, "this date was booked long before I heard of the The Specials tour. Really, it's more my kind of music than what The Specials do."

With Rico backstage was his trumpet-player for the evening. Tan-Tan, like the trombonist, was a vet of the Jamaican musical scene. "My best brethren," announced Rico. Together with the late Don Drummond they were pupils in Kingston at the famous Alpha School.

In England T-T and Rico played together as part of Georgie Fame's Blue Flames, with whom they were part of the very first band on the opening programme of *TOTP*. Tan-Tan also has a redoubtable string of session credits to his name, including The Beatles' 'Got To Get You Into My Life'. Predictably he announces: "People see that I work with all these names and think I must be rich. But I never see anything from it."

Nowadays Tan-Tan is part of Boney M's live backing group. With his own finance he has just cut a solo album, 'Musical Nostrology'.

Among the other eleven musicians (five percussionists) playing his show were two whom Rico presumably had encountered through his dealings with 2-Tone — keyboards-player Desmond Brown and bassist Charley Anderson, both of ex-Selecter persuasion. With early Specials drummer Silverton, the two are presently getting together a new *hard* reggae group.

"It'll be very different," Charley asserts. "Listen, I didn't *leave* The Selecter. They asked me to leave. I helped Neol Davies form that band, and they asked me to leave. They complained they couldn't understand how I was thinking. But I didn't complain when they made fun of me as a Rastafarian."

The grandly titled Jamaican Independence Day Celebrations turned out to be a small but cosy affair in which Rico and his band were preceded by the lovers rock and soul of the Front Line International sound system, warming up the civically dignified Town Hall. Rather too close to the hour of midnight, when the hall would revert to a strictly Babylonian institution, Rico and his musical fellows hit the stage to perform a melange of New Orleans-style blues and selections from the trombonist's classic 'Man From Wareika' LP.

It was happy music that easily overcame the difficulty of interesting an audience in an all-instrumental sound, even though, in classically kitsch Jamaican showbiz manner, the set was interrupted for the announcing of the raffle winners. Of course, the winner was unable to be found and just to compound the confusion, the m.c. then insisted on borrowing a guitar and playing along with Rico for half of the next number. Roddy Radiation watch out.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

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THIS IS THE MODERN WORLD?!

Less than Virginal behaviour spoils the honeymoon

Branson (left). Pic: Chalkie Davies

AS THE RECESSION obliterates more and more workers, the realisation is beginning to seep through that the average music biz employee is dangerously ill-equipped to defend his or her most basic rights.

Unions are not only rare in most record company offices — they are also extremely unhip. It's therefore unlikely that managements will get back very much other than a shambling, emotional response to whatever stunts they might pull in the name of hard times.

Virgin, like all other employers, have felt the chill breeze of recession. And even though the company's redundancies record is relatively modest, what is far from modest is the contract of employment it enters into with each employee.

Among the conditions laid down is that all staff be prepared to work anywhere in the world for as many hours as deemed for no extra pay than the flat wage. And when that hypothetical employee gets back he may be dismissed summarily "without notice, compensation or redundancy pay" for a host of reasons that add up to a virtual carte blanche for the management.

Brian Nichols of the North Kensington Law Centre (to whom several Virgin employees have gone for advice) describes the document as "the worst contract I've ever seen. Hotel and catering agreements are regarded as notoriously hard on the worker, but I've not come across a contract in that industry that's as bad."

Nichols was first tipped off by the tireless agitating of Zena Becic, former contracts manager in Virgin's legal department.

Becic resigned in May this year, as did Sarah Coussins, a colleague in the same department. The final straw, Zena says, was the "expedient and dishonest" manner in which A&R department secretary named Helen Parfitt was blown out. The action, she says, was symptomatic of a general hardening of Virgin's hip arteries.

The air first began to sour in February after a Virgin Holdings budget meeting at which it was decided to discard two or more people from each section of the main West London offices. Out of loyalty to long-standing employees, only newcomers would go, though it meant such persons would not qualify for compensation.

By last week, nine had been made redundant, seven or eight relocated, and three fired for 'incompetence'.

Becic claims that the incompetence charges against Parfitt were cooked up and such was the feeling among colleagues that 40 of them signed a petition asking that she be at least relocated. Among the signatories was managing director Simon Draper (though when contacted by *Thrills* last week he insisted that Parfitt "couldn't type, was slow, not very bright and consistently late.")

The case went to an industrial tribunal but was dismissed after Parfitt twice failed to turn up. She now regrets not taking a £200 payoff Virgin offered her through North Kensington Law Centre, to drop the case.

The procedure used to discard the secretary came from the company's Disciplinary Rules and Procedures, a subsidiary part of the contract of employment. A superficial scan of the document gives the impression of the usual bloodless legalese. Viewed closely it is more notable for the catch-all ambiguity of key sections.

It suggests, for instance, that erring employees will usually be given three written warnings, one month apart, before the blade falls. On the other hand, if the breach is construed as "gross misconduct" — various samples of which are given although the list is "not exhaustive" — an offender can be fired on the spot.

Among breaches amounting to "gross misconduct" are "being under the influence of alcohol or drugs on or near (our italics) the company's premises."

Other grounds for dismissal include "loss of driving licence and prolonged absence or illness or disability."

In the case of a complaint there is no union to argue the toss. Coussins and Becic were members of the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs, but all their attempts to recruit among the workforce drew a blank. "My feeling," says Becic, "is that they were scared for their jobs. Both Powell and Richard were not in favour and everyone knew it."

In fact Branson, Draper and Powell were each at pains to distance the Disciplinary document, calling it "a legal necessity" . . . "a joke" . . . "never to be used at Virgin" . . . and "status unclear."

It was an emotional Richard Branson who called *NME* from the U.S. especially to pour out his own rebuttal of the Nichols/Becic charges.

"If *NME* continues to chip away at the reputation of Virgin," he opined "the confidence of the staff will suffer, the pride will go and I don't know . . . I might just as well chuck it in."

He invoked the spirit of Virgin; something, he said, Becic would fail to understand "since she was never really part of the Virgin thing, whatever that means. When Warners lay off staff, it's basically to sustain their profits. We were the last company to lay off people and this was done basically to cut losses and turn less to profit.

"In the last ten years only seven people have been sacked and until last year there were no redundancies. The decision involved months of agonising."

Branson's self-image is evidently that of a caring long-haired entrepreneur. Becic herself bought this image, which is why she and others profess themselves startled at the post-recession Virgin reality.

But then perhaps it's escapist to imagine that Virgin (turnover $30 million per annum) are up to anything else but business. As second-largest shareholder Nick Powell puts it: "One's liberalism goes up and down because liberalism costs money. We are trying to preserve the essence of it but the degree is affected by pressures in the outside world."

ANDREW TYLER

Lowry

Not Only Rock and Roll

XTC TIMES SQUARE

STOP PRESS

Strummer arrested

STOP PRESS: According to a report in Tuesday's edition of the London *Evening News*, Joe Strummer of The Clash was arrested at Kings Cross station on Monday night by officers of the Special Patrol Group. Certain substances which were allegedly found in his possession were kept for analysis. Strummer has been given bail.

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The Hot Press

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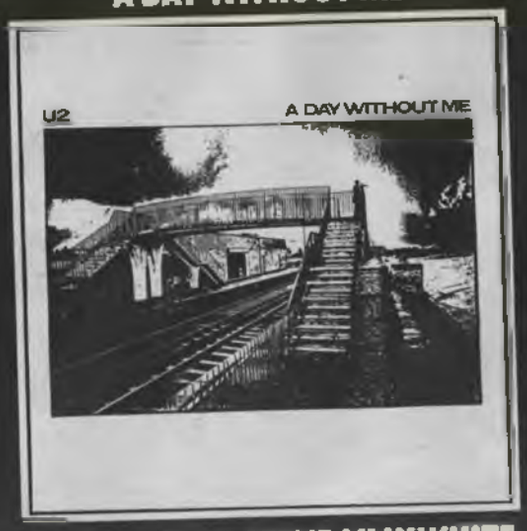

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ISLAND

Photos Kate Simon. Michael and Puma.

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN

Intimidated by the violence of his native Jamaica with teenage gunmen high on cocktails of cocaine and ganja, Michael Rose has moved Black Uhuru to New York. A revolutionist himself, Michael says, Rudy a go wail again. Vivien Goldman reports.

BROOKLYN IS DEFINITELY a dread neighbourhood. A neighbourhood of brownstone buildings and trees, Selassie's Herbal Groceries store and the Cool Runnings Candy Store.

Outside, everyone in the area's getting primed up for the Brooklyn Carnival, the annual equivalent of our Notting Hill bash. There's a sound system in the street playing Dennis Brown and The Tamlins and people are milling about in their jogging gear, with their names stencilled down one leg.

Of course, as this is a dread neighbourhood, there's a preponderance of African dawtas in turbans and gowns, brothers in big, big crowns (hats), and a smattering of Muslims all dressed in white with little Arab skull-caps.

It's Saturday night. Over on the mainland, Chrissie Hynde is belting it out in the last ever concert to be held in Central Park; here in Brooklyn, the vocal quality's different, and as high.

The square room is dominated by the sound system neatly laid-out on a high-tech metal shelving. A small mixer, and a microphone. Perched on the window-sill, hollering through the mike into the party time streets, is a 23-year-old Jamaican called Tony Rose.

We know him as Michael, his friends call him Tony. He sings; he's always sung. When he was a youth, he regularly won talent competitions. That's why he ignored his family when they told him to stick with his schooling, and forget about the singing business. He had faith.

This Saturday night, there's a dream duet going on. Prince Lincoln Thompson's on the stereo in the apartment, and Michael Rose has swung one leg over the window-sill, propped up against the frame, and he's singing along with the other classic Jamaican contemporary voice, Sax Thompson. On vinyl, Sax is singing: *"It's just a little bit of conscience, and a little bit of faith. True experience will always be great"*. His voice swoops and darts, the bird let out of its cage.

Michael's voice is lower to the ground, one of the big cats loose on the prowl. He's toasting out his message to Brooklyn on this Carnival eve: *". . . say, me no partial, A murder . . . I say, cool off, cool off, your carbines in your yard . . ."*

I recognise the words; they're part of a new song he's just been talking about. Words that explain why Michael Rose is in Brooklyn, not backyard in Jamaica.

The new song says that Michael doesn't want to end up in a coffin. No, no. That's why he stays away from Jamaica, in the Big Apple.

NOT THAT the Big Apple is any bed of roses. The big difference between the Brooklyn scene and the British/Jamaican scene can be summed up in one word. Guns.

Plenty guns over there in Brooklyn. Here, there's talk of more guns than there used to be furtively flashed about on the various Front Lines, but as long as the police are (legally) unarmed, the battles will be fought with sticks and stones and broken bottles, not bullets. In Brooklyn, the sound systems are scared to play out in any part of the city; the system battles take place in out of town places like Connecticut and Massachussetts, where there's less chance of a scuffle turning to a death.

Michael Rose is one man that does not want to get involved. It's a different style if you're fresh out of Kingston, Jamaica nowadays. The sound of gunfire rattles out at night even in the wealthier, more peaceful parts of the city, and the kids with carbines get younger every day — 14, then 13, then . . .

And word spreads to England that the young gunmen are keen on cocaine nowadays. They like the rush they get when the ganja high collides with the coke high, and suddenly the smouldering touch-paper's lit and they're rocketing instead of flying.

Michael Rose says he doesn't know about any of that stuff, when I ask him. What's the percentage in knowing? What good will it do? He's a musician, not a politician.

It's OK for him, just about; the people love his tunes so much that as long as they know it's him, they'll lay off. But there's always the one nutter who left his glasses at home that day. Which is why Michael walks the street, when he does walk the street, in a certain dread fashion, exuding alertness, the step of a fighter in a forest, alert to what may be behind the trees on every side.

I take him to see Talking Heads in the Park one day, with the usual audience of blissed-out hippies and fancy-dress punks. Of course, there's a group of idiots throwing paper aeroplanes drunkenly through the air. Michael shifts in his chair as the first flies past. He looks round as a second whistles past, in that special look he's evolved: the head lowers, eyes narrow to ominous, big cat slanted slits. This looks says clearly: don't even begin to try and mess with me.

Quietly, Michael says, "They're throwing those things at us."

I, fresh from comparatively quiet London, say don't be ridiculous. But it's not long before tension starts to trickle up my spine, too.

WALKING BACK through the park, Michael's more cheerful. He's enjoyed the big band show (Funkadelic's Bernie Worrell synthesizing; salsa percussion players, and Nona Hendryx singing along) and he begins to sing with gusto.

He sings, word for word, with all the pauses and inflections spot on, Linton Kwesi's Johnson's vivid anti-sus song 'Sonny's Lettah'. *"They kick him in the belly and it turn to jelly, they kick him in 'im seed, and it started to bleed . . ."* The song's all about a youth picked up on sus by the police in London, but Michael, who's never visited England, obviously feels every word.

Earlier that day he'd had a phone call from Ducky, his house-mate, who along with Puma the American woman is the other singer in Black Uhuru. Things weren't going well in Michael's home district, Waterhouse.

There's a single in the reggae charts right now by Enos McLeod called 'Tel-A-Viv', about Michael's part of town. Recently it was the site of a massacre. Men came in on boats and set fire to a waterside building, burning who knows how many. And the phone call tells Michael that some PNP (People's National Party, Michael Manley's socialist party) youths had been shot up by JLP (Seaga's Jamaican Labour Party, right-wing) — another messy business including one gunman who'd freaked out and started firing on his own side.

Michael's view: "I can't give you an opinion on what goes on with them. They are men, and man's a failure. I and I don't follow the footsteps

Continues over

From previous page

UHURU

of man and men. I and I is iron. We try to do the positive thing."

When you were young, growing up, did people try and involve you in political parties?

"Of course some youth men come fights you. I and I is not involved, but sometimes you have to fight to defend your life. But before I had to get mixed up and shot by accident, I came to stay in America . . .

"Still, it's crucialler here in America. 'Nuff sadists, a dangerous place. The boys look at me when I walk down the street, but I know I'm wickeder than them. I and I no deal with wicked, because if I and I have to get wicked, I and I *wickeder!*"

MICHAEL WRITES all the songs for Black Uhuru, and occasionally sings a few lines to illustrate a point. Sometimes he'll be particularly struck by a phrase, and pause. *"Rude* tune!" he says enthusiastically, 'rude' being the word that's taken over from 'crucial' in the swift-change Jamaican street argot, meaning the real, heavy-duty stuff and no messing about.

It's easy to call on a Black Uhuru tune in reference to "real life". As Michael says, "Right now, me no like to sing emotional music (i.e. love songs). Pure reality music now. Certain music can uplift the youth. There's pure fuckry in love songs."

He mentions his change of musical stance while giving me a run-down on his musical career to date.

The story starts with the young Michael going to school downtown, hanging about after hours in a yard on Orange Street, Kingston's old Tin Pan Alley, with rising stars like child prodigy Dennis Brown and John Holt the elder. Dennis was a big influence on Michael through all his early singing, with his lush American soul intonation. Michael's earliest tunes, like 'Love Between Us' and 'Freedom', the classic Niney the Observer production 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner' (released over here by Charlie Gillett's Oval label, re-cut on the excellent D-Roy album 'Black Uhuru Showcase'), even his single produced by Scratch the Upsetter (Lee Perry) called 'Observe Life' *("Everything will be swinging, an excellent time for romance . . .")* — these he now regards as part of his sweet lover's 'emotional' period.

"Reggae projects dealing with *now*. I try to sing things that people don't sing about. Not garbage, either."

Based on everyday things. 'Rent Man', for example, a popular Black Uhuru pre-release 45 detailing skirmishes in the property field, was inspired by an encounter between Michael, Ducky and police armed with cutlasses who arrived *chez* Uhuru early one Sunday morning, prompted by their landlord. Who was prompted by the fact that Michael and Ducky had lived there for a year and only paid for six months . . .

"I wish black people in America would come over to reggae," says Michael. "Then reggae would bust internationally. But it's all plastic people listening to disco music. Disco is not something that carries something morally, like 'Rent Man'."

So perhaps the serious music starts with one of the reggae albums that made '77 a good year. 'Love Crisus'. It crept out on Third World, Count Shelley's label, with no promotion, but sheer excellence brought it to critical and public popularity. Michael's voice was already the prowling panther, languorous and dangerous, as he replied to the chanting chorus of Ducky and Errol.

But the album holds bitter-sweet memories for him. He claims he was ripped off by the producer, Prince Jammy. Disillusioned with the Uhuru experience, Errol left the trio and went back to his old singing group, The Jayes, then a hot combo riding on the success of their 'Truly' disco-mix, but little heard of since.

"He lost the faith," Michael remarks. "That way you're not going to reach *nowhere*."

Michael's faith had already persisted through a stint playing the North Coast hotel circuit for a year and a half in a group called Love Unlimited. "Entertaining the tourists," recalls Michael with some scorn. He sang calypso — "Yankee music".

Because Michael claims to smoke the chalice 24 hours a day, he found it difficult working with the "society people". Still, after a couple of shows at the Tit For Tat club with Skin, Flesh and Bones, Michael began to find his level with Black Uhuru.

The trio's popularity, in both incarnations (with Errol and for the last couple of years, with Puma) has been phenomenal. There's a strong consensus that claims all Black Uhuru songs sound like the same one; but even they have to admit that it's a good song.

The string of hit disco-mixes collected on 'Showcase', featuring Sly and Robbie, includes such colourful, characterful tunes as 'General Penitentiary, 'Plastic Smile' and 'Abortion', all of which have ruled the sound systems in different dub cuts all over London.

NOW BLACK UHURU forward with 'Sinsemillia', generally agreed to be a lethal disc. Again, it dominated the sound systems in dub cuts for weeks, extra-popular because of the extravagant Sly and Robbie production. The only flaw is the treatment of the vocals; Puma and Ducky are altogether lost.

Michael feels that Sly and Robbie could have experimented too much, perhaps, on the basic rhythms. Puma takes a more phlegmatic attitude. She remarks cryptically, "People learn from things they do, and people that need to learn, will."

We sit in her Harlem apartment, with her little boy Jahlove menacing the living-room table. Puma is in a unique position. Other American women have recorded in Jamaica — Martha Velez, Dhaima, Faybienne Miranda — but Puma's the only one to have integrated herself into a unit.

Puma comes originally from Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, where the public toilets were segregated and blacks could only sit upstairs in the cinema and at the back of buses. Puma's folks moved to Harlem when she was still quite young, so her recollections of segregation are faint. She landed there in the '60s, when the Black Power movement was all-pervasive, attended special black consciousness-raising summer schools, studied African dance, and became very politically and culturally involved.

After graduating from a social work course, she went to Jamaica. She was happier there than in America; she was involved in a housing project in Mandeville, where tenants built their own homes. But gradually, she became disillusioned as she realised that what had seemed to be ideal socialism in practice was actually as corrupt as American systems; the houses had almost all been given as election vote-winners by the ruling PNP. Worse still, the development was slap in the middle of rival JLP territory, mean zinc shacks huddled on the Mountain View hillside. Resentment at seeing the privileged newcomers was an obvious outcome to Puma, who left the scheme.

"Now they're reaping what they've sown," she says darkly. "There's big wars going on. Everyone in Kingston knows Mandeville's not a place you should stay in."

Soon after arriving in Jamaica, she began dancing with Cedric 'Im' Brookes and his United Africa troup, which led to a stint singing back-up for Ras Michael and his Sons of Negus; she also choreographed the spectacular dance troupe that appeared with him at the One Love peace show.

Simply, after Errol left Black Uhuru, they asked Puma if she'd rehearse with them, and the union was a natural progression.

Puma is a dreadlocks woman. Her old political friends in Harlem told her that Rastafari was 'lumpen'.

"They see us as out of the struggle, into a listless something. But everyone has their particular works to perform. Here in America, we're so stripped of our culture that we don't know where to begin. Working in Jamaica, not being dread formulated a conflict with my work. I'd been very culturally involved in the USA . . . then my life changed in certain ways that take in Rasta, and it just came naturally to dread up. All I had dealt with as a cultural black woman in America I saw in the Rasta culture and livity.

"There is wisdom, knowledge and understanding, and I and I bring that light to this earth. From living in Jamaica, I basically evolved out of political perspective into not a political or a religious one, either, it's just . . . Rastafari. Maybe someone with what they call a political mind wouldn't sight some of the forces, that are very much unseen, on earth.

"You might say that a lot of things in I and I have changed, but I prefer the word evolved. It's better."

BLACK UHURU did a one-off gig at NY's Hunter College a few months ago. The local gunmen wanted to have fun firing guns inside the hall, but Michael succeeded in shifting the action outside.

Together with Ducky (an unknown quantity — he was in Jamaica at the time of the interview, and Puma, the American radical turned Rasta, Black Uhuru appear to net a good deal of personal power between them. The meshing of radical and Rasta perspectives, each refracting and feeding back into the other, gives Black Uhuru much of its strength.

Michael, talking of the gunmen, the ranking boys: "They are the ranks — so let them stay. I no ranks. I revolutionist."

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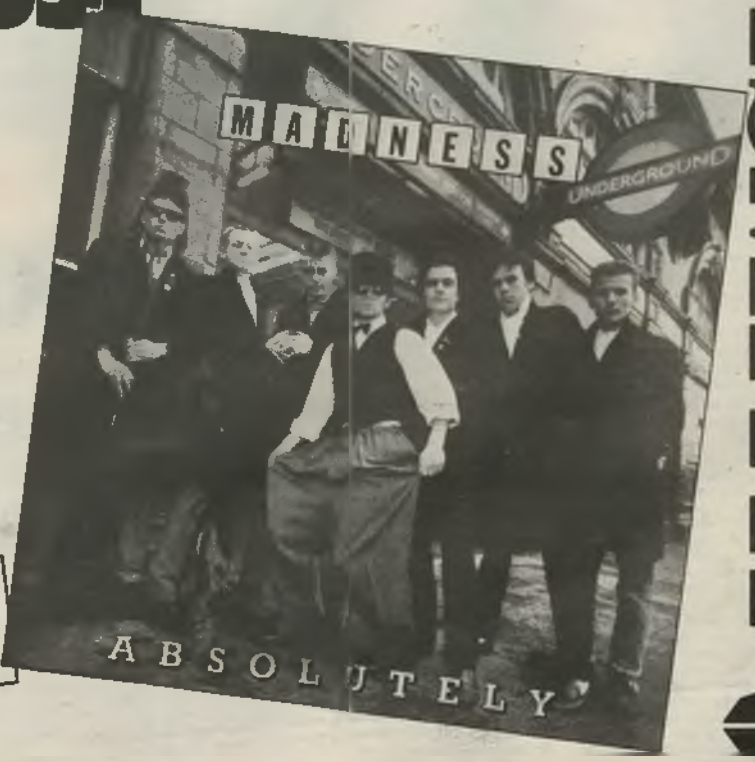

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SINGLES

Billy Idol. Pic: Alain de la Mata

Bernard Albrecht. Pic: Peter Anderson

Richard Jobson. Pic: Neil Anderson

By ADRIAN THRILLS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

JOY DIVISION: She's Lost Control / Atmosphere (Factory IS Import). What more is there to say? Were he still alive today, I'm sure Ian Curtis would find the current Joy Division Did No Wrong syndrome as nauseating as the next man. Even the band's most committed devotees seem embarrassed by it. Nevertheless, the myth that surrounds the band just grows on and up.

This track you will already know, but not in its new, radically altered format. This readily available American import is rougher and far less rounded than the original 'Unknown Pleasures' take of the same song, recently covered, of course, by Grace Jones. The new version is one of the loosest things the group ever recorded, springing and recoiling along Peter Hook's monstrous descending bass run and a snaredrum sequence that shames Motown at their own game for the ferocity of its thump. The feel is almost live with Curtis lapsing into a scat vocal over the fade.

On the flip, too, the much-sought-after 'Atmosphere' is finally given the wider availability it so richly deserves. Serene and haunting, it is JD at their most moving with nods in the direction of both Phil Spector and Scott Walker. Essential stuff, previously only available in France on the *very* limited edition Sordide Sentimental single.

But what more is there to say? Love will...? This is a magnificent record.

GEN X: Dancing With Myself (Chrysalis 12"). I like it! Not so sure about the name shortening but as far as the goods in the groove go, Gen X have undergone one of the most startling transformations of the season. For them to come back from the dead and make a decent record would have been something. To make one as good as this is remarkable.

A lot of the credit must go to the stand-in guitarist — inexplicably let off without so much as a sleeve credit though my money's on John McGeoch — and original Clash drummer Terry Chimes who give 'Dancing' a driving, spatial quality totally at odds with the substandard metal quagmire in which Gen X seemed to be hopelessly lost. Billy Idol's vocal pouts and sneers still raise a chuckle here and there, but overall this is a worthy comeback.

SKIDS: Goodbye Civilian (Virgin). If 'Circus Games' was the perfect Skids pop single — rich, mature and bristling with hooks — then this, again culled from 'The Absolute Game', does not fall far short as a follow up. Jobson's bravado is tempered by the swirling eurodisco rumble of Stuart Adamson's synth to give things a mellower complexion than usual. But those hooks! Infectious and polished without being too dry or contrived, 'Goodbye Civilian' is further proof of The Skids' creative resurgence.

How long before their first number one? The way things are going, they could soon become as integral a part of the upper reaches of the chart as The Jam, Police and Blondie.

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE: The Human Factor (Rage). From the undisputed masters of whirlpool pop to the promising young apprentices of the genre. Music For Pleasure's 'Human Factor' was originally a track on the 'Hicks From The Sticks' album. Now a single, it gushes and swells in much the same manner as The Skids but lacks that vital hook. One of those curious John Brierly / Cargo Studio productions, it falls just the wrong side of synthetic. Once the balance is tipped a shade more towards the human factor by the band themselves, they should be well worth watching.

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80: Central Park (A&M). Whether or not it's all part of a grand plan to become the new Yes by 1982 I don't know, but Spizz records are getting more complex with each release. Regrettably, the standard and the immediacy have also been on the wane since the team's big money transfer from Rough Trade to A&M, though this loss of form is surely only coincidental. Maybe they're putting all their creative energies into thinking up a new name for 1981 because there's precious little to inspire here. Spizz is still in there grinning mischievously but his eccentricities are swamped in the all-embracing brassiness of the mix.

MANUFACTURED ROMANCE: Time Of My Life (Fresh).

FAMILY FODDER: Debbie Harry (Fresh). London's Fresh Records might lack the vision and harmony of a Factory or Fast but they've been putting out some good stuff lately. Best of the bunch is the Manufactured Romance single in which Nina

"Boogie??"

Spencer's caustic words are perfectly counterpointed by the controlled raunch of some ridiculously melodic guitar jingles.

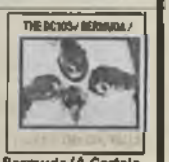
Family Fodder's fourth Fresh outing, meanwhile, is their most absurd up to date, a jerky 'tribute' to Blondie which begins plainly enough with Ms Harry lauded as a 'small mobile intelligent unit' before veering off into *Star Trek* territory where Debs gets blasted by vector controlled phasers.

TV 21: Ambition (Powbeat). Fast Product's Bob Last grows more devious by the minute in his attempts to infiltrate the nation's pop consciousness, 'Ambition' appearing on TV21's own Powbeat label with Fast/Pop Aural handling the distribution. Produced by Shake's Troy Tate, 'Ambition' is all weeping guitars with echoes of Springsteen's rockier excursions. The sort of classy pop that would have been on Belfast's Good Vibrations label alongside Protex and The Undertones in 1978. Directive: investigate.

HOT SNAX: Theme From A Movie (Zuppa Parese). A deceptive single. Hot Snax start off all hard and chunky before slipping into a cool fireside groove just when you expect them to get *really* quirky. The title is a fair indication of what to expect. Plenty of supple guitars tailing off towards some distant vanishing point, not without a veiled charm. Play soft.

POLYSTYRENE: Talk In Toytown (United Artists). First 'Gen X' and now 'Polystyrene', just one word where there used to be two for the former X-Ray Spex chanteuse. What is it about these Roxy-wave bands and individuals that's suddenly bringing on all the oh-so-subtle name changes? In Poly's case a drastic rejection of the past certainly seems the most likely explanation. And just as her original anti-fashion stance has given way to high street trendiness, the old X-Ray Spex blowtorch bop has been superceded by a dose of dippy electronic doodling over which Poly whimsically bares her soul: *"Don't jump from the nearest tower block/Don't drive to the coast and drown/Don't give yourself an electric shock/Don't let them win in toytown."*

KATE BUSH: Army Dreamers (EMI). In which Kate turns her attention from the post-apocalypse blues to the more conventional warfare of yesteryear, although her sickening, cutesy-cute whineing is hardly suited to the sombre subject matter. Not so amazing after all.



DC-10'S: Bermuda (A Certain Euphoria). A belated recommendation for Swansea's DC10's whose 'Bermuda' concerns itself not with a holiday in the sun but those mysterious disappearances and unexplained air crashes in a certain area of the south Atlantic. Embellished by radar-blip guitar, it strikes a suitable tone of vivid desperation, early indication that the band could soon be building themselves a sounder reputation than the airbus from which they take their name.

DISTRIBUTORS: Lean On Me (Red Rhino). Wakefield's Distributors were undoubtedly playing their brand of shattered metallic dub-funk long before its current fashionability and their sincerity shows. 'Lean On Me' is the Gang Of Four minus the social concern.

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK: Enola Gay (Dindisc). Orchestral Manoeuvres are emphatically *not* the singles band they could be in as much as they never pick the right tracks for 45 release. 'Enola Gay' posesses a glorious melody and the title conjures up visions of one of those Jam B-side re-writes of 'Eleanor Rigby'. Despite these

■ Continues over

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SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

considerable plusses, it seems destined to follow 'Red Frame White Light' and 'Messages' into chartless oblivion.

THE MISSING SCIENTISTS: Big City Bright Lights (Rough Trade). The Dandy renaissance goes on! First it was The Specials with 'A Message To You Rudy', briskly followed by The Bodysnatchers' 'Let's Do Rock Steady' and now The Missing Scientists — yet another TV Personalities offshoot — who tackle the very wonderful Mr Livingstone's 'Big City' with as much wimpish reserve as the original.

ADAM AND THE ANTS: Dog Eat Dog (CBS). Without being too snobby, it's a shame that Adam dresses the Ants music in all that pretentious nonsense about warriors and Red Indian chic because, after three years, the band are finally hinting at something worthwhile. Their last effort 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' was an excellent single, probably as much of a surprise to the group themselves as the cynics. This utilises pretty much the same formula, driven along convincingly by more of that Burundi Black drumming that McLaren swiped for the Bow Wow Wow 45. Second time around, however, the recipe is beginning to wear thin.

HEADLINE: Carolina (Virgin). WIDE BOYS: Stop That Boy (Big Bear). Michael Riley was one of the real driving forces behind early Steel Pulse and the Handsworth revolutionaries have certainly lost much of their direction since his departure to form Headline. But the breezy ska-funk he is delving into now leaves me totally cold. 'Carolina' is bright and bland, not a patch on the rough riding Prince Buster blueprint. The Wide Boys sound even more dated, trotting out their second-rate fairground skank for the tired and unemotional. The sort of thing that gives the spirited attempts at progression by the likes of The Beat, Specials and Madness a bad name.

THE BARRACUDAS: His Last Summer (Wipe Out). More California dreaming. The Barracudas were unfortunate in picking up on the idea of a surf revival at the height of last year's short-lived London mod craze. Unsurprisingly, few people listened to them at the time and I can't imagine that many will now. What they do, they do accurately enough and with a healthy respect for the genre. If only it were worth doing in the first place.

IT'S IMMATERIAL: Young Man Seeks Interesting Job (Hit Machine).
PAK: Balinese Dance (Metropak).
THOSE INTRINSIC INTELLECTUALS: Radio Iceland (Fault Line). Contrary to popular belief, there is no private war between Liverpool and Scotland as to who can make the most challenging British beat music of 1980, though strong new contenders seem to be continually emerging from both areas. It's Immaterial are another promising Liverpool band, dealing with one of the more pressing problems of the day, but their 'Young Man' owes as much to the Merseybeat of another era as it does to 1980. The roots of the Scottish contingent — Edinburgh's PAK and Inverness's exquisitely-named Those Intrinsic Intellectuals — are less clear, due in no small measure to the abysmal production on both discs, though there are a few lethargic echoes of Talking Heads in PAK and Swelt Meps in TII.

UK DECAY: For My Country (Fresh).
ZOUNDS: Can't Cheat Karma (Cross).
TIGER TAILS: Words Without Conviction (Snotty Snail).
MENACE: The Young Ones (Fresh). This week's lazy journalistic pile of convenience. Real punk is probably the ultimate sap of the silly new music tribalism, although readers of rags like *Kill Your Pet Puppy* and *Sounds* would probably disagree. The worst of this quartet are Crass clones Zounds, immersed in the new hippy 'anarchic' bullshit of their mentors. UK Decay, who deal in similar territory, are surprisingly good. 'For My Country' with its haunting, spiralling guitar and vehement anti-war message is a massive step forward from an awful debut single a couple of months back.

Tiger Tails and Menace are from the Subs/Ruts ends of the spectrum. Tiger Tails are from the same northern home as the grubby Notsensibles — Burnley's Snotty Snail set-up — although their early nifferama lacks the lunatic edge of their fellow snots. An assault on Cliff's 'The Young Ones' is as barnstorming as one would expect coming from an outfit who made the definitive three-chord punk single in 'GLC'.

THE PROFESSIONALS: One Two Three (Virgin). The advent of The Professionals, incredibly, marks the first serious attempt by Cook 'n' Jones to restore some of the pride and stature lost after the Pistols split almost three years ago. It is a pity they couldn't have thought up at least one new riff between them to mark the occasion. 'One Two Three' is robust and guitar-laden in typical Steve Jones style, although the guitarist's vocal capabilities have none of the precision or accuracy of his fretwork. Put this on the deck next to the Joy Division or Skids singles and play spot the BOF's.

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The sneer that says wish you were here

Orange Juice — pure pip, from top: James Kirk, Steven Daly, David McClymont, Edwyn Collins. Pic: Robert Sharp.

THERE'S SOMEONE knocking on my door. A loud rap. I'm woken up with a start. I open the door.

Standing there is little Alan Horne, a morose kid in transparent-framed spectacles. He runs Scotland's Postcard Records, a label he's convinced will surpass any of the achievements of Factory or Zoo. This lad is angry all his waking life. He's standing there with Edwyn Collins, well fringed fidgety singer and rhythm guitarist with Glasgow's Orange Juice.

The three of us link arms, start shouting at the top of our voices at the faceless enemies, and nip round the corner for a drink. We're going to get worked up, and why not?

Horne and Collins, visiting the inert capital for a few days, have just journeyed from the home of Rough Trade, and are brimming with good news. They've managed to persuade Rough Trade to handle Postcard music — Postcard prepare the tapes, artwork, etc. and R.T. get on with selling it — and, for a change, aim cleanly in a chart direction. For Horne, this has got to be what it's all about — reaching as many people as possible with GREAT music.

Collins speaks first : "We put out Orange Juice (a first excellent single 'Falling And Laughing' released earlier this year) because I liked Orange Juice, Alan liked Orange Juice, and the people in Orange Juice (James Kirk guitar, David McClymont bass, Steve Daly drums) liked their contribution. We put the record out and then we thought, 'The Charts' — and that is the best thing ever. Going for the charts in a really positive way, instead of being defeatist and thinking 'Aw, we're an independent label', and putting ourselves down all the time."

Horne bemoans the chasm that has developed between 'commercial' and 'progressive' post-punk music.

"Music should always aim for the widest possible market. The charts are there. That's where you need to be. Postcard was not really that well organised, it was just at the back of my mind that the punk ideals had failed, all dropped away. Groups like Buzzcocks, who knew the importance of getting into the charts, could have been so powerful, so strong, and they could have led the ways for other groups. They didn't."

Horne wants the Postcard groups to pick that thread up. Lead the way. As insolent whizkid equivalent to Wilson, Last and Travis, he has a very grudging respect for East, Factory and Rough Trade, but thinks that they haven't gone half as far as they should have done. He also snarls in disgust at the grubby, hippy state the independent market has degenerated into.

"The guy out of Dexy's called it brown rice independents, and that's dead true, that whole hippy attitude. You can't fault The Fall, but their attitude sucks.

"I consider that we're the only punk independent because we're the only ones doing it who are young. Everybody else has come from the back of a record shop or are business men. We started with no money and just built it up from Orange Juice's first single. And if we hadn't been able to get Rough Trade's support we'd have been wasting our time. Just putting out 2,000 of this, 2,000 of that, in nice fancy sleeves to sell it, which I hate.

"We want to get our records out as we want them, cut out the majors, all the old middle men, and get into the charts. There'll be no money going to old men, it will be totally independent. That will be the ultimate achievement."

Horne wipes away all obstacles, ducks under impracticalities, thinks little of reputations. The week he'd been in London he'd been to see John Peel, who explained he would like to do sessions with the Postcard groups but there were 60 groups on the waiting list. Horne was not happy. He wanted to know how his groups could jump the list, because they were "better than all that shit." Horne almost goes out of his way to retain punk's original arrogance. These days his attitude is refreshingly spiteful and unimpressed. He's been let down a lot.

His arrogance comes from a love for pop music and its importance. This love expresses itself in other ways: he knows what is valid and relevant in these confused times, intuitively understands what is new fashioned music. He's chosen one group from Glasgow, one from Edinburgh (with more to come, including the Australian Go Betweens) at opposite ends of the pop spectrum, and they're both potentially as great as any group on the established independents.

Horne isn't spouting pointless fantasy. He will achieve something. Orange Juice compose breathtaking pop that extends the art form still further, and have the look and humour, as well as the songs, to be enormously successful. Josef K (who Horne admits to not 'liking' — he's very much a man of pop) produce the soul music of desperation that certain people are still having trouble recognising as being soul music. Their music is troubling : for me their single 'Radio Drill Time' and 'Crazy To Exist' is two songs better than anything on 'Crocodiles'.

It won't be easy for Josef K to achieve success. It won't be easy for Orange Juice either, but it should be. They are not aloof or weird. There is no logical reasonwhy they shouldn't be played on the radio. Orange Juice are of the moment : not 20, ten, five years old, clinging on, or 'new' and shabbily regressive They're bright! It shouldn't be so difficult for them to get through to their natural young audience. But it is : for a mess of reasons Horne is scything through right now.

Orange Juice's second single 'Blue Boy' is great pop, up with the obvious ones as a single of the year. It won't be number one, and because it won't is a reason for Horne to sustain his desire.

"This one isn't as good as the next one," he promises, a little pride seeping through, "the next one's brilliant, that'll be the one."

For Collins, it was Buzzcocks and Subway Sect more than the Pistols that initially led him on. That graphic song sensibility is very noticeable. Collins shifts nervously in his chair and gives a tiny insight into the critical eclectism that makes Orange Juice so distinctive — including the delectable tinges of C&W that are even more acute than those within The Distractions.

"I'm interested in all kinds of music, '50s, '60s, '70s, disco — I think the O'Jays' 'Love Train' is great. David is into Eno and Kraftwerk, who personally I can't stand. James likes jazz and C&W, his licks are really C&W. When it comes to a group like Creedence, I can just tell intuitively that they were honest and passionate. I think that's a really good influence, as well as the Velvets."

And their deranging guitar patterns, a tradition Orange Juice continue with a special flair. Most groups bind interesting influences in a banal way. Not Orange Juice!

"No one uses C&W at all. It's ethnic, it's good. It's really accessible. And we're combining it with a lot of other musical styles. What people don't seem to realise is that if they take one group as a blueprint and try to emulate that, it won't work. There are so many influences. How many years of popular music have there been . . . 50? You start listening to everything and that's how you're going to start new music coming through."

Orange Juice is new music. Postcard deal exclusively in new music.

Groups like Orange Juice and Josef K and labels like Postcard are exactly the sort of sensitive, fighting enterprises that should be constantly emerging to challenge the new successes. There must be successors to the successes, and then something even more bitter coming up behind them and criticising them. Postcard, says Horne, will die rather than get complacent.

I leave the sneering Horne and the jitterbugging Collins and go back to my room. When I get there there's someone knocking on the door.

Alan Horne — Mr Postcard. Pic: Peter McArthur.

Paul Morley talks to Orange Juice, the first pop stars on Postcard, the last of the punk independents.

Josef K — a Trial run. L-R: Colin, Paul, Malcolm, Ronnie. Pic: Harry Papadopoulos.

Four shadows in search of a sunny day

Paul Morley talks to Josef K, a soul group who define the alienation effect, it says here.

THERE'S THIS knocking on my door. It's so quiet I can hardly hear it. I open the door and there are four shadows trying to keep out of my vision.

It's Josef K! A group. We hop skip and jump around to the interview pub.

It's raining and miserable. You think that's fitting for these four pale shadows?

As we're skipping along, the Josef K with a bushy fringe introduces the group to me. I don't hear him properly. From here on in it's a struggle to work out their names. But anyway, I'm Paul. Paul Morley.

"Why is it always you?" frowns Josef K the bushy fringe — Colin. My eyes widen in alarm. "Writing about groups like us. It's always you from *NME*, Chris Westwood from *Record Mirror* and Dave McCullough from *Sounds*." We three ghetto writers of the new romanticism/realism who in our teeth-clenched opposition to rock hype probably unwittingly hype up more new pop groups than any other web of journalists. All three of us parading Postcardism (*NME* last in line — bones creaking/playing cool/etc) and maybe setting it firm in the underground concrete. Hope not! I just want the world to know about these groups.

"I wish it was Danny Baker writing about us," sighs Colin. Sorry, shadows.

I remember the Baker's impatient review of Teardrop's first *hit* single 'When I Dream' and his (misplaced) heartache about these so-called hippies itching to disappear into a maze of mystifying technology mysticism . . . He'd think you're 'hippies'.

Singer Paul's crew-cut bristles at the thought, his thin pink lips briefly curl at the edge, in his mind he's obviously thinking of the terrifying honesty of genius. "I think what we're singing about is . . . important," he explains with difficulty.

Josef K announce that they are not very good at interviews. Yet here they are, fresh from a faltering interview with Westwood, sort of ready to whisper and scratch their heads through another question time. They sit around a table sipping a sophisticated round of drinks — no vulgar pints here — waiting for Godot or someone else to answer my questions.

Josef K are Alan Horne's Edinburgh find; in beastly language, his album group to Orange Juice his single group (although Josef K produce high-impact singles music, and Orange Juice could compile a killer LP).

Josef K have faith in Horne's vision and persuasive abilities. They are not put out by the way Horne sells the label and the music. They loathe this selling of music, but know it must be done. They admit to wanting attention, but not as loudly as Orange Juice.

And this interview thingy . . . they shake their heads. "You're a complete stranger and you're coming out with questions about something that is very personal to us." It's difficult. "We are getting better at it though." Really? It shouldn't matter whether they are or not.

After interviewing Josef K for four minutes and receiving more silences than sentences, I slip away my machine. Josef K sense their *NME* piece slipping away. It's alright, I say, I could write a few thousand words on Josef K music alone, without even meeting you. They're not impressed and attempt a rescue. The solution is . . . I talk to each member individually. Intimidating!

Ronnie the drummer is the group's poseur. Clothed in tight, bright blue and yellow, he looks more like a Skid. "I could have been in The Skids," he confides, "but I really like Josef K's music." He's a hairdresser. Deep black hair flops over one eye. "It used to be really long down one side, but people used to think I was the singer so I cut it off."

At odds with the rest of the group, he wants to make lots of money. The rest would be deeply satisfied to scrape a living. Ronnie crinkles his nose at the dirty pub. "I hate places like this. At home I mix with people who have Jags and things. I'm really into that. The other three like to mope about, but I really like to go out to clubs."

He insists his pop star leanings are not out of place within Josef K, but I wonder . .

Bass player Malcolm fails to respond conclusively to any of my questions, all his answers trailing off . . . his face reddening. Some groups, I say, allocate the good talkers, but he explains that he feels it's necessary for him to be present at interviews even though there's little he wants to say. His ideal would be that Josef K could reach as many people as they wanted to without being prodded and probed and promoted. He shrugs his shoulders, intimating he understands the impossibility of such simplicity.

Singer Paul writes Josef K words and half the music along with Colin. The words he hopes are useful. He hopes they contribute to something . . . to what? "I don't know . . . something." The songs, he tries to explain, deal with "man's endless struggle." With a name like Josef K, what else? "I don't think our songs will depress people. If they do . . . they do."

In a much more cautious, less cryptic manner than Devoto, he implies that the songs speak for themselves.

Me and Colin natter fluently about most things but Josef K. He's a nervously happy looking young man. We get to talking about the 'hoop of fire' that Josef K are leaping through now: the attention they're suddenly getting. "We just have to make sure we come out the other side unscathed. I think we will."

Colin sums up general group attitudes towards rock 'career' and routine. "We definitely will not be making music after it's got stale." It means too much to them. One, maybe two LPs, they reckon, and then they'll try something else. Promises . . .?

Next night I see Josef K on stage. Josef K music is a nimble step or two on from Fall farce and Tim Buckley richness. Their sound is scratchy, scrawny, screwed up, it has a very personal logic, and there's something within it that is absurdly funny. Not that Josef K are comedians. They're sceptical, ironic, sulky, paranoid.

On stage, singer Paul Haig smiles to himself, bares his soul, rears his ugly doubts. His words are strong, his voice flexible. Josef K are brilliant and edged. They define the alienation effect, I say in all seriousness.

The shadows and their shadow leave the pub. The sun is shining! We split up. They're off to meet Horne at the theatre where *Oklahoma* is showing, more certain than you'd believe that they have a future of sorts. I drift back to my little room, and when I get back there's someone knocking on my door.

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The Dead Kennedys

Left to right: Jello Biafra, East Bay Ray, Ted, Klaus Fluoride

By Paul Du Noyer

Picture by Gordon Robertson

CALIFORNIA UNCAGED

"I FIND IT HILARIOUS that before even setting foot on English soil we're banned from who knows how many gigs — the entire Mecca chain, banned from the Lyceum, banned from the Hammersmith Palais, banned from the city of Dundee itself — that was amusing!"

In the Edinburgh hotel lounge Mr. Jello Biafra, singer and provocateur - in - chief of San Francisco's Dead Kennedys, is trying to look hurt and bewildered because people don't like him.

His eyes keep dancing from my cassette (to make sure the tape doesn't stop when he's in mid-anecdote) to the glowing coal effect electric fire in the corner (it tells him how foreigners can be every bit as tasteless as the US consumers he hates with a passion near madness).

True enough, The Dead Kennedys' scheduled UK debut at London Dingwalls went by the board when, for their own devious reasons, the US authorities wouldn't give Jello his passport back in time. (Though reports of his arrest and imprisonment for squatting should be taken with a pinch of salt).

The historic first gig finally took place in Scarborough. What should have been the second gig also bit the dust when, up in fun-loving Beanoland Dundee, the stout city elders took one look at posters advertising "The Dead Kennedys" and asked themselves must we fling this filth at our pop beans, decided like hell we must — and that, once again, was that.

But come on, Biafra old chap. If you pick a name like The Dead Kennedys then aren't you really asking for this kind of trouble?

"Oh of course!" he brightens. "It's designed not only to torpedo an annoying form of religion that's sprung up around the Kennedys, but also to . . . obviously it's designed to get under people's skin and annoy them and thereby opening ways of using it as bait, where once they've found out *that* for then they're gonna dig further. And then they're gonna find out about more things that we want them to know about that they don't wanna hear about but should."

It's a dangerous tactic all the same, surely?

"Well obviously! But it's not really interesting to me if I don't try to be dangerous. I don't consider that legitimate art at all. I think art should be used as a weapon or else it's not legitimate art.

"Like, people can scream out 'punk is dead blah blah blah'" (The DKs are punk and proud of it) "but if they're gonna replace it with something totally *gutsless*, like say, the current thing being pushed in England is a return to heavy metal" (he pronounces the term as though he's just taken a mouthful of vinegar) "but none of the new bands do anything any better than the old ones did. So long as punk continues to have guts within it, which HM no longer does, then it's not gonna be dead at all."

THE DEAD Kennedys played their first performance on July 19, 1978, in San Francisco. They were formed by Biafra, just back from a trip to Britain at the height of punk, who was determined to create a home-grown Californian equivalent, one through which he might vent his rage about contemporary America. Teaming up with East Bay Ray on guitar, Ted on drums and Kalus Fluoride on bass, Biafra started spewing forth his fantastically venomous portrayals of a West Coast existence as distant from the dreamy golden visions of popular mythology as possible. Brian Wilson must be turning in his sandbox.

The predictable hostility they've drawn at home is at least matched by the devotion shown by followers of California's allegedly thriving punk underground (to prove this point Biafra plans with missionary fervour to organise a compilation album for UK release). We all recall the tale of Biafra's candidacy for mayor of San Francisco — the most memorable plank in his platform being that all businessmen would be required to wear clown suits.

The first stirring to be heard in this country came with the release of 'California Uber Alles' on Edinburgh's Fast label, the song being a devastatingly funny — and violent — satire on the repressive tendencies inherent even in liberal rulers such as Governor Jerry Brown. Since then the DKs have found a new home on the English independent Cherry Red, for whom they recorded the debut album 'Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables'.

The LP also features the second single, the notorious and magnificent 'Holiday In Cambodia'. But hang on. With all that sunshine and money about, what have West Coast kids got to get punky about? This is one English preconception which Biafra likes putting the boot into.

"*That's* the people who are most visible and vocal, who you see on the TV programmes — obviously you'll get a very twisted impression of what's going on. But obviously" — Biafra says 'Obviously' a lot — "if you have that many snooty affluent people there's gonna be a whole network of other people who'd like to burn them to the ground!"

And I suppose that as affluence coexists with a certain spiritual poverty, the need for comfort becomes a kind of oppression in itself?

"Oh yeah. Americans are so obsessed, and have been taught to be obsessed, with their own comfort and lining their own little cocoons, that they become very apolitical. And this kind of apolitical, self-indulgent, hollow way of existing is the kind of thing that paved the way for Hitler ...

"You have a new form of conservatism from the people who were active in the late '60s, saying 'Well, now that we've forged our own way of life with these strong concrete — actually read 'cosmetic' — changes, now we eat food without preservatives and pay twice as much, now we've replaced the car as a status symbol with the fancy stereo system ...' What's changed? Nothing! It's a new form of conservatism; it's just as vicious.

"There another song which we haven't recorded yet, called 'Dreadlocks Of The Suburbs' which is about rich kids who subscribe to, this magazine called *High Times* which is very high budget, glossy — it's run like a porno magazine, they have a centre fold of drugs! But they also have a lot of articles on Rastafarianism and you see these rich kids relating to how cool it must be to be poor in Jamaica, and how they're gonna fly down there and hang out with Rastas to show how into the culture they are. And the final line of the song is: *'The more they change, the more they stay the same'.*"

" Just because we have a sense of humour doesn't mean we don't also have a sense of rage. I've had that rage since I was very small and I want to keep it in the music. "

— JELLO BIAFRA

TASTELESS they may be, but it seems to me that The Dead Kennedys often talk a lot of sense. And, unlike too many of their UK counterparts, they're also very funny.

"What differentiates us, as you say, is that we do have a sense of humour. And I don't see anything wrong with using that sense of

■ *Continues over*

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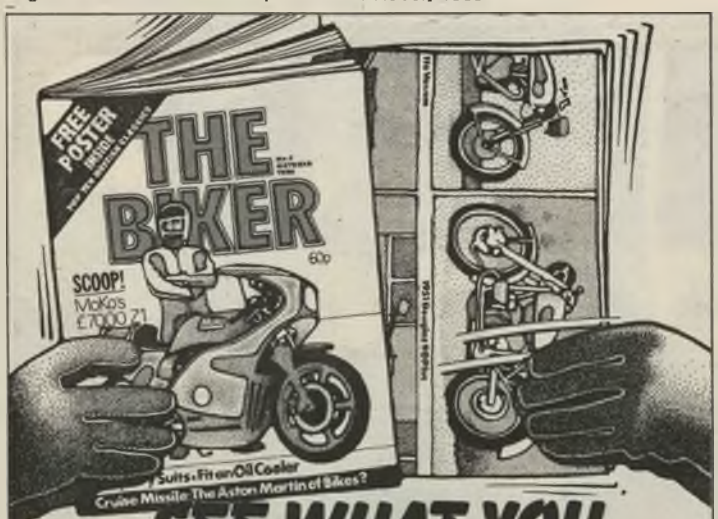

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DEAD KENNEDYS

■ *From previous page*

humour to touch on some very serious subjects, because humour is another way to get through — as with Charlie Chaplin, or Lenny Bruce.

"Just because we have a sense of humour doesn't mean we don't also have a sense of rage. I've had that rage since I was very small and I want to keep it in the music.

"I wanna make sure that we don't fuck up like a lot of my favourite bands ended up by doing, due to addiction to drugs or addiction to money. Money is not the primary goal of this band, obviously. I for one couldn't look myself in the mirror if I'd destroyed my music for money. Because then what have I got left! I'd have a whole lot of money and I'd hate my own guts. What good is that?

"One thing that's sustained such people as Captain Beefheart, Iggy Pop and others is the same disgust for corporate consumerist lifestyle, the same disgust at how *stupid* most people are, and the same disgust that a lot of the time it's not their own fault. That sense of rage continues and that's what keeps them interesting.

"One thing I'm glad I learned at an early age is to live with a great deal of personal pain and to make the most use of it — to both expose it and inflict it upon other people in such a way that they learn it's not the ideal thing in life to have this hollow lifestyle."

And yet revolts turn into style. You say you want to disturb but don't you just develop a cosy little market — if people identify with your message of rebellion then they'll keep buying it because it warms and reassures them to hear it. Anarchy, far from being a challenge, became another pogo-able cliche.

"Nobody's ever asked me that ... that requires some thought.

"As the word spreads that we are an outlet for disgust, like, there's people who've started out coming to our gigs as just total idiots who slowly but surely learn what's going on. Or else on a very simple level, dragging their reluctant friends down to see this kind of music rather than going off to see Ted Nugent.

"But back to the original question, what would we do if it becomes a total cliche? One thing that I think will help us avoid that is that we grew up with such an intense *hatred* for that hollow culture ... I think if anything we're gonna get more *warped* rather than more commercial. Almost all the music I like is anti-melodic."

GO ALONG and see The Dead Kennedys if ever they're allowed near your town. Sure, the music's raw punk, but often with more invention and orginality than anyone else in the category, save for The Ruts. And the songs — 'Let's Lynch The Landlord', 'I Kill Children', 'Kill The Poor' — are full of ferocious power and evil wit and absolutely never leave you in any doubt what they're about.

The band are good, equipment permitting, and Biafra is a truly demented performer — stripped, sweating and bawling, he takes kamakazi dives into the gobbing throngs, as though as hell-bent on self destruction as on demolishing the world of General Motors, Kiss and *Charlie's Angels*.

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"Look out behind you . . .!" Nancy Allen appears unaware of imminent danger in Brian De Palma's Dressed To Kill

SILVER SCREEN

DePalma: a Psycho-drama

Dressed To Kill

Directed by Brian De Palma
Starring Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson and Nancy Allen
(ITC)

WITH WHICH Mr De Palma counters the indiscriminate and ill-advised excesses of *The Fury* (remember John Cassavetes as its incredible Exploding Man?) by playing uncomfortably safe and paying further homage to the late Alfred Hitchcock.

Like *Psycho*, *Dressed To Kill* begins innocently enough as it follows a day in the life of a sexually frustrated New York wife (Angie *Police Woman* Dickinson ladling it on with soap and spoons). Pino Donaggio's rhapsodic soundtrack, all baroque strings and things, and De Palma's effortlessly fluent tracking conspire to create the mood of muted expectancy that's abruptly shattered by a brutal slaying. It's an ancient trick, but the film wears it well.

From here on in De Palma's own screenplay lets him down. The unlikely alliance between a teenage D.I.Y. boffin (Keith Gordon) and a high-class whore (Nancy Allen, Mrs De Palma) — they share an interest in exposing the killer — soon outlives its welcome and, since it's by now pretty transparent who's responsible for the fancy razorwork, no amount of near-murder down the subway can raise the sagging level of interest.

It's also depressing to see Michael Caine fight another losing battle with another ludicrous part, this time as a touchy shrink one of whose patients just happens to be an unstable transsexual. (De Palma's glib summary of transsexual and transvestite psychology will doubtless 'offend' those with an interest in such things just as Friedkin's *Cruising* antagonised the gay lobby — and if it's black coffee and sympathy for the psychopathic mind you want, then don't look now.)

Although the film's closing seconds are ingenious, the madhouse and shower scene that follow its false ending are both worryingly derivative, the former lurid and distasteful, the latter oddly mismanaged. As for the opening drool over Dickinson's crotch and the later, teasing choice of underwear for Allen, they smack of prurience.

Quessily confirmed by the recurrent floating close-ups and a stunning sequence as Dickinson loses herself in the corridors of an art gallery. De Palma's instinct for composition is as sharp as ever — all the more infuriating to see it squandered. On his day and with a strong screenplay beside him De Palma is relentless, unstoppable, a modern master of horror.

Miss this, catch the infinitely superior *Carrie* on the rebound and pray for the men to find his form again.

Angus MacKinnon

Livvy live, sort of

Xanadu

Directed by Robert Greenwald
Starring Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly and Michael Beck
(CIC)

YOU SEE, Liv's this muse, see, the daughter of Zeus (well, that's how they say it), and she comes down to earth on roller-skates and makes everyone sort of sad, see, and then happy again. That's right — it's complete bollocks. The videos on TOTP every week are masterpieces compared to this complacent, out-to-lunch rubbish. It's the worst film I've never seen — I kept my eyes closed and didn't miss a thing.

Monty Smith

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Redford: a weak Bru

Brubaker

Directed by Stuart Rosenberg
Starring Robert Redford and Yaphet Kotto
(20th Century Fox)

LIFE BEHIND prison walls is a hardy old perennial, one that's attracted film-makers almost as often as it's proved their undoing. Another spectacularly formularised homily on the subject, *Brubaker* only differs from the usual product by adopting a nauseatingly self-righteous tone, one that soon becomes as objectionable in its way as the specious shock tactics employed by the likes of *Scum* and *Midnight Express*.

Theoretically fictional, *Brubaker* is based on the experiences of American professor of criminal sciences Thomas Murton, who was naturally on hand throughout shooting to ensure the film gave a 'true' picture of life on a delapidated Wakefield (Ohio not Yorks) prison farm. In fact the makers of *Brubaker* were so insistent on this element of 'realism' that they even co-opted some 500 ex-convicts as extras, a move that prompts some pretty despicable assumptions about the physiognomies of prison populations. (Could *you* tell an ex-con just at a glance?)

But all this is really neither here nor there since it's the film's luckless fate to tear itself into tatters around Robert Redford's startlingly anaemic portrayal of Brubaker himself, a supposedly radical prison reformist who enters Wakefield disguised as an inmate before revealing his identity and becoming warden. Though to be fair to Redford, who obviously intended to bolster his recent comeback by taking such a 'committed' part, he isn't entirely to blame; W. D. Richter's unusually poor script thrusts so much verbal tripe and offal down the character's throat that even an infinitely more expressive actor would have had severe difficulties regurgitating it all again.

Brubaker's over-cooked attempts to moralise about the man's predictably unsuccessful rucks with higher authority are equally fatuous. Our hero repeatedly storms out of prison board meetings inflamed with righteous wrath, only for the governor's 'liberal' underling Lillian (Jane Alexander) to click her heels in pursuit and then whisper in the unworldly upstart's ear such sweet nothings of compromise as "You've got to work *within* the system to change it, Brubaker". Go on W.D., pull the other one and it'll probably fall off.

Amidst all the unflinchingly depicted scenes of officially-sanctioned thuggery at Wakefield — these pure exploitation posing as fearless fact — only Yaphet Kotto emerges with medals as a pragmatic trustee (con handed a gun and a share in running the show). But Kotto can act so well when given his dramatic head (cf. *Blue Collar*) that it's galling to have to watch him rake impotently through this cesspool of platitudes.

Iniquitious institutions like Wakefield exist the world over, but to paint them and the ethical and political problems they raise so simplistically is surely misguided. But so it invariably goes; last year's *The China Syndrome* stumbled over much the same blocks when trying to deal with the uses and abuses of nuclear power.

Similarly no one should reasonably expect the American film industry to fabricate for itself much more than a token pretence of a social conscience (this to be worn conspicuously on all sleeves when occasion demands), but to have to stomach the kindergarten morality of a film like *Brubaker* is much too much.

Director Stuart Rosenberg has already made a respectably superior prison film in *Cool Hand Luke* — he might have been better advised to have left it at that.

Angus MacKinnon

Robert Redford as Brubaker: "Say, could you possibly move that picture of Olivia Newton & John — I think I recognise the killer in Dressed To Kill."

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **Cruising** (Directed by William Friedkin)
2. **Special Edition Of Close Encounters** (Steven Spielberg)
3. **Airplane!** (Abrahams, the Zuckers)
4. **Xanadu** (Robert Greenwald)
5. **McVicar** (Tom Clegg)
6. **Brubaker** (Stuart Rosenberg)
7. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
8. **Chapter Two** (Robert Moore)
9. **The Marriage Of Maria Braun** (Rainer Werner Fassbinder)
10. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)

Regions

1. **McVicar** (Tom Clegg)
2. **Friday The 13th** (Sean S. Cunningham)
3. **Airplane!** (Abrahams, the Zuckers)
4. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
5. **Zombies** (George A. Romero)

Madness

Goodbye cruel world we're off to join the circus

Chas and Suggs mix with their fans.

"THERE'S something odd about the people on this show, have you noticed?" Chas Smash, formerly Carl Smith, stares at the desperate cast of *Tiswas* from behind the black two-bob frames of his glasses. "They're all vacant, hopeless. See that magician? A definite magic mushrooms case." His lips twitch at the twisted imagery. "Take my word, he's oiled by mushrooms, that one. Come on, I'll show you some workings."

Carl takes me through the tiny studio, behind cameras and over cables to a back room area where the show's a played-out villain, a phantom flan flinger, is taking five and poring over his script. The actor inside the black suit looks startled as two intruders, one imposing and crazed, stalk toward him.

"Aha!" booms the Smash, "not so evil in the flesh are ya! I can push you around." And he gently shoves the small character a few times who laughs in a most unassured way. Chas tugs the green script from the PFF's glove.

"Let's see yer script," he begins, in a gravel monotone that falls somewhere between Dury and Lennon. "I wanna find out when I'm supposed to look shocked and surprised, know what I mean, my friend? Anyway, is this a fair job? Gi' your fortnight's holiday, I hope." The actor scuttles off as politely as he can.

Chas' face registers pity and amusement as the villain of many a kid's Saturday morning retires not a little confused.

"That's the pie flinger fellar, right? Look at all these cream pies over here waiting to be lobbed." A studio technician lopes, headmasterly, around the curtain hoping to psyche Smash into retreat with his 'what are you up to?' stare.

"Don't worry, John, I'm not gonna touch the pies. I know you people go mad if somebody touches the pies before time. Union rules, am I right? Don't worry, pal, you're doing a grand job — nobody fucks with your pies. We're just leaving."

As we pass the studio lad's scornful gaze, Chas leans across and whispers: "That phantom flan flinger — a proper junkie, no doubt."

CARL SMITH has come a thousand miles since he changed his name and went overboard in trying to quell the jealousy he felt when Graham McPherson — who as Suggs is the other half of The Coco Brothers — grabbed the attention that he thought should rightfully be his. He's an original. A genius amongst the half-cooked, half-baked, half-witted 9 to 5 Mr Tapola that parade as bona fide rock performers. The first star of 2-Tone, a chap who raised stage invasion to a fine art and then made the pitch his own. No guitars, no voice but a genuine *Top Of The Pops* hero, a true British street parallel to that Travolta Johnny from *Saturday Night Fever*.

And no fool, I'doubt. He fooled me right up to the time I met him, but you'll find no thick-headed leader qualities here. Just a bizarre and dry wit, tired of explaining his method of madness. I never got close to him at all really, but close enough to decipher part of the joke.

Madness are spread around the ATV Studios in Brum, waiting to give a plug to their new album, 'Absolutely'. Only they and The Beat managed to crawl along the skirting board to get out of the room when 2-Tone finally painted itself into a corner — Selecter taking off and The Specials content to perform sardonic party pieces for the dope set.

Madness' nutty angles on mundanities, love and demobbear are condemned as irrelevance by those who see nothing but unflinching 'truth' and bleakness as interpreted by long-faced, longer-winded poetic buffoons from bedsitland. A pox on these Dory Previn and Dartmoor realists. So long as a band like Madness can thrive, there's hope for every screwed-up, frustrated warehouse-working school-leaver. Let's face it, nobody wants to escape from work and The Fall, do they?

Last night they'd had a re-union with old friends The Specials at the latter's gig in Coventry. The party afterwards nearly caused the Coco Brothers to miss their TV date.

"You shoulda come to that party," says Smash to me as he rummages through a teachest of jackets trying to create an ocular treat for TV. "I mean, we're s'posed to be nutty but The Specials — they frighten me sometimes. I ain't slept ... I ain't even had a chance to get the boots off. Look at them." We both peer at his footwear. "It's all just cooking in there."

Resigned to playing a minor part in the band's proceedings, bass player Mark Bedford watches Lenny Henry fool around for the grown-ups on a monitor outside the studio. He looks about fifteen years old. I wondered how America has responded to the sound.

"Zilch response and non shifting of units is how record companies put it. We did loads and loads of small clubs but when you play somewhere like Portland, Oregon, it's all pointless. During our set everyone was playing pool and songs get lost against the sound of sinking eight-balls. We just jumped off stage in the end. Then again, big places take us well — like we own half of Boston. They said Mick Jagger saw us in New York, but it must have been for five minutes to prove he's the hippest dude in town."

Back in the dressing room Suggs and Smash are having serious talks on how to avoid getting wet and wrecked on the show. Smash is 'doing his vanity bit' with cold water and a portable hair dryer.

"I tell ya, Suggs, Sally James weaves the safest path — stick with old Sal." He stops the grooming and leans close to the mirror, eyeing his complexion. "Bollocks. You think you're OK and when you look again you're all spots and eruptions."

Guitarist Chris Foreman is wondering aloud whether it might have been an idea to have brought his four-year-old son up for the day. Suggs then encourages Chas to seek out some proper stage clothes in a real search. In Wardrobe they rummage through various tatty jackets and hats like they had nothing else to wear. Suggs settles quickly for a mac and straw hat — in the Coco Brothers partnership he's the outwardly sanner one. Chas is about to be further transformed. The cropped hair and dark glasses on that cartoonish frame already lend him menace but once he's decided on a silver stars and stripes top hat, crown-feet jacket and clown's red nose, his appearance becomes frankly disturbing. Only the Navy trousers tucked into high-leg Martens stop the garb from being totally ludicrous.

Smash is getting out of control, as great is his satisfaction at finding the right sartorial outfit for his mood. "I THINK A WALKING STICK!" He twirls and turns for Anton's camera and the mirror. "Oh what, am I cracking away or what here? Absolutely fearless, my friends, absolutely fearless." He discovers a baseball bat and an even fuller mirror. The banshee screaming "WHOOOHOOO! FEARLESS! CAPTAIN ACID STRIKES BACK!! STROLL ON!!"

Suggs pulls his arm and reminds him that they're due on camera. Chas strides down the corridor endeavouring to extract the full weirdometer out of anyone that walks past.

Sally James, the unctuous, bubbling, jolly hockey stick herself, is waiting with a clip-board behind the *Tiswas* set. She barely tolerates the Coco Brothers' childish nerve.

"And you're going to wear that arrangement, are you?" she grins. Smash and Suggs stare her full in the face as she bumbles through what format the 'interview' will take. "Any special subjects you'd like me to touch on?" she asks. Chas bends to her face level. "Tempo elemental artistes. Deceleration and the Perils of Not Taking Acid." Suggs chips in. "Also our 12 shows at Christmas for the kids." James tries to cope with the crazy requests by 'crossing on with fingers crossed. In a minute they'll burst out laughing and say "We had you worried there, didn't we, Sally?!" Of course they don't — the acid gag is too ripe to be discarded just yet. Sal gets herself a white wine and prepares to solder on.

The spot itself was the usual shambles with much backward laughing and 'wise-cracks' from the resident team off camera. Sal nearly walked into it when, referring to the band's new video, she asked "whether the boys were really into flying."

Chas couldn't hold back.

"We most certainly do love flying, Sal, especially since brushing with the psyched — oh, well, it don't matter." He checked himself in time, remembering that his game was with the schoolyard pranets of *Tiswas* Senior, and not with being his for kids' viewing time.

Madness prefer to perform to under-sixteens. Suggs said why they do these kids-only concerts. "I s'pose it's as much for our benefit as the kids' — y'know, we can get really stupid. But kids are entitled to it. You always see them crushed at the very front or more often stuck outside unable to get in. When it's all kids they go completely loony. They've got no preconceptions or ideas about being super cool. They're just great gigs."

THE RUSH of appearing on the TV began to ebb from the Madness skulls and they individually started to drift away from the studios. (Madness don't socialise a great deal as a unit.) Even the Coco Brothers began to slide down from the last speedy 24 hours. But they couldn't resist walking through the shopping centre still in full costume. Even the obligatory cluster of skinheads made no comment on these two nutters idling toward the station — it was impossible to gauge their measure.

On the platform, they signed some of their ridiculously long and never repeated autographs for two young boys who'd "joost seen yooz on the teleeh". The train arrived and the sighs were abundant in the first class compartment — Stiff were paying.

It must be a strain to be one of the Coco Brothers.

Suggs: "Yeah, yeah it is. Specially in foreign countries where they expect you to be nutty and stuff at eight in the morning."

Chas: "Yeah, all these French idiots saying 'now please put on your ska suits and be nutty'. To be quite honest there are times when they demand the doo-dah and want you to act like a plum when you get to feel it's all too oppressive. Oppressive. It's not something that you can just 'turn on so it turns out that there are only two sorts of Madness show — either brilliant or just shit. The only kinds."

Suggs: "I remember that photo session the other day, right, Carl? When we were just cranked of nutty ideas for things to do. Then you get a lot of people saying it's all just a joke. Reviews of our album that half-way apologise for liking it. We don't actually have any points, except we can really entertain."

Chas: "Mainly ourselves ..."

Suggs: "Like they say though, it's better than gardening, which we have done."

It must seem like a whirlwind, the last couple of years.

Chas: "Unbelievable. So quick, done so much, I just can't fuckin' believe it."

Suggs: "I remember last Christmas like it was yesterday."

Chas: "Yeah, me too. (Pause) Hold up — no I don't."

How do you like rock music?

Suggs: "It's good to be in. But I think it's stupid to start talking about other groups because, well, — someone like Fleetwood Mac ... it's obvious they don't understand any better."

Chas: "Fuckin' Pink Floyd as well. I was working down Brixi Road clearing out a load of their old films and most of 'em were like hour-long films of an apple decomposing. A group like that are just spark-out throwing their fucking parties."

Suggs: "So when we started we never made a big thing about 'doin' it for the people', y'know, it was basically for ourselves."

Chas: "When we first started I'd call myself Chas and wear the shades and the hat because I was afraid of the attention Suggs was getting. But now I get all the attention and I don't particularly want it. The nutiness is done for myself as much as anything. Money matters to me now. I never could understand all these people asking they were never in it for the money. What's that all about? We're starting right?"

You seem to work at it harder than most, in fact.

Chas: "I like to see it as a live theatrical — more comedy."

Suggs: "Yeah, but see, it's so hard to get an idea that is great visually without being patrolled with lights and smoke and that."

Chas: "See and another thing is — I don't want all this to fold up tomorrow and I ain't learnt anything. I don't want to waste my time, yeah, so I'm learning to play bass, saxophone and sax — Christ knows, we've got enough time out on the road to learn. You've got to be sometimes."

Suggs: "Could you imagine us at 30 leaping around the stage?"

"Embarrassment" is the LP is the best thing you've done. More Motown, kind of ...

Suggs: "Well, look, if you heard any of our old stuff back you'd see that we always really into Motown stuff. I mean, we loved ska but I thought it was just reggae and I had to get and rehearse those Trojan albums so I could come back and say 'Oh, yeah, Prince Buster'. Fun and play."

Did you discuss the album though?

Chas: "No, we just sat naturally progression-wise. It just happened."

Does it often not happen?

Suggs: "It's got happy a lot 'lark' on it."

Chas: "The worst is when the crowd is a bunch of plugs. I'll look up to him half-way through and go — "

Suggs: "Fuckin' hell ..."

Chas: "... we're half-way. Suggs, we're half-way through."

Suggs: "Once 'The Prince' comes along you're alright, you're nearly there. But some nights you're up there in yer silly suit and going mad and the crowd just stare and you think 'bloooddy mee' ..."

Do you ever feel like quitting?

Chas: "Course ya do — it's bound to happen, but you have to shake it off. I mean, where would I be now if it weren't for all this?"

Suggs: "Certainly not coming from Birmingham first class wearing a stupid hat and shades."

Chas: "In the end, the point is remembering that geezer on school who told you 'learn math, dry lad, it isn't going to be a bloody chemist when you get out, you know'. I think of all that and just kick myself sometimes. I would have been doing right now if I weren't being nutty in Madness."

THE COCO Brothers exchanged small talk about what would be the main point of their show tonight. Suggs said he thought that it was best just to do what he did last night's phenomenal show The Specials, but Chas was back in party mood.

"Correction, Uncle Suggs. We only way'ed off a bit back in Brum again tonight. Anything bad may happen."

But I wonder how close it is that Carl Smith, between revealing the stage fortnightly job (which we pulled into Euston. With Suggs closing his eyes for a minute, Chas took the top hat from his head, removed the nose, opened a crease in it and wiped the greasepaint from his chin. He looked out of me and gave a gamin Indian into his eyeless chap.

"Sorrowful," he said. "I get so sick of it sometimes." And the mask fell to the floor.

A beauty called Sally ... isn't it, Mark?

Hats off ...

A Rastar child

In this a Bogie?

Who now ...

Dispalse all. Back to sanitoria.

THE TV PARTY

CAST

The Coco Bros ..... Chas and Suggs
Innocent Bystanders ..... The rest of Madness
The Tiswas Team ..... Sally and Chris
The Heavy ..... The Flan Flinger

Fun for almost all the family as these nutty Madness chaps come over all suicidal in their quest to become nothing at all like Fleetwood Mac.

Script: Danny Baker
Cameraman: Anton Corbijn

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INFORMATION CITY

By Fred Dellar

HAVE you any info on the sequel to *American Graffiti*, the 1973 movie directed by George Lucas? Apparently it went into production towards the tail end of '78 and was originally called *Purple Haze*. Later it came out in the US as *After American Graffiti* but was quickly withdrawn and then reissued as *More American Graffiti*, an excellent soundtrack album of that title being released over here in November, 1979. But, according to *NME's Rock Cinema Guide*, the film is listed as *Purple Haze (The Party's Over)*. All very confusing isn't it? Could you now put my mind at rest and tell me what the film is currently called and, more importantly, when it's likely to be screened in this country?
WOLF J. FLYWHEEL, Smethwick, Warley, W. Midlands

● According to CIC, who hold the distribution rights, the movie is to appear in Britain as *The Party's Over*. But no date has yet been set for release, CIC merely stating that: "The film has been on our 'To be released' schedule for eight months now. We intend to put it out but have no idea exactly when. Films sometimes stay on the list for a long time but they nearly all get an eventual release." So now you know.

PLEASE provide some information on the recording career of Bob James. Also could you tell if James' theme to the TV comedy series *Taxi* is available on any of his albums?
CLIFF GOODALL, Thurso, Caithness

● Bob James first landed on this earth in 1939, at a place known as Marshall, Missouri (just off Interstate Highway 40, not far from Kansas City, according to my A-Z). He began playing piano in 1944 and has hardly stopped to take food ever since — though he did take time out to pick up a Master's degree in composition at the University of Michigan in '62, while the previous year his trio made off with a prize at a Notre Dame jazz fest, gaining the attention of judge Quincy Jones. Soon after, James moved to New York and, following a stint with trumpeter Maynard Ferguson, became M.D. with Sarah Vaughan, later becoming an arranger with Dionne Warwick Roberta Flack, Margaret King and Aretha Franklin. When Creed Taylor started up CTI Records, James moved in, not only contributing his 'One', 'Two', 'Three', series of albums but also providing charts for just about everyone on the label, including Grover Washington, whom he aided on 'Mister Magic' and 'Feels So Good', both gold albums. In '76 he joined CBS Records and began providing arrangements for many major acts including Paul Simon ('Still Crazy After All These Years'), while by the beginning of '77 he'd gone on to form a new label Tappan Zee, for whom he's masterminded several huge-selling but mainly MOR-oriented jazz recordings, these including his own 'Heads' and 'Touchdown' moneyspinners. The theme from *Taxi* was originally titled 'Angela' and can be found on 'Touchdown' (CBS 83175), though it's also available on a single numbered SCBS8540, released in May, this year.

I NOTICED in a recent edition of *NME* that Giet Gunnarsen of Oslo wanted to know if there was a Kinks fan club based in the U.K. And perhaps there isn't, but there are some in the U.S.A., in Holland and in France, the best of the lot (according to Ray Davies) being a French one known as Kinks French Connection, organised by Bernard De Gioanni, 'Le Mercure', Avenue, Denis Semeria, 06300 Nice, France.
ALAIN BELLEMIN, Paris, France

● Ray would say anything to get his hands on some buckshee samples of Golden Delicious. Frankly, I prefer Cox's pippins myself!

I SEEM to recall reading in *NME* that a licence was available from the Mechanical Copyright Protection Society (or some such body) entitling citizens to tape albums and singles for personal use without fear of a knock on the door in the middle of the night — and all for less than a couple of quid. If I haven't been hallucinating, could you provide the whole low-down on this worthwhile acquisition and tell me where I get it from?
A. M. WALLEY, Crewe, Cheshire

● Bad news, I'm afraid! The home recording licence was available from MCPS for just £1.73. But it was withdrawn only a couple of weeks ago following a decision by the British Phonographic Industry to withdraw their support from a scheme, which, they claim, allowed punters to tape discs to their heart's content without fully recompensing the record companies, artists and publishers for lost income resulting from lower record sales. Now, in effect, home taping is only legal if written permission is sought from the various record companies involved — and you've a fat chance of obtaining that! See you in Dartmoor!

"Please, sir, may I leave the room?" Wolfman Jack has a shout attack in American Graffiti (see query on left. On The Box below and News on page 3)

ON THE BOX

Saturday October 4
PLAY DIRTY (Directed by Andre de Toth 1968): Pitiful *Dirty Dozen* rip-off, scripted by Melvyn Bragg, with Michael Caine, Nigel Davenport and Harry Andrews amongst those wandering around after Rommel in North Africa. **(BBC1).**

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK (Fred F. Sears 1956) / JAILHOUSE ROCK (Richard Thorpe 1957): The Beeb's Rock Week (see page 3 for full listing) begins with lame old warhorses that should be good for a few laughs. Bill Haley, of course, in the first, Elvis' nostril-flaring model in the second. **(BBC 2).**

HIGHLIGHTS: An army of killer ants crawl all over Suzanne Somers in **Panic At Lakewood Manor (ITV)**, but for a better class of frisson catch Stanley Kubrick in an **Arena Special (BBC2)**, a behind the scenes study on the filming of *The Shining*. Elsewhere, everybody's talking about pop music: there's a welcome repeat of Neville Smith's tart examination of hero worship, **Long Distance Information (BBC 2)**, and 25 years of the stuff in **Heroes Of Rock'n'Roll (BBC 2)**, a compilation from Berry to Bowie.

Sunday October 5
AMERICAN GRAFFITI (George Lucas 1973): That rarity, a film that doesn't go on long enough. An affectionate, nostalgic mosaic of teenage life in an early '60s Californian town, it made a star of Richard Dreyfuss and boasts other fine performances from Candy Clark, Cindy Williams, Paul LeMat, Ron Howard and Charlie Martin Smith. Very sharp, very funny, it sure shows *Happy Days* the door. **(BBC 2).**

HIGHLIGHTS: Roger Moore's the first guest on a new series of **The Muppet Show (ITV)**; I think I've sussed out how Jim Henson's funny puppets work, but Mr Moore remains a mystery. Trevor Eve returns as the highly unlikely **Shoestring (BBC 1)**, on Radio West in living colour.

Tuesday October 7
ROBBERY (Peter Yates 1967): This predictable, but tough and efficient, thriller landed Yates the *Bullitt* job. Strong cast headed by Stanley Baker, Frank Finlay and Barry Foster. **(ITV).**

THE GLORY GUYS (Arnold Laven 1965): Not much of Sam Peckinpah's fiercely pro-Indian script is left in a disappointingly bungled Western, starring Tom Tryon, Harve Presnell and James Caan as the baddies in the blue suits. **(BBC 1).**

HIGHLIGHTS: Mel and Bob in **Smith And Goody (ITV)**, Ray and Kate in **The Kinks (BBC 2)** and **Kate Bush (BBC 2).**

Monty Smith

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QUO 3

SKIDS

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Oct 12th – CARDIFF Top Rank
Oct 13th – PLYMOUTH Polytechnic
Oct 14th – READING University
Oct 15th – BRIGHTON Top Rank
Oct 16th – DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall
Oct 17th – DERBY Assembly Rooms
Oct 18th – BRADFORD University
Oct 20th – CANTERBURY Odeon
Oct 21st – HAMMERSMITH Odeon
Oct 23rd – BELFAST Ulster Hall
Oct 24th – DUBLIN Grand Cinema
Oct 25th – CORK Downtown Ballroom

Virgin

The Police Man's balls up

Sting: a force to be reckoned without

Pic: Fin Costello

ALBUMS

THE POLICE
Zenyatta Mondatta *(A&M)*

THE POLICE have captured the market that Generation X *wanted* but were too bad, too early and too anthusiastic to get: half young girls with more love than they know what to do with, half *rock ordineire* fans who want to be up to date but don't want to change.

The arresting Sting, it seemed, had pulled "it" off; shrewd enough to respect, beautiful enough to love. Face in *Pink* but feet planted firmly in *The Face*.

The Police seemed to be a good thing. They arrived in a blaze of modesty, making an album for about 3p, murmuring on the radio, making some sound singles. Sting was the latest in the improved parade of sensible unsmiling superior sex symbols; Deborah, Chrissie Hynde, Rotten, Paul Weller, Siouxsie. He seemed the most serene and uncontrived blend yet of sex (blond, a body) and seriousness (late success, a son, a serious actress).

You can go off people. The Police were like a decent, unassuming guest who gets asked to dinner to make up the numbers and after a few Dubonnets shows his true colours, dancing on the table and insulting people (insulting people's intelligence in the case of 'Zenyatta Mondatta'). The Roxy roots (they really were there in 1977 — on the one occasion I saw them they were penniless, supporting Cherry Vanilla. Chrissie Hynde was in the audience, so penniless she sold me this very typewriter — I don't know what Cherry Vanilla's doing these days) are just a publicist's convenience; The Police drag the corpse of live music all the way to India and back, they make Keith Richard and Ted Nugent love them and they make bad records.

Take your tranquillizers, go ahead, but don't dress them up in speed's colours — don't even pretend they're vitamins. This is really light entertainment, the sound of thick skin.

'Zenyatta Mondatta' is the third in an unbroken line of stupid titles that attempt to clothe plain fare in mystery, like the menu in a greasy French Bayswater cafe. Too much of a mediocre thing: their sound is still medium-rare, cold and wide open, a better sound then most, but their writing has worsened drastically since, say, 'Can't Stand Losing You'. Lounging around a bleak beauty of a bungalow ranch in sloppy slippers and black roots.

'Don't Stand So Close To Me' is definitely their worst ever single, just as surely as it's far away the best thing here. Sting makes the best of a bad situation comedy; close to *Mind Your Language!* then *Lolita*. This riff is twice Sting's age!

Something is so wrong. There's 'Canary In A Coalmine', which should be called 'Get That Canary Out Of A Denver Coalmine', it's such a steal. And the album ends with an instrumental, which is very insulting; 'The Other Way Of Stopping' by the lovely Sting. Another instrumental is the only — surprise — effort of Andy Summers, one half of Sting's matching luggage. So transparent, like the Honeyman-Scott-Farndon effort 'Space Invaders' from the otherwise immaculate Pretenders album — just knock out a jolly old arrangement of notes, boys, and we'll wangle you some money.

When The Police do non-instrumentals, you think maybe singing wasn't such a good idea. *"De do do do/De de da da da/Is all I want to say to you/De do do do/De da da da/The innocence will pull me through"*. Then there's 'Man In A Suitcase' — The Piglets wish they were homeward bound. Then there are two ¾ instrumental tracks on which The Police feel they're going too far and throw in a few words to avoid trouble — the mantra-ish 'Voices In My Head' and the Little Sir Echo heaven 'Shadows In The rain'.

The Police's *'Metal Machine Music'?* It sounds like something some shyster would dredge up from the vaults — out-takes and such — to milk the nostalgia market should The Police meet their Maker in an aeroplane disaster.

Stewart Copeland and Andy Summers are painfully, obviously born session-men, shot inappropriately to glory See how sheepish and out of place they always look on film!

The problem and the glory are Sting's. His soul-sister is Deborah Harry, whose chosen muse smells similarly bad. She and Sting suffer, I believe, from the '60s insistence that *rock* is the art form which does best by the ambitious beauty; you only have to see Sting smile as he takes off his shirt, Harry look at the camera, to see that they are *actors*. I am convinced that both blondes will soon face their fate. Each album is just a mistake, a decoy.

It won't be any great loss. 'New Wave' was always a pig anyhow. Punk without love or blood, such a convenient lodger, blood(less)-brother to DJ and TV.

Compared to things like the B. Rats (Bluster's Last Stand) and Elvis Costello (the paranoid's Mickey Spillane and his circus of thugs), The Police seem to be the lesser drivel. But the tension is essential, the tightrope is made for walking — when in doubt, don't. Every home should shun one.

Where *is* Cherry Vanilla now The Police need her?

Julie Burchill

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
Kilimanjaro *(Mercury)*

OF COURSE putting four singles on an LP is cheating, even if two are re-done. And the cover's pretty bad as well. But if you're The Teardrop Explodes, you're fun and you're suss, a cross between the big grin and the fashionable grim, you get away with it. Elton John or Rod Stewart — no chance. I wouldn't have it any other way.

'Kilimanjaro' is an up and down LP. The songs deal with the ups and downs of festering fate and fortune, the lyrics suggest emotional highs and lows, the music jumps up and down. I can feel up and down about its merits.

It's very smart. The Teardrop Explodes epitomise contemporary pop music — viperous melodies are scornfully achieved, songs are glitteringly symmetrical, pervading feel is literate, languid, luridly amoral.

Julian Cope's lyrics are ambitiously aphoristic. This bubblegum music has an emotional and philosphical base — sort out the standards for that! Cope is attracted to style, he's very self-conscious about his linguistic skill, he reveals in images that conceal rather than declare. T. Explodes pump up a music that is ironically frothy and frisky. The Stranglers' frog kissed and turned into a handsome mischievous prince. It's a sordidly rational pop and even though sometimes it strikes me as gratuitous and dry it turns me on. It's Cope's narcissism and conceit that give the songs their depth.

Cope is high priest of the elaborate tease. Wit and action diverge in his songs, little seems to be revealed. He frets a lot at cloistered relationships, the claustrophobic limitation of routine. He lets a personal bitterness ooze into the invariably soft centred, dream-like, warm pop. There are two extremes to Cope's capability as egotistical pop craftsman. 'When I Dream' is Cope's softest, least camouflaged lyric, a straight admission of desire. 'Treason' sustains a cynicism, is full of phantoms, time is fiddled around with, details are disjointed, the atmosphere is locked in loneliness. It's cutting, magnificently attractive, pained and special.

The two extremes: Cope's ability to write a seductive, lucent pop song, and his ability to transcend the limitations of form with a touch of surreal content or genuine menace. The songs on 'Kilimanjaro' tend to fall in between the two extremes, cast as if a jelly mould by zoo keepers Bill Drummond and Dave Balfe (who skates around on keyboards, old guitarist Michael Finkler plays on all but two tracks, Alan Gill plays on those and Gary Dwyer drums.)

The crocodile tear stained 'Ha Ha I'm Drowning' is an up way to start the record, with the warning opening line *"Use you common sense"*. Immediately featuring the group's newly acquired occasional brass — witty if not liberating. The re-jigged psycho-killers 'Sleeping Gas' and 'Bouncing Babies' are . . . mature: desultory class replacing unholy spontaneity. 'Second Head', 'Brave Boys Keep Their Promises' and 'The Thief of Baghdad' are finely formed black entertainment. Cope chasing ghosts, seething at his weaknesses.

Cope's singing voice has an odd dignity — it's oracular, ceremonial, and luckily a mite mocking. The schizoid 'Went Crazy' is thoroughly charged by cheering brass. Cope for once losing his self-control, scattering clever images concerning the conflict between taboo and common sense. He loses control on the song he wrote with Echo's Ian McCulloch 'Books', but that shouldn't fool anyone. The dismal version suggests Cope's either acutely superstitious or nonchalantly aware that transience is the name of this game.

'Poppies In The Field' as a stark expression of disenchantment is impressive if baffling, Cope typically taunting anyone who's interested by hinting at a personal crisis, emphasising that with heavyish suspense music, but ultimately concealing clues as to 'Meaning'. I can't object to Cope's intellectualisation because more often than not the songs work — like little traps set with just the right amount of bait. *"Poppies are in the field"*, mourns Cope, *"don't ask me what that means."* Nonsense of self-reproach? *"I'll wait around,"* the song trails away. For answers presumably.

It would be wrong and right to say that in intellectualising pop verse, Cope's cryptic lyrics are often as silly as the tritest pop words. In fact Cope has exploited the essential truth of the successful pop lyric. It's stupidity is its profundity. Cope turns that around. And around. Julian Cope charmingly challenges meaning and reason. The Teardrop Explodes are both a lazy cerebral pleasure and an innocuous pop-sherbert. High-brow and low-brow. Up and down.

Cope of course is iconoclastic pop hero and close to being too clever for his own good.

Paul Morley

The Tear-drop explained

Fay (below): 'Ere that dance step looks a bit familiar."

PAULINE (right): "Don't dictate to me."

Pic: Beat Blower.

GIRLS KEEP SWINGING

PAULINE MURRAY AND THE INVISIBLE GIRLS
Pauline Murray And The Invisible Girls *(Illusive)*

AT LAST — the right balance between Pauline Murray's preciousness, petulance, personality and musical / lyrical perspective.

Pauline Murray And The Invisible Girls is the heart and soul of Penetration (bassist Robert Blamire and Murray) intertwined with the ghostly grace and congruent style of Factory (everything from Vini Reilly's iridescent guitar through to Peter Saville's trim packaging). All that was great about Penetration, their fluid sense of movement and dynamics, is ingeniously orchestrated by The Invisible Girls (who are Martin Hannett and keyboardist Steve Hopkins — they arrange and produce the music, Vini Reilly as 'special guest', John Maher, Robert Blamire and percussionists Dave Rowbotham and Dave Hassell).

Penetration attempted to build something expansive and elaborate with limited experience. As a group they were always near greatness but they were trapped by punk roots and environment. Here, though, Murray and Blamire have produced something that's a mighty long way from punk, from 'Don't Dictate'. It's a hit.

Starting with side two, 'Drummer Boy' (Murray) is essentially Durutti Column (Reilly's sitaresque guitar, soft hand percussion, Hannett effects) blended with Murray's vocal — irresistible. The slender 'Thundertunes' (Murray / Blamire) works because it lacks the ugly riffy guitar others would have been tempted to use. 'When Will We Learn' (Murray/ Blamire) then slots Reilly's uniquely lyrical guitar inside a wavering rock structure, spins moods like the best blues, floats off into a typical Hannett sign off.

'Mr X' (Murray / Blamire) and 'Judgement Day' are emotional, instrumental and vocal pinnacles. Lovely songs of anxiety, malaise and self-doubt: Pauline Murray sings of the the love of love, fear of fear, of suspicion and retribution, and consistently captures the drama in dream. 'Mr X' is built around a Peter Hook-type bass line, the mood intensifying until it disintegrates into a bubble of effect and percussion. 'Judgement Day' again has a strong theme at its core, the arrangement building up from that with giddy luxury. The song gives the LP a suitable sombre finale. Hannett, of course, fades it out.

Hannett's production is cracking: ornate yet never opaque, discreetly echoed and gently warped to the point of hallucination. What he does to Blamire (whose bass in never less than excellent, and who has undoubtedly contributed more to the record than I've given him credit) and Maher's potent Girls are tied down by no prejudices or inhibitions. Hannett and Hopkins lend needed maturity and substance to Pauline's flights of fantasy.

This is sophistication, and it's nothing to be ashamed of. There is no pretence that a ragged edge or a discordant solo is the pasword to credibility. The music is wildly eclectic — look for Chic slick, Springsteen hope and glory, Wonder resource, gothic speciousness, post-punk passion, all ethnically touched up — yet very distinctive. This is the romantically infused easy listening epic Patti Smith never made with 'Easter'. Murray's personal touches, the quiet fire of her bewilderment and almost lullaby-like disillusionment transforming it into a great work of passion.

Side One's 'Screaming In The Darkness' (Murray/Blamire) is a dream start. Ripe, supple, faintly funky, Murray's vital vocal is delightfully double tracked on the chorus and surrounded by echo elsewhere, the arrangement tickled by mock-majestic piano. The single 'Dream Sequence' (Murray) is indicative of the LP's intimacy and insidiousness. Blamire defines a memorable theme with the bass in 'European Eyes' (Murray / Blamire), Hannett playfully squiggles about in the mix. All the while Murray's vocals are just getting hotter. All those lasses lauded by so-called experts, Elaine Page, Kate Bush etc. for what it's worth are torn to tatters both by the raw sound of Murray's voice and how she phrases and spits and grits and dips and trips and . . .

'Pauline Murray And The Invisible Girls' is superb entertainment.

Paul Morley

THE REVILLOS
Rev Up *(Snatzo)*

'REV UP' is trash of a devastating and awe - inspiring purity, an album that frugs along a tightrope strung between *Fireball XL5* and *The Ghost In The Invisible Bikini*. Lovingly handcrafted to contain not even the faintest trace of redeeming artistic merit, Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds' second first album (their *first* first album being, of course, 'Can't Stand The Rezillos') should by rights have been projected into the past so that scratched copies in creased, coffee - stained sleeves could turn up in Clacton junk-shops for no more than £1.50.

All worthless teen ballads, twangy Ventures - style instrumentals and manically foolish and meaningless dance songs, 'Rev Up' should find a good home in the hearts of everybody who ever collected *Men From U.N.C.L.E* bubblegum cards or went to all-night American International beach party movies. Where The Ramones meet The Human League at the grass roots of cultural flotsam, The Revillos are blamming out their relentless trebly yap and prancing until their legs or your ears and patience give out.

They should be encouraged. After all, anyone capable of ripping off The Rock-A-Teens' 'Woo Hoo' (and retitling it 'Yeah Yeah') will clearly stop at nothing in the pursuit of cultural purity, and since Reynolds, Fife and their cohorts have decided to pursue this absurd lifestyle on our behalf we owe them some small degree of support and gratitude — except possibly when they massacre 'Cool Jerk' with the same idiot glee that they bring to everything else. Devotees of noisy foolishness should seek this out and give it to their most serious friends for Christmas. The Revillos are a good deed in a meaningful world.

Charles Shaar Murray

Itching to go to the Paris fleamarket? If you've got £16 you're only 3 steps away.

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TEN YEARS ON JANIS JOPLIN

ANY WOMAN'S BLUES

Pic: S.K.R. Photos International

JANIS JOPLIN
Anthology *(CBS)*
"And clenching your fist for the ones like us/who are oppressed by the figures of beauty/you fixed yourself, you said 'never mind/we are ugly but we have the music'." ('Chelsea Hotel No.2', Leonard Cohen)

It will be ten years ago this Saturday that Janis Joplin died of a heroin overdose. In the light of a new anthology of her work, Graham Lock assesses her importance.

Janis Joplin felt ugly, lonely and unloved. This fact rises, hard and disconcerting, from the reams of print which followed her death. Her insecurity may have been excessive — as were the means with which she struggled against it — but when you consider that "Pig" was her school nickname or that while at university she was nominated in an 'Ugliest Man On Campus' contest, it's obvious that her self-doubt was rooted in a real and desperate pain — one which finally led to her death.

It will be ten years this Saturday since Joplin died of a heroin overdose in a Hollywood motel room. But while heroin may have been the agent of her death, the insecurity which drove her to use it was more complex. It would be too simple to say she was a 'victim' of sexism — and too dismissive of her achievements — but, equally, it's too easy to attribute her death to the excesses of a mythical and miserable 'rock'n'roll lifestyle' without asking what had made her play that role.

Joplin is one of the few rock artists whose impact is due less to her music than to her (for want of a better word) 'personality'. She may have been the fiercest, wildest white blues singer (and opinions vary as to whether that was a good thing) but her vital innovations were to do with the ways she dressed, the ways she behaved.

Lillian Roxon, writing in *No-one Waved Goodbye*, describes the teenage girls who were influenced by Joplin, their "faces defiantly free of make-up and other synthetic improvements; their hair positively triangular in its electricity; their clothes long, loose and nomadic; and look ma, no panty girdles and better even than that, nipples! Hey it was incredible. Janis liberated every one of those fourteen, fifteen and sixteen-year-olds in every possible way . . . she liberated more American women than a hundred books."

For Joplin herself, this liberation was double-edged. She uprooted conventional notions of glamour but, rather than attack the concept itself, she put forward an alternative version. And in escaping one female stereotype, she found herself trapped within another — what her biographer Myra Friedman called the "hard-drinking-swearing-always-partying-fuck-anybody-get-it-on-get-it-off-stay-stoned-keep-on-rocking-floozy". She played the role onstage and the audience loved her (for acting out their fantasies); she played the role offstage and no-one could get close to her.

Joplin knew it was a fake — "onstage I make love to 25,000 people, then I go home alone," she said: and had she been able to draw on that later upsurge of feminism for which she was a catalyst, maybe she would have seen things clearer and acted differently. As it was, her struggle was steeped in confusion and she swapped one male fantasy role for another and found neither of any help in trying to value her self.

Paradoxically, much of the power of her music came from this struggle. Ellen Willis, in *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History Of Rock'n'Roll*, points out that "Janis sang out of her pain as a woman and men dug it. Yet it was men who caused the pain, and if they stopped causing it they would not have her to dig."

Joplin mostly sang the blues but, as Willis notes, unlike the blues singers she didn't try to confront her pain with any kind of basic dignity. She tried instead to dispel it in exorcistic frenzies, and the results were less moving than *spectacular*, the emotional intensity both scary and inspiring but also a little unreal.

Too often, she used her strength against herself. It's as if Joplin sought salvation through self-destruction — on 'Piece Of My Heart' she sounds ready to tear herself apart — rather than seeking for a kernel of self-esteem. She may never have lost that centre completely — her death is generally thought to have been an accident — but the threat was always there, especially when she looked in a mirror and felt herself worthless.

A final ironic twist is that if people failed to see the pain that Joplin the woman had to cope with, it may partly have been due to the magnificent performance that Joplin the artist made out of it. But then, if you were a woman rock singer in late '60s America, what else could you do?

'Anthology' — a budget priced double — collects nearly all her famous songs, from the early days in acid era San Francisco with Big Brother and the Holding Company, through the patchy horns and strings overkill of Kosmic Blues to the streamlined funk of 'Pearl', her final album. Joplin died just before recording was completed.

'Piece Of My Heart', 'Turtle Blues' and the incandescent 'Summer Time', all from the 'Cheap Thrills' album, are the best of her work with Big Brother, capturing the innocent swagger of the time in sloppy, exuberant and very *loud* rock'n'roll. From 'Kosmic Blues' a stirring 'Maybe' and the plaintive 'Little Girl Blue' are matched by some weaker moments like the dreary Bee Gees' ballad 'To Love Somebody', evidence of that album's spurious stab at versatility.

But 'Pearl' is well represented as Joplin, fronting her new Full Tilt Boogie band, found new discipline and purpose. She still taped black sources — Bobby Womack's 'Trust Me', Garnett Mimm's 'Cry Baby' and Howard Tate's 'Get It While You Can' are an immaculate soul trio — but the best known track from the album is her version of 'Me And Bobby Maghee' in which Joplin shows an aptitude for country rock that perhaps derives from adolescent days singing in the folk bars of her native Texas.

'Anthology' climaxes with late live versions of 'Get It While You Can' and 'Ball And Chain', taken from the posthumous 'Joplin In Concert' release. They come complete with those sad, silly Joplin raps that spliced bravado with desperation. "I can't sleep," she complains, then jokes with the audience "Why sleep, man, I might miss a party." Later she ends one of her typical 'live for today' harangues with a weary chuckle of "It's all the same fucking day, man."

Ten years later you can add that for women in rock and most other channels of sexism, it's still the same fucking struggle. That Janis Joplin made her struggle public, and so political, is just one of the reasons why that struggle is now being fought with new clarity and vigour. From the ruins of ugliness a terrible beauty is born.

Graham Lock

Tom Waits

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DOWNTOWN

By AH FONG
From Associated Press

LITTLE TOKYO — redpants and the sugarman in the temple street gloom, drinkin chevis regal in a four dollar room, just another dead soldier in a powder blue night, sugarman says baby everythins alright, goin downtown down downtown

montclaire de havelin doin the st. vitus dance, lookin for someone to chop the lumber in his pants, how am i gonna unload all of this ice and all this muck, all the traffic on the street but its so hard to think, goin down town down downtown.

frankies wearin lipstick pierre cardin, i swear to god i seen him holdin hands with jimmy bond, sallys high on crank and hungry for some sweets, shes fein'in the sheets but shes butch in the streets, goin down-

Please Turn to Page 3 Col. 4

On The Nickle

By CLANCY CHURCH
Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES — sticks and stones will break my bones, but al-

Heartattack And Vine

By TRACIE O'HARA
Staff Writer

HOLLYWOOD — liar liar [illegible] your pants on fire, white spades hangin on the telephone wire, gamblers revaluate along the dotted line, youll never recognize yourself on heartattack and vine.

doctor layer beggar man thief, philly joe remarkable looks on in disbelief, if you want a taste of madness, youll have to wait in line, youll probably see someone you know on heartattack and vine.

boneys high on china white, shorty found a punk, dont you know there aint no devil, theres just god when hes drunk, well this stuff will probably kill you, lets do another line, what you say you meet me down on heartattack and vine.

better off in iowa against your scrambled eggs, that crawling down cahuenga on a broken pair of leggs, youll find your ignorance is blistfull every goddamn time, your waitin for the rtd on heartattack and vine.

Please Turn to Page 24 Col. 3

MR. SEIGAL

By BELMONT RIVERA
Legal Affairs Writer

LAS VEGAS — i spent all my money in a mexican whorehouse, across the street from a catholic church, and then i wiped off my revolver, and i buttoned up my burgundy shirt, i shot the morning in

wea Album K52252

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Times Square *(RSO)*

THEORETICALLY, *Times Square* is the film that'll do for New Wave (whatever that is — some sort of American musicbiz phenomenon) what the same lard mogul's *Saturday Night Fever* did for disco. *Times Square* was planned when it was observed that 'rock discos' were taking over from what one might, I suppose, call 'disco discos', and the film traces the progress of youthful explorers into the intriguing lifestyle that goes with 'New Wave' music.

Unlike *Saturday Night Fever*, the principal musical drawing card of which was a clutch of tailor-made dance hits constructed by The Bee Gees, *Times Square's* soundtrack double-album relies principally on well-worn faves from some of your well-worn faves. Apart from a couple of bits featuring the movie's principals Robin Johnson, Trini Alvarado and others (Tim Curry does not sing, for which one should be vaguely thankful) and previously unreleased material from Suzi Quatro, XTC and Joe Jackson, the album features cultural milestones from such bastions of today's music as The Pretenders, Roxy Music, Gary Numan, Marcy Levy w/Robin Gibb, Talking Heads, The Ramones, The Ruts, Lou Reed, Desmond Child & Rouge, Garland Jeffreys, The Cure, Patti Smith and David Johansen.

Mostly well-known stuff, good, bad and indifferent: a mish-mash of contemporary background noise and static diversions. It was compiled by Bill Oakes, the man who fulfilled the same function for *SNF*, and the man appears to have his full complement of ears: selecting The Cure's 'Grinding Halt' and The Ruts' 'Babylon's Burning' as opposed to — say — something by Ellen Foley or The Cars demonstrates both diligence and some small degree of taste. The real criteria involved for the consumer would appear to be (a) whether the movie was enjoyed or not (b) whether the music is attractive to those outside the New Wave lifestyle and (c) the extent to which those employed by Robert Stigwood for such purposes succeed in transforming *Times Square* into a media event and thus a popular success. As an album it rates slightly higher than the Levi's Rock Box and considerably lower than the sountracks to — say — *Rockers* or *Blue Collar*.

Incidentally, the album includes a thoroughly meretricious version of The Supremes' 'You Can't Hurry Love' as performed by one D. L. Byron. I do not know why. But I think we should be told.

Charles Shaar Murray

DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA
The Swing Of Delight *(CBS)*

INTENDED as a public endorsement, this shabby artefact amounts to the worst-ever advertisement for Sri Chinmoy's purgatorial cosmic propaganda, depicting the guru's star disciple blissfully unaware of having had his spiritual greens well and truly strained once too often. The assembled cast may well be headed by four-fifths of the V.S.O.P. (The Quintet) — Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams — but the mystic Mexicano's aimless meanderings are no substitute in any way for Freddie Hubbard's firebrand trumpet.

One may no longer expect very much from Devadip — even his last remaining asset/virtue, the purity and sweetness of his tone, is noticeably tarnished — but, worse still, he reveals himself to be so deluded as to honestly believe that he is Divinely Inspired. Quite the contrary, not only is he bereft of such virtue, but his affliction appears to be contagious.

Throughout, Wayne Shorter and (in particular) Herbie Hancock give the distinct impression of non-involvement. Of the pair, only Shorter is prepared to take the occasional crack when, during 'Jharna Kada' he tears off a brief tongue-in-cheek bar-room break.

As for Hancock, he's so distracted that when he's suddenly thrown into the spotlight ('Song For My Brother') he casually doodles away at the keyboard undecided whether or not to pass or solo.

A typical example of Health Spa disco muzak, 'Golden Hours' and 'Gardenia' are outstanding for the thoroughly wretched performance from all concerned. This leads one to assume that the sidemen only accepted this assignment to help pay off their most pressing debts.

At least four people have a lot of explaining to do!

Roy Carr

Art Pepper

Art for Pepper's sake

JACK SHELDON QUINTET
Angel Eyes *(Atlas — import)*
PETE JOLLY QUARTET
Strike Up The Band *(Atlas — import)*
MILCHO LEVIEV QUARTET
Blues For The Fisherman *(Mole)*

TERMS LIKE genius and *comeback* are frequently misused these days but both apply absolutely to altoist Art Pepper. His musical rehabilitation is without equal. A full-proof comeback (reinstatement) minutely documented on close to 20 albums in under five years, as opposed to a heavily bankrolled Hollywood-style bluff where the artist is only required (able) to re-enact a passable facsmile of their former glory and (hopefully) live off it without ever again being asked to go through the motions.

Art Pepper isn't in the nostalgia business. At a stage in life (he's passed 50), when most other musicians would only be too thankful to coast along on their past achievements, Pepper conducts himself with all the intensity and vigour of a young gunslinger desperate to carve out an awesome reputation. After a lifetime of personal screw-ups, Pepper doesn't disguise the fact that he's playing this one for keeps. As a result, he goes to almost frightening lengths to prove his ability as one of the finest living hornmen.

Pepper — and musicians of similar mettle — constantly make a mockery of those bands who require two years and a fortune to record forty minutes of utterly worthless music. In fact, in company with his former 1960 'Smack Up' associates, Pepper recorded both the 'Angel Eyes' and 'Strike Up The Band' albums in just four days in February.

'Strike Up The Band' is the archetypal alto with rhythm section blowing date utilising six familiar standards (i.e. 'Night And Day') plus a Pepper original 'Angel Eyes' and 'Blues For The Fisherman' both feature Pepper's regular road crew — Milcho Leviev (piano), Tony Dumas (bass) and Carl Burnett (drums). On the former, trumpeter Jack Sheldon is inspired casting as leader and one would hope that this encounter is more than a one-off reunion. Indeed, there are few hommen of Sheldon's ability who complement Pepper's work with such empathy. Nevertheless, it's the session that carries Milcho Leviev's name that demands the closest scrutiny. Recorded, with immaculate precision, over the final weekend of the Pepper Quartet's recent flag-waving season at Ronnie Scott's Club (June), it comprises four extended originals: three to one in Pepper's favour. Though Pepper seldom relaxes in the accepted manner — it's the hyper-tension that sustains one's interest — this depicts the sexist comfortable in his surroundings and refreshingly creative. As eloquent as ever in his statements, Pepper taunts and soars, feigns and attacks, occasionally exposing a tender nerve end or an insight into his private demons.

Many musicians spend their entire life attempting to attain just one brief moment of such consumate artistry — Art Pepper attained Nirvana twice nightly for the entire two weeks he was at Ronnie's.

The Mole-men promise more from where this came.

Roy Carr

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

"I LOVE writing songs about the girl-boy bit," Reg Presley once told me, the boy-girl bit simply being a euphemism for plain ol' SEX. Today, some 15 years on from the days when The Troggs did their ten pounds a night bit around the village halls of Andover and district, Reg remains a true punk lecher, master of the vocal wink, provider of innuendo unlimited. *"I like the slow ride home / With a girl beside me who's so tired that she can't stop me from f... f... f... f... feeling,"* he nudge-nudges on **'Troggs Live At Max's Kansas City'** (Max's Kansas City Records), thus proving that nothing has really changed. True, Trogglodynamite isn't what it used to be. Where once the band pumped out their riffs in woefully ragged but joyful manner, they now run through the age old routines (the most recent song on 'Live' was penned in '75) in efficient but perfunctory manner. 'Wild Thing', bless its little ocarina, still acts as cheer-leader, while 'Love Is All Around'

Jake Burns (Pic: Saddri)

Hanx — but no hanx

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Hanx *(Chrysalis)*
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Back Stage Pass
(Supermusic)

Punk rock as fashion, nostalgia, cracked wish fulfillment, a crude gesture frozen in time. Titled after the way Jake Burns thanks his followers after a choice reaction, 'Hanx' is released as a thank you to the fans for three years faithful support. It's more a limp slap in the face.

The competence of the live compilation cannot be doubted. It's commercially sound. Well recorded, acceptable selections, well laid out. 'Nobody's Hero', 'Gotta Getaway', 'Wait And See', 'Barbed Wire Love', 'Fly The Flag', 'Alternative Ulster', 'Johnny Was', 'At The Edge', 'Wasted Life', 'Tin Soldiers', and 'Suspect Device'. There's some attractive moments, but how can that be enough? Presented in this fashion the songs become sediment. SLF perform a duty, confirming once and for all that they are pop group, escaping from one set of traps into another and losing not just a sense of mission but also perspective.

I can still recall the thrill of sitting up all night with 'Inflammable Material' and it's not a thrill I can easily turn my back on. But if that LP was a series of punishing, desperate letters, however illegibly scrawled, 'Hanx' is a glossy souvenir postcard, sort of glad you're there and we're here, something to file away and fondly recall every so often.

Punk is memory. Punk is suspended animation. That punk as punk is still here is a bloody mess. 'Back Stage Pass', a dubious promotional device for Supermusic PA Hire Ltd, is a supermarket compilation of groups culled from various strata of the punk rockform.

From self styled original punk group Slaughter And the Dogs through to seventh, eighth, ninth generation post-Pistols punk groups Manufactured Romance, Cyanide, Exploited. Everything you might need to know about how punk is disintegrating into a camp dust, turning pure half satirical values into a way of life, a holy grail. As a musical state of mind punk is fast catching up heavy metal as a dogmatic religion, supported with irresponsible zeal by defensive offensive guru Garry Bushell. The only thing missing from this LP is the Bushell sleeves notes. That people's first introduction to pop can be through the loveless, deceitful, clumsy and dead and fake fury of this is dreadful. That Stiff Little Fingers are in the company of Cyanide, Exploited, Cockney Rejects is sadly significant. The Angelic Upstarts two personal gems 'Murder Of Liddle Towers' and 'Police Oppression', SLF's 'Barbed Wire Love' and 'Closed Groove' and Rob Gretton era Slaughter And The Dogs 'Boot Boys' are I suppose stand outs, but it's a useless form of stand out.

The LP, bearing in mind the success of Subs, Kennedys (actually a great LP), Crass and Ruts, could be one of the most popular LPs of all time. If K-Tel and not Red Rhino were marketing it, it would be. If it cost ten pence, I'd say buy it.

Paul Morley

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Voices *(RCA)*

LIKE ALL Hall & Oates' records since the eponymous silver album, 'Voices' is just so much ersatz, a series of AOR motions competently gone through for no discernible reason save the purely economic.

The syndrome's easily diagnosed by a listen to the version of 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling' which opens side two. In the first place, it's a far better song than any of the original material here; in the second, there's no assertion of identity, no evidence that the duo view it as anything other than aural jogging. Surely, a song so suited to their style should have been viewed as a *challenge*, not a cabaret run-through?

Elsewhere, it's the story as before — there's the mandatory Daryl Hall ballad ('Every Time You Go Away'), all posture and bluster; a clutch of typical Hall & Oates repetitive-chorus inanities in which the verses just act as space-fillers while you're waiting for the chorus to come round again ('Hard To Be In Love With You', 'Kiss On My List', etc.); and, of course, there's the "humorous" numbers, things which would be light relief on anyone else's albums, but which here provide the most interesting moments. 'Gotta Lotta Nerve', for example, starts out as cod doo-wop drivel — though with the most unusual (and satisfying) arrangement on the record — before degenerating into The Usual Thing. It's subtitled '(Perfect Perfect)', which simply begs the question. (No, it's certainly not).

'Africa' is even worse, a pointless little interlude about glamour photography in tropical climes, replete with patronising pseudo-ethnic jungle drums. Ecch!

A few years ago, even their most lightweight material — things like the dreadfully twee 'Rich Girl' — possessed fairly substantial melodies; here, the most "attractive" cuts, in those terms, aren't even up to that low standard. And as for the lyrics, well, they're the kind best buried by slurred vocalising in the first place; unfortunately, Hall & Oates can claim a couple of the finest tubes in American rock today, which only serves to show their songs up as dross.

A forgettable album. In fact, I've forgotten it already.

Andy Gill

and 'Gonna Make You' prove great survivors. And Presley still dreams of being Mick Jagger ('Satisfaction') and Chuck Berry ('No Particular Place To Go') while remaining the original rock'n'roll Wurzel. So 'Troggs Live' adds nothing and doesn't even mark time. But, funnily enough, I'm still glad it's around.

'On The Radio' (Bomb), is another live shot — this time featuring **Segarini**. Cut at a broadcast session in late '78, it provides a re-run for numbers from boppin' Bob's 'Gotta Have Pop', including 'Steady Eddie', his much hailed tribute to an ageing rocker (*"Now Eddie's got a kid, Eddie Jnr is his name and he plays in a band called The Criminally Insane"*); 'Dressed In The Dark', the shaggy stomp that caused instant comparisons with Elvis C's 'Mystery Dance'; and an affectionate reprise of Slade's 'When The Lights Are Out'. Other borrowed items are The Doors' 'People Are Strange' and Ducks De Luxe's 'Please, Please, Please'. Between tracks lie extensive, and often quite diverting, slices of Segarini theorem: "I think Slade should have been huge in the '70s. T. Rex, Raspberries, Badfinger, they were the pop music of the '70s, they were the people who were seminal . . . now if you'll turn to page 56 . . ." And so it goes. Direct, uncluttered and vital in the tradition of the best live recordings, 'On The Radio', is doubtlessly the pick of Segarini's three Bomb albums and probably the best thing he's done since the demise of The Wackers.

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23 October LEEDS, Polytechnic.
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Wednesday 1st October **FLAYBACKERS** + Gary Mastey	£1.50
Thursday 2nd October **THE CHEFS** + The Leader Animal Group + Ammonites	£1.25
Friday 3rd October **SKI PATROL** + The Lines + The Truth Club	£1.50
Saturday 4th October **TENNIS SHOES** + Guy Jackson + Nevaeh Lets Go	£1.50
Sunday 5th October **ROOT JACKSON** + THE G & BLUES CO + The Karl Wallinger Band	£1.50
Monday 6th OCTOBER **THE V.I.P's** + The Ebbs	£1.25
Tuesday 7th October New Band Night **SIGNIFICANT ZERO'S** + The Underlied + Tribal Dust	£1.25
Wednesday 8th October **OAS** + The Birthday Party	£1.50

KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES LTD Presents

1980 TOUR

Hawkwind

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
VARDIS

October 10		MANCHESTER Apollo	7.30
October 11		LIVERPOOL Empire	7.30
October 12	£3.50 & £3.00	DERBY Assembly Rooms	7.30
October 13		SHEFFIELD City Hall	7.30
October 14		BIRMINGHAM Odeon	7.30
October 15		IPSWICH Gaumont	7.30
October 16	£3.50 & £3.00	GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre	7.30
October 17	all tickets £3.50	HANLEY Victoria Hall	7.30
October 19		OXFORD New Theatre	7.30
October 20		PRESTON Guild Hall	7.30
October 21		GLASGOW Apollo	7.30
October 22		NEWCASTLE City Hall	7.30
October 24	£3.50 & £3.00	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	7.30
October 25	all tickets £3.50	ST. AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera	7.30
October 26	£3.50 & £3.00	POOLE Wessex Hall	7.30
October 28		PORTSMOUTH Guildhall	7.30
October 30		BRISTOL Colston Hall	7.30
November 2/3	£3.75, £3.25, £2.75 & £2.25	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	8.00

ALL TICKET PRICES £3.50, £3.00 and £2.50 EXCEPT where otherwise indicated.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE PRETENDERS

XTC

THE PRETENDERS are back in live action next week, kicking off an extensive UK tour at Newcastle on Monday. Other dates covered by these listings are at Bradford (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday), with plenty more to come.

XTC celebrate the success of their new album 'Black Sea' by taking time off from an American jaunt to play a six-venue British mini-tour, starting at Doncaster (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). This is the prelude to a full-scale tour at the end of the year, details to follow shortly.

THE RAMONES, originally scheduled to play here in September, re-arranged their visit for this month. And they open their revised date sheet at London Hammersmith (Thursday), Derby (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday) and Dublin (Wednesday).

● Also on the road this week:

JOE JACKSON promotes his new single 'Mad At You' and album 'Beat Crazy' when, together with his regular band, he starts his tour at Lisnelli (Monday) and Bristol (Tuesday).

THE SCORPIONS will doubtless delight all heavy metal fans, when they fly in to take Bristol (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday and Wednesday) by storm, with other towns subsequently coming under attack.

THE CRUSADERS arrive at the weekend for a series of seven major concerts, beginning at Birmingham (Monday), Oxford (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday), with chart-topping RANDY CRAWFORD guesting.

DARTS set out on their first tour since their recent personnel changes, a lengthy outing with initial gigs at Portsmouth (Monday) and Hammersmith (Tuesday).

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Slade**
Barnsley Green Guide Club: **Exact**
Birmingham Aston University: **Caught In The Act**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Silts**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Zorkie Twins**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Briton**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn St. George's Hall: **Alvin Lee Band**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Angelwitch**
Bodmin Jail Club: **Metro Glider**
Bolton Aquarius: **Rockin Horse**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Brighton Northern Hotel: **Meanstreak**
Bristol Granary: **The Painkillers**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Brian Damage**
Burnley Cats Whiskers: **The Photos**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Burton Town Hall: **George Melly & The Footwarmers**
Cardiff Chivas: **Tanzachsu**
Cardiff University: **The Inmates**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **UXB**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Bodysnatchers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Majority**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **UFO**
Dublin Stadium: **Judy Collins**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Raven**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Zits**
Feltham The Airman: **The Pictures**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Skids/The Beeks**
Glasgow University: **John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **New Apartment**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **The Soft Boys**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Diamond Head**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Johnny G**
Hucknall Miners Welfare: **Atomic Rooster**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Upset/The Exploited**
Kingston Knights Park Art College: **Strong Silent Types**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **The 45's**
Leconfield Normandy Barracks: **Circles**
Leeds Fan Club: **U2**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **C-Saim**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **Kuopers Engine**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fingerprintz**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Modern Man**
London Cockfosters Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Passions**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rush The Flesh/The Method**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dirty Tricks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The VIP's/Chinatown**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Normal Hawaiians/Disco Zombies/Occult Chemistry/Cherry Files**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Ramones/The Spectres**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Saffia**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Elgin Marbles/The Brainiac 5**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The U.S. Scooters**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Spiders/Timebox**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sons Of Cain**
London NW1 Film Co-op: **The Beards/Missing Presumed Dead**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Icarus**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Richmond Brollys: **Manufactured Romance/The Pasts**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Red Letters/Spiders**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin Quartet**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Yachts**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Footwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chefs/Leader Animal Group/The Ammonites**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Nine Below Zero**
London W.C.1. Action Space: **Nick Turner/Local Heroes/The Thompson Twins**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Competition/The Russians**
Makby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: **Mary O'Hara**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
Manchester Carousel Club: **Otway & Barrett**
Manchester Owens College: **The Salford Jets**
Manchester (Romiley) The Grey Horse: **The Images**
Manchester The Mayflower: **Proposition 31**
Manchester UMIST: **Gary Glitter**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Backing Track**
Newcastle City Hall: **Michael Schenker Band**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The 45's**
Northampton MFM Club: **The Vibrators**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Fischer-Z**
Norwich Tudor Hall: **Ram Jam Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oldham Birch Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Moonstone**
Peacehaven Central Club: **Hot Vultures**
Penzance Demelza's: **Bad Manners**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Sheffield City Hall: **Secret Affair**
Sheffield George IV: **The City Limits**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **The Chant**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Revillos**
Sheffield Northern General Hospital: **Still Earth**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Ozzie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Billy Connolly**
St. Ives (Cambs) St. Ivo Centre: **Samuri**
Stockport Poco Poco Club: **Gene Washington Band (for three days)**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Gillan**

FRIDAY

Barnsley Green Guide Club: **Dark Vader & The Negatives**
Bath University: **Bad Manners**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Bodysnatchers**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **UXB / Close Rivals**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Tourists / The Barracudas**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Inn: **Briton**
Blackburn St. George's Hall: **The Specials / Swinging Cats**
Bournemouth Dorset Institute: **The Skavengers**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Diamond Head**
Braintree College of Further Education: **The Passions**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gregory Isaacs**
Bromley Churchill Theatre (11pm): **Richard Digance / Earl Okin**
Burton 76 Club: **Angelwitch**
Clacton Golf Green Hall: **Frenzid Melon**
Colchester Essex University: **The Blues Band**
Coventry Cathedral: **Rocksalt / Time Out**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Ramones**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Odds**
Dundee University: **John Cooper Clarke / Pauline Murray**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Positive Noise / Those French Girls**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Skids / The Beeks**
Exeter University: **Toots & The Maytals / Ram Jam Band**
Fakenham Community Centre: **The Audiliens**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Photos**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Soft Boys**

JOEY RAMONE

Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Daddy Yum Yum**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Dooleys**
Hastings The Crypt: **The Legendary Bouncing Dentists / Stark / Faggots**
High Wycombe Bucks College: **GBH**
Hull City Hall: **Alvin Lee Band**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Steeler**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Jasper Carrott (for three days)**
Kingston The Swan: **The Locators**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Upset**
Langholm Buccleuch Hall: **Another Pretty Face / TV21**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Grand Hotel**
Leamington Royal Spa Centre: **George Melly & The Footwarmers**
Leeds University: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **UFO**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **World Service**
Liverpool Brady's: **Zorkie Twins**
Llanfair (Powys) Coeraeinion: **Norzia / Magenta / Saracen / Cromwell / Beehive Cats / Chaos**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Salt / Taurus**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Easy Money / Heavy Poke**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Hotshots Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Troggs / The Significant Zeros**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Johnny G**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Kicks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mungo Jerry**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Red Beans & Rice / The Cannibals**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Moontiler**
London Hackney The Queens Avenue
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Heat / TV Personalities / The Weak**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **The Breakfast Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk / Paul Goodman**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **Young Marble Giants / Lilliput / Essential Logic**
London Isleworth Duke of Northumberland: **The Spoilers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Fingerprintz**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **The Revillos**
London Marquee Club: **Samson**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowlex**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Snatch 22**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose / Jo Ann Kelly's 2nd Line**
London Queen Mary College: **The Piranhas**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Jane Kenaway & Strange Behaviour**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Leake's Sweet & Sour**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Blast Furnace's Revenge**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Soul Band**
London Strand King's College: **The VIP's**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Chemistle**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Spartacus**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Resses**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sit Patrol / The Lines / The Attendants**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **Essential Logic / The Directions / The Lucys**
London W.C.1 School of Oriental & African Studies: **Aswad**
Loughborough University: **Q-Tips**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rory Gallagher**
Manchester College of Higher Education: **The 45's**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Symex / Tunnel**
Mansfield Masons Arms: **Saracen**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Gillan**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Slade**
Newcastle University: **The Lambrettas**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Splodgenessabounds**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **The Inmates**
Norwich East Anglia University: **'Son of Stiff' package tour**
Norwich Whites: **Thumpe**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Shadows**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
Oxford The Pennyfarthing: **Never Never**
Paisley College of Technology: **H20**
Passfield The Royal Oak: **The D.S**
Poole Brewers Arms: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **Judy Collins**
Preston Polytechnic: **Fischer-Z**
Retford Porterhouse: **U2**
Salford University: **Famous Names**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Moondogs**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Sheffield Lead Mill: **The Dead Kennedys**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Billy Connolly**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Dance Band**
Stoke North Staffs. Polytechnic: **Weapon of Peace**
Truro Punchbowl & Ladle: **Metro Glider**
Walsall West Midlands College: **Caught In The Act**
Wells The Globe Inn: **The Stingrays**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **Gary Glitter**

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Toots & The Maytals**
Bangor University: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
Barnsley Green Guide Club: **Jonesy**
Bath College of Higher Education: **The Dance Band**
Bath Moles Club: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Arcs**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Still Earth**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham University: **Gary Glitter**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **UFO**
Bradford University: **Bad Manners**
Brighton Alhambra: **Eye To Eye**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys/The Techniques**
Bristol Granary: **Angelwitch**
Bristol University: **The Inmates**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Alvin Lee Band**
Chelmsford Saracens Head: **Thumpe**
Chelmsford The Centre: **Hotshots Blues Band**
Cheltenham Art College: **Emotion Pictures**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Thieves Like Us**
Clacton Westcliffe: **The Smerties**
Coventry Theatre: **The Dooleys**
Coventry Warwick University: **Weapon of Peace**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Yakety Yak**
Derby College: **Q-Tips**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Moondogs**
Dumfries Theatre Royal: **Battlefield Band**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Soft Boys**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Johnny G**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Slade**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Nine Below Zero**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Die Laughing**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Turbo**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Bodysnatchers**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Spider**
Leeds Trinity All Saints College: **Caught In The Act**
Leeds University: **Rory Gallagher**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Sound**
Liverpool Brady's: **Fischer-Z**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fumble**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Real To Real/Riff Raff**
London City Polytechnic: **Vice Squad**
London City University: **Alin Kulture/Six Minute War**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Juice On The Loose/Keith Allen & Alexei Sayle**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Scene/The Cheetas**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Coal & The Rights**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/Nuthin Fancy**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **U.S. Scooters/Zilch**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The New Guitars**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London Palladium: **Lynda Carter**
London Ponders End SCOPF Community Centre: **Nasty Habbits**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Secret Affair**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Susie Adams & Helen Watson**
London School of Economics: **U2**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **FX**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Betty Smith Quartet**
London St George's Medical School: **The Associates**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Broadcast**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Spartacus**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rocket 88**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tennis Shoes/Guy Jackson**
London West London Institute of Higher Education: **Gonzalez**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **Doll By Doll/Significant Zeros/The Papers**
Loughborough University: **The Blues Band**
Luton Blowins: **Rank Amateurs/Amyl Dukes**
Lymington Old English Gentleman: **The Bluesblasters**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Ramones**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MORE GIG GUIDE

JOE JACKSON BAND: on tour from Monday (see previous page)

Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **Night Visitors**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Dead Kennedys**
Manchester The Milestone: **The Enigma**
Manchester University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Upset**
Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic: **Famous Names**
Milton Keynes Crawford Arms: **The Fictitious/The Statics**
Newcastle City Hall: **John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Northampton The Roadmender: **Killing Joke/Where Interests Lie**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Stingrays**
Norwich Keswick College: **The Audhions**
Norwich Whites: **The Speedy Bears**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Ethel The Frog**
Nottingham University: **'Son of Stiff' package tour**
Oakengates Town Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Oldham Lancashire Vault: **Gypsey**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Nicky Barclay's AFM**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Shadows**
Oxford The Pennyfarthing: **Spoiler**
Preston Guildhall: **Gillan**
Preston The Moonraker: **Zanathas**
Reading University: **The Pasalons**
Rochdale Technical College: **The 46's**
Sheffield University: **The Piranhas**
Southport Floral Hall: **Judy Collins**
Southampton University: **The Revillos**
St. Albans City Hall: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Stanlay Kings Head: **Out Of Control**
Stockport Ups & Downs: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Stroud (Glos) Crown & Anchor: **Blurt**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Mary O'Hara**
Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Torquay 400 Club: **Ram Jam Band**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Diamond Head**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York College Of Ripon & York St John: **The Kicks**

SUNDAY

Bakewell Monsal Head: **Saracen**
Barnsley Green Guide Club: **Simba**
Bicester Red Lion: **The Spoilers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn St George's Hall: **The Dead Kennedys**
Bletchley Leisure Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Bradford St George's Hall: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **'Son of Stiff' package tour**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Scorpions**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Gene Washington Band**
Cambridge Arts Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Strange Breed**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Shadows**
Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Ramones**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Judy Collins**
Glasgow GiGi's: **Endgames/Josef K**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Alvin Lee Band**
Hexham Crown Hotel: **Bert Jansch**
Hull New Theatre: **The Dooleys**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **The Soft Boys**
Kirkdevington Country Club: **Fischer-Z**
Lancaster University: **The Blues Band**
Leeds Fan Club: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **The Dance Band**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Warehouse: **World Service**
Leicester Bath Hotel: **The Speedy Bears**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gillan**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Transmitters**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Afghan Rebels/Changing Trains**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Finchley Torrington: **Johnny Mars' 7th Son**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nash The Slash/PM & The Plugs**
London Hampstead The Enterprise: **Hot Vultures**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **U2**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Defendants**
London Marquee Club **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Vice Squad**
London New Cross Star & Garter: **The Chefs**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **The Combination**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Real To Real**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Bluesblasters**
London Putney White Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Colin Bates**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Locators**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Pink Military/Killing Joke/Wahl Heat/Lilliput**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Mongo Santamaria**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Company/The Soul Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Colin Symon's Pure Gold Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray**
Market Harborough Kibworth Lodge: **Manitou**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich College Tavern: **The Stingrays**
Oxford New Theatre: **Rory Gallegher**
Peterborough The Cresset: **George Shearing Duo**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **The Rhythm Squad**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Nine Below Zero**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Zerkie Twins**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **UFO**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Nigel Mazlyn-Jones**
St. Albans Goat Inn: **Peter Bellamy**
Telford Town Hall: **Bad Manners**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Skids/The Books**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Circles**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Upset**

MONDAY

Barnsley Green Guide Club: **Liz & The Roystons**
Barnstaple Tempo Club: **The Inmates**
Bath Rockspot: **Emotion Pictures**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday/Brixton**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Crusaders/Randy Crawford**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Cryer**
Blackburn Castle Hotel: **Zerkie Twins**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie**
Boston Folk Club: **Leon Rosselson**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Bradford University: **Weapon of Peace**
Bristol Colston Hall: **UFO**
Bristol Stonehouse: **S.O.S/The Options**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Night Visitors**
Camberley The Agincourt: **The Pictures**
Cambridge Raffles: **Ersatz**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Gene Washington Band**
Cardiff University: **Slade**
Carlisle Mick's Club: **Nine Below Zero**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Shadows**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Eky & The Steamers**
Cumbernauld Theatre: **Another Pretty Face/ TV21/The Stiletoes**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Mary O'Hara**
Derby Romeo & Juliet's: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's: **The Dance Band**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Rezses**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Exeter St George's Hall: **Bodysnatchers**
Fareham Princes College: **The Revillos**
Hull City Hall: **The Skids/The Books**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Alex Club: **The Auditions**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Rory Gallagher**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Scorpions**
Liverpool Rotters: **The Ramones**
Llanelli Glen Ballroom: **Joe Jackson Band**
London Brixton Polytechnic: **Vice Squad**
London Camden Music Machine: **More**
London Clapham 101 Club: **R.P.M./Broadcast**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **TV Smith's Explorers/Huang Chung**
London Fulham The Cock: **Seven Year Itch**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Specials/Swinging Cats**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Fruit Eating Bears**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour**
London Islington The Wheatsheaves: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Kensington Imperial College: **The Blues Band**
London Lambeth Town Hall: **Paul Foot/Limoslee**
London Marquee Club: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Syndicate**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond Snoopy's: **The Thompson Twins/Local Heroes**
London Royal Festival Hall: **George Shearing Duo**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Sattel Approach**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Soul Band**
London Stratford North East Polytechnic: **Martin Bradley & Warwick Downes**
London Victoria The Venue: **The A.T.'s/Car Thieves**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The VIP's/Kicks**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton Cesar's: **The Four Tops (for a week)**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Alvin Lee Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Pretenders**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalhir**
Nuneaton Cherry Tree: **The Speedy Bears**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Famous Names**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Darts**
Scarborough Taboo: **Still Earth**
Seaford Great Dane: **Circles**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gillan**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Q-Tips/The Reluctant Stereotypes**

*Lowry himself would have been proud of this picture of a matchstick man. Yep, it's **JOHN COOPER CLARKE** who — despite his slight fame — has still managed to tilt the iron post on which he's leaning. He seems to be wondering if those feet are strong enough to take him on a nationwide trek, along with **Pauline Murray** and The Invisible Girls, which takes them to Glasgow (Thursday), Dundee (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Leeds (Tuesday) and Birmingham Wednesday).*

TUESDAY

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Creation Rebel**
Barnsley Green Guide Club: **Jeffrey & The Silent Laugh**
Belfast Queen's University: **The Atrix**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Crème**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Patchwork**
Bradford St George's Hall: **The Pretenders**
Brighton Basement Club: **Lilliput/Furious Pig**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Joe Jackson Band**
Buxton Queens Hotel: **Saracen**
Cambridge Raffles: **State Of The Art**
Cardiff Sophie Gardens: **UFO**
Chatham Central Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **The Bodysnatchers/ Emotion Pictures**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Judy Collins**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Funkin Groovers**
Doncaster Rotters: **XTC**
Edinburgh Colton Studio: **Orange Juice**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Wild Oats**
Gt Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Bad Manners**
Gwent West Glamorgan Institute: **Gene Washington Band**
Henley Victoria Hall: **Rory Gallagher**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Park Avenue**
Leeds Polytechnic: **John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Leicester The Luca Centre: **Wow/The Wild Boys**
Liverpool Brady's: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pirates**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Temporary Tate/The Civilians**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Soul Band**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Painkillers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Space Cadets**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Johnny G/ Steel Survivor**
London Fulham The Cock: **Seventeen**
London Hammersmith Odeon **Darts**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Upservice**
London Islington The Bluecoat Boy: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Marquee Club: **The Upset/The Vandells**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Talk Over**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **World Service**
London Putney White Lion: **Social Security Band**
London Richmond Snoopys: **The Mad Lads/The Number Ones**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Oscar Peterson (until October 18)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stratford Green Man: **Easy Money**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sattel Approach**
London Victoria The Venue: **Famous Names**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Significant Zeros/The Uninvited**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gillan**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **The Images**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Boat Club: **U2**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Weapon of Peace**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Crusaders/ Randy Crawford**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Inmates**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Blues Band**
Reading University: **Q-Tips**
Rochdale Tropical Club: **Cross**
Sheffield City Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Fischer-Z**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Skids/The Books**
Swansea White Swan: **Duck Baker**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Passions**

WEDNESDAY

Ayr Pavilion: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Barnsley Green Guide Club: **The No-Bay Band**
Belfast Polytechnic: **The Atrix**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **John Cooper Clarke/ Pauline Murray**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Mary O'Hara**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Atomic Rooster**
Bristol Berkeley Club: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Pretenders**
Bristol Hippodrome: **The Crusaders/ Randy Crawford**
Bury The Nailers Green: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Cambridge Raffles: **Rank Amateurs**
Cardiff University: **Nine Below Zero**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Artistes**
Croydon The Star: **The Locators**
Dublin Grand Theatre: **The Ramones**
Dudley Town Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Halifax Lee Mount Club: **Cross/Poison Girls**
Henley Victoria Hall: **Gillan**
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **Billy Connolly**
Hull University: **Bad Manners**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Johnny G**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Rough Justice**
Leicester University: **The Speedy Bears**
Lichfield Guildhall: **Denizens**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Nuggets/ Bongo Express**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Eddie Clearwater**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Dead Kennedys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lilliput**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Scene**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Little Roosters/The Idiot Dancers**
London Holborn Blitz Club: **The Directors**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Small Brothers**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **Angelwitch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Square One/ The Pests**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Spoilers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quartet**
London Stratford Green Man: **Jazz Shots**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Dave**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Hunter/ The Hee Bee Gee Bee's**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **DAF/Birthday Party**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Wes McGhee Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Combination**
Maidstone Technical College: **Diamond Head**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Rotters: **XTC**
Manchester University: **Slade**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Newport Stowaway: **The Revillos**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Norwich William IV: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwalhir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Poole Arts Centre: **UFO**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Soft Boys**
Ramsgate Sands Wine Bar: **David Frost & The Flamingos**
Sheffield Top Rank: **UFO**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Shadows**
Southampton University: **Q-Tips**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stirling University: **Another Pretty Face/TV 21**
Swinton The Towpath: **Still Earth**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Specials**
York University: **The Skids/The Books**

More Live Ads On Page 61.

PRETENDERS
the stray cats
TYMON DOGG
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
MONDAY 20th OCTOBER at 8.00

the blues band
nine below zero
THE HIT MEN
LYCEUM
THURSDAY 23rd OCTOBER at 7.30

Strange Behaviour
AT THESE VENUES

OLD QUEENS HEAD STICKWELL	THURSDAY 2nd OCTOBER
SNOOPIES RICHMOND	FRIDAY 3rd OCTOBER
ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART (WITH PHOTOS)	SATURDAY 4th OCTOBER
HOPE & ANCHOR ISLINGTON	MONDAY 6th OCTOBER

ALTERNATIVE2 on Broadway
CLARENDON HOTEL
On the roundabout, Hammersmith
This Thurs 2nd Oct
Dining Out Records presents:—
NORMAL HAWIIANS
+ DISCO ZOMBIES
+ OCCULT CHEMISTRY
+ SHERRY FLIPS
This Friday 3rd Oct
THIS HEAT
+ TV Personalities
+ The Works

NINE BELOW ZERO
The Bamber Gascoigne Tour.....
.....You're starter for Nine
OCTOBER
8 CARDIFF University
9 STOKE-ON-TRENT North Staffs Polytechnic
10 ABERYSTWYTH University
11 LONDON North East London Polytechnic
12 LONDON Marquee
NINE BELOW ZERO

KILLING JOKE
MALICIOUS DAMAGE
LYCEUM
SUNDAY
5th OCTOBER

Derek Block presents
UB40
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
Monday 3rd November 7.30 pm
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Tickets £3 (£2.50 to dole card holders) available in adv. from Box Office. Tel. 01-748-2812, L.T.B., Premier, Ticket Machine, Honky Tonk.

DEREK BLOCK in association with PANDA
present
Dead Kennedys
+ U.K. Decay
Music Machine, Camden High St., London N.W.1.
Wednesday, Oct. 8th, at 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50 in advance from
LTB (01-439 3371) Premier (01-240 2245)
Ticket Machine (01-831-1234) Honky Tonk Records (01-267-3995)

Young Marble Giants
Liliput
Essential Logic
Holloway Rd Theatre, Poly Of North London
Friday Oct 3
£1.75 advance £2.00 on door

TICKETS ON SALE NOW FOR
AC/DC
IN CONCERT
SAT & SUN
NOV 15 & 16
GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
SAT NOV 1st
ELKIE BROOKS
4 to 8 NOV
PHONE BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY
01-561 4138/9

STARLIGHT CLUB
THE BREAKFAST BAND
Saturday 4th October
60's SOUL DISCO
(Members only)
Monday 6th October
FRUIT EATING GEARS
Tuesday 7th October
BLOW BY BLOW (Jazz)
Wednesday 8th October
WINDOWS
THE SWIM
NEU ELECTRIKK
THE IDENTICAL TWINS
BLOW BY BLOW (Jazz)

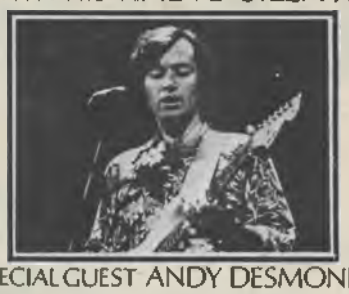
DINING-OUT IN OCTOBER – 1980
Normil Hawaiians
Disco Zombies
Øccult Chemistry
The Flips
at the Clarendon Hotel.
Hammersmith.
7.30p.m. Thurs 2nd. Oct. '80.
Tckts. £1.75. in advance.
Tel. 267 8305.
POSSIBLY TOMORROW
ALL NIGHT – 6 bands
4 films/12p.m.-8a.m
Friday, 10th. Oct.
NORMIL HAWAIIANS
TABLE 12
ØCCULT CHEMISTRY
AGAIN AGAIN
NEW AGE
LAST FEW DAYS
at the Scala Cinema
'Metropolis'
'Omega Man'
'La Jettée'
'Anticipation'
Tickets: £3·50
Rough Trade, Honky Tonk,
& The Scala / £3·75 on door

SNATCH 22
FRIDAY OCT 3rd, STAR & GARTER, PUTNEY, 8.30

Barry Dickins and Rod MacSween for ITB present
only UK appearance
Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick
+ANGEL CITY
Wednesday
November 5th
at 8.00pm
(Please note date change from Oct 24
Tickets honoured if previously purchased)
ODEON
HAMMERSMITH
Tel:01-748 4081/2
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
and* usual agents (*plus booking fee)

OUTLAW PRESENTS
RAMONES
SPECTRES
MANCHESTER APOLLO
Saturday 4th October
7·30pm
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Saturday 11th October
7·30pm
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50
FROM BOX OFFICES & USUAL AGENTS

ASGARD presents
RY COODER
WITH HIS RADIO SILENTS



SPECIAL GUEST ANDY DESMOND
OCT 23, 24, 25, 26
APOLLO VICTORIA THEATRE, LONDON
TICKETS £5.50/4.50/3.50 BOX OFFICE 01-834 2819 OR 01-828 6491
OCT 28
ODEON, BIRMINGHAM
TICKETS £4.00/3.00/2.00 BOX OFFICE 021-643 6101
OCT 29
APOLLO, MANCHESTER
TICKETS £4.00/3.00/2.00 BOX OFFICE 061-273 1112
OCT 30
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TICKETS £5.50/4.50/3.50 BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

NOV 16
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
TICKETS £4.00/3.50/3.00/2.50 BOX OFFICE 01-836 5876

THE ROCHES

NOV 30
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
TICKETS £4.00/3.50/3.00/2.50 BOX OFFICE 01-836 5876

TICKETS FOR ALL LONDON SHOWS AVAILABLE FROM TICKET AGENTS (PLUS BOOKING FEE), LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (01-439 3371), PREMIER BOX OFFICE (01-240 2245), AND ALBERMARLE (01-283 5944)

...HOME OF THE STARS

JOE JACKSON BAND

MAD AT YOU
The New Single

From the forthcoming album BEAT CRAZY

b/w "ENOUGH IS NOT ENOUGH"

Left off the forthcoming album BEAT CRAZY

BEAT CRAZY TOUR

	October	
CARDIFF Top Rank	Sun	5
LLANELLI Glen Ballroom	Mon	6
BRISTOL Colston Hall	Tue	7
EDINBURGH Playhouse	Fri	10
SHEFFIELD City Hall	Sat	11
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall	Sun	12
MANCHESTER Apollo	Wed	15
GLASGOW Tiffany's	Thur	16
CARLISLE Market Hall	Fri	17
BELFAST Usher Hall	Mon	20
DUBLIN Stadium	Tue	21
GALWAY Leisure Centre	Thur	23
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens	Sun	26
LONDON Hammersmith Palais	Mon	27
LONDON Hammersmith Palais	Tue	28
LONDON Music Machine	Thur	30
	November	
BRADFORD St. George's Hall	Sun	2
BIRMINGHAM Odeon	Mon	3
BLACKBURN King George's Hall	Tue	4

LIVE!

Poetry

Cooper Clarke in the pulpit. Pic Santo Basone.

Cross-over cupboard

Commodores
Bob Marley and the Wailers
Kurtis Blow

New York

EVERY TIME I walk into Madison Square Garden I remind myself never to come again. So why do I keep falling for the trap?

I wanted to go because the idea of The Commodores and Bob Marley sharing a bill was just too incongruous, too unbelievable to be missed.

They represent such opposite poles. The Commodores are conservative, Christian, dedicated to a show business ideal of slickness and calculation. Marley is politically radical, Rasta, dedicated to a visionary, emotive appeal.

But The Commodores have something that Marley wants, a large, mainstream, American black audience. He has said many times recently that these are the people he wants to reach.

It was very much The Commodores' show and their audience predominated, filling the good seats and setting the tone for the night. The Commodores' strength lies in what the trades call the "black music market", but this audience is not the same group as, say, the teenage groovers who fill the Garden for Parliament-Funkadelic. They are an older audience, dressed up for a night on the town. Young executives and their dates, people on their way up the social ladder. Individually they may not be turning their backs on the ghetto, but collectively they are certainly not seeking to emulate what are seen as ghetto forms of celebration. Not at all a get-down-and-party crowd.

The few dreads who made it in from Brooklyn and the young Kurtis Blow fans were in the cheaper seats, way up in nowhere land. But the floor section was temporarily invaded by a hoard of kids in sneakers and funky clothes when Kurtis Blow came on. No way they weren't gonna see their man!

Blow's rappers style of talkover jive evolved in the small discos of Harlem, an atmosphere that could never be recreated in a sports arena.

It's a good act, as far as it goes, but DJ rappers are meant to be exciting people on dance floors, where the kids, and not the DJs, can be the visual stars. The already-converted do their best to recreate a disco atmosphere, and Blow does get them going. The rest just wait for things to calm down.

With Marley, the big news is that 'Could You Be Loved' is a cross-over hit — meaning, it's the first Marley song to get aired on the black pop stations as well as the Caribbean and rock stations. But a hit is just a hit, and doesn't mean The Commodores audience is ready to accept Marley whole. They wait for the hit to show any great approval. Their response seemed to say they'd take as much of Marley as comes to them through the approved cultural filters, a context wherein he joins the George Bensons and the other cross-overs and his song is just another good dance tune.

Marley is a strong shaman. But the creation of magic requires willing accomplices. When a sceptical audience sits back in their chairs and says "Show me", the spell doesn't work.

The sound too is all wrong. The hard textures of the Wailers' rhythm instruments and the interplay of Marley's and the I-Threes' voices (wonderful as usual) cries out for clear focus and sharp definition. The arena sound blends everything into a blur.

Perhaps there were no moves that could have delivered this situation. But rather than rise to the challenge, Marley didn't seem to try. He gave his show, the

and commotion

Poetry Olympics

Westminster Abbey

THE DEAN of Westminster Abbey has his head in his hands.

A large strawberry sundae of a man — a red robe shading upwards into a soft pink face topped off with a froth of a silky white hair — Dean Carpenter could not have been a more perfect evocation of the Anglican churchman as a platonic ideal if he had been portrayed by Alistair Sim. Around him, beneath that vaulted ceiling which has sheltered untold hordes of tourists from that alluring combination of temperance and inclemency which passes for the British climate, stand memorials to Keats, Shelley, Shakespeare and other merchants of wailing bop prosody: Poets' Corner.

Tonight the ostentatious calm of this echoing silence is disrupted. Festooned with lights and loudspeakers, crawling with TV crews and art scum, Poets' Corner plays host to the Poetry Olympics: a media event organised by Michael Horovitz — a man whose name is often mentioned when the question "Who is the worst poet in Britain?" is asked — and designed to attract attention to poetry as a vital cultural force, a gesture of solidarity between poets of all nations. A Gold Medal for the music!

And Carpenter has his head in his hands. If that American with the squashed, rumpled grey suit, hair and face bellowing about two assholes travelling in the same direction had not been bad enough . . . if that black chap hadn't resisted all requests for him to remove his hat before insulting the very foundations of British culture in his incomprehensible patois . . . why did they have to invite this twitching stick-insect in the iridescent purple suit to step up to the pulpit and nasally intone, *"Like a nightclub in the morning you're the bitter end/Like a recently disinfected shit-house, you're clean round the bend."*

Why, at the back of the hall, the poetry fiends are steering their children towards the exit. "Right! Kirsten . . . Joshua . . . time to go home now!"

Linton Kwesi Johnson and John Cooper Clarke were the crowd-pullers on account of their youth culture drawing power and general streetcred: Gregory Corso was the legend, the genuine authentic beat-poet type person. Stephen Spender — the biggest name amongst the orthodox — had blow out on account of a friend of his being involved in a car crash in France, so — as compensation — Horowitz and his wife Fran read a Spender poem apiece. The Horovitzes compered the event, taking up more of the event's two-hour span than any other turn, and — in addition to their own scheduled readings from their own work and that of such luminaries as Blake and Sappho — they step into the breach and read the work of poets who didn't show up.

For example, when neither Derek Walcott nor Edward Braithwaite — who was scheduled to fill in and read Walcott's work — appear, Horovitz reads Walcott's *Forest Of Europe*, but for some unknown reason inserts the information that Walcott was born in St Lucia in 1930 in the middle of the penultimate verse.

Poets came and went: the least impressive was Canada's Dennis Lee in his absurd kaftan, reciting an interminable mock-nursery rhyme about pixies and the most impressive — prior to the three closers — was Edward Livinov, a Russian expatriate currently resident in Paris after a spell in New York. Apart from having an admirable haircut, his work — most notably *For Whisper And Orchestra* — seems to possess a genuine strength and substance lacking elsewhere in the programme until Gregory Corso strode up the aisle, grinning pugnaciously. John Cooper Clarke, who has been sitting in the front row vibrating to himself, comes to life and shouts, "Yeah!"

His voice is simultaneously hoarse and whining: it seems to come at you round a corner, to have been squeezed through a tight place. He throws off several one-or-two-line quiplets and a full lengther *(The Whole Mess — Almost)* as well as a couple of mediums before pleading throat problems and leaving well before schedule, shouting "Spare me!" at a protesting Horovitz, who naturally fills in the space himself before announcing "the spokesman for the black community, Linton Kwesi Johnson!"

Johnson, elegantly behatted, moves up the aisle at a measured pace. With magesterial calm, he informs the audience and his host that he would not for one second wish to be thought of as "a spokesman for the black community". Then he launches into 'Reality Poem', staring quizzically at the hurrahing hordes. Very politely, he explains that the preceding poem was "in the Jamaican creole patois" and that he occasionally writes in English, though he doesn't speak it very well. He then hits 'em with 'Two Sides Of Silence' and exits to howls of "More!" and "Bravo!"

Unlike Corso, Johnson is prepared to encore and does so with 'Inglan Is A Bitch', 'It Noh Funny' and 'Sonny's Lettah' clearing the way for Horovitz — in his 'poet's outfit' of hairy tweed jacket with leather patches, floral shirt and billious green trousers — to *sing* Blake's *Ah Sunflower* and introduce the Bard of Salford.

Striding down the aisle waving to the cameras, Clarke's supremely unlikely figure appears even more incongruous than that of Johnson. Spewing out 'Ten Years In An Open-Necked Shirt' at maximum velocity and distortion, he follows up with 'Track Suit/Health Fanatic', 'Twat' and 'Kung Fu International'.

"I'm dyin' of thirst up here, has anyone got any 'oly water?" he quipped, swiftly reducing much of what had preceded him to rubble and lowering the tone of the proceedings to such an extent that a small but fragile proportion of the audience headed for the exits and the remainder cheered him to the echo, which — considering the acoustics of Westminster Abbey — cannot have been difficult.

Tomorrow morning, however, everything would be back to normal. No taint or smear of Corso's belligerent scatology, Johnson's dignified defiance or Clarke's slapshot wackiness would remain. And 'Poetry' as a social force in England is no nearer the cultural mainstream of rock, TV, football and politics than it was before.

Charles Shaar Murray

Could this be MOR success for Marley? Pic Joe Stevens.

love

well-known songs, the ones you'd expect to hear, and did the well-known steps, and it all seemed sadly routine. Even the new songs seemed shorn of the gentle persuasiveness they possess on record.

'Could You Be Loved' got the response *The Hit* should get. Marley smiled and danced for the first time as if he were truly happy. But soon there were several satin-jacketed goons shouting "Ladies and gentlemen, Bob Marley!" into his mike and ushering him off the stage. Though he exited with his head up, the star treatment was never so clearly a trap. Marley a prisoner of love!

The Commodores' stage set looked like a reasonable facsimile of heaven, all white stairs and ascending ramps studded with lights, the band themselves sequined white angels.

The Commodores are Hollywood. Not the stylish Hollywood of the old musicals but the garish Hollywood that brings us television musical specials. They present a TV musical production come to life. You get the razzle and the dazzle, right before your eyes and no adverts. People pay for living technicolor.

They manage one great moment, when William Orange climbs down from behind his drums to sing 'Brick House'. Orange projected fun and enthusiasm, while regular lead singer Lionel Richie projected merely poise and proficiency. And for that one number the band played something funky like they knew what it was about.

The gospel hit 'Jesus Is Love' is introduced by an assertion that "Each of us on this stage believes the world needs a song like this." The song is accepted politely, but without much more enthusiasm than Marley got for his very few "Rastafari" exhortions. Both groups asserted an ideal of religious community. Both times the audience nearly yawned.

For the rest, the "funky" stuff was strictly paint-by-numbers and fill in the blanks, the ballads crafty, meticulously done lullabies. When Richie sang 'I'm Easy' and 'Three Times A Lady' a white piano covered with blinking lights rolled out to centre stage on a moving platform over clouds of white smoke. I had to pinch myself.

They follow the ballads with some announced "party" music. It lacks a groove, any sense of syncopation or impulse. It's smug, efficient music, chopped and channelled to move from point A to point B with minimum resistance.

That The Commodores have built a hugely successful career on this music merely confirms the obvious — that the majority of the pop audience, both white and black, is in no mood to be shaken up. They want diversions, thankyou, they've got problems of their own.

Richard Grabel

Comsat Angels

101 Club

IN KEEPING with the Comsats' art, I'll try to keep this brief. Their set was pretty short too, but that had more to do with the defeating heat generated by the packed house than any meanness on the band's part.

The four Angels have made a virtue out of leanness, yet they've thankfully avoided the pitfalls of once fashionable minimalism. Theirs is a full, rich sound anchored to the wonderfully sonorous playing of bassist Kevin Bacon, whose deeply booming lines alternately spell out warnings or create areas of acute depression in keeping with the songs' subject matter.

His work's exemplary on 'Waiting For A Miracle', providing a suspenseful delayed drop riff for the chidingly cynical voicings of guitarist Stephen Fellows *('We're happy now you're happy"* goes the refrain), who also grates some jangled notes across its surface. His singing, meanwhile, pitches somewhere between anticipation and dejection, dramatically milking the lyrics for all they're worth.

The quartet's made up by drummer Mic Glaisher and Andy Peake — keyboards, back-up singing and goofy grins. Peake's style incorporates a few jazz touches strained through modern rigour and it's used sparingly to punctuate or punch forward the songs.

The Comsats' ensemble playing democratically shuns soloing in favour of maintaining tension and drama, which they surprisingly do far better live than they do on their impressive debut album 'Waiting For A Miracle'. Maybe they just recorded it too early, but whatever the reason, songs like 'Independance Day' (more modish misery) and their first single 'Total War' (more psycho killer love, *'Maybe it's over-rated/Maybe I'm just isolated . . . This is total war girl'*) efficantly overcame the discomfort of this particular Saturday night really to chill.

A new one, 'Dark Parade' neatly upturns comic book cliches, when Fellows sings *"Is it a bird/Or an aeroplane"*, but again it's made by a gloomy, foreboding bass; and 'The House That I Built' is also strong, featuring some good scuttling jazz organ.

Eventually a combination of England's quaint licensing laws and the heat brought their set to an end. I wasn't sorry, nor were they. But I nevertheless look forward to more.

Chris Bohn

The cutest little Angel face . . . Pic Peter Anderson.

Elvis Costello
The Stray Cats

Rainbow

WHAT A genial figure Elvis Costello cuts. It takes a palpable effort to recall the grim creature of '77, the one with the stone face and the reptile glare and the tracks of toad-sweat down forehead and cheeks.

Who saw him then and could forget the spastic menace brought to 'Watching The Detectives', the astonishing, elaborate melodrame of the way he performed 'I'm Not Angry' when the original Stiff tour reached The Lyceum? Those were the days of Costello as Mr Revenge-And-Guilt, operating from the safe shelter of the persona of a worm turned Homicidal.

These days, that persona seems to have been drawn with strokes so broad as to seem almost cartoonish, comical in its exaggeration.

Costello. Pic: Claude Gassian.

Smile Elvis You're in a frontlash situation

Where he and The Attractions once got their heads down and rushed defiantly through a set seemingly constructed to include as much unfamiliar (and uninitroduced) material as possible, your 1980 Costello presents a carefully sequenced programme of new and old material (one for one, most of the time), introduces the songs, smiles and even provides a few moments of mirth by appearing in baggy khaki pants and a pink leather jacket.

The principal reason for dwelling on bygone days is the fact that — at the Rainbow Theatre's 50th Anniversary concert — Costello performed more of his early material than he actually did when the stuff was relatively fresh. After transcending his past work by launching a new phase with 'Get Happy!', Costello re-adapts songs like 'Alison', 'Less Than Zero' and 'You Belong To Me' into the canon of his performing repertoire by interpreting them with a renewed vigour and freshness, without even a hint of the mechanical or the slightest taint of 'obligation' — you know, give 'em the old stuff 'cause they like it best.

The aura of an acceptance of the past without a corresponding wallow in nostalgia even extended to the free bonus of a copy of the semi-legendary 2-Tone pressing of 'I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down'/'Girls Talk' single (don't feel too bad about it; I didn't get one either. A security man told me to pick one up from the box office during the interval and when I returned to the foyer after this fruitless quest, another security man attempted to evict me from the building.)

Be that as it may, Elvis And The Attractions put on a fast, clean show that was entertaining if not inspiring, though somewhat marred by a singularly dodgy sound mix during the first third or so. The mood was positive and celebratory, and at least three of the new numbers — the opening 'Shot With His Own Gun' performed with just voice and piano, 'Never Be A Man' and 'Clubland' bode exceedingly well for the next batch of recordings

Drummer Pete Thomas was in exceptionally good form, sensing exactly when to drive things along and when to break the flow with a well-placed cymbal shot or a fusillade of snare strokes. The drum sound was, incidentally, clear and prominent throughout even when bass, keyboards and guitar had merged into a blur. Costello himself seemed to be having a good time cueing endings and accents with Frank Zappa-esque hand signals and curt strokes of his guitar neck: the whimsicality was oddly endearing.

Out of the revived material, 'Green Shirt' held a place of honour, recast with a

Darryl Hall and John Oates

Hammersmith Odeon

LIKE HAIRCUT, like music . . . rarely was that wise old proverb as true as it is tonight. The music of Hall & Oates has all the technical perfection of their neatly groomed hair: sleek and smooth, just a calculated ruffle here and there to give the impression of casualness, nothing ever really out of place. And so clean, too. The only trouble is, you leave at the end with one nagging suspicion: could it really be a toupee?

Without wishing to disparage the duo's efficiency as entertainers, or their professional accomplishments, etc (for they proved these things beyond question) I always get this faint sensation of the *ersatz* off aspects of their work. Should Darryl Hall, for example, be so moved as to suddenly grunt "Ugh! Lawd! Oh yeah!" or something, then you feel he's been planning to do it for at least the last five minutes — and what's more that he'll do it again in precisely the same place during tomorrow night's show. To be frank, Hall's (very) extended funky work-outs, whether to his own material or to covers like Arthur Conley's 'Sweet Soul Music', had the effect of a millstone around this set's neck.

At times it seemed like a modern resurgence of the Pat Boone syndrome — nice blue-eyed crooner serves up safely watered down impersonations of music copped from threatening and unacceptable black men. That's probably unfair, but Darryl's slick and plastic funk routines look narcissistic, sound inauthentic and feel very tedious. From the

emptiness in his eyes he makes you think his heart isn't in it, never mind his soul.

The results are happier when Hall falls back into line and lets the band get on with it — especially sax man Charlie Dechant whose stylish blend of humour and cool, not to mention magnificent playing, comes close to stealing the show from under his employers' noses. It also seems a pity that John Oates — the earthier and more convincing singer of the pair — has relatively little to do, ending up as just another member of the backing band.

As for the songs, 'She's Gone' was, as always, well ahead of the field; 'Rich Girl' and the rather vacuous 'Do What You Want' were probably the closest behind, along with the encored 'United State'. That cover of 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling', however immaculate its execution, remains a curiously redundant exercise all the same. Yet this was precisely the number which seemed to awe most of the audience above any other.

Come to think of it, that fact goes a long way to summing up H & O's appeal: heroes of a middle of the road crowd which loves them for themselves, when it might be more appropriate to love them for their skill at being someone else.

Paul Du Noyer

Psychedelic Furs

Lyceum

The Butler done it. Pic: Peter Anderson.

It's a Fur cop-out

I NEVER worried too much about imperfection in music — after all, that's the quality, above any other, which makes it human. On the other hand, a lazy indulgent mess is a lazy indulgent mess and when things are already in a big enough mess as it is who need artifical ones created on stage? Tonight I thought The Psychedelic Furs let us down quite badly.

Over the past year we've seen this group build up a devout following for itself despite the scepticism they tend to arouse in the minds of others.

Personally I've always been excited by Furs music and recommended them to anyone within boring distance. I still have faith in their ability to produce work with emotional depth and creative range. But the time to relax is not now, and if the smug self-regarding sloppiness that characterised this performance isn't dealt with imminently — with a crucial second album on the way — then Butler Rep and his men are going to be answerable for a lot of disillusionment up and down the country.

Granted the sound was poor (I've seen the band play bottom of the bill here and get a better mix) but more worrying was the impression you got that they wouldn't have cared about the sound anyway. The playing was apathetic; audience loyalty was taken for granted — and it shouldn't have been. The encore at the end was far from unanimous or enthusiastic. Eight out of ten spectators appeared to be on loan from Adam And The Ants anyway. (The other two were Crass fans.)

Beautiful songs were made to sound ugly. 'Sister Europe' was tossed off casually, stripped of its mystery. 'Imitation Of Christ' seemed rushed and unloved, where once they used to cherish it. The singing on 'India' was painfully out of tune. Duncan Kilburn's sax, usually compulsive, wandered off into worlds of its own. Maybe they're just bored with the older material, but then the treatment given to newer songs like 'Susan's Strange' wasn't a whole lot brighter.

And then there was the problem of Rep's posturing: it's going over the top. Tonight there simply wasn't the emotional input to justify it; had I been a stranger to the music I'd probably have dismissed him for conceited posing. Only I think I know The Psychedelic Furs better than that. I think, and hope, that they know their true worth better than to waste it so carelessly. It's time to take control again.

Paul Du Noyer

modified melody line and a foreboding drum roll replacing the banked synths of the original 'Armed Forces' version. Surprisingly, Costello played comparatively little 'Get Happy' material in order to concentrate jointly on older compositions and on new, unrecorded songs.

Steve Nieve suffered rather from the indifferent job delivered by the men behind the mixing desk, but he jumped around a lot: these things are important. Costello rounded things off with a frenetic 'You Belong To Me', introduced the first encore of 'Oliver's Army' with "This one's called 'Back Of My Hand' " and cracked a Dexy's Midnight Runners joke to open up 'I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down' before rounding off (in)appropriately (?) with 'Pump It Up'. The niceness was overwhelming.

Was that *really* Elvis Costello?

That all-important support slot had been given to The Stray Cats, the current mediability sensations who finally reveal what Heavy Metal would have sounded like if it had been invented in 1957. Their torrent of amped-up Sunsound and energetic posturing is by no means completely unappealing, but ultimately their work is hollow: a lot of hot licks and flesh shapes wrapped around nothing in particular (when it *is* wrapped around something, like 'Storm The Iranian Embassy' or 'Rumble In Brighton', it's worse.) Their version of 'You Can't Hurry Love' is quite horrendous, and their tendency to turn everything — probably even a visit to the drycleaners — into a guitar circus becomes extremely wearing in a surprisingly short time.

However, they are going to be highly successful, so one might as well voice qualms at an early stage before one can be accused of starting a backlash.

Still, Elvis has copped his own fair share of stick in at least two different backlashes, so for what it's worth, I hereby declare the inauguration of the Elvis Costello frontlash. I couldn't have enjoyed Monday more even if I'd managed to get a free single.

Incidentally, the gig was part of a Levi's Rock promotion. I can rarely recall seeing fewer pairs of Levi's at a concert this year.

Charles Shaar Murray

The bouncing quiffs of the Mill Hillbillies

Polecats

Dingwalls

IT'S PRETTY apt for The Polecats to be asked to fill a last minute blow-out by latest front-page raves, The Stray Cats, as apart from feline pretensions and a stand-up bass the two bands, although both tagged as rockabilly, represent different ends of the rocking 'scale'. Stray Cats, newly arrived hyped Americans playing a hybrid of rockabilly crossed with R'n'R and R'n'B, are a poppy three piece shooting to instant stardom on a dubious if enjoyable basis. The Polecats are young North London purists, teenage Mill Hillbillies who've spent the last couple of years playing authentic rockabilly to the '50s cognoscenti gathered at clubs like Southgate Royalty and Bobby Sox.

Ethnically correct in both sight and sound their slice of down-house sharp boy seemed slightly out of context amidst the satin jackets of a typical Dingwalls music-biz crowd. Yet despite the asthma attack suffered by the PA they provided a joyously contagious antidote to the current overdose of all things dark and arty. It was an evening of pink suits and Mac Curtess haircuts, a slapped double bass and an Eddie Cochran Grech twanged to 1956 perfection. A three-pronged front-line assault maintained a perpetual mo-mo-momentum as the feet recognised fun and simply forced the body to move.

On stage it was all bouncing quiffs and the kind of smiles so rarely seen as to seem almost seditious. Whether they were pounding out 'Thunder And Lightning' by one Tooter Boatman or 'Rockin' On The Marie Celeste', one of their self-penned paeans to the rockin' way, it all sounded as if it had stepped straight out of the original Sun vaults. No affected rebel yells or silly confederate flags, just a feel for the music they play and a desire to play it straight and play it well.

Rockabilly seems all set to become this year's next little thing and The Polecats intend to ensure that their true to original version at least gets a hearing amongst all the diluted reproductions on offer. They're set to leave the cloistered world of Rockabilly clubs and play on both the Levi and the Ripchords and Adam And The Ants tours, an evangelical move into the big wide world of non-believers. Spread the word Polecats, and keep smiling.

Robert Elms

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Jane. Pic Neil Anderson

Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour

John Bull

TALKING OF strange behaviour . . . It's a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that thirteenth century intellectuals used to debate about how many angels could dance on the end of a pin. More to the point must be the number of musicians you can fit on the stage of the John Bull, a pleasant but small West London pub. Tonight's attraction Jane Kennaway will, I feel sure, go very far. But not tonight, there's no room.

And so with her four man band, Strange Behaviour, arranged around beside and behind her, Miss Kennaway steps up and takes it away. Blonde haired, a chic dresser and all in all pretty dashed attractive, Jane's got the presence to silence even the most hardened beer-swilling slob of a punter (I know, I was next to him), and all this without resorting to much more than a quiet introduction and a nice smile. The music on offer is similarly successful, on its own terms: mature sounding MOR rock, invigorated by lyrical intelligence and blessed with commercial appeal. One day, Jane Kennaway and Strange Behaviour will go on to make the kind of records you can bring home to meet Mum and Dad.

Already, on that 101 Club sampler album you can hear the extremely catching 'Catch Cool', a Kennaway composition and a song which provides this set with one of its highlights. Just as likeable is one called 'Peekaboo', that employs the same subtle use of vocal harmonies and melodic twist. The band (bass, drums, two guitars), all competent chaps in a traditional sort of way, remain rather anonymous.

Overall, the impression was one of comfortable assurance and relaxed professionalism, but also of a lack of passion. The group's potential for conventional success is obvious; what's less clear is whether they can match all of that with music which is constantly challenging and new.

Paul Du Noyer

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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

BERNARD FUTTER takes a look at a new budget amp, the KA-300 from Trio

SHREWDLY anticipating the wholesale drop in consumer spending as the world recession started to bite, those crafty people from the Orient have been devoting their ingenuity to producing even cheaper hi fi hardware. We've already drawn attention in these columns to the artificially low prices of hi fi due to the pressure on distributors to sell out old gear before the new ranges are launched.

Well, the good news as far as the consumer is concerned, is that the new ranges seem to be, in many cases, even better value than those they replaced — even at those sell-out prices. It is now realistic to talk in terms of a basic hi fi system of amp, turntable and speakers for under that magic threshold figure of £200.00 I can't think how many years ago I could have last said that with any validity.

This brings us nearly on to the subject of this month's review a new 25 watt budget amp, the KA-300, from the Trio stable. It's one of their new low cost range which takes in a more powerful 40 watt amp, the KA-400, and is rounded off by a Dolby cassette deck, the KX-400. The KA-300 can be found at a shop around price of about £65 which is excellent value on a cost per watt basis. The other models mentioned are also competitively priced.

Trio (Kenwood worldwide) do not enjoy quite the same kind of charisma as other hi fi brands. Their products are always solidly built and reliable but rarely seem to be at the very forefront of technical innovation. Still in this gimmick-laden industry that is not necessarily a bad thing. In appearance the KA-300 certainly reflects this image although I personally found its matt silver fascia and donkey brown trim rather more pleasing than most.

There is a total absence of superfluous facilities on the KA-300 such as those ubiquitous power output motors that are of questionable practical value. What we're talking about is essentially a stripped to the bone amp, offering only the basic functions. As stated, the power output of the KA-300 is 25+ 25 wrms which should be more than adequate for all but the largest rooms. That's assuming the speakers are of average efficiency. Now commonplace, it generally surprises people to learn that they probably do the bulk of their listening at about 7-10 watts. Obviously, a degree of headroom is necessary to handle musical peaks and an output of 25 watts is a sensible figure.

The front panel has an uncluttered look and utilises rectangular push switches for power, phono tuner, auxiliary, tape A & B and loudness. Bass, treble, balancer and the large volume control are the more conventional rotary types. In operation these all worked well enough albeit with a slightly airy feel. The rest of the front panel is taken up with a headphone socket, inputs for a second tape deck and a small red power LED indicator that lights when the unit is energised.

The rear is functionally spartan incorporating phono type sockets for phono, tuner, aux., tape rec and play. There's also a DIN socket permitting tape connections from one lead. Hooking up the speakers was a simple matter utilising the positive colour coded screw terminals. For someone who does a lot of taping the KA-300 will certainly be of interest. With two tape decks it's possible to record the same source simultaneously on each or to playback on deck A and record on deck B. If you're lucky enough to own a 3-head tape deck you can also monitor the source against the recordings for instantaneous quality control checks. These flexible tape facilities are generally not found on amps of this price range.

In order to audition the KA-300 with speakers likely to be used with an amp of this price, we were fortunate enough to have on hand a new compact 2-way design from Celestion — the County. In short these are a good well balanced speaker and excellent value for money at approximately £100 pr. For comparison I had my geriatric and very obsolete Quad valve amp that, to my ears, still sounds better than any transistor amp whatever the price. Auditions took place after a period of a couple of weeks via a selection of direct out and top commercial pressings. FM radio and cassette and reel-reel saucers.

Although I am a great proponent of the "value sound", it is probably as well to get things into perspective and state that differences generally between amps are far more subtle than say between speakers or pickup cartridges. In audition the KA-300 acquitted itself reasonably well. Compared to the reference Quad the bass was a bit on the lumpy side and the mid-range was not as open. The top end however was very detailed without any transistor tizz. Although these comments might seem less than effusive, I felt that it was a goodish performance for a unit of this price. When you also take into account the good standard of construction, its ease of use and flexible tape facilities the Trio KA-300 is certain to appeal to many.

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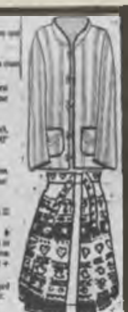

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ACROSS
1 Contemporary nightmare? (5,8).
7 Product of retarded evolution?
8 J.J. or John.
10 The new Numan . . . just like the old Numan.
12 See 3.
13 'Ere Gal, dry rot! (anag. 2 words).
15 Taken from chicken orifice!
17 Posey 'Blitz Scene' band, on verge of signing to major label (7,6).
19 & 18 Jumbled up in radio men!
20 See 23 across.
21 & 5 One half of oldie r'n'r partnership.
22 No fans for Bill.
23 & 20 Damned vocalist.
25 '70s Dylan LP (4,4)
26 Roger / —— / Walker.
27 Among original punk bands, featured on Roxy compilation (1,3,4).
28 J. Riviera's label (1,4).

DOWN
1 Nothing Special?!
2 & 23 down Current Prat-Rock climber (7,3,5,3,4).
3 & 12 Radio 1 DJ.
4 Original Velvets vocalist.
5 See 21.
6 Kiwi chart combo (5,3).
9 Early Stones manager who modelled himself on Phil Spector (6,4,6).
11 Beatles 45, a McCartney rocker (4,7).
14 Canvey's favourite son? (3,9).
16 McCartney / Wings 45.
18 See 19.
23 See 2.
24 Latin music popular in New York.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS: 4 (Steve) Cropper; 7 'Telekon'; 9 Carly (Simon); 10 Peter Noone; 12 'Baggy Trousers'; 17 Jive; 18 Dave Edmunds; 20 Stiff; 22 'My Generation'; 24 Slit; 25 Roy Harper; 28 Nazareth; 29 (Carly) Simon.
DOWN: 1 'Generals And Majors'; 2 Peter Green; 3 John; 5 '(Rat) Race'; 6 (Graham) Parker; 8 Yoko; 11 Steve (Cropper); 13 Todd Rundgren; 14 Skids; 15 Sniffin' Glue; 16 Quarrymen; 19 (Chris) Stein; 21 'Gerticha'; 23 Graham (Parker); 26 'Rat (Race)'; 27 'Max'.

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HELLO. This week's Bag boasts an acute shortage of smart-ass one-liners, and the old verse-chorus-verse-chorus format stays in the cupboard for a second week. The reasons for this will, we hope, become obvious.

Two weeks back, Monty Smith ran a few letters in this space discussing various aspects of life in Northern Ireland — letters which, in turn, had been prompted by just one solitary Bag correspondent three weeks previously who criticised *NME's* lack of coverage of the subject. Mr O'Smith invited *NME* readers to state their (various) cases.

The resulting mail has completely swamped all other topics. So we're turning this week's Bagspace over to your letters without the customary editorial refereeing. — CSM.

☐ Perhaps all those in favour of the troops coming out of Northern Ireland could bribe the Government by threatening to fast unto death.
Gwynfor ("I can't help it") Evans

☐ It seems to me that Lenny Badger's letter *(20.9.80)* is a classic example of "the ignorance of the people of Britain" that Liam *(same Gasbag)* complains of. Does he really think that people get murdered just because they go to the wrong church on Sundays?

Unfortunately this is a belief supported and encouraged by our — yes, *your* and *my* — government and popular media because it is in their interest to do so. No government likes its own people to think of it as one of invasion and oppression. There can be no doubt that the minority in Northern Ireland have been oppressed since the British invasion of Ireland, and that the main reason for this oppression was not intrinsically because of their religion (Catholic), but their *nationality* (Irish — the conquered nation).

I do not offer any immediate solutions but feel that we will get nowhere until we stop deceiving ourselves that the war in Northern Ireland is a purely sectarian one, so absolving ourselves from blame. Much as I sympathise with the unionist point of view — they have known no other home but N.I., and it *has* been a part of Britain throughout their lifetime — the fact remains that they are the descendants of an invading force, supported by an army of occupation.

Throughout history oppressed nations have revolted and struggled for their freedom. Why should it be any different in Northern Ireland?

As for the question "how can a murderer be a political prisoner?" this again ignored the fact that there is a WAR going on in Northern Ireland, at least in the eyes of those taking part in it. I am not trying to glorify terrorists but we must face facts. Whether or not you agree that there *should* be a war is irrelevant. If a German soldier shot and killed an English soldier in World War II, would Lenny Badger have had that soldier tried for murder? Of course not, he would be a prisoner of war: a political prisoner.

The reason the war in N.I. is not presented in a similar light is because my government has not the courage to admit that a nation has been so wronged by it and its predecessors that it will take up arms and wage war.
Rosie, Liverpool

☐ Lenny's opinions are those of the typical liberal Englishman — *i.e.* the problem is all due to these horrible little religiously prejudiced Irishmen. Why can't they be like us? The troops are in Ireland to protect the Irish from themselves.

"The troops are not in Ireland to protect the Irish. Anyone who thinks that is an idiot . . ."

The troops are not in Ireland to protect the Irish. Anyone who thinks that the British Establishment would waste a single drop of blood to help the Irish is an idiot. They are there to protect British strategic imperialistic aims.

It is important to remember that it was a British *not* Irish — government which made religion a matter for discrimination and hence politics. The real losers, as always, are the native Irish Catholics. The origin of the Irish joke is very simply the inability of the native Irish to accommodate the alien Anglo-Saxon culture forced upon them by the British settlers.

There can be no real peace in Ireland until the British realise that the Irish people have a right to self-determination, and the presence of 15,000 foreign British troops prevents the establishment of a just constitution which can reconcile all groups in Ireland.

The British will not do this because they are scared of the eventual Irish nation. Meanwhile the Irish will continue to look upon the British as enemies, which I personally do not really think they are.

The only way forward is for clear thought by everyone concerned and the rejection of bankrupt stereotypes on both sides. Unless there is an opening of minds to Irish problems by the British public (an extremely unlikely occurrence at present), in whose hands the real power lies, there may well be another 800 years of "troubles" to go with the previous 800 years.
Jimmy, Edgware.

☐ The Northern Ireland problem is not as simple as pulling the British troops out and handing over Northern Ireland to Eire. The 1984-like existence is a terrible consequence of a mainly religious problem.

Protestants fear persecution in a United Irish state. John Bull talks of humanitarian ideals, but at present in Eire there is no divorce, no abortion, limited freedom of worship, contraceptives are difficult to obtain, non-Catholics cannot hold important civil service posts and there are no equal rights for women or non-Catholics. And the Roman Catholic church has the right to censor the press so these matters are not discussed. Moreover after an Eire Protestant, Senator Billy Fox, demanded these in the Dublin senate, six IRA terrorists murdered him at his farm.

On the other side of the coin, the Catholic community in Ulster already suffers much persecution and intimidation. It has to bear the brunt of the insecurity of Ulster Protestants and the British Army. The Catholics are economically exploited, with little chance of improvement in the situation since jobs and wealth are largely run on a sectarian basis.

The Protestant majority and Catholic minority therefore distrust and resent each other, a situation in which terrorism thrives (my mummy's window-cleaner left Derry after threats of knee-capping for not paying the IRA protection money).

The situation could be eased by economic help for Catholic areas, an increase in joint community co-operation in Northern Ireland, a lessening of the oppressive handling of Catholic youth by the British Army and the liberalisation of some of the reactionary laws in Eire (start campaigning, Liam). The British and Eire governments should then start talks with Northern Ireland leaders.

The churches could also exert a greater influence on the men of violence. Their ambivalent attitude to sectarianism does nothing to diminish the violence they pretend to deplore.

The problem is more a human than a nationalist one.
John Lemon, Worthing.

GASBAG

"You lemme go or I'll write to Gasbag about ye . . ."

The Irish no-joke

Edited by Charles Shaar Murray

You remember 1984, right? And all those letters about it last week, right? Well here's another one. Right.

Danny Baker recently remarked that, for better or worse, this is the age of the fact, not the opinion — implying, amongst other things, that agreement being at an all-time low, we stand more chance of reviving it by calmly facing facts than by indulging in ever more frenetic exchanges of opinion. In criticising me for making a fetish out of Judgement Day, last week's correspondents conveniently ignore the high fact-to-opinion ratio of the articles in question.

'One surplus unemployed person' wonders why I should bother to assemble in a single place facts and opinions available in isolation elsewhere. The answer is pretty obvious. Impact.

Moreover, I can't agree with him that "any average well-read person" would be aware of those facts and opinions already. The Sussex University report on automation is barely known to the public and its astonishing implications undiscussed; the precise details of recent trends in economic forecasting are almost always confined to the business pages of high-brow papers; and the data on the developing police state in Part 2 is sufficiently unfamiliar to have come as something of a revelation to most people I know.

As to "plagiarism", I'm aware that I'm neither George Orwell nor Stanley Milgram, but fail to grasp why that should disqualify me from drawing on their ideas in the interests of making a point.

Moving into more general areas, A. Whyte claims to be unable to understand why I should wish to write something that declines to nourish his illusions. The explanation is not that inscrutable. To borrow his own words, I hoped "to make people aware of their situation and encourage them to realise that they can think for themselves and be themselves". I differ from him in not having quite such a rosy opinion of human nature.

As to leaving my victims to stew in despair until the Nazis arrive, I must point out that what *NME* printed included extensive suggestions as to possible courses of civil action, plus a far from fatalistic — in fact positively strenuous — call to individual self-determination.

***What NME didn't* print, owing to an editorial difference of opinion over the scope of the article, was another full episode (the original Part 3) which dealt with the possible appearance of a neo-Fascist populism of the centre in Britain — the "mystical belief in itself" which Orwell maintained must bolster any ruling party.**

The charges against me of encouraging Fascism would have been more difficult to make had this section appeared. As it is, the rumour is understandable, if untrue.

As to 'Diamond Dog' and his peculiar thesis in favour of stupidity, I can only ask him whether it's better to be forearmed with unpleasant knowledge than to be kept vacuously happy with insipid lies? His disinclination to face facts seems, in any case, to be something of an intellectual hobby, the reference to the "fashionable bile" allegedly spread about by Spengler arguing that he has never got much further with *The Decline Of The West* than the title. Being attacked for "metaphorical grandiloquence" by someone who writes like he does is rather puzzling.

On the vexed subject of individualism, Karl of Reading argues ferociously that "anyone who doesn't have a psychological disorder" is self-evidently in favour. As it happens, only three months ago in this organ the Marxist band Gang Of Four were to be heard quite clearly claiming that they "don't believe in the individual" and that the only option available for an honest person is to leap into the nearest collective and commence chanting forthwith. By Karl's rigorous standards, these boys are fit for Broadmoor.

Since I nowhere claim that individualism is being used in a political sense, Karl's subsequent fulminations are effectively a private matter between himselves.

Finally: I've tried to discover some inner meaning to Martin Humphrey's letter, but have eventually decided that, like his hero arch-bore Karl Popper, it *is* as banal as it first appears. Totalitarianism and democracy aren't the same thing, he seems to tell us. We should have less of one and more of the other.

I could elaborate on this theme but *NME* has limited space, I limited time, and the readers know all those jokes already.
Ian MacDonald, Beckenham, Kent.

Hmm. I don't think we've heard the last of *1984* — in any sense. — CSM.

In reference to John Bull and Liam from Cork, do they think they are sufficiently well informed of the situation to be able to put forward a constructive argument?

I was eight years old in 1969 when the troubles began and I can remember no other way of life. John and Liam seem to agree that Britain has occupied N Ireland and that the Republican paramilitaries should fight for the freedom of their country, but can they not see that N.I. is a separate country from the Irish Republic, using different currency, passports, etc. The majority of people living in N.I. want to remain British, so why should these paramilitaries fight to give them so-called freedom?

Liam stated that Britain was "occupying his country". I think he is slightly misinformed. N.I. is part of the UK, and its population are British subjects who are in no way associated with the independent Republic of Ireland.

I attend Belfast rock gigs regularly and the feeling with both my Protestant and Catholic friends is to keep our

"The churches' ambivalent attitude to sectarianism does nothing to diminish the violence they pretend to deplore . . ."

politics out of music, as music is for enjoyment and entertainment, and yours being a music paper should not mix politics and music.

Strummer condemns H-block, but should murderers in England be given special status? The men in H-block have inflicted this disgrace on themselves.

I think it would require an outsider to live in N.I. for a while before they could actually assess the rights and wrongs of the situation. Live and let live.
Alan, Newtownabbey, Northern Ireland.

So Mr Bull would like us to look seriously and compassionately into the terrorists' causes, would he? You have got to be joking. It doesn't matter what an organisation's cause is. If they insist on blowing other people's guts out, they are — in my book, anyway — evil.

I have to live in Belfast and I don't want to see my city turned into a blood bath. People like Joe Strummer don't know the true situation and think it's trendy to involve themselves in problems too complicated for them to understand.

As for my own views, I can in no way condone harassment of any section of the community and I've got to admit, Belfast is as near as dammit to a *1984* situation.

It's gone on for eleven years, during which time the two communities have become increasingly isolated and embittered against each other. So stop and think, Liam. Before you offer the old solution of removing British troops, remember it is the British troops who stand between the ordinary sane people of Northern Ireland and the gun-toting maniacs of the paramilitaries.
Nicky, Belfast.

Having been a reader of the *NME* for many years now and seeing how despite popular belief when I joined the Army they didn't give me a full frontal lobotomy, I thought I'd write about the letters concerning so-called 'troubles' in Northern Ireland.

The letter from John Bull was a real eye-opener; could I suggest to him that instead of taking his friends' words as gospel, he tries talking to some soldiers who, believe it or not, are ordinary human beings, and hears their side of it.

We don't want to be there any more than a lot of people want us there, but there are a hell of a lot of people who *do* want us. Does he think the solution is pulling out and letting the thugs from sectarian organisations blow up and kill innocent people, or does he think they'll confine their killing to one another? I'm sure if this was the case, we'd be back in England tomorrow. Unhappily it isn't. I haven't got a solution. I wish to God, any God, I had.
A Soldier, somewhere in Sunny Hampshire.

Margaret Thatcher and her hand-puppet Humphrey Atkins refuse point blank to allow the Irish government any part in negotiations on the matter, in case, in the one in several billion chance that she achieves anything, she loses any of the credit. No doubt she dreams of another Zimbabwe.

Can you, the British people, believe this that the Irish government has been refused any say whatsoever in the future of Northern Ireland, this being deemed an internal British affair?

Lenny Badger's talk of integrated schools/housing estates is so naive, it could only come from someone with no understanding of the problem or of Irish history. That is hardly surprising when the British people are so 'shielded' from the truth about Ireland.

The *Sunday Express* — that monument to truth, justice, and the British way of life — informed us (after the murder of 13 British soldiers in Crossmaglen) that "but for the courage of the British soldiers, the whole stinking country would be in bloody civil war". Good God, after all you've done to us, do you really expect us to be grateful?

I abhor violence, but the presence of the British Army merely encourages it and in many cases is directly responsible for it.

"Anybody got any better suggestions for N.I.?" — Yes, fuck off out of it and let's solve the problem ourselves.
Fear Siochanta, Baile Atha Cliath, Eire.

There's no such thing as a consensus on the subject of the British 'presence' in Northern Ireland, here at *NME* or anywhere else. It is an issue which, at times, makes almost any outside opinion seem fatuous and presumptuous.

So no one likes to see suffering, no one likes to see injustice, no one likes to see bombs and blood and terror. But — conversely — no one likes the forces of outside authority on their streets, and no one likes to feel that they live on occupied territory. Speaking as one person offering one person's opinion — and not claiming to represent the *NME* collective — I deplore the bombings, the terror, the violence inflicted on innocent people who are on a firing line through no fault or choice of their own.

But at the same time, I believe just as wholeheartedly that the solution to the Irish 'problem' must be an Irish solution. What happens in Ireland should be a matter of concern to England, but interference and occupation should not be the means by which this concern should be expressed.

If this view seems contradictory, that's because it *is* contradictory. There isn't even a consensus in my head, let alone outside it.

Next week, normal service. There might even be some jokes — however, none of them will be about Ireland. — CSM

Pic: Anton Corbijn

So Danny has his great idea for his Madness feature, right? Instead of just sitting in some poxy pub he'll fix up this football match, see — Madness versus Neil Spencer's Gentlemen's XI, right? So Dan tries to fix up a pitch, right, but no dice. It's called off. But then at the eleventh hour Stiff call up. "It's OK lads, we've got a pitch. See you there at seven o'clock tomorrow."

So a hastily assembled Gentlemen's XI assembles the following evening in deepest Fulham, kitted up and raring to go. No Madness. The Gentlemen have a kickabout. Still no Madness. Finally at 8.05, an exhausted NME team are just trooping off when who should turn up, surrounded by bevvied-up skinheads, but the boys in the picture. Madness.

"Where you going?" they banter. "Scared to play us?"

"Where you bin all evening, wankers," riposte the Gentlemen's XI.

Ten minutes of heated name-calling ensue, and only the lure of the Pig & Hooligan cools things down. Memo to Mr Baker: next time you embark on a feature, don't invite us. Right.

WITH NO score yet in the heated Iran/Iraq confrontation, *T-Zers* returns you to the studio where our panel of experts are debating the musical question: does **Pete Townshend** have the faintest clue what he's on about?

"I'm *for* nuclear power," said the Beak when caught in one of his rare moments of introspection by *Cream* magazine. "But I haven't told anyone because I am still hoping to fuck **Jane Fonda** — like everybody dreams of doing who's involved in the No Nukes movement!" The experts are near unanimous in their view that this is in fact a joke. Jane Fonda is unavailable for comment . . .

Not to be outdone in this season's bid for infamy, **Bette Midler** takes the opportunity to aim a few swipes at our beloved, over-worked, over-paid royal family in her latest film *Divine Madness*. **Anne**, opines Miss M, "loves nature, despite what it did to her." As for **Chuck**: "Boy, is he rich, and boy is he ugly!" This is not strictly a joke, say our experts, but it'll have to do . . .

John Lydon, meanwhile, proved to the *Guardian* last week that he'd lost none of his popular sarcastic qualities when he gave his thoughts on record companies: "(they) would all love to see the **Pistols** reform . . . but that would be an absolute all time low — I'd never do it in a million years. Not unless I was feeling particularly spiteful" . . .

The new **Police** album title 'Zenyatta Mondatta' sprang full blown from the restless imagination of the fab lanky blonde pop star **Sting**. After discarding 'Rockallathewayte Da Bank', Sting had the dynamic, young idea of naming the album after **Jomo Kenyatta**, the late leader of Kenya, crossed with Zen, hence 'Zenyatta'. "Just a nice word," he told *Rolling Stone*. Both Sting and **Andy Summers** have become tax exiles and are now domiciled in Ireland. As a US citizen, this dodge is not required for **Stewart Copeland** . . .

Even as *T-Zers* is compiled, **The Clash** are hard at work in the studio learning a new chord, er, mixing their next single, which has the marginally apocalyptic title of 'The Call-up'. It was inspired by the group's current bid for US citizenship . . .

Last Saturday morning in Coventry, **Aiden Adams**, manager of new Arista signing **The Urge**, spent several hours in a phone box trying to locate Urge mainman **Kevin Harrison**. At **The Specials** post-gig party the previous night **Jerry Dammers** had decreed that The Urge should replace errant support act **The Stray Cats** — who'd pulled out of the bottom of the bill in order to become stars. Harrison, however, couldn't be found. Adams walked out of the phone box wondering what to do next just as Harrison emerged from the adjacent box. Harrison, who'd spent the night at the home of **The Selecter's Neol Davis**, had been trying to locate his manager to tell him that The Urge's bassist had been taken to hospital for an emergency spinal operation and would be out of action for at least six months . . .

Talking of The Stray Cats, **Mike Anthony of Star Music** phoned Charly Records the other day on behalf of the Cats asking for free copies of all their Sun albums so that the group can listen to the originators before recording their upcoming Arista debut . . .

Four masked men recently broke into the Woodstock home of **Todd Rundgren**, bound and gagged Todd and his girlfriend, Texan model **Karen Darvin**, and stripped the house of its stereo equipment, tapestries and art objects. The thieves addressed each other by number only, but one of them seemingly took perverse delight in humming the refrain from 'I Saw The Light' as he went about his work. A friend of Rundgren says the incident "shook his faith in human nature". Nevertheless Rundgren, and also **Cheap Trick**, are planning benefit concerts for independent presidential candidate **John Anderson** . . .

UNDERTONES drummer **Billy Doherty** was on his way to hospital on his pushbike last Thursday to have tests on his gallstones when he unfortunately fell foul of the law of gravity and suffered a broken arm. His replacement on the Tones imminent Euro-tour will be **Kieron McLaughlin**, a member of the Derry intellectual cadre . . .

The promoters of the recent Heatwave punkstock festival in Toronto, featuring **Costello, Talking Heads, Rockpile, The B-52s** and a cast of between 50 and 80 thousand, reckon that when the final telly is in they may have to take a million dollar bath. Undaunted, they hope to stage another event next year barring the collapse of the credit society . . .

Paul Thompson, formerly the great Paul Thompson of **Roxy Music**, is presently recording with a well-known Northern disco troupe called **The Angelic Upstarts**. A permanent touring position is not envisaged, says the pedantic **Mensi** . . .

Joe Carrasco, self-crowned king of something or other from Austin, Texas and the latest Stiff folly, was moved on a bit smartly by a mounted officer last week during a filming for his 'Buena' single in front of the changing of the guards ceremony at Buck Pal. Joe lost his exotic cape and shirt in the process of being dragged down the Mall, despite protests from the film crew that permission had been granted. "That is rescinded as of now, mate," said a stiff upper lip. "You are an insult to the Queen, the Horseguards, and the police. Get out of this royal park." Carrasco, however, was not charged when it was discovered that he was an American. Presumably this often happens with Americans . . .

The Skids found themselves locked in the same bar with the **Michael Schenker** group and the **Ozzy Osborne** band at Birmingham's Centre Hotel not very long ago. Topics for conversation included **Scott Fitzgerald's** last novel and the influence of the Bauhaus on German heavy metal . . .

Is there even a speck of truth to the rumour that **Huge Cornbell** is fed up with **The Stranglers** and intends to strike out on his lonesome? And is he really knocking on **Herzog's** door in search of a film role? While denials fly thick and fast *T-Zers* moves on quickly to another, vastly more important subject . . .

Further to the startling revelation that **Special Roddy Radiation** learnt his trade with legendary Coventry punks **The Dread Rissoles**, long lost Rissoles drummer **Jack Spunker** has come forward with a poignant story about the band's peculiar choice of name. "We was in this motorway cafe," says Jack, "and Roddy ordered pissoles and peas. 'That's a misprint,' said the waitress, 'the p should be an r.' Well, we weren't going to call ourselves the Dread Arseholes, were we?" Frankly, Jack, *T-Zers* lost the thread of this story a long time ago . . .

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4 (5) JAM — Going Underground 20p
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6 (7) JOY DIVISION — Unknown Pleasures 20p
7 (-) [illegible] 20p
8 (8) DEAD KENNEDY'S 20p
9 (9) [illegible] — Subversion 20p
10 (9) MAGAZINE — Correct Use Of Soap 20p

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