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NEW
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MUSICAL
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EXPRESS

THE SHINING • SPRINGSTEEN LP - DOUBLE TROUBLE??

HOTTER'S TRIAL IN EMBE - ON THE SPOT REPORT • ULSTER'S ALTERNATIVE • JIG DIVISION IN AMERICA • AL PAIRS - EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE •





Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, bubbling under this week with 'Enola Gay'. An expert writes: Enola Gay is the name of the plane that dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima. This record is therefore 'meaningful.' Pic: Steve Wallgren.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week

			Highest	
			Weeks In	
1	(1)	Don't Stand So Close To Me..... Police (A & M)	3	1
2	(2)	Masterblaster..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	2
3	(8)	D.I.S.C.O..... Ottowan (Carrere)	3	3
4	(5)	My Old Piano..... Diana Ross (Motown)	3	4
5	(4)	Baggy Trousers..... Madness (Stiff)	4	4
6	(3)	One Day I'll Fly Away Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	5	1
7	(17)	Amigo..... Black Slate (Ensign)	2	7
8	(7)	Another One Bites The Dust..... Queen (EMI)	4	6
9	(18)	Searching..... Change (WEA)	5	9
10	(—)	Casanova..... Coffee (De-Lite)	1	10
11	(15)	Three Little Birds..... Bob Marley (Island)	2	11
12	(16)	I Owe You One..... Shalamar (Solar)	6	12
13	(28)	You're Lying..... Linx (Chrysalis)	2	13
14	(25)	Killer On The Loose..... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	25
15	(9)	It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef Elvis Presley (RCA)	6	3
16	(24)	I Got You..... Split Enz (A&M)	4	16
17	(6)	Feels Like I'm In Love..... Kelly Marie (Calibre)	8	2
18	(30)	Love X Love..... George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	18
19	(—)	Trouble..... Gillan (Virgin)	1	19
20	(27)	If You're Lookin' For A Way Out Odyssey (RCA)	2	20
21	(—)	All Out Of Love..... Air Supply (Arista)	1	21
22	(20)	Stereotype..... Specials (2-Tone)	2	20
23	(14)	It's Still Rock And Roll To Me... Billy Joel (CBS)	8	14
24	(—)	When You Ask About Love Matchbox (Magnet)	1	24
25	(—)	Woman In Love..... Barbra Streisand (CBS)	1	25
26	(12)	Eighth Day..... Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	7	4
27	(—)	And The Birds Were Singing Sweet People (Polydor)	1	27
28	(11)	Dreamin'..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	8
29	(—)	Party Lights..... Gap Band (Mercury)	1	29
30	(—)	Gotta Pull Myself Together..... Nolans (Epic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Special Brew — Bad Manners (Magnet)
 She's So Cold — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
 Army Dreamers — Kate Bush (EMI)
 Generals And Majors / Don't Lose Your Temper — XTC (Virgin)
 Enola Gay — Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark (Dindisc)
 Be Thankful For What You've Got — William De Vaughan (EMI)

INDIES 33s

1	Signing Off..... UB40 (Graduate)
2	Pindrop..... Passage (Object)
3	Closer..... Joy Division (Factory)
4	Guilt/Line/Live At The Electric Circus..... Various (Cherry Red)
5	Misty Live In Roots..... Misty (People Unite)
6	Musical Bag..... The Afflicted (Afflicted)
7	Return Of Ouruti Column..... Duriti Column (Factory)
8	Jane From Occupied Europe..... Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
9	Stations Of The Cross..... Crass (Crass)
10	World War Three..... Dread (Dread At The Controls)

Charts by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, N.1.

INDIES 45s

1	Recrium/Change..... Killing Joke (Maticious Damage)
2	Atmosphere/She's Lost Control..... Joy Division (Factory)
3	Are You Glad To Be In America..... James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
4	Totally Wired..... Fall (Rough Trade)
5	Shack Up..... A Certain Ratio (Factory Benelux)
6	Fisides Favourites..... Fatgadget (Mute)
7	Split..... Liliput (Rough Trade)
8	Drug Train (E.P.)..... Cramps (Illegal)
9	Radio Drill Time..... Josef K. (Postcard)
10	Love Will Tear Us Apart..... Joy Division (Factory)

REGGAE

1	Warrior Charge..... Aswad (Island)
2	I'm So Sorry..... Carroll Thompson (Santic)
3	Moonlight Lover..... Eddie Fitzroy (Dread At The Controls)
4	What's Going On..... Delroy Wilson (E & J)
5	Nice Time..... Don McCarlos (Pirate)
6	Sweetman..... In Crowd (White Label)
7	Jealous Lover..... Barry Brown/Jah Thomas (J.B.)
8	No Man Is An Island..... Movement (Ballistic)
9	I Had A Dream..... Jackie Dale (Freedom Sounds)
10	3 a.m. Wondering Where You Are..... Panchita Latouche (Nature)

Chart by: Daddy Kool Records, 94 Dean Street, W1

DISCO

1	Masterblaster Jammin' (12in)..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
2	I Owe You One..... Shalamar (Solar)
3	Big Time..... Rick James (Motown)
4	Unlocked The Funk..... Locksmith (Arista)
5	Backstrok'n..... Fatback (Spring)
6	Casanova (12in)..... Coffee (De-Lite)
7	Amigo..... Black Slate (Ensign)
8	Oops Upside Your Head..... Gap Band (Mercury)
9	Party Lights..... Gap Band (Mercury)
10	Give Me The Night..... George Benson (Warner Bros)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
October 11th, 1980

US SINGLES

This Last Week

1	(1)	Another One Bites The Dust..... Queen
2	(2)	Upside Down..... Diana Ross
3	(7)	Woman In Love..... Barbra Streisand
4	(4)	Lookin' For Love..... Johnny Lee
5	(5)	Drivin' My Life Away..... Eddie Rabbitt
6	(3)	All Out Of Love..... Air Supply
7	(9)	I'm Alright (Theme From Caddyshack)..... Kenny Loggins
8	(6)	Give Me The Night..... George Benson
9	(10)	Xanadu..... Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
10	(12)	Real Love..... The Doobie Brothers
11	(8)	Fame..... Irene Cara
12	(16)	He's So Shy..... Pointer Sisters
13	(11)	Late In The Evening..... Paul Simon
14	(14)	All Over The World..... Electric Light Orchestra
15	(17)	Look What You've Done To Me..... Boz Scaggs
16	(19)	Jesse..... Carly Simon
17	(21)	The Wanderer..... Donna Summer
18	(20)	Never Knew Love Like This Before..... Stephanie Mills
19	(15)	Hot Rod Hearts..... Robbie Dupree
20	(24)	Dreamin'..... Cliff Richard
21	(26)	I'm Coming Out..... Diana Ross
22	(31)	Lady..... Kenny Rogers
23	(39)	Master Blaster (Jammin')..... Stevie Wonder
24	(22)	You'll Accompany Me..... Bob Seger
25	(27)	Midnight Rock..... Al Stewart
26	(29)	Who'll Be The Fool Tonight..... Larsen-Fieten Band
27	(30)	How Do I Survive..... Amy Holland
28	(34)	Whip It..... Devo
29	(32)	On The Road Again..... Willie Nelson
30	(36)	Dreamer..... Supertramp

This Last Week

1	(1)	The Game..... Queen
2	(2)	Xanadu..... Original Soundtrack
3	(4)	Diana..... Diana Ross
4	(3)	Urban Cowboy..... Original Soundtrack
5	(5)	Emotional Rescue..... Rolling Stones
6	(6)	Hold Out..... Jackson Browne
7	(—)	Guilty..... Barbra Streisand
8	(8)	Crimes Of Passion..... Pat Benatar
9	(9)	Panorama..... Cars
10	(—)	One Step Closer..... Doobie Brothers
11	(11)	Honeysuckle Rose..... Original Soundtrack
12	(7)	Give Me The Night..... George Benson
13	(13)	One Trick Pony..... Paul Simon
14	(14)	Back In Black..... AC/DC
15	(10)	Christopher Cross..... Christopher Cross
16	(16)	Drama..... Yes
17	(38)	Alive..... Kenny Loggins
18	(19)	Fame..... Original Soundtrack
19	(12)	Glass Houses..... Billy Joel
20	(17)	Against The Wind..... Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
21	(27)	Wild Planet..... B52's
22	(22)	Love Approach..... Tom Browne
23	(15)	T.P..... Teddy Pendergrass
24	(18)	Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere..... Rossington Collins Band
25	(25)	Shine On..... L.T.D.
26	(29)	Beating The Odds..... Molly Hatchet
27	(20)	Full Moon..... The Charlie Daniels Band
28	(35)	Audio-Visions..... Kansas
29	(50)	Zapp..... Zapp
30	(31)	'A'..... Jethro Tull

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'



Yes, this week we ignore the charts, those dictatorial arbiters of modern taste. Instead we concentrate on the bubblers, which everyone knows we make up anyway. (No we don't — Ed.) (Who cares so long as I get my picture in? — Pauline Murray).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week

1	(2)	Scary Monsters..... David Bowie (RCA)	3	1
2	(1)	Never Forever..... Kate Bush (EMI)	4	1
3	(4)	Mounting Excitement..... Various (K-Tel)	2	3
4	(—)	Zenyatta Mondatta..... Police (A&M)	1	4
5	(9)	The Very Best Of Don McClean Don McClean (UA)	2	5
6	(4)	Now We May Begin Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	4	4
7	(9)	I'm No Hero..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	4
8	(3)	Signing Off..... UB40 (Graduate)	5	1
8	(30)	Absolutely..... Madness (Stiff)	2	8
10	(—)	More Specials..... Specials (Chrysalis)	1	10
11	(15)	Breaking Glass..... Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	7	4
12	(11)	Manilow Magic..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	11	5
13	(12)	Give Me The Night George Benson (Warner Bros)	12	1
14	(—)	Paris..... Supertramp (A&M)	1	14
15	(7)	Flesh & Blood..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	19	1
16	(6)	Telekon..... Gary Numan (Graduate)	5	1
17	(7)	The Absolute Game..... Skids (Virgin)	2	7
18	(13)	Hanx..... Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	3	9
18	(20)	Gold..... The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel)	2	18
20	(14)	Live Crash Course..... U.K. Subs (Gem)	2	14
21	(22)	Sky 2..... Sky (Ariola)	25	2
22	(28)	Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	3	22
23	(17)	Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz Ossie Osbourne (Jet)	3	9
24	(—)	A Touch Of Love Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	1	24
25	(23)	Off The Wall..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	52	3
26	(—)	Midnight Dynamos..... Matchbox (Magnet)	1	26
27	(—)	Back In Black..... AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	27
28	(27)	The Love Album..... Various (K-Tel)	2	27
29	(16)	The Game..... Queen (EMI)	18	1
30	(24)	I Am Woman..... Various (Polystar)	2	24

BUBBLING UNDER

Shadows and Light — Joni Mitchell (Elektra)
 Triumph — Jacksons (Epic)
 Empires & Dance — Simple Minds (Arista)
 Kilimanjaro — Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)
 Pauline Murray and the Invisible Girls (Elusive)
 The Common One — Van Morrison (Mercury)

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	It's Time For Love..... Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
5	Feelings..... Morris Albert (Decca)
6	Who Loves You..... Four Seasons (Warner Brothers)
7	Una Paloma Blanca..... Jonathan King (UK)
8	S.O.S..... Abba (Epic)
9	L-L-Lucy..... Mud (Private Stock)
10	I'm On Fire..... 5000 Volts (Phillips)

Week ending October 14, 1975

15 YEARS AGO

1	Tears..... Ken Dodd (Columbia)
2	Almost There..... Andy Williams (CBS)
3	If You Gotta Go, Go Now..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
4	Hang On Sloopy..... McCoys (Immediate)
5	Eve Of Destruction..... Barry McGuire (RCA)
6	Message Understood..... Sandie Shaw (Pye)
7	Make It Easy On Yourself..... Walker Brothers (Phillips)
8	Look Through Any Window..... Hollies (Parlophone)
9	It's Good News Week..... Hedgehoppers Anonymous (Decca)
10	Evil Hearted You..... Yardbirds (Columbia)

Week ending October 15, 1965

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	Paranoid..... Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
5	Close To You..... Carpenters (A & M)
6	Ain't No Mountain High Enough..... Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
7	Montego Bay..... Bobby Bloom (Polydor)
8	Me And My Life..... Tremeloes (CBS)
9	Still Waters..... Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
10	Black Pearl..... Horace Faith (Trojan)

Week ending October 14, 1970

20 YEARS AGO

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

Week ending October 14, 1960

Specials play for CND

THE SPECIALS will be playing in London's Trafalgar Square on Sunday afternoon, October 26, during a massive rally in support of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament — and The Pop Group and Mikey Dread will also be in action at the same event.

The assembly point is Hyde Park at 11am, from where the expected thousands will march to Trafalgar Square, encouraged by various bands (names to be announced in a week or two) playing on trucks and lorries. The rally itself starts at 1pm, and coaches to and from the event are being organised from over two dozen provincial towns, as far apart as York and Exeter — for more details contact CND Headquarters (01-242 0362).

- Tom Robinson's Sector 27 and The Au Pairs play Swansea Circles on October 21, in a benefit for the Welsh Anti-Nuclear Alliance (admission £2).

- The Spectres, Essential Logic and Swiss band Liliput play a benefit for Loughborough Students Against Nuclear Energy at the local university tonight (Thursday).

- The series of No Nukes benefits at Stockwell Old Queen's Head in South London continues with TV Personalities and Teenage Filmstars (tomorrow, Friday), Thompson Twins and Normal Hawaiians (October 17), The Realists and Suttel Approach (24) and Plain Characters and Nerve Gas (31).

BPI boss ousted in hype row power grab

STEWED FRUIN

WHEN GRANADA TV's *World In Action* recently fixed its unblinking eye on chart hyping, the reddest face of all belonged to WEA managing director John Fruin. Not only were there hype confessions by former WEA sales staff, but Fruin's own management team were strongly implicated.

Last week Fruin resigned his position and also the chairmanship of the British Phonographic Industry, the body that is supposed to be alert to malpractice by and on behalf of the industry.

However, the connection between *World In Action*'s report and the Fruin resignations is not quite the obvious straight line it appears, as Fruin himself insisted to *NME* this week.

The official WEA version refers to "differences between Fruin and the shareholders of WEA Records" as the reason for Fruin's departure. In actual fact, it's more likely that this is just the latest move in a power struggle which began a year ago between WEA financial director Ed Byrnes and Fruin, the prize being Fruin's £50,000 a year job.

For some time, it appears, Byrnes has been sending increasingly caustic reports about Fruin back to Warner Communications Inc in America. The *World In Action* programme was simply the opportunity for Byrnes to twist the handle.

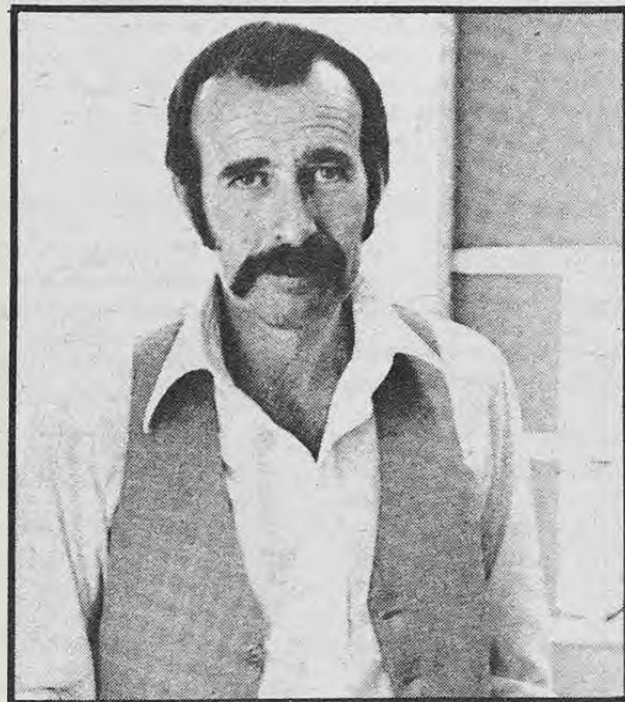
In fact the American bosses are thought not to have been unduly embarrassed by the programme. What was found distasteful — at least in London — was the way Fruin subsequently attempted to wash his hands of the unpleasantness by conspicuously denying to his own team that he had any knowledge of hyping, thus leaving them rudderless to face the approaching storm.

And storm it is. For the latest high-level gossip says that the BPI committee of enquiry set up to investigate Granada's charges — at first feared to be a whitewash job — will actually cut flesh. The report, due in preliminary form next week, is expected to carry significantly more than stern prose and might well lead to further important resignations.

This hard-boiled approach, as well as the BPI's own split with Fruin, can in part be put down to the requirements of an imminent and extremely vital battle: the fight to acquire, through Parliament, a levy on blank cassettes.

Without such legislation, so the executive logic goes, the industry will suffer gravely. But in order to achieve it, there must be some substantial image-laundering. Thus Fruin, by now seriously tarnished, becomes something of a liability.

Fruin this week acknowledged the importance of the Levy War but told us he would, in any case, have had to resign the BPI post because the position required an industry



John Fruin

"front ranker", which he no longer was.

His WEA resignation came at the end of a board meeting last Thursday morning chaired by WEA International president Nesuhi Ertegun and attended by Byrnes, Phil Rose and the rest of the executive squad, bar one. The absentee was director of marketing and sales David Clipsham, who is understood to have walked out on Warners within an hour of the meeting and under considerable less amicable terms than Fruin, who at least made several return visits to say his farewells.

So far unscathed is the company's sales and promotions general manager Mike Heap, who was at one time expected to have been the fall guy. Like Fruin, Heap also declined a face-to-face with *World In Action* reporters to explain why he made available almost 65,000 free records to promote 13 releases by obscure artists.

As for Fruin, one possibility is that he will return to S.P.&S., a retail and wholesale records company based in East London and Manchester and dealing with deletions. Fruin, a former director, resigned from his position at the firm when he joined WEA in 1977, although his family retained a shareholding.

Fruin denies there was any conflict of interest implicit in the arrangement. "It in no way contributed to my decision to resign."

The resignation was caused entirely, he says, by "differences over policy" between himself and Nesuhi Ertegun who now takes over the managing directorship in a holding capacity. Despite Byrnes' alleged spooning, he is not in the immediate running as a replacement. Our source tells us that a "US financial man" will most likely fill Fruin's chair.

Fruin, meanwhile, is left to ponder a disastrous third quarter which has seen him plummet in status and credibility. However, he plans a fighting comeback.

"I am a reasonably active 50-year-old," he told us a trifle plaintively. "I think I've got five more years in me."

- Further evidence of hard times in the record industry comes with the news that RCA have just shed a total of 21 employees. The redundancies are described by a company spokesperson as part of the general process of streamlining now occurring in all sectors of the recession-hit music business. Staff laid off have been drawn from virtually every part of the RCA organisation, and include press officer Chris Charlesworth.



On Monday in Dublin John Lydon was sentenced to three months in jail, after being found guilty of assault. He is now out on bail pending an appeal. NME's Adrian Thrills flew in to Dublin two hours after Lydon's arrest and followed the case through to its conclusion.

WILL JOHNNY BE ROTTEN IN JAIL?

THREE DAYS in Dublin with The 4" Be 2"s was never likely to be a particularly quiet or relaxing way for John Lydon to spend a weekend. With the band's reputation for boozy extravagance now well-established, maybe it is no surprise that the trip was soured by brushes with the law — the Garda, as the Irish police are affectionately termed.

The fact that Lydon is now facing the distinct possibility of three months in Dublin's notorious Mountjoy Prison, however, has little to do with The 4" Be 2"s' brand of rock and roll hooliganism.

The Garda's thirst for a big-name scalp to brighten up another dreary Dublin weekend might be a more feasible explanation.

John Lydon had flown to Ireland with The 4" Be 2"s — his brother Jimmy's eight-piece band — as a guest, although there was a strong possibility of him appearing onstage with them on Saturday night in the family's hometown of Cork.

But thanks to the intervention of a local publican, a passing policeman and a judge — one

Justic O hUadhaigh — John Lydon's weekend culminated with an appearance in the city's District Court on Monday afternoon charged with assaulting two men in a bar.

Lydon pleaded not guilty but was sentenced to three months in jail. He is currently free, on £250 bail put up by Virgin's Dublin branch, pending an appeal against a decision which amazed not only the 4" Be 2" entourage with him in court at the time, but even uncommitted neutrals and local pressmen.

Jimmy Lydon, for one, is convinced the outcome was fixed; a foregone conclusion before a word had been said in court. As far as he is concerned, his brother stood no chance of a fair trial, while The 4" Be 2"s' manager Jock McDonald saw the whole thing as a charade: "It's the most disgraceful thing I've ever seen in my life, like one of those court cases in a hick Western movie, only worse."

Lydon had already spent the weekend in Mountjoy after another District Court judge, Justice McCarthy, had turned down three pleas for bail on Saturday, when Lydon first appeared in the dock. Though three separate bailsmen — Jock McDonald, McDonald's father and John Byrne, The 4" Be 2"s' Irish assistant — had offered to

put up the required £250 surety, the judge remanded Lydon in custody. (The same judge had earlier granted £50 bail to a defendant charged with assaulting someone with a hammer!)

Saturday's hearing set the tone for Monday's session.

CHARGED WITH assaulting Eamonn Brady and Eamonn Leddy, Lydon appeared in the dock in a blue tonic jacket, grandad shirt and combat trousers.

Brady, a greying pub owner, claimed that Lydon kicked him after being refused a drink in his Horse And Tram pub on Friday evening. Lydon had gone into the pub after an anonymous fan had asked for his autograph and offered to buy the man a pint in return. The mystery fan, it was claimed, started the trouble by grabbing Brady by the tie.

Leddy, a muscular, bearded bar assistant working in the same pub, told the court that "Rotten" and his untraced accomplice had been abusive, spitting at customers and calling Brady "an Irish pig" and a "wanker". Leddy, too, reckoned that "Rotten" kicked Brady as the two were ejected from the pub.

Lydon's solicitor, Myles

■ *Continues over*



The band register confusion over their campaign slogan. Jock: "I dunno lads, 'Free The 4 Be 2 One' sounds a bit clumsy to me..." Wrong nick anyway, boys. L-R: Ken Topley, Country Jock McDonald, Paul Young, ol' Biggsy, Jimmy Lydon. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

QUARTZ

ALBUM
STAND UP AND FIGHT
SINGLE
STOKING UP THE FIRES OF HELL



MCF3080

BOTH BANDS ON TOUR WITH GILLAN

8th HANLEY, Victoria Hall
10th BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
11th DERBY, Assembly Hall
12th COVENTRY, Theatre
13th HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion
14th LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon
16th BRISTOL, Colston Hall
17th SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont
18th BRACKNELL, Sports Centre
19th CARDIFF, Top Rank
21st IPSWICH, Gaumont
23rd EDINBURGH, Odeon
24th GLASGOW, Apollo
25th DUNDEE, Caird Hall
26th CARLISLE, Market Hall
27th HULL, City Hall



MCF3079

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MON. 10th NOV. — LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL — TEL. 041 332 9221

TUES. 11th NOV. — GLASGOW APOLLO — TEL. 0632 20007

WED. 12th NOV. — NEWCASTLE CITY HALL — TEL. 021 643 6101

THURS. 13th NOV. — BIRMINGHAM ODEON — TEL. 021 643 6101

SAT. 15th NOV. — HAMMERSMITH ODEON — TEL. 748 4081

Ticket Prices are £3.50 £2.00 £1.00 £2.50 everywhere except LEICESTER which is £3.50, £2.00, £1.00. (Please enclose S.A.E. for fast return.)

Tickets for all the above shows are available by post from the respective box offices.

Hear Triumph's PROGRESSIONS OF POWER On RCA Records & Tapes

Strummer charge?

CONTROVERSIAL punk-rock star Joe Strummer, who fell foul of London's popular Special Patrol Group last Monday, is currently waiting to find out if he is going to be charged with any offences after being picked up on sus at Kings Cross station.

A spokesman for Scotland Yard told *NME* that the SPG had no idea of Strummer's identity when they pulled him in. Strummer allegedly "happened to be doing something that looked suspicious" — exactly what he was doing Scotland Yard declined to state — and was found to have that old favourite "certain substances" about his person. He was then arrested and taken to Kings Cross police station, and a search of his premises revealed more "certain substances" and a hand-gun.

Strummer was released without charges being brought, pending analyses of the substances and an examination of the gun, and he must report back to the police on November 13 (a Thursday, as it happens) in order to find out whether any charges are to be brought against him.



Joe quits his safe European home. Pic: Pennie Smith

Clash mouthpiece Kosmo Vinyl declined to go so far as to say "No comment", but pointed out that Strummer was under legal advice to make no statement of any kind until the matter had come to court, or not as the case may be.

Trial in Eire

■ From previous page

Shevlin, cross-examining the witness, suggested to Leddy that he "completely over-reacted", hitting Lydon in the eye after going for him, "stripped for action".

Lydon was arrested after being followed back to his hotel by a plainclothes policeman. Shevlin pointed out, however, that the identification evidence submitted in court was contradictory: the policeman — John O'Connor — told the judge that Lydon was wearing a green combat jacket and white smock. Earlier, Leddy had described him in a red bomber jacket.

Putting the defence case, Shevlin claimed that it was Lydon himself who was the victim of any assault which took place. He also commented on the evidence produced by Brady, Leddy and O'Connor: "You have three versions which do not tally with each other in a lot of ways."

Giving his account of the events, an ashen-faced Lydon, nastily bruised on both cheeks, told how he came to enter the Horse And Tram in the first place.

"This man asked me for an autograph out in the street and offered me a pint of beer. Well, we went up to the bar and asked for two pints of lager and were told 'no'. When we were told to get out I asked him why. Was I black or something? He just told me to get out."

"Then, when I was walking out I got smashed in the back of the head. My response to the punch was to look around and then that happened (he indicates the bruised cheeks).

"I raised my hands to protect my face but I never struck anyone. I'm not a violent person. I have never been in any sort of affray like that. I've been beaten up by National Front supporters but I've never been in anything like that."

Questioned by O'Connor about the alleged foul language, Lydon denied swearing, spitting or striking anybody in the pub: "They just told me to get out. There's no point in using foul language when you're just told to get out. I never kicked anybody at all."

Summing up, Shevlin added that there was reasonable doubt as to how the incident started, thus making a conviction impossible. Justic O hUadhaigh — the Irish

equivalent of a British magistrate — gave the customary smug, highbrow sermon about his duty to the citizens of Dublin, before passing the three-month sentence that is now subject of the appeal, a date for which has yet to be set.

AS FOR THE 4" Be 2"s' weekend, the daunting prospect of John's trial had cast an ominous shadow over what could have been the perfect homecoming for the Lydons, with not only



Lydon looks forward to his holidays in the sun

John and Jimmy but also their two younger brothers Bobby and Martin accompanying them on the trip.

It seems almost certain that John would have joined The 4" Be 2"s' onstage at the Downtown Kampus in Cork on Saturday night, if only for a couple of songs.

As it was, the gig went off remarkably well in the circumstances. The group, having spent Saturday morning in court, were forced to travel to Cork by train, lugging all their

instruments with them, as a result of the Irish tanker drivers' strike which is crippling the country with a severe petrol shortage.

It was left to the ubiquitous McDonald to explain to the Kampus crowd why the expected visit from Johnny Rotten was not to be: "Yesterday something happened to a local boy... it was the most disgraceful thing I've seen in my whole life. John Lydon is in Mountjoy Prison and he's done nothing at all to get there..."

Still, Cork was the real highpoint of the band's mini-tour, Jimmy Lydon proclaiming it the best gig the band have ever done.

The previous night's gig — Friday at Trinity College, Dublin — was spoilt by some pretty ugly crowd scenes, symptomatic of the gangland violence between Dublin's punks, teds and skins that is making the city's concert circuit a virtual war zone (the assault-with-a-hammer incident, which came up at the District Court on Saturday just before John Lydon, arose from the Trinity gig).

But The 4" Be 2"s' catalogue of chaos wasn't confined to the gigs alone. Thursday saw two band members — guitarist Graham Whelan and 'substitute' vocalist Paul Young — arrested after a row with a cab driver, only to be released later with no charges being made. And on Friday the group and entourage were thrown out of a hotel — the plush Bloome's — while John and Jimmy Lydon almost put a radio station off the air after inadvertently tipping lager over a control panel during an interview.

By Sunday evening, Jimmy and two of his brothers — Bobby and Martin — along with assistant Johnny Byrne were playing for their petrol money in a pub somewhere between Cork and Dublin. Instead of going back to Dublin on the train they had gone to visit relatives in Cork on the Sunday after the Kampus gig, and their van ran out of petrol halfway home.

And to cap it all, Jock and Jimmy were almost arrested on Monday afternoon in the foyer of the courtroom for angrily protesting their disgust at the judge's decision.

It was that kind of weekend.

● Adrian Thrills' interview feature on The 4" Be 2"s' follows next week.

Slits, Androids taking off

THE SLITS begin a series of dates this weekend, tied in with the October 18 release of their new single 'Animal Space' on Y Records, the label they share with The Pop Group (distributed by Rough Trade). They play Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Brady's (Saturday), Leicester Polytechnic (October 17), Loughborough University (18), Bristol Romeo & Juliet's (21) and Manchester University (22).

The following week, they leave for a three-week U.S. tour, returning to open a short series of Irish dates at Belfast Queen's University on November 20. The girls' new studio album, produced by Dennis Bovell, will be out early in the New Year and they'll be playing more gigs to promote it.

THE ANDROIDS OF MU start their first headlining tour next week, aiding promotion of

their debut album 'Blood Robots' on Fuck Off Records. Dates confirmed so far are London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (October 16), Bristol Trinity Hall (17), Hereford Market Tavern (18), Bath Western Hotel (20), High Wycombe College of Higher Education (21), Brighton Resource Centre (23), Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel (24), Newcastle The Delby (25), Bolton Swan Hotel (26) and Leicester Scamps (28).

Support act on all dates are the girls' label-mates The 012, and several of the company's other bands will be making guest appearances at various gigs — including Danny & The Dressmakers, The Horrible Nurds and Real Insects. Advance ticket price for the opening show in London is £1.25; elsewhere maximum admission will be £1.



Adam's workers swarm circuit DISCO ANTMUSIC

ADAM & THE ANTS announce their 'Frontier Tour 1980' with a schedule that so far comprises 20 November dates, though a number more have still to be added. The new-look band are putting together what they call their Antmusic Review, for which they are preparing six two-hour tapes, and these will be used as an integral part of their show — with the band acting as deejays in the Ant Disco, and introducing their own selection of musical influences. God's Toys are special guests on all dates, and those confirmed are:

Liverpool Brady's (November 8), Edinburgh Tiffany's (10), Glasgow Tiffany's (11), Durham University (12), Lincoln Drill Hall (13), Hull Queen's Gardens (14), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (15), Preston Polytechnic (17), Manchester Polytechnic (18), Grimsby Central Hall (19), Leeds Polytechnic (20), Derby Kings Hall (21), Aylesbury Friars (22), Sheffield Top Rank (23), London Strand Lyceum (24), Exeter St. George's Hall (26), Penzance Demelza's (27), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (28), London Lewisham Odeon (29) and Cardiff Top Rank (30).

Girlschool in form

GIRLSCHOOL graduate from their role as support act, and become the headline attraction, when they set out on a major UK tour in late autumn — taking in over 20 dates, and culminating in a prestige London show. Their schedule comprises:

Bristol Tiffany's (November 13), Birmingham Aston University (14), Guildford Surrey University (15), Cardiff Top Rank (16), Leamington Royal Spa Centre (17), Lincoln Drill Hall (18), Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's (19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (21), Nottingham Forum Leisure Centre (22), Dunstable Queensway Hall (27), Manchester Free Trade Hall (28), Lancaster University (29), Redcar Coatham Bowl (30), Edinburgh Tiffany's (December 1), Derby Assembly Rooms (3), Hanley Victoria Hall (4), Newcastle City Hall (5) and London Strand Lyceum (7).

The British dates — promoted mainly by Straight Music or Outlaw — are sandwiched between two European tours. The band have a new single titled 'Yeah Right (You Can't Do That)' issued by Bronze at the end of this month, and right after Christmas record a new album for February release.

B.A. SWITCHES ON HIS P.A.

B.A. ROBERTSON begins a series of 21 gigs at the end of this month, visiting Elstree Borehamwood Civic Hall (October 27), Gravesend Woodville Hall (29), Bristol University (31), London Kensington Imperial College (November 1), Wakefield Theatre Club (2), Leicester University (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Cardiff University (6), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (7), London School of Economics (8), Sheffield Top Rank (10), Charnock Richard Park Hall (11), Doncaster Rovers (12), Bradford St. George's Hall (13), Liverpool Royal Court (14), Glasgow Strathclyde University (15), Helensbro' Naval Base (18), Salford University (19), Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's (2), London Middlesex Polytechnic (21) and Plymouth Fiesta (24).

More News: pages 8 & 47

—AND THIS IS STRICTLY OFF THE RECORD

Lennon LP set — upcoming gigs

AMERICA'S new Geffen Records company has pulled off an incredible scoop by signing John & Yoko Lennon and Elton John to long-term worldwide contracts, just two weeks after contracting Donna Summer. The UK outlet is WEA Records, who will be handling all those artists' future material. □ Lennon's eagerly awaited comeback album 'Double Fantasy' will be issued in a few weeks' time — WEA say they expect it to be shipped at the end of November — preceded by a single titled 'Starting Over' at the end of this month. A spokesman said the Lennons will be going out on an extensive tour after the LP's release, and some British dates are on the cards for the New Year.

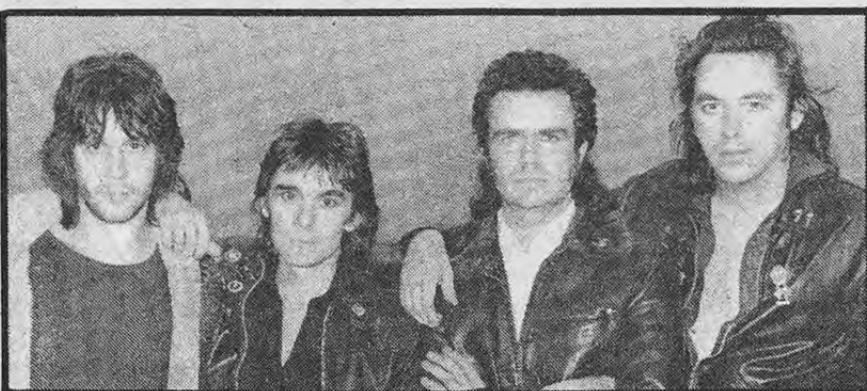
□ Elton's deal does not mean the end of his own Rocket Records, which will continue to function with other acts. In any case, he was never on the Rocket label in the States, and moves to Geffen from MCA.

MOTORHEAD'S ACE

MOTORHEAD have their new album 'Ace Of Spades', described as their 'dirtiest and fastest yet', released by Bronze on October 20 — comprising 12 new band compositions. The title track is issued as a single the same day, coupled with a number that's not on the album called 'Dirty Love'.

□ Billy Joel's follow-up to 'It's Only Rock 'n' Roll' is the up-beat ballad 'Don't Ask Me Why', issued by CBS on October 17. On the same day comes 'Bourgie Bourgie' by Gladys Knight & The Pips, coinciding with the start of their UK tour.

● Stevie Wonder's new album 'Hotter Than July' is now set for release by Motown on October 13. It's a single LP containing ten tracks, several of which were previewed at his Wembley concerts last month. It comes in a gatefold sleeve including a painting of Wonder, plus full lyrics. ● Latest single from Roxy Music is scheduled for October 24 release by Polydor — titled 'The Same Old Scene'. ● Voyager — now featuring new bassist Chris Hook as replacement for Dominic Telfer — have a new single 'Cling To Me' out this week on RCA. It's taken from their current album 'Act Of Love'. ● U.S. band Gary Mryck & The Figures, who start their debut UK Tour this weekend as support to Rockpile, have been signed by Epic. Their single, 'She Talks In Stereo' and self-named album are issued this week. ● 'Why Do Lovers Break Each Others Hearts?' first recorded two decades ago by Bob B Soxx & The Blue Jeans, is the new Showaddywaddy single out this week. It's culled from their upcoming album 'Bright Lights', for November release.



DOLLY BY DOLLY, who left the Automatic label earlier this year, have now signed a long-term worldwide deal with Magnet. The band, with two albums — 'Remember' and 'Gypsy Blood' — to their credit via their previous outlet, go into the studio shortly to start work on new material. As a result, they've postponed their scheduled U.S. autumn tour until early next year, but they will be playing selected European dates in November and December.

Splodge triple LP & free Xmas tree!

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS spend the bulk of this month working on a triple album, which they intend to have in the shops in late November or early December — and they plan to give a free Christmas tree with every copy. The first record in the set consists of what's described as "normal Splodge"; the second features one side of tracks recorded live at the Woolwich Tramshed in London, with the flip devoted to "ditties"; and the third record comprises one side of old Splodge material transcribed from their own cassettes, coupled with their 'Pathetic Movements Manifesto'.

The band are also going on the road from the end of this month through until Christmas, working mainly around the UK, but interspersed with European visits. Title of the outing is even more of a mouthful than their own name — "The Plenty Of Time To Wallow In The Liver Sausage Within The Absolute Lowest Depths Of Malcolm's Mum's Whiffy Fishnet Tights Tour". First confirmed dates are Manchester Polytechnic (October 30), Sheffield Polytechnic (31), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (November 1) and Newcastle University (15), with plenty more to come.

Ruts D.C. emerge

RUTS D.C., the trio that supersedes The Ruts following the death of vocalist Malcolm Owen, are about to make their stage comeback. They make their first appearance in their new guise as special guests of The Skids at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 21, and begin their own tour at Leicester University on November 15. Other dates confirmed so far are Exeter St George's Hall (November 18), Sheffield Polytechnic (19), Manchester Carousell (20), Durham University (21), Liverpool Brady's (22) and London Marquee (23), with many more to come.

It's expected that the basic trio will be augmented on most dates by saxist Gary Barnacle, and possibly by other musicians at selected venues. The Ruts' album 'Grin And Bear It', the last to feature Owen, is issued this weekend by Virgin — it includes tracks recorded live in Paris, part of a John Peel session and the band's last two singles.

Seger for London

BOB SEGER returns to the UK for the first time in three years to headline a major one-off concert at London Wembley Arena on Thursday, November 20 — together with the Silver Bullet Band and two girl back-up vocalists. It's the first date in a full European tour by Seger, and he'll have a new album issued by Capitol to coincide with his visit — details to follow in a week or two.

Wembley tickets are priced £5.50 and £5, available by postal application to Mac Promotions, PO Box 28Z, London W1A 2BZ — postal orders only, add 25p booking fee per ticket, and enclose s.a.e. They will also be on sale to personal callers at the usual ticket agencies.

After The Fire goes out

AFTER THE FIRE are undertaking their first tour with new drummer, ex-Flys man Pete King, and it coincides with the October 24 release of their new Epic album '80-f' (re-scheduled from this weekend) and single 'Wild West Show'. The tour includes a major London date at the Rainbow (£3.50, £3 and £2.50), and tickets are on sale now at all venues — though prices vary in the provinces, so please check with individual box-offices. More dates are being added, but those confirmed so far are:

Sheffield Polytechnic (October 17), Retford Porterhouse (18), Aylesbury Maxwell Hall (20), Port Talbot Troubadour (23), Southampton University (25), Worthing Assembly Rooms (26), York College of Rippon & St. John (31), Newport Stowaway (November 5), Manchester UMIST (6), Birmingham University (7) and London Rainbow (14).

Blondie's LP next month

BLONDIE'S long-awaited new album is at last set for release. The official title is 'Auto American', and Chrysalis announced this week that it will be issued in Britain on November 14. The LP is likely to raise a few eyebrows, as it marks a considerable departure from their accepted format, even to the extent of incorporating country and jazz influences. It will be preceded on October 24 by a single culled from the album titled 'The Tide Is High'.

● Dark Star, whose 'Lady Of Mars' track was one of the highlights of EMI's compilation album 'Metal For Muthas Vol. II', have now had the track released as a single by Avatar Records.

● Black Slate's debut album for the Ensign label, due out at the end of this month, is called 'Amigo' — the same title as their current hit single, which entered the NME Chart last week. The LP release will tie in with their first major British tour, details to follow in a week or two.



More Small Faces

THE SMALL FACES have another album reissued this week by Virgin — who, since they picked up the Immediate catalogue, have already released the band's 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake' and 'Small Faces Big Hits'. This latest offering rejoices in the title of 'For Your Delight, The Darlings Of Wapping Wharf Laundrette' — though it is essentially their first album 'Small Faces' with some additions, including 'Don't Burst My Bubble' and Del Shannon's 'Runaway'. ● Two Grover Washington Jr. classics 'Sautillo'/'Mister Magic' are coupled on a single issued by Creed Taylor's Kudu label (through Polydor) on October 17.

● Live Wire have a single called 'No Fright' issued by A&M on October 24, and will have their third album out in the New Year. The band are touring Europe through October, then return for a series of UK concerts, details to be announced shortly.

● Yellow Magic Orchestra have a new single issued this week by A&M to coincide with their UK tour, starting at the weekend — titled 'Nice Age'.

● The Salford Jets have a single called 'I Don't Believe You' released by RCA on October 17, and their album is due out in mid-November.

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XTC

THE ALBUM

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Steve Taylor, Time Out

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John Orme, Melody Maker

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Ian Cranna, Smash Hits

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Neil Norman, The Face

"This is a very important album"

Betty Page, Sounds

"Simply, their best so far"

Music Week

BLACK SEA



produced by steve lillywhite



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THE TV SHOW

'XTC at the manor' wednesday 8 october 8pm BBC 2

THE TOUR

OCTOBER 7 DONCASTER - rotters 8 MANCHESTER - rotters 9 OXFORD - new theatre 10 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD - pavilion 11 CHELMSFORD - odeon 12 LONDON - lyceum

Virgin

MIRACLE WORKERS



Puzzled by the success of their debut album 'Waiting For A Miracle', The Comsat Angels leisurely continue with a journey along Holland's Milky Way.

MILKY Way — the gig you can do between tours!" Steve Fellows, singer, guitarist and lyricist with The Comsat Angels is right. There's very little sense of pressure involved in playing Amsterdam's Melkweg (Milky Way), last bastion of late '60s laissez-faire idealism. Currently celebrating its tenth anniversary as the hippie capital of Europe, the Melkweg, like the equally infamous and amusing red-light district, is one of the city's major tourist attractions. Neither, of course, are marked on the maps ...

I'm standing in the audience with my right hand thrust tightly in my pocket, left hand juggling lager and cigarette. The last time I was here — about four years ago — I had my bag ripped off, y'see, and the memory lingers on. Peace, love, and watch your wallet — which at the moment is nestled snugly in my right hand. Security! I'm under greater pressure than the band. All they have to do is enjoy themselves and play.

The place has hardly changed in those four years — you can still (quite literally) get a hit just by walking into the main hall. The audience though, isn't quite as horizontal as it used to be. Just some of it. Those standing dance, applaud, and generally appear to realise that a band is on the stage, whilst those lying round the sides just lie there.

"It's quite a nice place really," I mention to some Dutch friends of the band. "It's just that the evidence would seem to suggest that a certain section of the clientele are not actually in the land of the living." They smile and nod their heads. For any reasonably aware young person in Amsterdam, the endemic hedonism is a problem they've long since ceased battering their heads against. The new will out, as always.

Onstage, the new — in the shape of The Comsat Angels — is in control tonight, easing into a set which consists of all but two tracks off their startling debut album, 'Waiting For A Miracle', plus five newer numbers. Things are going fine till the PA starts to emit a constant

feedback howl. As their sound man Tim busies himself behind the offending stack, the band look bemused and apologise. What to do? "All right," says Steve, "let's use this tone as the basis of an improvisation. It's about E flat I think ..."

And with that they start to feel their way into the tone, converting intrusion into inspiration, annoyance into acceptance. This in itself isn't too special (although the bands who could handle — let alone welcome — such an intrusion into their sacrosanct "set" are still few and far between); indeed, one of the surprising features of the Comsats' music is the number of apparently stable, structured pieces which had their origin in group improvisations. No, the special part comes when Steve cajoles the crowd with a good-natured "Come on, you're not very inventive!" — the call to improvise, it seems, was directed to all, band and audience alike.

Now that *is* special, and it's probably the best indication of the openness and curiosity which characterises The Comsat Angels: what would happen if ...

TO BACKTRACK: I first mentioned The Comsat Angels about a year ago in a piece on new Sheffield bands. At the time, they'd recently shed several stylistic skins and resurfaced with a new mane, a new attitude, and some invigorating new music, the first threads of which appeared on an EP called 'Red Planet', released on their own Junta label.

Shortly afterwards, they signed with Polydor and recorded a batch of material which was to reduce to two singles, 'Total War' (a snapshot of a relationship ossifying into sullen resentment) and the sublime 'Independence Day' (a free-uneasy

celebration), and the 'Waiting For A Miracle' album currently raising eyebrows in all quarters.

Talking to the band (Steve Fellows, guitar and vocals; Mic Glaisher, drums; Andy Peake, keyboards and vocals; Kevin Bacon, bass) they're understandably pleased — and a little embarrassed — at the reception the album's getting, but find it difficult to comment on what is, to them, past history. As Kevin puts it: "It's like thinking something, recording it, and coming back nine months later and saying 'what do you think about what you said nine months ago?'"

What's more important, it's clear, is the new material which all see, in one sense at least, as an improvement.

"It's more direct," says Steve bluntly.

What — less contrived, say?

"In a sense. It depends how you mean 'contrived'. It's more *organic*: instead of sticking two bits together, we'll grow something out of one."

My first impressions of the new songs are that they're much *darker* than the older ones. A few days earlier, Steve had said something along the lines of "I'm quite a jolly little chap really — I can't understand why it comes out miserable when I sit down to write". A light-hearted bit of self-deprecation maybe, but not without a grain of truth.

"You start off happy," he elaborates, "then the more you think about it ... humour's a very spontaneous thing, it's difficult to capture if you're repeatedly going over things: the humour tends to get lost."

Steve, however, is only solely responsible for the words: all contribute to the music and hence to the emotional colour of the songs. And though aware of the unavoidable effect of the general social climate on the music (Kevin: "Who's having a good time? Not us!"), they remain unconvinced that the new material is particularly *down*. In fact, there's rarely any agreement on the meaning, intention and effect of their individual songs. Each of them appears to approach a song from a slightly different viewpoint, contributing what they see as the important nuances in each case. It's this which gives their songs their many cutting edges, the often unique juxtapositions of sound-elements circling round a subject or a state of mind.

It's not a normal way to work, but it works.

■ *Continues over*

Ground Control
Andy Gill



Peeping Tom
Anton Corbijn

MIRACLE WORKERS

Comsats from previous page.

THEIR approach to touring is hardly normal either, at least not by accepted rock standards. No article could possibly convey the alienation experienced by a small group of people travelling round strange, unfriendly cities, performing night after night to unsympathetic audiences. Once the novelty wears off, the bubble effect occurs: things get defined in terms of 'Them' and 'Us', unnecessary tension sets in, and safe situations become peculiarly charged and volatile. Hence the endless chain of 'on the road' songs, hence the outlaw / gang mystique, hence the hotel trashing. A horrible, energy-sapping experience. Glamorous? Ha!

The Comsats realise this, and limit gigs to an absolute minimum — the past year's tally doesn't reach double figures, even taking into account these three Dutch dates. Exactly a year ago, they did a similarly sized tour of Holland with Minny Pops, and made a lot of friends over there. So this time they're staying at various peoples' flats in Amsterdam, (rather than holing up in some hotel), joining in with their social life, travelling to the gigs in Hilversum and Vlissingen with them, and generally getting involved with people as people. Considerations of "them" and "us" just don't arise. For a tour, it makes a damn good holiday.

The Hilversum gig is at another Melkweg-type hippie rest-home called "De Tarigijn", which doesn't exactly exude an atmosphere of bliss and benevolence. Dogs, children, dirt, and a variety of (very) old, haggard hippies commingle in the downstairs bar under a pall of smoke, decayed ideals and entropy. We secrete ourselves upstairs for soundchecks. There's no real choice in the matter, thank God. Anton arrives to take some pictures.

"This place is a bit like the Milky Way, only heavier," he tells me. "They find the occasional body in the toilets..."

How reassuring. My hand nearly punches a hole in my pocket.

Later on, as if to confirm my worst fears, I find myself confronted by one of humanity's stable specimens. I'm sitting quietly at the side, minding my own business, when I suddenly realise someone's staring at me. I look up and not two yards away, swaying

gently from side to side, is a thin dishevelled, wide-eyed youth who appears to be having trouble focusing on me. Or the wall. His shirt is open and dripping wet. The phrase "terminally lunched out" pops into my head and I prepare to defend myself. He lurches to one side, smiles euphorically, turns round, runs across the room and throws himself against the opposite wall, kicking and hitting rabidly.

THE COMSATS play the same set as the night before but without the interruption. They're a lot looser, more comfortable, and completely lacking in pretence. Stagecraft is hardly their strong suit, but then it doesn't need to be. Like Ubu and others, the interest's already there and needs no buttressing.

Musically, they're difficult to pin down. Steve's sporadic guitar-playing has something of Richard Thompson and Tom Herman about it, Mic and Kevin's beat interpretations are often oddly elliptical, and Andy restricts himself to a predominantly textural role, providing the subtlest of emotional hints with a variety of sombre organ tones and tempered white-noise hisses. But it's not so much the elements as the way they combine which forces you to take note. There's a peculiar, off-centre logic about the ordering of space and sound which is quite unique in pop music this infectious and accessible. If the Comsats played cricket they'd bowl a lot of googlies.

Upstairs in the dressing room a short while later, the band are cooling off, chatting to friends, and doing their best to ignore manager Frank's advice. Frank arrived a few hours earlier, bringing large quantities of badges and postcards — the first thrust of a limbering promotional campaign.

"Another corporate ploy," mutters Steve resignedly, only cheering up when he forces Frank to give a group of kids an album. Later on, he remarks that "it's quite disconcerting, the way things conspire to make you into a 'good band' all of a sudden".

Disconcerting maybe, but I'd say inevitable in their case. There's no way that a band as special as The Comsat Angels are going to be allowed to remain merely a cult. Whether or not their openness, and strength of purpose will be antidote enough to the buffeting of showbiz conventions remains to be seen. There's every chance it will.

THIS WEEK'S NEWS ROUND-UP

ROD ADDS THREE AT WEMBLEY

ROD STEWART has added another three dates at London Wembley Arena to his UK tour schedule, reported last week, due to what's described as "an unprecedented ticket demand" — on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, December 5-7. People who have already applied for tickets for the first three concerts (December 1-3) can rest assured that they will be accommodated, though they will receive tickets for any of the six concerts.

There are no £8 tickets remaining for any of the six performances, but applications for £7 and £6 seats are invited for the three newly confirmed dates. Write to Cloud Music (to whom cheques and POs should be made available), PO Box 4LQ, London W1A 4LQ.

and another for Palmer

ROBERT PALMER — announced two weeks ago for three concerts at London Dominion Theatre on December 8, 9 and 10 — has now sold all but a handful of tickets for those shows. So he's now added another London date at the Rainbow Theatre on Thursday, November 6, for which tickets are already on sale. It's conceivable that, if ticket demand continues, November 7 will prove to be a second Rainbow date for him.

THE RASSES have added another three dates to their previously reported UK tour — at London Camden Dingwalls (October 14), Oxford Polytechnic (17) and North London Polytechnic (20).

FISCHER-Z, currently touring for the first time with new guitarist Bern Newman, have added dates at Manchester Carousel (tonight, Thursday) and Durham College of St. Hild (October 14). Their new single 'Limbo', a re-recorded version of a track on their album 'Going Deaf For A Living', is out this week on Liberty-United.

MODERN JAZZ have a Wednesday night residency at London Fulham Greyhound on October 15, 22 and 29. Other London gigs for the band include The Kensington, W14 (tonight, Thursday) and Herne Hill Half Moon (October 16).

SHEENA EASTON is the only current chart star to appear in this year's Royal Variety Performance at the London Palladium on November 17. Other acts in the show, which will be screened on TV the following Sunday, include Peggy Lee and — as forecast last week — Aretha Franklin.

MONROE, the Manchester band recently signed by the city's new Revolution Records label, are to support Sad Cafe on their UK tour next month. The band's debut single 'Can't Trust A Woman'/'Who Needs You' — produced by Cafe's Ian Taylor — will be issued on Revolver/Polydor to coincide.

THE ASTRONAUTS, The Mob, Real Imitators, The Entire Cosmos, Vince Pie & The Crumbs, The Voltones and Blue Midnight are all featured in a free concert at London's Acklam Hall in the Portobello Road on Saturday afternoon, October 18, organised by Fuck Off Records. It runs from noon to 5.30pm.

THE WHO, now back in the studios finishing work on their new album, are unlikely to play any British dates for the remainder of this year — despite reports elsewhere that they'll be doing a string of concerts at London Rainbow in November. Commented their spokesman: "It's now looking virtually certain that their projected UK tour won't take place until the New Year."

MOTORHEAD have added two Irish dates to their extensive tour, starting October 22 — at Belfast Ulster Hall (December 2) and Dublin Fiesta Ballroom (3).

GRAHAM PARKER & The Rumour have added a second night at London Hammersmith Palis, due to heavy ticket demand for their gig there next Monday. The extra concert is this Sunday (12) and The Marvellettes again support.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART has switched his October 29 gig, part of his previously reported UK tour, from Doncaster Rotters to Liverpool Rotters.



THE LITTLE ROOSTERS are playing a benefit tonight (Thursday) to boost the ailing finances of journalists on London weekly newspapers, who've been on a protracted strike. It's at London Hackney Chats Palace, with The Managing Directors and Nerves supporting. Admission is £1.50.

TOUR DE FORCE have gigs this weekend at London Strand Kings College (Thursday), Brighton Sussex University (Friday) and London University College (Saturday), all with The Dance Band. They also play Northampton Nene College on October 17 with Classix Nouveaux.



Kool for UK cats

KOOL & THE GANG return to the UK early next month to play six major dates — at Brighton Dome (November 3), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Cardiff Top Rank (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7) and London Victoria Apollo (9). They'll be featuring material from their new album 'Celebrate', produced by Deodato and released through Phonogram this weekend. The group, who recently marked their tenth anniversary, also have a single coming out on October 17, their first since the 'Open Sesame' track from the film *Saturday Night Fever* — titled 'Celebration', it's available in both 7" and 12" form.

The Sky at night

SKY, whose current album 'Sky 2' is one of the Top Five best-sellers of the year in Britain, have been lined up for a new series of concert appearances in late autumn. Currently touring Europe, they'll be returning later in the month to prepare for their UK dates, which are: Wolverhampton Civic Hall (November 30), Derby Assembly Rooms (December 1), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (2), Glasgow Apollo (3), Preston Guildhall (4), Eastbourne Congress (6), Poole Arts Centre (7), Paignton Festival Theatre (8), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (9) and London Victoria Apollo (11 and 12). Details of ticket sales are not yet available, and will be announced later.

SON OF STIFF package tour — featuring Any Trouble, Joe 'King' Carrasco & The Crowns, Dirty Looks, The Equators and Tenpole Tudor — has slotted in two more dates, making a total of 30 so far, with the prospect of more still to come. They are Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (October 13) and London Camden Music Machine (November 4). The gig at Belfast Ulster Hall is brought forward by two days to October 14.

THE CHIEFTAINS play two concerts at London's National Theatre on the South Bank on October 21 and 22. They'll be playing in the open-stage Olivier auditorium, and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4, £3 and £2.

LEVI DEXTER & The Rip-Chords have returned from a two-month U.S. tour to promote their four-track EP, issued this week by Mistral Records, on which the titles are 'I'm Gone', 'It's The Beat', 'Cat Fight' and '21 Days In Jail'. They have London gigs during the coming week or so at Camden Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), London University (Saturday), Southbank Polytechnic (October 13), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (15) and Islington Hope & Anchor (18), and more dates are being arranged.



KICKS extend their current one-nighter series with dates at Kingston Three Tuns (tonight, Thursday), London Camden Dingwalls (Friday), Croydon Star Club (October 15 and 29), Eton St. Christopher College (16), Cannock Troubadour (18), London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett (20), Liverpool Christ College (24), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (25) and London Victoria The Venue (28).

KILLING JOKE are playing several dates to promote their 12-inch EP (just released) and new album (issued next week) on the Malicious Damage label. They're at Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (October 15), Manchester Polytechnic (16), Derby Ajanta Cinema (18), Leeds Fan Club (19), Exeter St. George's Hall (21) and London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (23 and 24).

VARDIS have been booked to support Hawkwind on their extensive UK tour, starting this weekend. The band, whose current Logo single is 'Let's Go', have their debut album '100 M.P.H.' issued on October 17 — it's a live set containing 11 self-penned tracks. A headlining club tour is being lined up to follow their Hawkwind trek.

THE PRETTY THINGS, reportedly with their original line-up, are the star attraction at the grand re-opening of Manchester's Factory Club tomorrow (Friday).

THE PLANETS, whose second album 'Spot' is issued by Rialto this weekend, are currently supporting the Climax Blues Band on the road. And they have their own headliner at London Islington Hope & Anchor on October 19.

MADNESS are being lined up for a series of UK dates in December. Said their spokesman: "It won't be a tour as such, but a string of selected pre-Christmas specials." Dates and venues are expected to be announced in a couple of weeks' time.

BAUHAUS begin a so-called 'In The Flatfield Tour' next week, previewing their new album and a single called 'Telegram', both due out in early November. Dates set so far are Bristol Granary (October 15), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (16), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (18), Leeds venue to be confirmed (19), Scarborough Penthouse (21), Manchester Raffles (22), Dudley J.B.'s (24), Liverpool Brady's (25), Northampton Theatre Royal (26) and London University (31).

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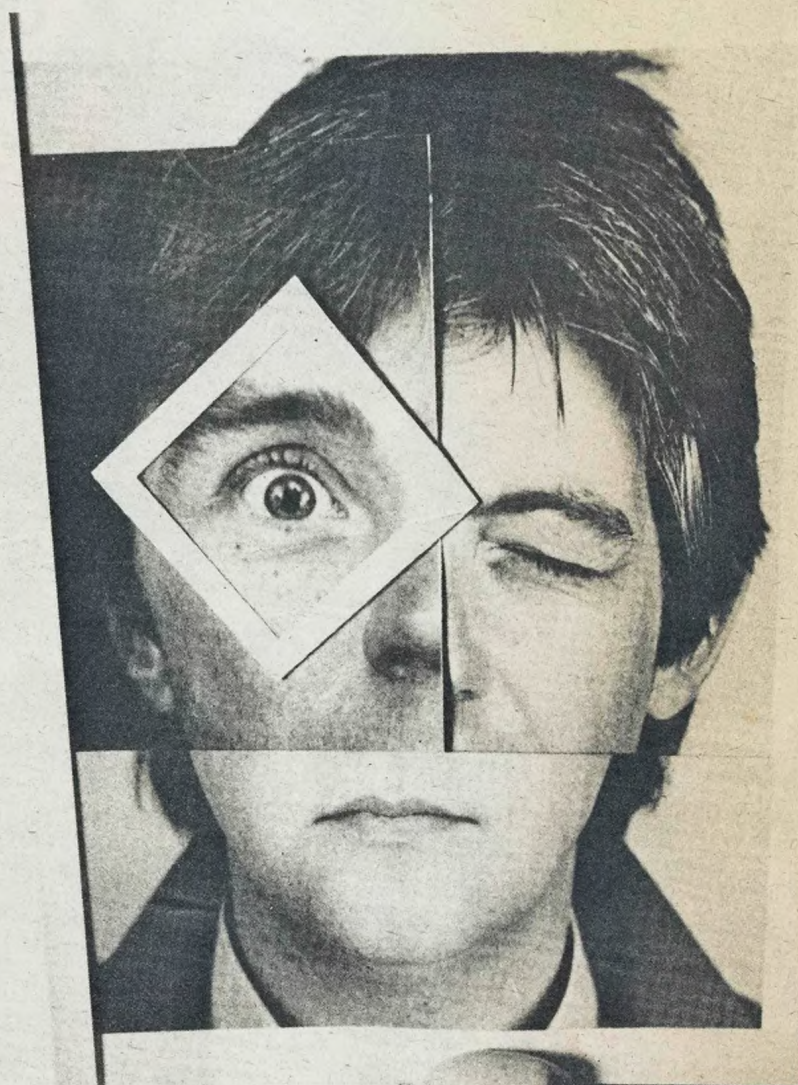


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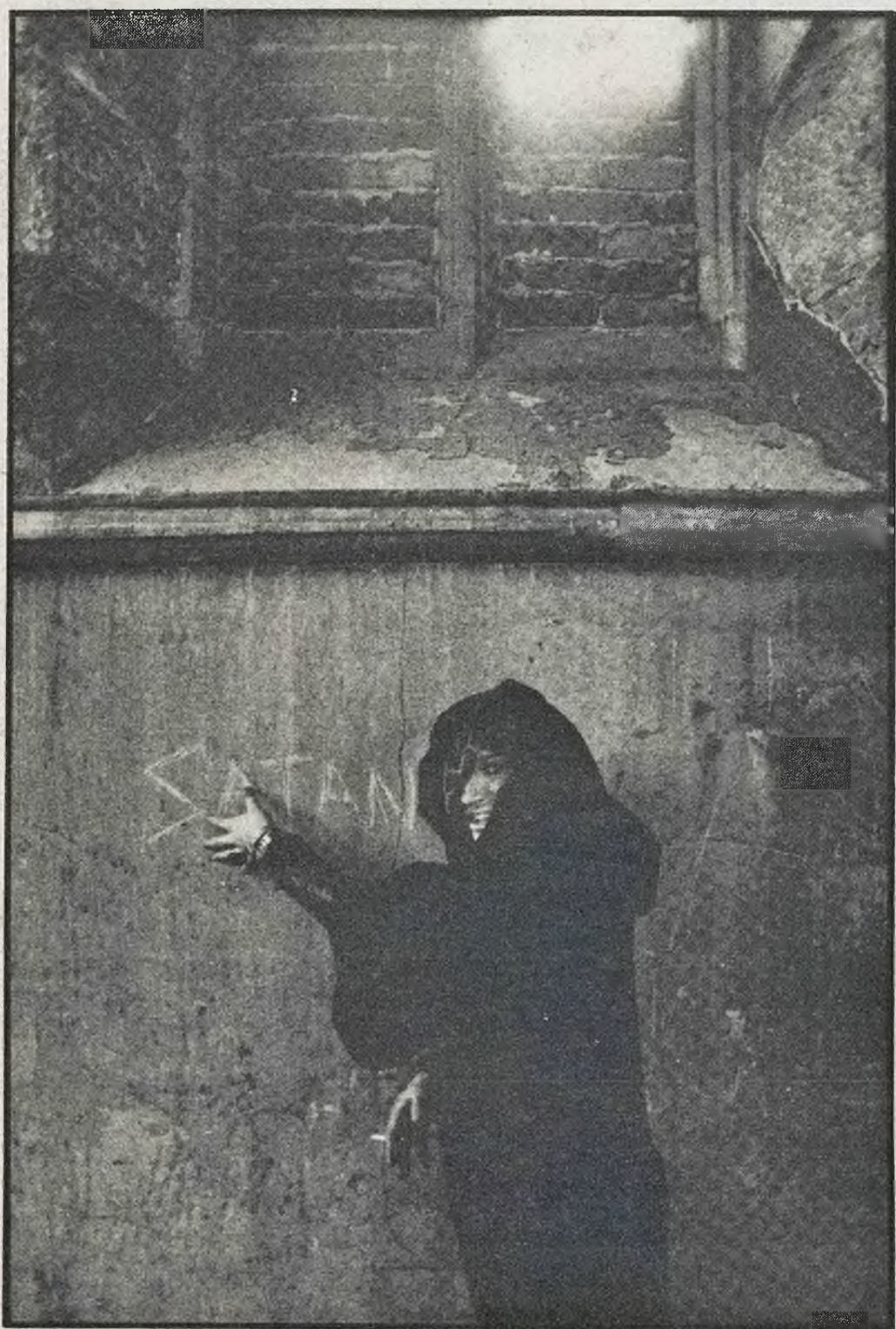
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EDITED BY CYNTHIA ROSE

Thrills



Bryan Gregory is here.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

IT'S THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

Life of Bryan Continued

AS THE presses prepare to roll, the *Thrills* desk is finally able to put an end to two weeks of speculation over the rumoured death of Bryan Gregory. Reports from Los Angeles now confirm the continued existence on the mortal plane of the former Cramps guitarist.

The unfounded rumours of the demise of the handsomest man in rock'n'roll have cast a long shadow over the recession-bitten rock industry. One top level executive has already resigned his post (see *News* pages), but remains noticeably silent as to any connection between his action and Gregory's supposed death.

The Cramps themselves first heard of the story whilst travelling in the mid-west. Drummer Nick Knox immediately telephoned Gregory at his home in Los Angeles,

whereupon he was greeted with a familiar snarl. Gregory was indeed as alive as he ever was.

John Guarnieri of IRS, The Cramps' American record label, confirms this but denies that Gregory has any intention of re-joining the group, as had also been previously rumoured.

"Bryan is living here in Los Angeles with his girlfriend Andrella. He's definitely not dead, but he says he's really finished with the idea of being involved with rock. He's had his hair cut and totally changed his look!"

Neither Gregory nor his barber were available for comment.

THE HUMAN FLY

Thrills



The Reverend Falwell averts his eyes from worldly griefs.

Falwell Takes The Veil! (Church goes secular)

HE'S comfortably overweight in his conservative suit and tie. As he talks he keeps taking off and putting on a pair of rimless glasses. He has a smooth, well-fed, self-satisfied face with a little rosebud mouth and narrow middle-aged eyes. He could be the owner of a successful supermarket chain, except his hair is a little too well manicured. He could be a Hollywood lawyer or a big time used car salesman, but, in fact, he's a preacher. His name is Jerry Falwell and he's one of the new breed of TV evangelists.

His syndicated weekly TV show is shown in New York at 10am on a Saturday morning. And during its one hour slot, he pumps out a Fundamentalist brand of hellfire and damnation, exhorting the TV audience to repent their sins and experience rebirth in the Christian faith. He shows elaborate charts to prove that the second coming of Christ is just around the corner, and he hustles contributions like a good 'un.

It might be possible to dismiss Jerry Falwell as a piece of quaint Americana, a loop in the Bible belt, if it wasn't for a particularly chilling set of facts: syndicated TV preachers are able to reach an audience of anything up to 30 million people. And last year, Falwell received voluntary contributions from the faithful that totalled over \$74 million.

TV evangelists like him have also been steadily building a right wing political power base alongside their regular religious 'ministry'. They see their collective mission as a moral

crusade against abortion, the equal rights amendment, gay rights, drugs, pornography, arms limitation and Godless communism. Their vision would seem to be a mythic, upright, small town, white America where — behind an impenetrable shield of nuclear missiles — middle class (almost Walt Disney) values can prosper and flourish. Their influence is enormous within the Reagan campaign.

Falwell is clear about his objectives. He talks about "a new wave of Christianity that is sweeping out the liberals". He is also not above a certain amount of knee jerk emotional manipulation; he refers to gays as "sexual offenders" and, on the subject of abortion, speaks in terms of the "1½ million babies aborted last year". He unashamedly recruits God to his political causes ("the Soviet Union is in for big trouble — especially from God Almighty"). Even his political organisation — Moral Majority — who claim a total of 300,000 members, is based on the rather dubious statistic that "86% of the country think the 10 Commandments are appropriate for today."

Falwell is not alone; other TV evangelists are on the same trail. There is Oral Roberts whose \$60 million a year makes him the biggest grosser behind Jerry Falwell. There is Rex Humbard, who scored a redneck coup by recruiting Johnny Cash to the cause. Pat Robinson runs a fairly sophisticated message-chat show while James Robison breathes fire against sinners and communists

with such vigor that, at times, he looks like a young, Bible thumping Elvis.

And Falwell's Moral Majority isn't the only political organisation running hand in hand with a television crusade. In California, the Rev. Robert Grant runs Christian Voice, an aggressively right wing politico-religious action group that after only one year of operation claims a \$3 million war chest to throw behind Ronald Reagan in the presidential election.

Christian Voice boasts a membership of 160,000; an enormous direct mail capacity and an almost frightening ability to tap into 1,400 radio stations, 36 TV stations and 66 cable TV outlets — all of which specialise in religious broadcasting. Founder Grant explains the purpose of all this effort is "to restore moral accountability to American life, refocus the eyes of her leaders and people on God and turn the tide of battle against Satan's forces."

Satan's forces do not only include liberal politicians, gay activists and pro-abortion campaigners, but also *Playboy* magazine and the TV show *Soap*.

A year ago it would have been possible to dismiss the electronic holy rollers and their cohorts as little more than a bad joke. Today, the combination of TV and super efficient grass roots organisation has made operations like Moral Majority and Christian Voice real forces. Already, the media are giving

■ Continues over

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STILL NOT SO FAMOUS

But a little more in the know

REMEMBER the Not So Famous Tour mooted in *Thrills* mid-August? It was an attempt by fourteen bands to set up an alternative circuit of exposure for themselves (at the rate of five bands a night) playing youth centres and clubs. And it was a success.

Organiser Mark Hall of Hillingdon, who gave up playing with band Kit 185 to supervise the scheme, hired the communal PA off the Chevrons in a deal for reciprocal stage time on the tour. Now, as the next step, he's put together a Not So Famous Package of the earlier jaunt's best bands, which will aim for the London circuit.

Again, the Chevrons are central — already bookable on that circuit, they're 'inviting' NSF tour vets B Film and Red Box as support on the 11 London gigs so far confirmed. They're also still lending the sound system.

The idea, says Mark Hall, is to create a stepping stone system of access to the London circuit for more bands. "When these three bands are able to get gigs off their own backs, they'll come back to us for their supports — and then more youth club bands can get a start."

In true D-I-Y spirit, Hall feels that these are times to make use of every resource and "that means getting rid of the idea that youth clubs and youth centres have to be lemonade and ping-pong". One NSF tour band, Mayhem, confirmed that not only did they get six gigs off their tour slot, but that they would almost certainly have broken up if they hadn't heard about Hall's Scheme.

In the meantime, Hall is still helping out with Monday night rehearsal time at the Cranwell Youth Centre and participants there have now decided to build and soundproof a studio of their own. If you want info about the music workshops or the NSF Package Tour (dates this month so far: 16 & 23 at the Windsor Castle, 17 & 25 at the Hambro Tavern Southall, 24 at Kings College in the Strand, and 30 at Acklam Hall), phone Mark Hall on 897-1876, afternoons or early evenings.

CYNTHIA ROSE



B Film:
Not So Famous tour survivors to get another leg up. Pic:
Les Chudzicki

Farren and Brimstone

From previous page

them serious attention as potential sway factors in marginal votes.

The born again not only throw their weight behind congressional candidates who toe the ultra-conservative line. They also use all their resources against anyone who, in their opinion, is fronting for the forces of Satan. And born again standards are exacting. Even pious Jimmy Carter, himself born again, has been judged and found wanting. His stand on gay rights has incurred the fury of the faithful and they're backing Reagan.

There is little doubt that the new right is on the move here in the USA. As well as TV preachers, the Mid-West has thrown up more aggressive censorship groups than have been seen for a couple of decades. Schools and libraries have been decimated in the name of moral recovery.

There have been Lou Grant-style book burnings and one small town produced such a stringent set of rules for the books that would be used in its schools that the Bible failed to qualify. A clandestine terrorist organisation calling itself the Radical New Right has also bombed a San Jose Planned Parenthood clinic, burned down a second in Minneapolis and set another bomb at the Cleveland Women's Clinic.

Among the more paranoid liberals, there are fears that the objective of the hellfire new right is to turn America into a Christian theocracy as restrictive as Khomeini's Islam. They mutter about grim visions of total repression, total censorship and total control of both

public and private behaviour.

These nightmares may be a little far-fetched, but there is no doubt that the new right is tap dancing on all the triggers of white, middle-class anxiety in insecure times. They exploit fears and play the age-old religious prejudices that lurk deep in the middle American society. Clear goals are to bring back sexual guilt and sexual repression as a means of control; they see unwanted pregnancy as a "punishment" that must not be short circuited by abortion. They want a return to the political climate of the cold war '50s. (Always ironic that the ones who go into agonies over the fate of a half-formed foetus think less about the annihilation of some tens of thousands of Russians or Chinese in order to prove their point.)

It remains to be seen if men like Jerry Falwell really have ideas of being the final recipients of power or if they are merely huckstering on a national mood. In the meantime, I discovered just how easy it is to get in on the club.

Awhile back I sent off ten dollars to the First Church of Gospel Ministry in Chula Vista, California. A few weeks, and back came my Reverend package: my certificate (suitable for ID) and instruction book for ministers. I can now preach, pray and perform (less-than-legal) marriages. I can start my own church and, if I could find a sponsor, I could start my own TV show. I can also call myself...

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 Tues 14 Nottingham Albert Hall
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 Sat 18 Southampton Univ.
 Mon 20 Bournemouth Winter Gardens
 Tues 21 Cardiff Top Rank
 Wed 22 Swansea Top Rank
 Thurs 23 London Lyceum
 Fri 24 Guildford Surrey Univ.
 Mon 27 Bristol Locarno
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 Sat 1 Aberdeen Univ.

*Special Guests The Hitmen

NEW 45 FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER FOOL

WKLG Management

ANYONE FOR A NITECAP... OR FOUR

NOW New York has its own young soul rebels: The Nitecaps.

The Nitecaps are fronted by eighteen-year-old John Xavier Bonfiglio, known to all as X-sessive, a marker he began writing and spray-painting four years ago on every wall he could find. "I guess it was self-promotion but it started out of boredom," he says now. "I used to say that every time I saw a bad band I'd write my name on the wall of the club once." X was a fixture at CBGB's and around St. Mark's Place.

He played guitar with The Blessed, and in '79 bass in the last edition of Richard Hell's Voidoids. Neither of which suggested he possessed the gruff but powerfully emotive voice he displays with The Nitecaps.

His partner in the front line is guitarist Al Maddy, an inner-city Chicago youngster who came to New York to sleep in cars and get into a band. Bassist Peter Jordan and drummer Sammy Brown were in Stumblebunny some time ago, and Jordan played bass in the final, last-gasp version of The New York Dolls. That's the history.

Here and now is a band with a revved-up blend of catchy, jangly pop and convincingly heart-felt soul that sticks not to the letter but to the spirit of the originals it emulates.

"The combination is me and Al," says X. "Al is from the Midwest and was raised on very pop sort of music, Raspberries, The Buckingham. I was born and raised in New York, listened to Top Forty radio and got very influenced by soul."

"I like Curtis Mayfield, too — that Chicago slicker sort of soul. In '74 or so I started to feel that Top Forty radio was really declining. It was getting into the first disco phase, things like Van McCoy and TSOP which didn't jibe with my ideas of soul music or rock and roll. It hadn't gotten hard yet. You can listen to something like Kurtis Blow or Michael Jackson and find all the elements of a good rock record. But at that stage you couldn't. Later, listening to the O.J.'s, I started to appreciate the genius of Gamble and Huff, that Philly thing. I'm into all the different styles — Chicago, Detroit, Memphis, Philly."

Although it came primarily from other towns, soul was always one of the prime beats of New York radio. It's sad and surprising how ignored its influence has been by most local bands.

X: "Sure, lots of band ignore their history.

It's true all over. It's absurd that to get copies of records that came out here years ago, I have to buy English re-issues."

A Nitecap set reflects X's love of late 60s - early 70s soul, being liberally sprinkled with covers of classics like Smokey Robinson's 'If You Can Want', Bill Withers' 'Ain't No Sunshine', the Detroit Emeralds' 'Feel The Need In Me' and Marvin Gaye's 'Let's Get It On'.

"We do them differently," asserts X. "We don't mimic. But we don't do them unless we feel we're doing as good a job of it." Their best originals sound like they might be covers, in the sense of provoking a "Wow, nobody writes songs like that anymore" reaction. Highest gear comes when the band is joined by the Uptown Horns (Arno Hecht and Paul Littoral) who provide exactly the right blistering brass fills. And Maddy's onstage bounciness compliments X's honking and shouting.

"We knew each other a long time," says X. "So it was personally smart for us to get together as well as musically smart. We have fun onstage, that's why we do it. If it was for the money, this couldn't be the time when we were having fun."

RICHARD GRABEL

The Nitecaps: young soul pebbles making a splash.
Pic: Joe Stevens.



The Lone Groover



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MY CAPTION IS:-

YOUR ADDRESS HERE



Bristol's now famous Black & White cafe. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohier

HERE COMES THE RIOT SQUAD

Britain's hidden third force

modernising the police for since 1972?

Part of the reason for police caution in Bristol was genuine surprise at the sheer ferocity of the riot. Police had, apparently, "no idea" that feelings amongst the ordinary people on their patch were running that indignantly high.

But the extraordinary length of the delay in their response was more practically due to the fact that the "reinforcements" they were waiting for were not ordinary coppers pulled off routine duties throughout the Avon and Somerset area. They were specially-trained riot-control squads from four other forces (those of Devon, Cornwall, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire).

These new 'Police Support Units' (PSUs), seen also during the last 18 months on NF demos in Leicester and Great Yarmouth and at Corby during the steel strike, owe their origin to a provision in the Civil Defence Act of 1948.

Conceived as mobile columns of ordinary policemen withdrawn from everyday divisional duties during a nuclear attack to help evacuate the public, guard key-points, and maintain internal security (including the detention of "subversive or potentially subversive people"), the PSUs were to be given no special training and would be exercised on a "fire-drill" basis only at the discretion of individual Chief Constables.

The thinking behind this typical British amateurism derives from the old *Dixon of Dock Green* philosophy of policing by consent and cooperation. The police of the post-War period were concerned not to open up a gap between themselves and the public by creating a standing "Third Force" of paramilitary strongarm specialists (such as had been done in France in 1945 with the CRS riot-squad).

If the Civil Defence Police Support Units fitted that bill at all, it was only on a temporary basis. Unlike the modern SPG, which is ready at

all times to move into a riot zone without a pause for costume-changes, the old PSUs were planned as purely *ad hoc* bodies of rank-and-file Bobbies — friendly Dixons mucking in to keep the community going under war conditions.

Since the violent police-public clashes of Grosvenor Square (1968) and Saltley (1972), moderation has ceased to play a dominant role in the force's thinking. The order of today is High Tech and proud professionalism, a development which has changed the former function of the Police Support Unit out of all recognition.

In the last decade, according to a 14,000-word report on contemporary police methods in Bulletin 19 of *State Research*, PSUs have been formed not only for Home Defence duties but also (and primarily) to cope with public order situations like strikes and demonstrations.

Since 1974, over half of the 51 British forces have formed standing PSUs, 14 others running continuous courses on crowd-control and riot-shield training. Mirroring the structure of the SPG, each PSU consists of 34 officers trained to work as a team; on average, there is an establishment of one PSU for every division in a force (the Met for example, is made up of 24 divisions.)

Basing their estimate on figures listed in the annual Police Authority reports for 1979, *State Research* concludes that, hidden amongst the ranks of the 113,000 ordinary police officers in the UK, there are "at least 11,000 specially-trained riot police". Adding in the men of the nation's SPGs and Fire Support Units, the full strength of Britain's available riot-squads is currently around 13,000.

Whereas normal policemen receive only the most basic training in crowd-control, rising little above linking arms for containment or co-operating with mounted units, the PSUs are versed in all the

"snatch-squad" tactics developed by the Met's shield-training school — including "the Wedge", used to devastating effect by the SPG at Red Lion Square in 1974.

By the "mutual aid" agreement, PSUs from all over the country can be gathered together to police one demonstration.

The logistics are formidable. Whereas mutual aid previously entailed collecting together rank-and-file reinforcements from, at most, five or six other forces, the policing of, for example, the NF march in Leicester on April 21 1979 (at which police outnumbered marchers and demonstrators by 5 to 1) required mutual aid from no less than 22 other forces, every officer present being either PSU or SPG.

Such enormously elaborate operations go a long way towards explaining the escalating cost of public order — a factor some members of the Association of Chief Police Officers are currently adducing as an argument for the outright banning of marches and demonstrations above a certain limited size.

Though the brunt of crowd-control will continue to be met by the SPGs and PSUs for the foreseeable future, the Home Office has already moved to offset the financial liabilities of wheeling its riot-squads to and fro across a declining Britain by making crowd-control part of every constable's induction programme. On August 6 the Home Secretary announced that all officers will now receive "basic public order training" including the use of riot-shields. In addition, regular inter-force exercises will be held.

What effect this decision will have upon the existing specialists in the PSUs is unclear. If they're not a Third Force then presumably the Home Office will eventually disband them.

Follow the news and judge for yourself.

WINSTON SMITH

Large police pic: Justin Thomas

THE PROFESSIONALS

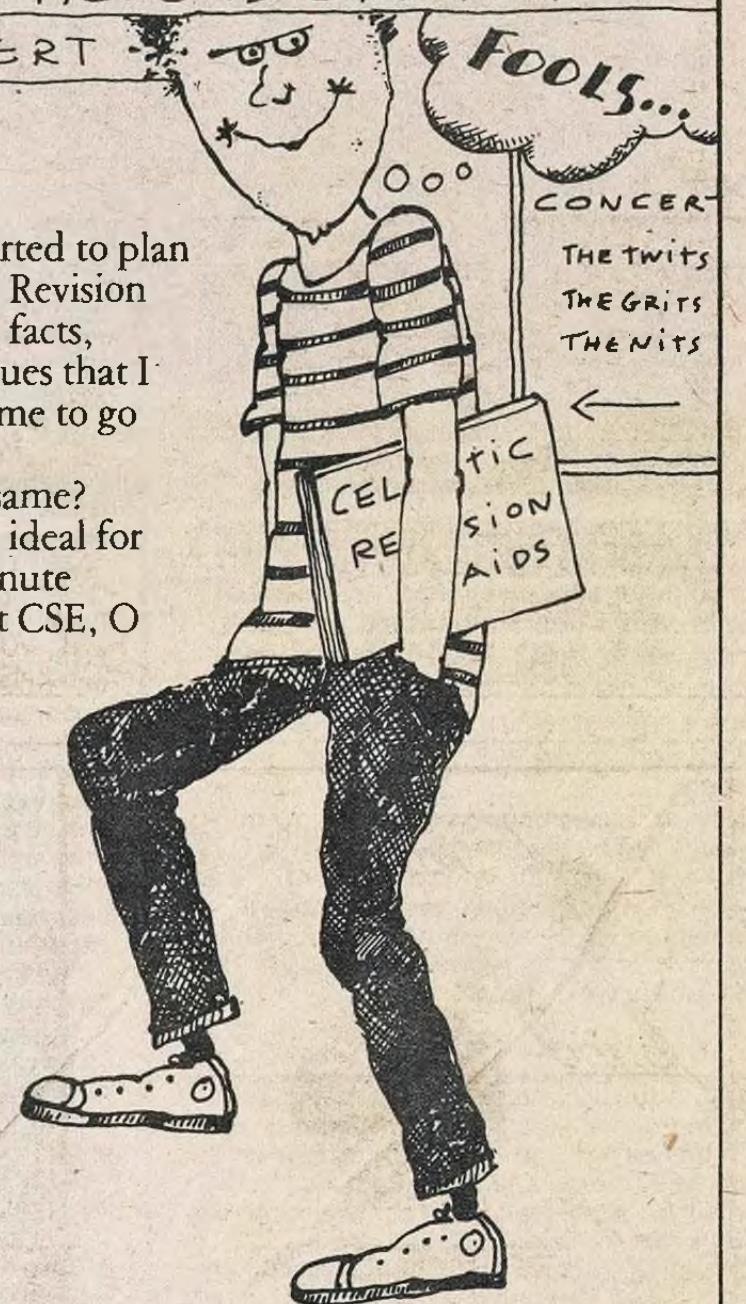


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NME 1



Lesley



Paul

BY PAUL MORLEY

THE TROUBLE with conversations like this," declares Pete, nodding sagely, knitting his eyebrows, as he refers to the complex peculiarities of a pop group who sustain intensely idealistic desires, "is that you can tie yourself up in so many knots you can't see any way out."

"I can!" says Lesley, voice rising sharply to an exclamation mark.

"It's a bit weird actually," Jane decides and then smiles. "Because when I went into it I didn't think that it would reach this point; not because I thought we were no good, but just because I didn't want to go into it too seriously. I'd known lots of people who'd been in bands that hadn't got anywhere and it had really screwed them up. This is all new to me, and I haven't any aspirations about success, really. I just thought, I'll see what happens."

"Now all these things are happening. I think in a way I'm a bit bemused by it all."

"We're all pretty... what's the word? It's a very democratic thing; we wouldn't do something or go into anything that we didn't all approve of. Which probably means we won't get anywhere!"

AS A special interview treat, manager Martin has splashed out group money on tins and bottles of alcohol. Paul is rambling 90 words a second about his lifestyle, his small feelings of achievement, his feelings that Au Pairs could last as a constructive, positive force for a couple more years... well lubricated by the alcohol.

"I'm really quite optimistic about Au Pairs but not optimistic about life in general. I just take things as they come, y'know... It's all just a bonus."

He spurts into a lengthy appraisal of the way he runs his life.

"This is a very pissed conversation," he admits ruefully, trying hard to articulate the essence of Au Pairs with a tongue that has worked its way a little too loose.

"But that's my philosophy — do what you want to do. Obviously it's nice to be a success

whatever you do, but the fact is as long as you're doing what you want to do, that is the most important thing. And I'm playing music. I love music, and if you can make music that's good, I'm not saying that I'm going to make anything brilliant... But being in the Au Pairs, I'm working with people that I like, and doing what I like and hopefully I'm communicating my ideas to other people..."

For Paul, the two things that most sustain Au Pairs' motivation is the communication involved and the closeness of the four people in the group.

I'VE ASKED Pete where will it lead? It is the second question that I've asked him. In response to the first he'd talked for 15 minutes non-stop. Au Pairs, he tells me, have inspired him as person and as thinker. As a communicator.

He was, along with Paul, in a group before called Rox — where they were searching greedily for typical illusionary rock attention. Rox were about 'shock'. The *Sunday People* wrote a page 3 horror piece on them, headlined 'Puke Rock', which claimed that here was the vilest pop group in Britain. Not ashamed of his dingy past, he uses it as an extreme comparison to show the beauty and openness of Au Pairs.

He auditioned to replace Martin Jackson in Magazine, failed and realised first that you couldn't jump straight into the rock high-life and secondly, that wasn't what he wanted anyway.

He claims that even if Au Pairs collapsed this year he's gained something out of the experience. But where could it lead?

"If I thought that our music had just a minority appeal, that even at its peak it could only have a minimal impression and success, I'd be really sceptical that it could go any further. I think if we had enough exposure. But that's it, when you get down to it, can we get enough airplay, can we get enough reviews, enough breaks, enough people at the top liking us, things like that?"

"I'm looking forward to the problems to come across, it's a big challenge, trying to break through. Our interviews sometimes come across as really wimpy because all we seem to talk about is sexism and people think, what the hell are these missionary-do-gooders on about? They've got nothing to do with pop music. No one wants to know what they're going on about! That's a real drag. Some 16 year old schoolgirl who reads *Smash Hits* and Jackie is not going to be interested in the Au Pairs, she'll just want to read about Rod Stewart and his new concerts."

"That's a shame; a problem we'll have to overcome."

LESLEY'S LAST to be interviewed. By this time we're both pretty drunk, the tape recorder seems especially absurd. I wonder fuzzily, fuzzily, if she thinks Au Pairs should be more popular?

"It hasn't really occurred to me like that," she replies, just. "I'm sure we could be more popular. We are really accessible. I can't really understand the problems why we're not..."

She stops, chuckles and slumps a little. "I'm really pissed. I'm not going to be very good." She hands me some notes that she'd scrawled; sort of serious life-lines.

Au Pairs have been together for two years. Pete (drums), Jane (bass) and guitarists/singers Lesley and Paul playing bitter, physical, shrill, vigorous hard rock (re-defining that messed up term as much, if not more, as Gang Of Four). They're postpunk. So that means their inspiration comes from all sorts of traditions and revolutions, their intentions are political and poetical, romantic and realistic — to shatter hypocrisy and mediocrity. Au Pairs desperately oppose the pornographic perpetuation of banality that's all around: in rock, in pop, in everyday life.

Society and its wicked messengers — BBC, the media — support the illusions that they're protecting us from evil and degradation with a heartless, deceitful sentimentality, preferring to let through exploitation and emotionless entertainment rather than truth, despair, extremity — depth! Who do they think they're re-assuring?

Au Pairs are not superficial! The urge to make a nice noise never gets the better of them. Lesley Woods is the bluestiest, nastiest, most human of singers, with a voice that cuts through on all levels. Paul extends the role of harmonising to something more than just pretty-pretty emphasis. The music is shaped in new ways by coarse colliding, cruising, catapulting guitars.

Their songs are gems. They put a lot of critical work into them. Those written in between their straining, abrasive first single 'You' and their lowlight laments 'Obvious' and 'Diet' (the next single — a year gap) should be available in a series of singles like the Buzzcocks classic run of 'Orgasm Addict' through to 'Promises'. It's a major tragedy that songs like 'Dear John', 'Come Again', 'Pretty

Boys', 'What Kind Of Girl', 'Love Song' and 'Ideal Woman' and their revelatory version of Bowie's 'Repetition' are not available, and when (if) they become available, their force may have dwindled.

These songs have an earthy, yet simultaneously a mysterious, shaking quality. They have extraordinary subversive style, a unique consistency, intoxicating hardness, valuable and turbulent lyrics. Au Pairs choose dignity. It's unsafe dance music.

IT WAS only when I was trapped in the train up to Birmingham that I realised I'd selected my white socks to wear that day. Of course white socks are always preferable to C & A tartan, but these white socks have a small black Playboy logo embroidered on the ankles, and I was going to interview Au Pairs. Even I, who loves Au Pairs and who has seen and heard enough to see through the smoke screens — am slightly affected by their development, the number of political benefits they've played, the people who've written about them... basically the rigid political labels the group attract.

Lesley's vivid and vitriolic attacks on prejudice are violently anti-sexist. But Au Pairs songs, and Lesley's words, go way way beyond monotonous propagandising. Lesley's words penetrate to the centre of the inauthentic world that is based on exploitation and falsehoods with an indignation that reaches beyond the political.

Au Pairs have been classified a 'political band' and a 'feminist band'; but those terms are misleading, narrow, for a lot of reasons boring — in fact oppressive.

Lesley: "Perhaps if we were number one in the charts people wouldn't call us a political band; it's meaningless. The point being that early on there were a lot of very set images/depictions of 'political' which do not and never did exist except with those who found it a bit difficult to cope. People are paranoid at saying 'I'm political'. If people didn't get paranoid then that definition as a label would disappear."

Au Pairs' brittle songs deal with the sting and injustice of real life, the hurt, hate, heartache, sorrow, absence, need. They are

AU PAIRS



Jane



Pete

songs that extend Pete Shelley's vision a few subtler, moodier stages on. They are militantly and valiantly honest.

The Au Pairs are a 'political' group like Buzzcocks, or Cabaret Voltaire, or A Certain Ratio, or The Passage are. They came together to make music that was influenced by musics that elsewhere have helped shape one of the most corrupt and corrupting entertainment forms, but were impelled not to deal with the same formulae and vulgarities.

They wanted to entertain and not to exploit. But for a few moments on my journey to Birmingham I'm whimpering under the greier Au Pairs image: that they are frightful zealots, not an emotional and sensitive pop group. The Playboy logos on my socks, no more than pretty little bunnies to me, turn into monstrous symbols of all that Au Pairs fight against. I feel I will be lectured and smartly sent home. Stupid boy!

In the tenth issue of the *Jamming* fanzine, Jane remarked that she wasn't going to go out of her way to prove that she wasn't anti-men. She seemed very angry. During the main group interview I conduct she stayed silent, smiling slyly as the interview disappeared down twisting tunnels; staying out of it as if superior. I tell her I thought she was surly and oppressively anti-men. She looks at me like I'm a fool.

"I'm not anti-men. I mean, I like men! But I'm anti the male dominated society."

Jamming had also broadcast that in her songs Lesley implied all men are villains.

"I don't make men out to be villains at all. I think that's just paranoia. We don't set out to threaten anybody. We don't set out to threaten men. That's like going back two years when we first started and people were asking us if we were anti-men."

"I do not hate men. I wouldn't be in a band with two men if I did."

"I mean, yeah, there are men that I hate, but no, I don't think my songs make men out to be villains . . . I do think that the majority of men are pretty shitty . . ."

Lesley thinks that it is impossible for Au Pairs to be a feminist band.

"I don't believe men can be feminists just as I don't believe men are as oppressed as women. Men can be sympathetic of feminism and men are obviously victims of stereotyping, but that stereotyping makes them the oppressors *not* the oppressed."

Au Pairs will gain their first success by making people dance. But their success will have substance — true glory! — because Au Pairs do not perpetuate lies and myths.

Their songs are not fuelled by rock mythology or the fake fantasy of one-dimensional youth rebellion, but by the natural temperamental scenes of (sexual) confusion, ignorance, selfishness. A sense of rage spills out into the music, swirling with the pure joy of performing, driving the songs into heart and memory.

Paul: "We didn't want to have a particular focus on one person fronting the band or anything like that. If there was any conscious way of presenting ourselves it was that we are all equal."

Why does he think the music can be so deranged and exhilarating?

"We're all pretty zany people. We're all mad really. We all feel similarly about things and that similarity comes out when we play together. Yeah we are committed, as individuals we're very committed to each other. There is a certain something special about playing in Au Pairs."

AU PAIRS' 'Come Again' was banned by the BBC because of its attitude towards sex — it brilliantly conveys the mental agony, the general tug of war of sex. Someone at the BBC called the group "perverts". Ha!

Lesley: "Graham Lock described 'Come Again' as an uncompromisingly feminist song, which really is a bit funny, because I didn't write it as an uncompromisingly feminist song. It wasn't written for a feminist. I'm not saying that it's *not* an uncompromisingly feminist song, but that doesn't sum up what 'Come Again' is about anyway."

Pete: "But that's an area that people have

picked up on when they can't fit us into any other bag — they fit us into the feminist one."

But as they get deeper into the entertainment business Au Pairs will become more and more misrepresented. How do they deal with that?

Lesley: "I don't know. To a certain extent I don't think it's a problem. I don't think it puts people off from coming to see us. If I say to someone after we've played 'Come Again' what did you think of that uncompromisingly feminist song, they say what are you talking about?"

Pete: "People also ask Lesley in interviews, is this a personal thing, have you actually faked an orgasm in bed, has this come out of your personal experiences? The songs are there for lots of people. They're not personal grudges."

Lesley: "One night after we'd done a gig, it was really funny, this kid came up to me and he said, I like my girl friend to have orgasms when we sleep together but . . . erm . . . she doesn't fake orgasms. And like he started telling me about his sex life basically, y'know: I really want her to have a nice time in bed and I want her to have orgasms. I felt like Marjorie Proops . . ."

YOU COULD be friends with the four members of Au Pairs inside a day. I was! And you could wrap enough compliments around their necks to strangle them — saying how much they minimise the lyrical, musical, visual, myth-shattering achievements of others more highly regarded. I do!

They're tough and unrepentant. By design they've grown up slowly and carefully insistently independent, trying hard to avoid being captured by the underground. Right now they're hanging midway between that horrid new underground and the mainstream that's desperately in need of disruption. A level that crippled, say, Gang Of Four or The Clash.

Paul: "I think Gang Of Four have made it easier for people like us. The paranoia surrounding so called political bands is lessening. You get groups like The Beat or UB40 singing, if you like, political songs. People are generally becoming more politically aware; they're having to."

Pete: "We're not being overtly political. We don't go on stage as a way to make huge political statements, with banners and leaflets. We're not an army on a mission. We do commercial songs."

Lesley: "We'd like to be number one, and it is feasible with the songs that we do. But it's

PIX PENNIE SMITH

not an aim in that everything we do is directed towards that and therefore manipulated that way. The whole point is that what we are and what we're doing without beliefs being sacrificed should quite easily get to number one."

Paul: "When we played with The Clash it was just totally depressing because you saw what had happened to them."

Lesley: "The Clash are just a myth. They could sing 'Knees Up Mother Brown' and still go down well, and as individuals that must affect The Clash, fuck them up to know when you go on to the stage there's a load of people yelling for *The Clash* . . ."

Pete: "But everything they started out being against they have become, and if they really cared they'd either pack it in or totally deny the whole thing . . ."

Lesley: "No, The Clash have got into a position . . . if we'd have been in that position then we'd have probably ended up like that as well. In a way they've brought it on themselves because they didn't retaliate. The point is the retaliation wasn't available to them, because they started it off."

"We've seen it happen. We can sit back and talk about it. We can say we'll never get into that position but the thing is The Clash had no examples."

At the moment lots of groups are saying similar things, but can that precedent be acted upon? Can pop become rebellious again?

Lesley: "I don't know. I really don't know. They could devise a method of dealing with bands like us which when it came to the point we'd have no way of . . . you don't know. In the end that doesn't really matter, you've just got to keep going, otherwise what's the point in doing anything? You've just got to try and if we get fucked up we set a precedent for other bands and then they can look back and see what's happened to us and say, well that won't happen to us."

AT THE end of Lesley's bitty notes that indicate the bitterness, awareness and possibility of Au Pairs there's written — after a comment on the natural progression of the group — WHAT NOW?

The end and the beginning, I suppose. And although I tried to hide the Playboy logos by tugging my trousers down all the time, Lesley saw them. She loved the socks. I said I'd try and get her a pair.

Socks can be fun!



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Single Of The Week (1):
CHIC: 26 (Atlantic). Chic put their tongue in their cheek for what is absolutely the finest and funniest Chic single since the no less sardonic 'Good Times'. If you thought that was just a mindless tribute to the hedonist lifestyle, think again. Rogers and Edwards recently admitted to a journalist in France that what they pretended to celebrate, they were really sending up.

The humour of '26' is a bit more upfront. It's sung by either Rogers or Edwards as opposed to the Chic girls and it's about a someone who isn't the greatest dancer. He keeps hearing about these perfect 'tens', and his friends are forever bragging about all their ritzy girlfriends. A more or less typical male scenario. But out here comes clean: "I haven't known too many women throughout my less than illustrious career..." His baby's a 26 on a scale of one to ten, and he's happy. Play it for the superstud in your life and observe his reaction.

Single Of The Week (2):
EARTH WIND & FIRE: Let Me Talk (CBS). Two prime disco singles without a recognisable disco beat between them... Just goes to show that modern soul music is alive and kicking harder at conformity than its recently revived predecessor. 'Let Me Talk' commits the usual Earth Wind & Fire crime of spoiling the funk with some Vegas showtime horn arrangements, but these are thankfully at a minimum and entirely outweighed by an irresistible riff.

This record gives off such a compulsive, joyous, frenzied noise that it's hard to sit still and type, but I can't resist pointing out that amongst more than a few lyrical platitudes it contains the sharpest admonishment of modern culture you're likely to hear from any source. Earth Wind & Fire narrow it down to just one line, pointing a finger at people who "Try to find excitement in the labels that they wear!" And that doesn't just mean the labels in clothes, either.

THE FLYING LIZARDS: Move On Up (Virgin). Briefly edifying but mostly just



absurd. The Flying Lizards have this time made a very astute choice of material for their memory-trigger technique. Imagine my chagrin when I discovered that I don't have a copy of Curtis Mayfield's original and I'll imagine yours when you hear this.

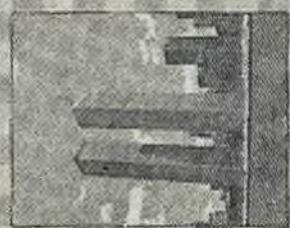
JAPAN: Gentlemen Take Polaroids (Virgin). Now that Bryan Ferry has effectively laid the ghost of Roxy Music, there's nothing to stop Japan from resurrecting it. They are obviously fans. Fans doomed to wander forever in a fey, novocaine stupor around the crumbling decadent salons of someone else's good idea, but fans nonetheless.

JOE JACKSON BAND: Mad At You (A&M). Joe Jackson toys with dissonance and other modish devices on a song that finds him once again exasperated at the so-called weaker sex. Jackson seems committed to his vision of the mature, sensitive male pop star. He's a man continually searching for something to get worked up about.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: The Puppet (Korova). Cloaked in the familiar old overcoats, the Bunnymen shuffle out for the second time onto the singles page. 'Rescue' stands alone amongst the year's rock records, but it was a song about nothing while this proclaims their refusal to carry anybody's cross. It lacks versatility, but it does have intensity of a peculiar brooding kind. Something will have to happen to draw that out. They need a good fight —

SINGLES

The Flying Lizards



Move On Up

it's no use being angry in a corner.

JACKSON BROWNE: Disco Apocalypse (Asylum). Jackson Browne still insists on carrying the weight of the world's woes on his shoulders from time to time, and this is one of them. Here he is sounding a mournful note on behalf of shoppers at the sexual supermarket and seekers of disco nirvana. Trouble is, it's hard to tell if he's sorry for them or for himself.

THE MONOCHROME SET: Apocalypse (DinDisc). A group with a slender foothold on the edifice of art, bound together by such burning creative force that when they play, the world shrugs. The Monochrome Set are avant-garde in the same way that Laurel and Hardy were house-painters. This whimsical, baffling piece of music with lyrics strays so wide of any kind of point that one can but wonder at Nature's ability to ill-equip people for their chosen tasks. At best, it must serve to



remind us all that there is no Robert Wyatt single this week.

XTC: Towers Of London (Virgin). The Virgin art department comes up trumps with another ingenious piece of packaging for XTC. What fun this group gives its record company! What a shame we can't all share in the positive delight that XTC generate...

'Towers Of London', one of the three memorable moments of 'Black Sea', finds XTC in an unusually relaxed mood in an unusually lavish setting. It neither tries one's patience nor tests one's enthusiasm. And XTC can be easy to like but hard to endure.

KILLING JOKE: Requiem (Malicious Damage). With no new PIL product to light the way of anti-rock, Killing Joke fall back on their own resources and come out sounding like Yes in a pessimistic mood. These visions of apocalypse just leave me cold, but somebody's going to clean up on it and it might as well be Killing Joke, four progressive



young musicians who want to fuse the nihilism of punk with the grandeur of Wagner.

THIS HEAT: Health And Efficiency (Piano). The English fringe continues to build bridges between music and noise. This Heat are a very original band but they almost deliberately avoid providing any point of entry for the man in the street. Certain types of drugs not being as popular as they once were, people are less susceptible to the idea of stretching out. Of course, This Heat would never stoop to meet them halfway...

PURPLE HEARTS: My Life's A Jigsaw (Safari). A sweet and innocent if not downright foolhardy musical context has been chosen by The Purple Hearts for their most philosophical statement to date: 'My life's a jigsaw/What am I here for?' What indeed? This is sure to make *Top Of The Pops* viewers pause and reflect awhile on the great paddling pool of life.

THE MOONDOGS: Who's Gonna Tell Mary? (Real). A determinedly teenage sound from Derry's Moondogs, who actually look and sound marginally older than their hometown's most popular export. It's hard to believe that teenagers could find a meaningful reflection of their lives in a song about falling for your girlfriend's sister, but then not being one myself I wouldn't know. Consciously or not, The Moondogs pitch themselves so hard at what someone imagines is the youth club market that teenagers everywhere should

feel deeply ashamed and not a little patronised too.

THE VAPORS: Waiting For The Weekend (UA). Mick Jones of Foreigner was recently strung up by his own logic when he told *Rolling Stone* that what the record industry needed was more exciting young groups like The Vapors and Martha And The Muffins. This perfectly banal and calculated example of the new pop vigour should go down well with him. The Vapors are truly reaching the audience they deserve.

DURUTTI COLUMN: Lips That Would Kiss/Madeleine (Factory Benelux Import). The perfect accompaniment to a wet afternoon. Two tranquil segments of musical ambience from Vini Reilly and Martin Hannett that you can't dance to.

SUPERTRAMP: Take The Long Way Home (A&M). A typically, sickly sentimental wet fish of a song from Supertramp's double live album that serves to comfort an audience approaching a complacent middle-age with a warm, rosy aura and lines like... "When you look through the years and see what you might have been"... etc. Let's all hold hands and hope it isn't a hit.

X S DISCHARGE: Life's A Wank EP (Groucho Marxist). A stubborn refusal to stray even an inch from the tenets of '77 has already caused a sell-out of the first pressing of X S Discharge's 'Life's A Wank' EP. One day their devotion to dogma will be rewarded with a revival.

DAVID BOWIE: Crystal Japan (RCA Import). A pleasing slice of ambient music written, and presumably also performed, by Bowie for a Japanese TV commercial for a brand of mineral water. Nice work if you can get it.

ROSE ROYCE: Pop Your Fingers (Whitfield). Norman Whitfield assembles a whole series of clichés, several admittedly originated by him on the early-'70s Temptations discs, in an effort to please the hard-core dance crowd. Not

■ Continues over

This week's host:
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■ From previous page

recommended for the discriminating body.

BUSH TETRAS: Too Many Creeps (99 Import). Funky, atonal sounds from what could just be the Big Apple's answer to The Slits. Frankly, The Slits hardly deserve any kind of response at all.

JAZZ SLUTS: Fuchi (Epic). This group belies its name with a perfectly adequate fusion samba. Wonder how far Santana would have got if they'd decided to call themselves, say, The Latin Turkeys?!

CHEAP TRICK: Stop This Game (Epic). George Martin's grandiose production sinks the normally ebullient Cheap Trick into an unfortunate mire

They should've done themselves a favour and given this song to John Miles.

THE SOFT BOYS: I Wanna Destroy You (Armageddon). A reminder of The Sex Pistols' timeless sentiments from The Soft Boys, who "feel it coming on again just like it did before" even if nobody else does. At this rate, The Soft Boys could one day be to the Pistols what Country Joe And The Fish were to The Rolling Stones.

BLUE OYSTER CULT: Deadline (CBS). The Cult make another appointment with the reaper. Any group that dares to send itself up as much as they do deserves to languish just outside the mainstream. 'Cultosaurus Erectus', from which this hails, was a bravura performance from start to finish, and of course, it



took them nowhere. Just hear the bass-line on this song, a minor classic from Joe Bouchard, the tallest member of the group.

FRED FRITH: Dancing In The Street. (Ralph) A bizarre revision of the well-known Tamla anthem. Wholly instrumental and quite improbable. A record that falls over laughing at itself.

THE ROLLING STONES: Come On/I Wanna Be Your Man; It's All Over Now/I Want To Be Loved; Satisfaction/Little By Little; Not Fade Away/Little Red Rooster; The Last Time/Paint It Black; Get Off My Cloud/Play With Fire; Jumpin' Jack Flash/As Tears Go By; 19th Nervous Breakdown/Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby?; Let's



Spend The Night Together/You Can't Always Get What You Want; Honky Tonk Women/Ruby Tuesday; Street Fighting Man/Out Of Time; Sympathy For The Devil/Gimme Shelter (Decca). None of this has ever been out of print, but none of it has ever been available in these permutations before. Even Stones archaeologists conceded that these 12 singles available separately or as a set are worthless. Seminal in their time and redundant in yours.

THE QUICK: Hip, Shake, Jerk (Epic). The Quick can't make up their mind whether want to be Sparks or Buggles, which is not much of a choice at all really. The horror of it is they've probably got a hit on their hands. The sort of group that makes singles to go with their videos.

STOP PRESS

Bonham "drank himself to death"

AN EAST Berkshire coroner's court has heard how John Bonham, the Led Zeppelin drummer, died through inhaling his own vomit — after drinking something in the region of 40 measures of vodka in 12 hours.

The drummer's personal assistant, Rex King, told the inquest that Bonham's fatal spree began around noon on September 25 when he went to a pub near his Worcestershire home and proceeded to consume "around four to five quadruple vodkas with orange."

Bonham was then driven to the group's rehearsals at a studio in Windsor where his state on arrival was described by Jimmy Page in his testimony as "pretty tipsy."

Bonham, however, continued to drink vodkas and orange, and was eventually put to bed at Page's Windsor mansion.

The coroner recorded a verdict of accidental death.



John Bonham

ON TOUR

- Oct
25 CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
26 BRISTOL - COLSTON HALL
27 BIRMINGHAM - ODEON
28 GLASGOW - APOLLO
29 LIVERPOOL - ROTTERS
30 MANCHESTER - APOLLO
- Nov
12 LONDON - VENUE (2 SHOWS)
13 GUILDFORD - CIVIC HALL
14 LONDON - VENUE (2 SHOWS)

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CAPTAIN BEEFHEART
AND THE MAGIC BAND

Doc AT THE RADAR STATION

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Van Vliet 80

"A MASTERPIECE"
Andy Gill-NME.

"LIKE SMASHING UP AN AMERICAN BAR-B-Q GRILL, IT SOUNDS GOOD"

HALF MACHINE LIP MOVES

CHROME



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They were all acting just like any other self-respecting Beatles' fan acted.

But that was fifteen years ago, and the thing that's closest to their hearts now was probably the furthest away from their minds then.

Today, believe it or not, they're all probably married with children and a home of their own.

It comes to us all.

And when it does, more people come to the Halifax for help with that first home than any other building society in Britain.

Last year alone, the Halifax granted nearly 150,000 mortgages. That's a whole lot of homes.

Mind you, the Halifax is the biggest building society in the world, with over five million savers.

So it's a place where you know your money is safe and secure.

And with a number of different savings plans that all pay good interest rates, there's bound to be one just right for you.

So when you've stopped screaming and started dreaming of a place of your own, remember, start saving with the Halifax.

HALIFAX
The kind of rock everybody needs.

Where have all the flower people gone?

OZ AND hippie culture are now seen in a very strange and new perspective in England as a result of the great shift in attitudes. How do you feel about that and how do you now see that period?

Thank God that there has been a shift of attitudes. How awful if it was all incredibly static. The evolution of society, that's what keeps us going. I think Caroline Coon said a funny thing about the punks being the hippie's revenge, you didn't listen to them. I thought that was an appropriate comment at that time but that comment is, in a way, already out of date.

I think that the contribution made by the counter-culture was quite extraordinary and the ripples are still going on. We can take the ripples in terms of male-female relationships; women's liberation was certainly one of the elements in a compost heap of that time. Ecological consciousness was very sharpened up by a lot of the underground press. I think we were the first people to realise that things that were taken for granted ought not to be taken for granted — such as the sanctity of the police force.

First ever mention that the drug squad in this country would be corrupt was in *Oz* magazine. The drug squad was since cleaned out, replaced with a whole new lot of cops who have since been cleaned out again.

The Vietnam War. Nixon. The underground press's Watergate was well ahead of the straight press's Watergate.

So I think that on a number of levels those of us involved in that culture revolution have got nothing to be ashamed of at all. I think that we were the harbingers, that we said things first that later turned out to be true. That doesn't mean to say that some of the things haven't gone a bit sour, such as the pot trail.

It seems to me a huge irony that *Oz*, the magazine of fun, travel and adventure, glamourised the hippie trail and here you are writing about someone who...

An obituary of the hippie trail, maybe.

Is that how you see it?

The reason that I felt I had to write *Bad Blood*, that I owed it to myself and also to a lot of people who went on the pot trail — and this sounds sanctimonious — is yes, one of the slogans of *Oz* was the magazine of fun, travel and adventure. *Play Power* has a whole chapter on the pot trail. When I first left Australia to come to India I travelled on that trail. Now this is where the story gets interesting.

Nine years later I was leaving Australia again to join Julie in New York and the plane stopped at Bangkok and I thought, god, I'll go and check out all my old haunts and I tried to get a feel of the place. I thought, uhuh, why do they call it the pot trail, it should be the heroin highway. I was talking to a lot of the sort of guys who were still going and they were talking about the eight-hour delays between Afghanistan and Iran because of all the border checks and the whole thing had become a kind of bureaucracy. So I thought, okay, I'll do a piece on the pot trail ten years later.

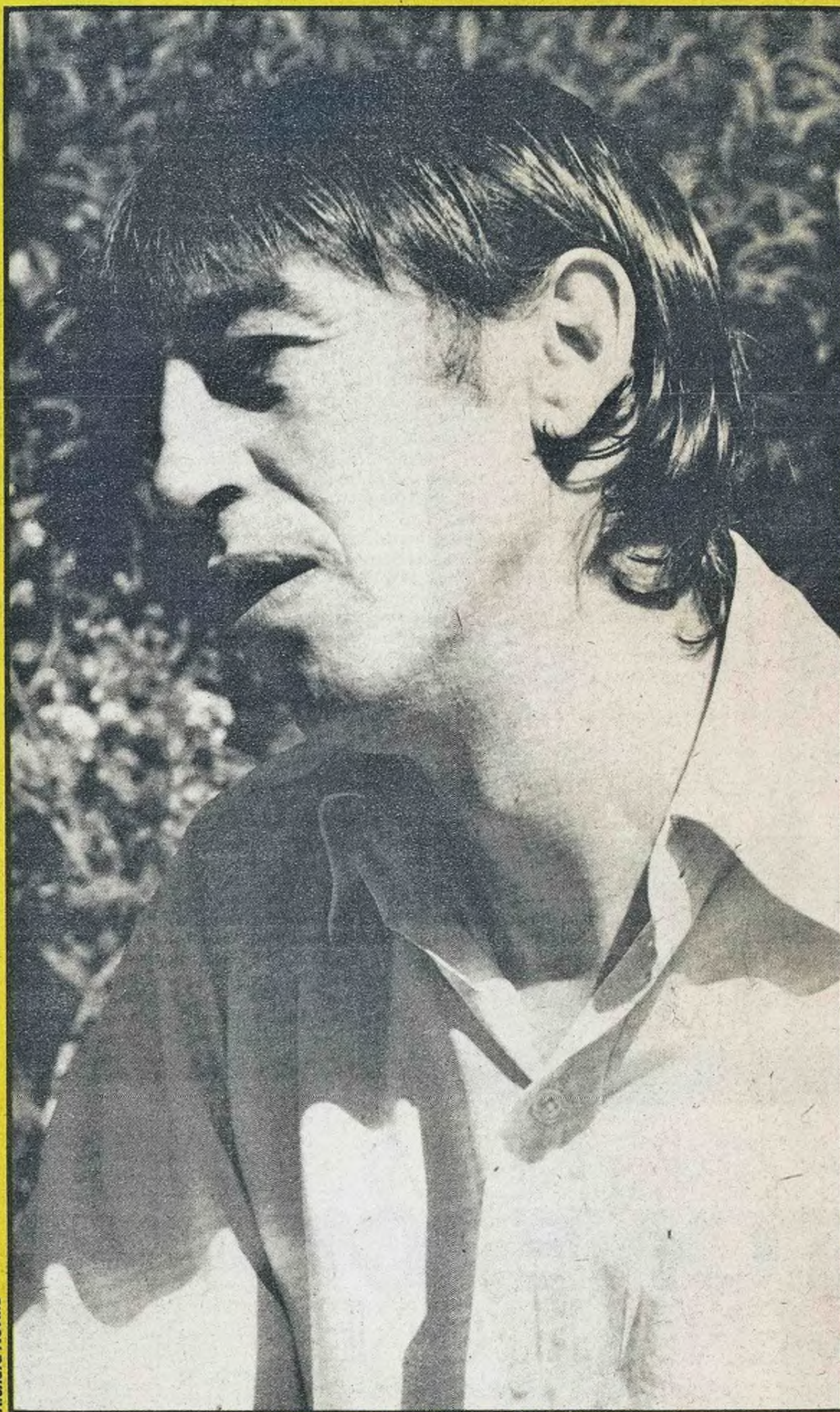
Well I was getting back on the plane and there was an item in the Bangkok papers about an unidentified body found floating off the waters of Pattaya Beach resort and straight away I got a few goose pimples. I thought that sort of thing never happened because whenever we travelled the worst thing you got was dysentery. When you look back you think that's amazing. I mean I can imagine what would happen if a lot of penniless Asians tried to hitchhike their way through the South Bronx, and there we all were really surviving very well.

I'm not saying I regret people having gone on that pot trail because I think it really was an horizon-widening experience. No-one regrets it. There are not many adventures left in the world and that was one of them.

Right. So I saw this item and I thought that's a bit strange. Went to America and the very first piece I wrote in New York was on the pot trail ten years later. Then Random House, who had published *Play Power* years ago, contacted me and said, "Hey, there's this guy that's been arrested for these" and they sent me down the cuttings and I thought my god, my god, there's that body. That woman was Teresa Knowlton who was the first one. I thought that is destiny to some extent.

I will go further than that and say that, in a way, I think it was an obituary of the pot trail because not only did Charles Sobhraj take the fun out of travel and adventure, it's that the countries themselves have just disappeared, like Cambodia.

At the end of *Bad Blood* you wrote: 'I had come to Delhi with a crude theory of Charles as a child of colonialism revenging himself on the counter-culture. Instead I was dazzled by a brilliant psychopath.' Could you explain



Richard Neville

Pic: Micki Rain

BY DICK TRACY

or: Whatever happened to Richard Neville?

RICHARD NEVILLE was born in Sydney, Australia in 1941. When he launched *Oz* as a satirical magazine in 1963, it was considered obscene by the authorities, and he was sentenced to six months hard labour. It took two years of controversial court battles before he was finally acquitted.

A similar pattern of events followed when Neville launched *Oz* in London in 1967. He was prosecuted at the Old Bailey, along with Jim Anderson and Felix Dennis, under the Obscene Publications Act for the notorious Schoolkids Issue. The case grabbed national headlines, earned Neville and the others a prison haircut, but again ended in acquittal in 1971.

That same year he published *Play Power*, a summary of the major themes, events and ideas of the international counter culture, and launched the alternative weekly newspaper *Ink*. The last lines of the book sum up the mood of that time: "The politics of play: the international equi-sexual, inter-racial survival strategy of the future, the laughing gas to counteract tomorrow's Mace. Onward to the eighties, Motherfuckers."

Now the '80s have arrived, Richard Neville is back in London to tape material for an Australian TV show and to talk about his latest book — a dark story of modern crime.

Bad Blood, which he co-wrote with Australian journalist Julie Clarke, is the story of Charles Sobhraj, a modern mass murderer, whose victims were young Westerners on the 'hippie trail'. The illegitimate son of a Vietnamese shop girl and a prosperous Indian tailor, Sobhraj was brought up in France where his life came to revolve around the twin vice centres of Marseilles and Saigon. His dominant character and personal charisma were used to full advantage in a crime career that led from stealing cars to dealing gems to burning bodies.

As Neville relates, he and Clarke were hired to write a quickie biography of Sobhraj and ended up in a nightmare assignment that changed their lives. The book is a confusing and disturbing read as if to emphasise that in life there are no neat edges.

In one of the last issues of *Oz*, Neville wrote: "A writer especially feels a prisoner of his past, bound by statements uttered previously... Writing for me is hard labour because of the battle to express what I really feel and think as opposed to what I ought to feel and think. This struggle, however hypocritical it becomes at times, to be explicit, consistent and truthful, has rendered it impossible for me to sign on the dotted line of any particular brand of ism."

He still has that earnestness and independence. He recognises the ironies involved in him writing *Bad Blood* yet he does not shy away from them. Rather he confronts them with the courage, energy and openness that endeared him to all those *Oz* fans and counter-culture activists who have now closed their eyes and ears and pretend that none of it ever happened.

Neville is no prisoner of the past. He has escaped and is dealing with the uncertain future.

that? How has Sobhraj affected your life?

Well that remark is difficult to explain of course. I would begin when he came out of the French jails in '68. I was in London at the time and it seemed that the whole world was going to be conquered by the young and the wild and the free and the rebellious and that's when Charles was on the threshold of what should have been a new life for him but it ended up with him marauding on young Westerners in Asia.

So when I first got interested in the story I thought that is really fascinating. A French-Vietnamese, a person with a lot of family dislocation as well as cultural dislocation, crossing the border to kill people in faded jeans drifting through Asia without much money. Why?

It seemed there was an element of cultural revenge but I wouldn't give it as much causality as I did before. You see for Charles, who was materially deprived and spent all his life wanting to get wealth back, people who voluntarily shed wealth, shed their middle-class lifestyle and drifted through Asia in \$1 a night hotels smoking marijuana completely did freak him out.

I went to Delhi with this sort of crude theory but then, when you are with him day in and day out over about a three month period, you watch him wheeling and dealing, you watch him turn the prison guards against each other.

The more he confessed to his crimes and boasted about them — it was like being lowered into a well and I went lower and lower and lower. Maybe Dante's *Inferno* would be a better analogy.

I only used the word psychopath once in this book and that's the second to last sentence 'cos as soon as you put on a label, people don't want to know. But the thing about Charles is that he is — to use the title of one of Nietzsche's books, which he read a lot — All Too Human. I mean he's an extremely likeable, charismatic man of versatile intelligence and abilities, extraordinary traits of character that I think you and certainly I was taught to admire. You know, 100 press-ups before breakfast.

He's a real survivor. He and I saw an analogy between his capacity to survive and the Vietnamese's capacity to beat the Americans in the Vietnam War. Charles has that. He can suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer and still get through it and still survive and even turn it. He is now running Tihar jail just as he ended up running all the other jails.

From talking to Charles you come away with very complicated emotions. I mean he's obviously a monstrous man. He's a man who's confessed to killing and torturing people that I would identify with and yet he's a man who was born in such incredible circumstances of disharmony and lack of justice and survived through that and seems to be unstoppable.

Yet while I was actually in Delhi talking to him every day and being with him in an intimate situation and watching him operate, I couldn't help but admire the way he turned every situation to his own advantage. Not admire because I wanted to emulate but admire because under his own terms he certainly was impressive.

Do you ever feel worried because you are now part of his life. You've been involved with him and he knows you. Presumably he will get out at some stage.

That's a really fascinating question and nobody else has asked that.

The thing is it sounds all very trendy. It's not. We've had a lot of problems with this book. It's really been an absolute grind. It was two years in all, the research and the writing. Nobody wanted us to do the book like this. We were supposed to do a quickie book in three months, a kind of ghost-written biography. It's been an absolute nightmare.

But at least it's kind of taking off and the movie rights are now on their way. Roman Polanski was asked to direct the film and he said he would love to do it but he made one condition. Charles Sobhraj should no longer be alive. Especially after what Polanski's been through, he didn't want Sobhraj around.

Obviously our lives are entwined. I think that during the book both of us woke up with nightmares through it. I was thinking last night that I often wake up with a terrible feeling of guilt. I had a dream that they were looking for a body, that I'd killed the body. Somehow even dreams get intertwined. Although he says he has no remorse, I think I did get some of his unconscious remorse.

I think it's a problem having had such an intimate relationship with Charles. The way I've coped with it, which will sound very callous, is that it was predicated on a professional assignment.

■ Continues over

So what have you been doing since then?

Just for this year I have agreed to work on Australian TV with the Mike Walsh Show which is one-and-a-half hours of live television a day. I just sort of wander in once a week and yap yap yap about something that I think's going on in Australian society.

You met Bob Geldof, didn't you? How did someone like you get on with someone like him?

Geldof and I disagree about many things but the experience of the '60s had touched him very deeply. He's somebody who certainly would be completely embarrassed about that and his whole stance is to ridicule the period, and yet, as a person that's come out of it, I think that he's a whole act — even his appearance, his stance and what he sings about. He is singing about the boredom and vacuousness of most of modern life and that touches a chord that I felt responsive to.

The generation gap was a great big feature of the Oz trial, not that Geldof would know that. He was very funny, talked about how he thought the generation gap was wonderful and that the more it's apart the better and that his worst memory was his father trying to do the Shake. Also Bob's anti-Americanism I thought was quite amusing.

I certainly think one's got to avoid in life buying cultural values off racks. The hippies one year now its punk, now its new wave. I think you each have your own private, idiosyncratic taste. If I ever thought I was going to end up listening to opera when I was editing *Oz* I would have said "Shoot me, take me out, I'm finished..." In fact I listen to a lot of opera now, I really like it. Certainly Mahler and Wagner would be among my favourite musicians but also I get very excited by Chrissie Hynde. I like people you're not even supposed to like, even bland old Billy Joel. I'm just saying I think you don't get atrophied, do you?

I'm just interested in how the events of '68 have been reduced to a cypher — boring old hippies. There has never been...

Such a confrontation with social values. I don't get the feeling that everyone says that the '60s were just a lot of boring old hippies. I mean that may be a characteristic of *NME* readership.

Listen, if your big brother and sister was a hippie when you were four or five, when you grew up and became a teenager, what would you think. You'd think boring old hippies, wouldn't you. That is certainly an aspect of generational impatience. But that's a very narrow perspective for looking at the '60s. Quite

Richard Neville

From previous page

regardless of whether your big brother or sister happened to take a lot of acid and drone on boringly about Woodstock, god I completely understand.

If you step back and look at in sociological terms, already it can be seen as one of the golden ages of this century. The '20s and the '60s. Where are we going now? I mean, fuck, the '70s were completely dreadful and the belt began to tighten. Two million people out of work and people are now comparing it to the depression.

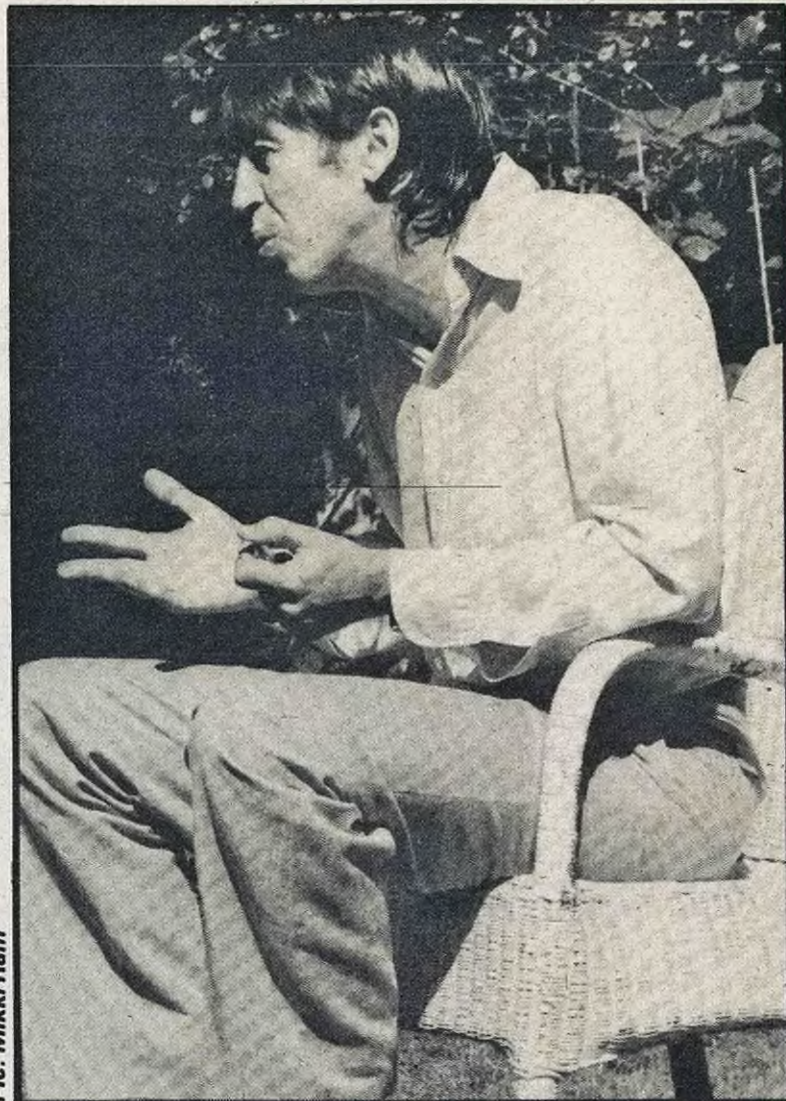
It's going to be considered as a golden era by historians because of the financial shrinkage that's taken place, just on economic terms. Then we add to that the cultural excitement of that era. I mean people bore me silly about Bloomsbury and the Yellow Books. Maybe Geldof's fans would think the '60s were boring but I'm telling you the Boomtown bloody Rats wouldn't have existed if it hadn't been for what happened in the '60s. They are children of that period, even if rebellious children.

In terms of fashions, in terms of theatre, just go and see a play like *Bent* or *Sweeney Todd*. I think it just pulled back horizons in a sartorial sense, in a music sense, certainly in attitudes to hedonism. The English were very afraid to enjoy themselves before the '60s, now they're not. *Oz* still gets criticised for trying to make a connection between black and white people, trying not just to talk endlessly about making laws to outlaw racism but to mingle a little bit, at parties, just do it. I think that the '60s will be seen to be very important in that respect.

What do you now consider are the important issues?

I think that any humane, civilised person is obviously going to involve themselves — even if from the position of an armchair intellectual — with the ecology / nuclear energy issues but I think the greatest problem for people is to invent a kind of politics that copes with that and with the relative failure of socialism. That just has to be faced up to.

The old socialism versus capitalism debate is pretty bankrupt and there's going to have to be a sort of politics invented to transcend that. It sounds like a kind of Situationist postcard but somehow it's got to involve anarchic tendencies, a general feeling of anti-authoritarianism, and it's got to cope with certain mystical impulses. You've got to wed that together to some extent. And there are people working in these areas. There are some very fine socialist-minded people that are quite aware that



Pic: Mikki Rain

the revolution is not going to be made by reading *New Left Review* or voting Labour or sitting in rooms with Trotskyites.

What do you feel about marijuana these days? You were busted for it and it was a central part of the Oz philosophy.

The central part was the freedom to use anything. If something turned you on and you felt that it affected your mind in a way that suited your needs at the time, then you should be allowed to do it, legally and morally. I still feel that obviously, nothing has changed. If you're asking me about my personal use of the drugs, certainly that has gone through changes. I'm much less an habitual user of the drug now.

When I first came to this country there was a full-page advertisement in the *Times* signed by two MPs and all sorts of celebrities called for the legalisation. It's still not legalised. I don't think it's the most important issue in the world, I don't think I'd lose a lot of sleep over it, but it does show the incredible sloth with which the legislative reform moves. Obviously no-one should ever be busted or put in jail for smoking dope, completely ridiculous.

So what's your future plans and what is happening to Sobhraj.

Since I've been in England I've filmed just two people; Clive James at Earls Court Station and yesterday I spoke to Barbara Cartland, which shows the kind of broad spectrum of cultural areas that I'm interested in. She got very annoyed with me I might say. She told me to stop talking so much, that she was the star.

As far as Charles Sobhraj is concerned, our book is the case against him. This is another irony, Neville as a cop. All the weeding together of the evidence, both from his mouth or from police records or from talking to the victims who survived, was done by us. The latest news is that all those people that were arrested with him in Delhi are now out of jail.

A couple of prisoners were beaten up by him a few weeks ago. In other words he's running Tihar jail. In fact in one of his last letters to me, he said he wanted to congratulate himself because this time he would escape from jail by legal means. There is no extradition treaty between India and Thailand, which is where the five murders were committed. So let's say that his legal future is looking full of holes, so he could conceivably, some time in the next twenty years, be out scot free.

Do you see any strong parallels between Charles Sobhraj and Charlie Manson?

There are obviously some but there's none of that messianic hippie, Beatle-record-listening-to weirdness that Manson had. Manson used to meet women on street corners, fill them up full of acid, start to fuck them, tell them that their father was fucking them, play all sorts of psycho games. Charles was much more subtle, urbane and less obviously fucked up, and is not so much interested in having a whole commune of people. Charles is a loner. I think the parallels are very few except that he is young and charismatic, male, with a lot of accomplices both male and female around him.

One strong element in both stories though is how jails turned out to be their universities. That's where they both got their PhD in criminology. Charles' story comes out as a testimony of the failure of the prison system to do anything other than produce Charles Sobhraj. The final sting in the tail of all that is we may not agree with capital punishment but what do you do with a person like Charles? It does put that dilemma right back onto our doorstep. Would you want him knocking on your back door? I wouldn't.

What do you think are the implications of making a big movie about such a man?

One of the reasons I've stressed that our book was the case against Sobhraj was because I'd been asked often "Are we glorifying a criminal?", which to me is ridiculous. Are you glorifying Adolf Hitler because you're writing a book about him? I think that to decide not to tell a story because one individual may get an ego benefit out of it is ridiculous. It must be told and I think the book does tell it. There are not many in-depth portraits of a murderer of the calibre of Sobhraj. I think that's why the book has now been set as a text book in criminology classes and psychology classes.

This is a story that has incredible relevance because we're all part of that story. We're all part of the Vietnam War and of cultural and family dislocation. The events of history sweep through that book just as they sweep through our lives.

On top of all this Sobhraj is still alive. It's a story about the complete failure of law and order internationally, a complete indictment of the police forces from Interpol to every Asian police force you can imagine. A lot of the critical consciousness that *Oz* had, I think that this book has, because of the story it tells.

In the end it's an insight, the portrait of the making of a monster.

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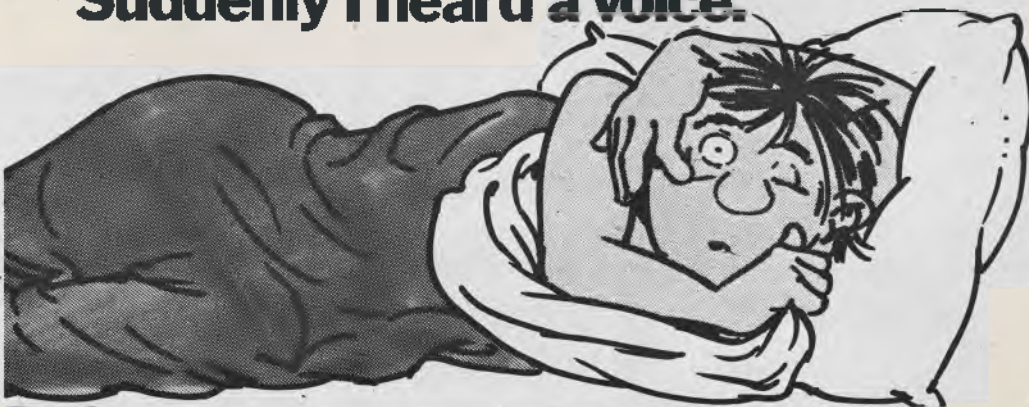
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**Three postmen had just delivered
my fan mail for the day.
A group of slender but determined
blondes were trying to get into my
bedroom. (Fortunately the door was
locked.)
Suddenly I heard a voice.**



As the grey light of day crept up
over the rooftops, it found me in my very
favourite place.

Bed.

I was idling the morning away with
one of my favourite fantasies, while
half listening to Radio One. Suddenly the

strains of heavy metal gave way to the
voice of Dave Lee Travis.

Now, I've not got anything (much)
against DLT.

But when you've just been offered
the lead in a new punk movie, it's a bit
much to have DLT remind you that you're

really an unemployed teenager with a
pimple problem.

I almost switched off.

Fortunately, I was too tired to reach
out for the off button. 'Cos what DLT
was on about was this "Action Special"
booklet, all about how us school-leavers—
girls as well as blokes—could get our
first job.

Like how to write letters to bosses,
how to pass for human at interviews and
lots of useful stuff like that.

Say no more squire. I immediately
cancelled lunch with my press agent and
sent off for my booklet.

A mere three weeks later yours
truly is earning £15,000 a week as the
new drummer for Britain's number one
rock group. Thanks to DLT's "Action
Special" booklet!

A note from his mother.

"Actually he got a job as a plumber's
mate and he loves it. Well, he's earning a
lot more than he got on the dole..."

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"Yes yes y'all, you don't stop
Just keep on, that body rock. . ."

BLOW BY BLOW

IT'S A SYMPTOM of the cultural gulf that separates black and white in America, as well as of the diversity that makes New York the great anti-melting pot it is, that rappers music could have been fermenting in the clubs of Harlem since 1972 without anyone south of 96th Street being aware of it till barely a year ago.

Last fall, two records launched rappers music from its underground hiding-place. First came 'King Tim II' by King Tim And The Fatback Band, but more important in terms of exposure was The Sugarhill Gang's 'Rapper's Delight'.

Its rhythm track, with its familiar walking-bass line, was lifted from Chic's 'Good Times', which had been the summer song of '79. But it was overlaid with a line of fast-talking jive, funny and totally out to lunch, the likes of which most of the pop audience had never heard.

Three rappers alternated a rhythmic patter mostly of boasts about how tall and good-looking they were, how sharp they dressed, and how all the "fly girls" would love to ride around with them in their "death O.J." (slick car).

It was cool, captivating nonsense that captured the bravado, swing and sass of street-corner jive, backed with a rhythm guaranteed to make people grab for it.

'Rapper's Delight' went to No. 9 on the American charts, and opened the gates to a flood of independently produced small-label rap records, all 12" singles. 'Supper Rappin' by Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five on the Enjoy label was one of the best. Spoony Gee's 'Spoonin Rap', 'Rappin And Rockin The House' by The Funky Four Plus One and 'Freedom' by Grandmaster Flash are well worth looking into.

But the record that brought rapping to the masses was 'The Breaks' by Kurtis Blow. All summer and on into autumn, 'The Breaks' has been the sound that is blaring out of every portable 'box' hoisted on the shoulders of thousands of inner city teenagers.

Before 'The Breaks', rap music was a cult. Its followers were called B-Boys, standing for 'Bronx-Boy' or 'Beat-Boy', depending on who you ask. You recognize them by their peaked, striped caps worn to one side, rolled up trousers, sneakers, and most of all by their attitude: the funky, defiant way a B-Boy has of walking down the street, bopping to the sounds of his box.

After 'The Breaks', rapping turned from a cult into the reigning obsession of black kids in New York. In Harlem and the South Bronx, kids started carting turntables, mixers and speakers into local parks and housing project courtyards, holding impromptu contests to see who was the baddest rapper on the block. They would often break into street lamps and tap into the public power

MY STORY — BY KURTIS BLOW

As rapped to Richard Grabel

Mean man Kurtis fights his way out of a paper bag. Pic: Joe Stevens.

lines to power their sound systems. 'The Breaks' is one of the few rap records to be released by a major label, in this case Mercury.

But it was not promotion that caught the ears of the B-Boys. Blow and his producers, J.B. Moore and Robert Ford Jr., put together one of the hardest, most compelling rhythm tracks heard on a rap record. The lyrics, written by all three, go beyond the usual rap record stock phrases into storytelling and a wry cataloguing of life's hard knocks.

Rappers don't go into the studio and let the lyrics pop out of their heads; but the trick is to sound like that's what you're doing. Blow's delivery is at once smooth, funny

and wise. And he already had a following built over years of rapping in Harlem clubs. It was bound to hit.

MEET Kurtis Blow for an interview at his record company, one of those typical sit-in-an-office-and-talk jobs. At least his affiliation with a major label meant I could find him. Attempts to get hold of the likes of Spoony Gee and Grandmaster Flash through calls to their distributors proved futile, and these current rapping stars seem to have removed themselves from the club circuit.

Blow, just turned 21 and born and raised in Harlem, broke into music as

a D.J. at the City College radio station. His first club gig was at Charles' Gallery on 125th in '76. He kept moving from club to club, building a following, until Moore and Ford walked in one night with the classic "Hey kid, you want to make a record" line.

I ask Blow who was the first rapper he knows about.

"Jocko. Jocko used to do it in the '50s, on that black AM radio station. He used to do commercials like, 'What's the word? Thunderbird. What's the price? Thirty twice. Who drinks the most? Us coloured folks.' Then it died out. Pete 'D.J.' Jones was the earliest rapping D.J. I can remember in my time, doing it in the

clubs, back in '72. I came to hear him and just went crazy. The way he mixed, the way he rapped, just amazed me. And the great sound system, the way you'd feel it.

"I've been rapping since I started D.J.'ing. As far as the ghetto, the black discos, were concerned, you couldn't be a D.J. if you didn't rap. That's been true since about '72. Back then the raps were mostly just people boasting about themselves. Then it evolved into the coordination and rhythm type things that people do now."

Yet in the rest of the disco world rapping was virtually unknown.

"That's because of the mentality of the D.J.'s who play there. It also goes by age. Almost definitely, any young kid in Harlem or the Bronx or Queens, loves it, but the older people rejected it."

Before the rap records appeared, fans would tape their favourite D.J.'s in clubs, and a tape collecting and trading scene developed early on.

"Definitely, you could always hear the top rappers on tapes, you could walk around the streets of Harlem and hear it. That familiar voice of someone's box walking down the street."

"Pete D.J. Jones was the first one everybody taped. Then Hollywood, then Eddie Cheeba, D.J. Starsky, Grandmaster Flash, me."

"King Tim And The Fatback Band was the first to get it down on record. They played the Apollo one night when Hollywood was doing his rap, and they heard him tear the house down. That first record they did sounds a lot like Hollywood's rap."

The parallels between the rapping scene and reggae toasters are obvious and numerous. Both began as part of a ganga-smoking youth culture, the techniques are similar, and both have encouraged a do-it-yourself technology of makeshift sound systems.

But Blow maintains that the Jamaican scene was not an influence.

"Not at all, I don't think so. There's not that much communication from here to there. As far as people in Harlem and the kids over in London or in Jamaica, no, I definitely doubt it."

So what makes a great rapper? What do the kids in the parks go by when they judge their battles?

"It's how fast, how clever your rhymes are, how creative they are, and how good your rhythm is. That makes the most difference, how good your rhythm is."

Rappers music has so far been a singles phenomenon. Blow will be coming out with an album soon, and it remains to be seen whether he and his team can sustain the spirit over an album's length.

But whether the rappers turn out to be a brief spark or a long-lived genre is beside the point. They have already brought sass, sex and street-smarts in huge quantities to present-day R&B funk. They have inspired a lot of youngsters to work on their voice.

Yes, yes, you don't stop.



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KUBRICK'S CRAZY DIAMOND

Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall star in *The Shining*, Stanley Kubrick's first film in four years. And a right rum do it is, too. Angus MacKinnon dons crucifix and investigates the evil lurking in the Overlook Hotel.

ONLY A SLUG, a snail or an arrant fool would call Stanley Kubrick prolific. *The Shining* is his first film since 1976's cruelly underrated *Barry Lyndon* and only his fifth since 1963. The director's painstaking attention to detail is apparently only rivalled by his obsessive perfectionism, and both have assumed almost mythical proportions over the years. Already rumours abound that he insisted on anything up to a hundred takes of some scenes in *The Shining*. Some call Kubrick "demanding"; others call him a dictator.

Whichever, Kubrick's ends have a satisfying habit of justifying his means. Three of the films he has made since moving to England from America in 1961 have achieved an extraordinary significance and/or notoriety: *Dr Strangelove*, *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *A Clockwork Orange* have all dug themselves deep into popular social and cultural consciousness.

Kubrick seems reluctant or just unwilling to stem the tide of controversy about his work — I don't think he's given an interview since he talked to *Playboy* in 1973 — and his motivations remain as enigmatic as he does himself. So why did he decide to make *The Shining*, which is (very) loosely based on Stephen King's pulp best-seller? Simply because, as has been suggested elsewhere, he wanted to prove he

could make a horror film that would tower over others in the genre just as *2001* has cast its long and lugubrious shadow over so much recent science fiction cinema?

I doubt it. Kubrick is not a man to lead from behind and besides, to adopt such a glib view of *The Shining* is to pass it on porcelain to Kubrick's detractors, who're as numerous as they're vociferous. To compare *The Shining* with all the *Exorcists* and *Omens* is, I think, to miss its point by several miles. If there's any recurrent theme in Kubrick's work, it's his sometimes mordantly fatalistic view of humanity, one that harps intransigently on our failings, frailty and blank incomprehension of the world and the universe at large.

Such pessimism has taken its toll and occasionally thrust Kubrick down the darkest of philosophical blind allies. It certainly led him a merry dance in *2001* as he struggled to imply that mankind's intelligence was literally a gift from alien 'gods' and that our only hope for survival lay in an astronaut's returning to earth reborn as a superbeing with powers of life and death over the planet. (Roll over Messrs Nietzsche and Von Daniken and tell us your views.)

CONSIDER *The Shining*. If Kubrick has really wanted to make some sort of super-*Omen*, he would have filmed King's book as written; it has all the trappings of a real horrorshow. But he didn't, and instead he and fellow screenwriter novelist Diane Johnson have stripped the book down to its skeleton, effectively rewriting it in the process. In King's view it's the rising flood of supernatural evil that eventually overtakes his characters. In Kubrick's it's more their own psychological vulnerability that threatens to destroy them.

At its simplest — and even that's damnably complicated — the film

Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*: "Wham! Ham! Thankyou, Stan!"

blurs the dividing lines between the natural and supernatural, between normality and nightmare. Take the spooks that congregate on the screen like extras from *The Great Gatsby* — are they real or illusory, the products of feverish human imaginations? It's almost impossible to say.

There be problems here though. *The Shining* has lost some 20 minutes or more since it opened in America, and these cuts may well explain some of the film's more worrying inconsistencies. Given its new, abridged form, Kubrick's decision to replace King's quaintly moralistic conclusion with a single image that presumes a close acquaintance with the book lays him open to charges of wilful obscurantism.

Alternatively, if the film's inconsistencies and all their attendant ambiguities are in fact intentional devices to encourage a sense of brooding ineffability, then Kubrick has deceived himself. If, like dear old Conan Doyle, he chose to write his story from A to Z and then remove, say, the letters F, K, Q, T and Y, he's simply removed the wrong letters. There are many too many questions about narrative, character development and overall structure that just go begging here, and their net effect is more confusing than bemusing.

Nonetheless *The Shining* holds its suspense surprisingly well. A few minutes into the film and we think we know the score. Jack Torrance (Jack Nicholson), his wife Wendy (Shelley Duvall) and son Danny (Danny Lloyd) arrive at the isolated Overlook Hotel on closing day. Jack has been given the job of caretaking the place through the off-season winter months. The family will soon be snowed in, their only contacts with the outside world a CB radio and a Snowcat crawler. Happy Jack reckons they can stand the strain and shrugs at the manager's account of how a previous caretaker has wiggled out, redistributing his two daughters and wife around the West Wing with an axe before shooting himself in the head.

Matters are complicated by the fact that young Danny is a precognitive psychic, or, as the hotel's similarly gifted cook (the genial Scatman Crothers) puts it, has "the shining". In fact the kid's fairly shorting with psychic energy and it's not long before he starts 'seeing' things much better left unseen as he begins to stir the hotel's memories. Even Jack, a tetchy but straightforward sort, finds a little of the shine rubbing off on him.

More than that you needn't know. The name of Kubrick's game here is

atmosphere. The film begins magisterially enough. Lights down, eyes up and you're flying low across a lake in the Colorado Rockies, veering away from a small island in the nick of time, sweeping up over the pine-rimmed mountainside and then, like some bird of prey, stooping down again to follow Jack's yellow VW Beetle as it putters laboriously along the road below. Some two hours later your field of vision has been reduced to the snow-gutted confines of a huge garden maze, this an image Kubrick exploits relentlessly and to excellent effect. *The Shining* telescopes in upon itself inexorably.

Brightly lit (nothing here happens in the dark), the hotel interiors only accelerate the clampdown. The Overlook is a rambling but oppressive pile, a grating mishmash of Frontier Gothic and Art Deco. Its suites and carpets are colour-coded with the frightful garishness typical of such establishments. Their sickening collisions of green with purple and yellow with red and brown — so autumnal, my dears — soon become an infernal rainbow echo of the gathering psychic storm.

If anything in *The Shining* vestigially represents King's notion of a separate, gloating supernatural presence, it's Kubrick's camera as it tracks inquisitively through the hotel, a beady-eyed 'thing' surveying its domain. Kubrick's compositional sense has rarely seemed so classical, so shockingly and inhumanly omniscient or, as we follow Danny's trike at ground level down labyrinthine corridors, so fretfully expectant.

Unlike his father, Danny can't sort or subvert the psychic flashes he receives, a frustration Danny Lloyd conveys only too plausibly. The boy may be the multiplier, but it's Jack's face that calculates the mounting sum total of this gruesome equation as it shifts from relaxed, clean-shaven mobility to strained, stubbled mask of malevolence. Nicholson clearly relished the part as an ex-alcoholic and failed writer who has to fight for his sanity. He hedges frantically between ham and bone, especially over the script's calls for blacker than black comedy, but somehow succeeds in extracting a desperate pathos from it all. Duvall's portrait of a well-meaning but sometimes infuriatingly simple-minded wife gradually reduced to gibbering hysteria is just as telling.

To paraphrase something Brian De Palma once said about Alfred Hitchcock, Kubrick offers us an extraordinarily controlled grammar and an incredibly rich vocabulary. God knows how many moments

there are in *The Shining* that are minor masterpieces of filmic theory and practice. The way Kubrick has used his score of music by modern classical composers Bartok, Ligeti and Penderecki is in itself worth a thesis or three. The percussive crashings and sawings of Penderecki's work are startling enough, but to hear them meticulously synchronised to events here is infinitely more so. (Splitting musical hairs: a) Penderecki is a devout Polish Roman Catholic — I wonder how he'd react to hearing his work used in this context and b) Wendy Carlos and Rachel Elkind's introductory electronic fanfare is actually 'The Witches' Sabbath' from Berlioz' 'Symphonie Fantastique' — why isn't it credited as such?)

But some will still object that Kubrick's concern with style ignores content altogether and conceals a gaping emotional emptiness in his work. Well, chilly for them and bully for those of us who prefer to see in Kubrick's films a repeated attempt to wrestle with that most curious beast, the human condition.

DESPITE its pretensions, King's *Shining* is an agreeably compelling but fundamentally banal tale of what amounts to demonic possession. Despite its manifold flaws, Kubrick's is a truly terrifying exercise in prescribing the limits of human tolerance. Quite conceivably, it's Kubrick's apparent indifference that paradoxically allows him to cut so close to this quick. You could even say that the mantle of 'objectivity' he throws over so much of his work is no more than a very necessary act of self-defence.

Just as he's interested in the mechanics of film-making — his use of special Zeiss lenses to shoot candlelit interiors in *Barry Lyndon* was typically innovative — so Kubrick involves himself, and us, with the minutiae of human interaction. The real 'horror' in Kubrick's film is not the Overlook Hotel or whatever lurks there, but the terminal disintegration of Jack and Wendy's marriage — and what's perhaps the film's most horrifying scene occurs when Wendy, who's forced against herself to affect an interest in her husband's creative aspirations, finally finds out just what it is he's been typing so furiously.

Arriving as it does trailing uncharacteristic loose ends and rough edges, *The Shining* is another remarkable film from a remarkable film-maker. Shine on, Mr Kubrick, you crazy diamond.



Shelley Duvall: "Aaaaarrrghh!"

Exactly what does Simon say?

Simon

Directed by Marshall Brickman
Starring Alan Arkin, Madeline Kahn (Warner Bros)

ONE THIRD of all Americans are born-again Christians, a recent survey tells us. Countless more millions belong to one of the cults that are the speciality of the dangerously unstable West Coast.

Is it shallow to knock the trend as pop fadism? Does European rationalism really end in one giant Guyanaian suicide, the baying of lunatic messiahs egging us on to our final peace? I don't mean to be light-headed about this, since anyone with a brain, a heart or a soul must feel



Judging by Alan Arkin's expression, not a lot

the building up of uneasy tensions, but what in God's name is going on?

Marshall Brickman would also like to know. He

attempts to describe the phenomenon in easy-to-read metaphorical rhyme so that maybe he and we can better understand it. The problem

with Brickman, though, is his extreme cleverness. Neil Simon (no relation to the film) is another of the same New York camp and even (howls of deranged protest) Brickman's frequent collaborator, Woody Allen, who also fixates on the petty failings of petit pop culture as though these were the world's worst troubles.

Allen's people go mad because they feel culturally low. Unsophisticated. Who cares! Brickman's go to God because they can't stand the glamourised trash. His cult members, as well as Alan Arkin's Simon himself, are ground down by it. Muzak in lifts. TV Guide. The paper sealants on motel toilet bowls.

Brickman — also co-scriptwriter — makes plenty of hee haws on these subjects and seems to see such excrement as a cause of the turning away to God of the American people. Couldn't it be more than that? For instance, the breakdown of far firmer assumptions.

He also blames science. He

shows us what happens in a state-funded Institute For Advanced Concepts when its resident geniuses depart from their brief "to save the world" and decide to "get into more interesting stuff." This lot are interested mostly in the concept of their own brilliance and will pull every available stunt to enhance it. Fixing the Nielsen TV ratings. Substituting the real Nixon for an unreal Nixon.

It is when New England philosopher Simon Mendelssohn falls under their devious influence that the metaphor begins to complete itself. Simon is made to believe he has been begat by a spaceship and is in fact not man but machine. Some kind of a toaster. The idea is to test the reaction to such an announcement. Will people panic? Will they jump up crying "God!"? Will they not believe?

In fact nothing very much at all happens until Simon's ego begins to grow by perceptible yards and he starts mouthing off like Jim Jones meets The

Maresh Yogi. It's then that America sits bolt upright and the geniuses at the concepts lab realise they've dropped a conceptual big one. He is out of control.

So far so good. Science without motive creates monsters. Creates The Bomb and the turning away by the Guyana suicides.

Any more said and I shall spoil Brickman's philosophic punchline which argues that the surest way for a wife to snap a man out of his divine folly is to present him with a belly full of child. "Look, I'm pregnant". And he says, "Gee, in that case I must be normal."

But look, I've said nothing about the gloomy, wasted texture of the piece. About the vacuity of even the cleverest wittiest lines. Or about the utter tiredness visible in the faces of several of the performers, especially Alan Arkin.

But then these are tiring times for the rational mind. Andrew Tyler

ALMOST OVERLOOKED



Terrorist chic in The Third Generation

The Third Generation
Starring Volker Spengler, Hanna Schygulla, Bulle Ogier, Eddie Constantine and Udo Kier
In A Year With 13

Moons
Starring Volker Spengler, Ingrid Caven and Gottfried John
Both written, photographed and directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder (Cinegate)

IF YOU'RE expecting more formal Fassbinder in the terse, dramatic style of his two international bestsellers *Maria Braun* and *Despair*, forget it. These two 1979 movies are a glorious throwback to his more messy — structurally speaking — confusing tragi-comedies of an earlier period, circa *Satan's Brew* and *Why Does Herr R Run Amok?*

The Third Generation neatly sidesteps a serious analysis of German terrorism in favour of a rambling comedy of middle class mores. This is Berlin, 1979. Front line extremists like RAF and June 2 Movement are either dead or imprisoned; consequently, this particular generation consists of wealthy dillitantes playing a game that's far more dangerous than they think. Because hovering in the background, deftly manoeuvring them into actions they're reluctant to take is the State, personified by devious police officer Gerhard Gast (Hark Bohm, incisively playing him as a cross between film noir detective and hackneyed gestapo agent).

Volker Spengler, great as the sly, dishonest gang leader, is excellent as Elvira, the transsexual protagonist of *In A Year With 13 Moons*. She took the operation some years ago, almost on a whim to please her homosexual lover, who subsequently deserts her. But the film picks up when she's spurned by her latest beau Christopher and follows her disintegration through to her suicide. Written after Fassbinder's own lover had killed himself, *13 Moons* is a tawdry and heated as you'd expect from the German director at his most personal. It's as raw as Elvira's tragic life, and it's deeply moving.

Chris Bohn

Inferno

Directed by Dario Argento
Starring Leigh McCloskey and Irene Miracle
(20th Century Fox)

THE ARGENTO clan (writer/director Dario and producer Claudio) gave audiences one of the most stylish wham-bam-grand-Guignol-slam murders ever to kick off a horror film in *Suspiria*. That film's mixture of thunderstorms, Art Deco, candy-coloured lighting and David Hamilton cuties (the scenario was arbitrarily set in a ballet academy to facilitate the casting) balanced out nicely against a truly inventive array of can-you-stay-the-course-or-will-you-toss-your-cookies thrills. The package was improved by a splendid cheapo-cheapo score of orchestrated sighs and Swingle-style singing by 'The Goblins'. If you're looking for the same from *Inferno*, better remember Dante's advice and abandon all hope before you hit the foyer. If you like nice Italian girls in wet shirts and you're prepared to suffer for it, a maybe. If you like anything else, forget it.

Cynthia Rose

BOX OFFICE

London

1. *Dressed To Kill* (Directed by Brian De Palma)
2. *Brubaker* (Stuart Rosenberg)
3. *Airplane!* (Jim Abrahams, David and Jerry Zucker)
4. *Special Edition Of Close Encounters* (Steven Spielberg)
5. *Cruising* (William Friedkin)

Regions

1. *McVicar* (Tom Clegg)
2. *Friday The 13th* (Sean S Cunningham)
3. *Breaking Glass* (Brian Gibson)
4. *Quadrophonia* (Franc Roddam) / *Scum* (Alan Clarke)
5. *Cruising* (William Friedkin) (Screen International)

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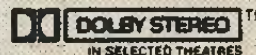
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NORTHERN IRELAND



WAR GAMES
Right: Stiff Little Fingers' first publicity shot, taken between the Catholic Falls Road and the Protestant Shankill Road. They took a taxi there.

INDOOR GAMES
Below: Rudi on home turf — the Harp Bar pool table. L-R: Ronnie Matthews, Brian Young, Graham Marshall. Pic: Alastair Graham.



TOURISTS
Left: The Clash visit Belfast. The gig was cancelled, but they found time for some holiday snaps and a Melody Maker front cover. Pic: Adrian Boot.

NATIVES
Below: Ruefex strike typical glam pose outside Belfast City Hall. L-R: Jackie Forgie, Alan Clarke, Paul Burgess, Tom Coulter. Pic: Kurt Savage.

THE FANTASY



AND THE REALITY

Gavin Martin has been NME's Belfast correspondent for the past three years. When, earlier this year, he announced his intention of moving to London, we asked him to give us an account of rock amid the rubble. This is his story.

PRE-1977 and as far as Belfast is concerned music is as dead as a dodo. Local groups are little more than quaint antiquities headbanging their way through the cosmos each Saturday afternoon in the reactionary confines of the Pound Music Club.

Every year audiences are given the uninspiring anaesthetic of Irish messiah Rory Gallagher. The only performer to regularly play Belfast, his concerts are treated as an annual Second Coming. A chance to reaffirm old rites, relics and retardation; it preserves the inertia.

The industry on the English mainland barely gives Belfast a second glance, running scared from the barrier created by the Irish Sea and fearful of the city's strife and savage inner turmoil. The north of Ireland is strictly no-go, daddyo.

No one really wanted to know about this place. Local record shops didn't supply returns for the national chart and the home-based promoters were solid business men afraid to take risks.

"We can only hope that some groups will act now and try to salvage us from the noise of the bomb. They will hear if they have not heard of our plight, then there will be no excuse for avoiding this place. We can't let it go at that, we must keep up the pressure and force a reaction. Surely now action must be taken to make music work in Belfast on a more permanent basis. It is not a big demand to make."

— From the 'Music For Belfast' information sheet, 1975.

What it all meant was the micks remained Hicks from the sticks.

ONE HAS TO LOOK back to the mid-'60s to find any degree of creativity on the Belfast music scene. Then it had revolved around venues like Sammy Houston's Jazz Club and the Maritime, featuring local groups like Van Morrison's Them and The Belfast Gipsies. In those days even The Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan found time to put a Belfast date on their tour sheets. It had taken the beat boom of the early '60s to encourage those early day Belfast minstrels. It was to take a much harder struggle to establish the '70s revitalisation.

For the past 11 years people in Northern

Ireland have lived in the dark shadow of terrorist disorder. In terms of geography, history and politics it is a situation unique this side of the equator. Disregarding the rights and wrongs of the political collusions, religious confusions and military confrontations — do you want the five-minute argument or the five-hundred-year one? — one thing's for sure: the ordinary and the innocent (regardless of their mode of worship or political allegiance) are the ones who have had the hardest time of it.

You're bound to have heard all about Belfast as a paranoid's paradise — being searched every time you go into a store, guys with walky-talkies and guns all over the show and people cowering terror-struck when they see an unattended car or a misplaced parcel. Mr Orwell's 1984 floorshow starts here, folks! Madmen and their Lugers! Can't move in the place for bullets!

It's all so much twaddle.

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Certainly there is a very real, frightening amount of barbarism, fear and vendetta in the country and it's unthinkable that anyone should have to live in that kind of situation. But live with it they do — just the way people live with the fear of rape, mugging or police brutality in Chicago, in Soweto or St Paul's. That's not a callous Keith Josephism, it's just being truthful. Like they say, the truth is often hard to take.

The most disgusting thing about Northern Ireland is the acute paucity of alternatives it offers to this existence. As it's an existence warped into shape by the worst unemployment figures, the lowest wages and the worst housing in the UK, it's not unreasonable to suppose that people need a release more than those who live elsewhere. The provisions made for leisure, entertainment and recreational facilities are deplorable.

Perhaps that's why so many kids take to popular sports like vandalism or joy-riding (sometimes with fatal consequences). No doubt it's also why some of them find happiness in a warm gun.

What the Northern Ireland situation amounts to is a lot of young people being used as 'pawns in their game.' Whether that young person be in the British Army, the Provisional IRA or the UVF, chances are they come from one of the most deprived areas in the UK (N.E. England, Scotland or Belfast) and have been thrown in at the deep end of a struggle which does nothing but keep the lowlife fighting amongst themselves.

The politicians are faceless bureaucrats based in England answerable to no-one but a government who would rather spend money on five-minute adverts for their military institutions than try to even approach tackling the problem.

The only good thing to result from the Thatcher administration was a march that united two groups of people — one from the Protestant Shankill Road and the other from the Catholic Falls Road — protesting against the severe cutbacks. These days our powerless local politicians finally seem to be protesting with one voice about the same thing. At last people realise that the problem is social, not sectarian.

The positivity, the productivity, the conversational freshness and cathartic release of rock music could never hope to combat the welter of ideologies and violence which swamp this environment. But it sure as hell provides a release — an essential physical and emotional reflex, the like of which isn't going to be found in King Billy marching bands, holy mass or a political rally.

It's understandable then that young people in Belfast were prepared to fight (literally) for a chance to throw in their suspicions and prejudices with punk rock and all its fantastic connotations when the chance finally presented itself.

THE FIRST TRACES of a punk audience in Ulster came when the sartorially minded donned Sex shop threads in Bangor's Trident Club, a venue name-checked on SLF's 'Alternative Ulster' single.

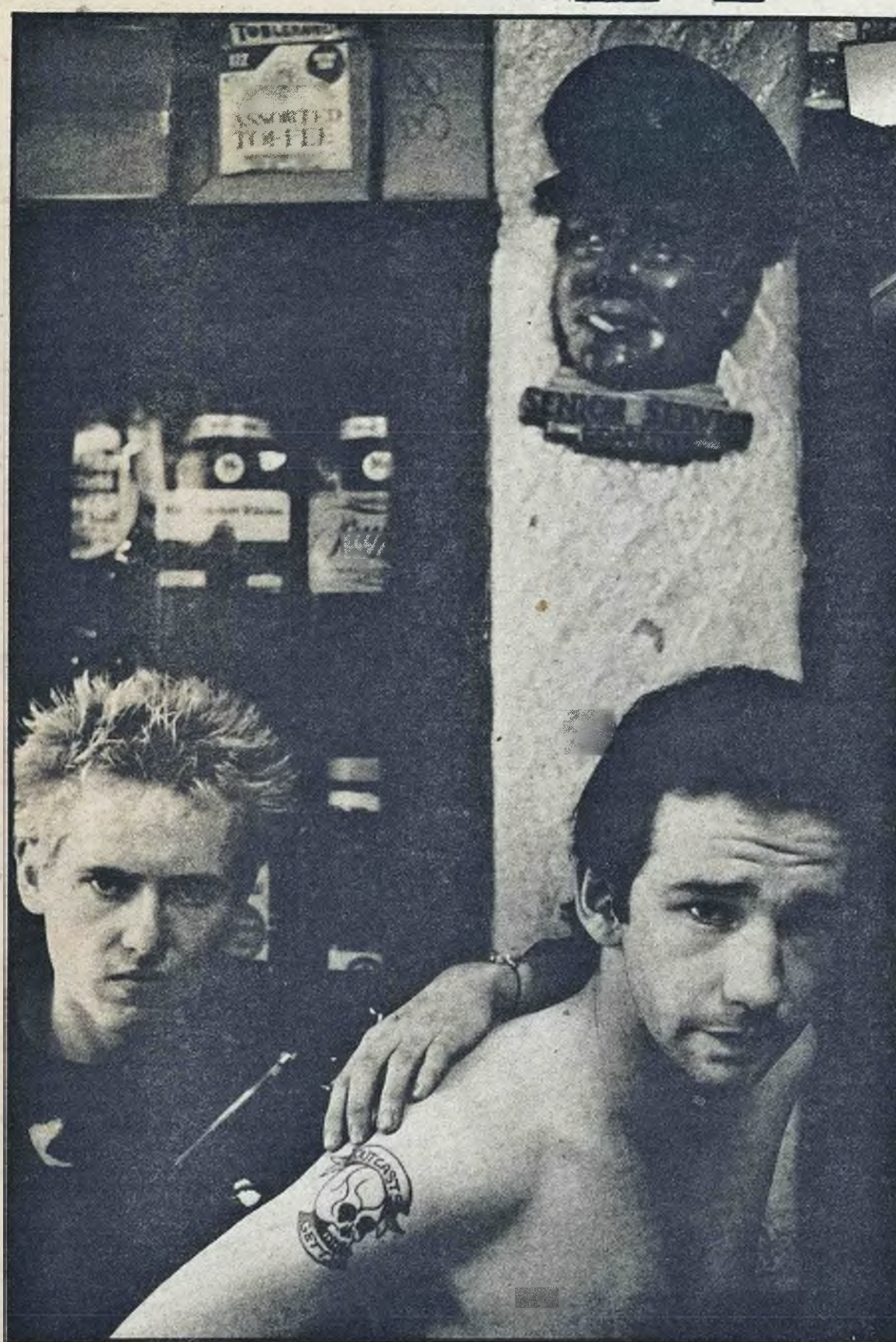
It took the music a little longer to arrive — so long, that being a rock and roll fan in Northern Ireland began to feel like you were waiting for Godot or looking for rosebud. Endless talk about all the excitement across the Irish Sea began to seem like an elaborate con devised by the music press. John Peel and Malcolm McLaren. A combination of wretched insurance/bureaucratic squabbles and all manner of bush-beating kept us on tenterhooks.

Those who wanted to hear some new music rallied together on October 22, 1977, which proved to be a watershed between the inertia of the old and the activity of the new. On that evening The Clash were due to play the Ulster Hall. At seven o'clock about 1000 or so adolescents began to accumulate, providing quite an eye-opener for passing business chappies on their way to the Europa Hotel, which was soon to be under siege. When it was announced that the insurance moguls had withdrawn the venue's cover note at the eleventh hour, this weird looking conglomerate took to blocking the street by way of protest. A mini-riot ensued with the police. By Ulster standards the disturbance was negligible, but it was of a type without precedent.

The Clash went home with some controversial publicity shots and a promise to return after Mick Jones had shed a few tears. Angered, frustrated and determined, Belfast's youth started to burn the boredom of the early '70s and sparked off a reaction which was to produce more music than the place had ever heard. Before The Clash returned at Christmas, dozens of local groups had formed.

Stiff Little Fingers, The Outcasts, Rudi and Ruefex began to emerge, playing makeshift venues like the Glenmachon Hotel in Holywood, Paddy Lamb's Lounge in East Belfast and The Trident in Bangor. These places were hired under the formality of a private (birthday or engagement) party on the insistence of wary proprietors.

They were small, low ceiling'd, bad, smelling places on the outskirts of town where men collect for organisations and you pay your money without arguing. Then all of a sudden these places were packed with punks,



Left: tattoo'd punk boys The Outcasts — bassist/singer Greg Cowan and Getty (guitar/free bubblegum transfer). Above: the Good Vibes store-front, purple gang queue for cabs. Right: da boss, saviour of Ulster rock, etc, etc, Terri Hooley.

several occasions, with the result that police and promoters started calling off gigs for ridiculously obscure reasons. Such measures were at the expense of punters who'd travelled from near and far just looking for harmless weekend fun. Eventually the Glenmachon, the Trident and Paddy Lamb's ceased putting groups on at all, and a new central home was found for punters at the Harp Bar in Belfast's dockland area.

Be thankful for small mercies! At least young people now had a chance to see the odd rock group rather than being stuck in their local bar or wine doss. Big name performers like the Stranglers and The Boomtown Rats started to come over. You could travel into Belfast to see something other than a six-month-old film being hyped as a new release.

It must be said however that concerts in Belfast continue to suffer from an inordinate amount of bad organisation, dubious methods of crowd control and extortionate ticket prices. Local promoters work in a wide variety of fields, and rock and roll is the one they deem worthy of least consideration. At the university speakery, signing-in regulations are a major problem; those sensible enough not to be studying for degrees aren't allowed in.

Ask any group (esp. The Clash or Ian Dury) who've been to Belfast and they'll invariably rave about the audience's enthusiasm. In a place where town transport and the city centre close at 11 o'clock it's often an achievement to see a rock group. Once you get there you feel entitled to yell your guts out for two hours. I certainly did.

BELFAST WAS the place to be! The next big town-thing. John Peel was plugging the city's recorded output like a well-intentioned trojan. 'Inflammable Material' burnt a big hole in the album chart and The Undertones came hot on their heels. Everything punk rock had laid claim to (from acute social deprivation to crude accents) were there in abundance and now they were starting to deliver the goods.

However, by the time John Davis made his film *Shellshock Rock* the form was already outweighing the content and it was becoming obvious that Belfast couldn't live up to the promises people were making on its behalf. Unfortunately too much attention was being paid to the glamourised setting than what it was producing.

The first punk venues were small, low-ceiling'd, bad-smelling places on the outskirts of town where men collect for organisations and you pay your money without arguing . . .

Bar The Undertones (successful outsiders) and SLF (already dealt with on numerous occasions), the best band in the early days was Rudi. A hot bubbly combo, theirs was a simple celebration of rock and roll for what it was worth — drinking, dancing and dating. The first release from Good Vibes was the group's cracking, charging 'Big Time' — the tale of the smart arse who's been told that 'always has the money but never buys the drinks'.

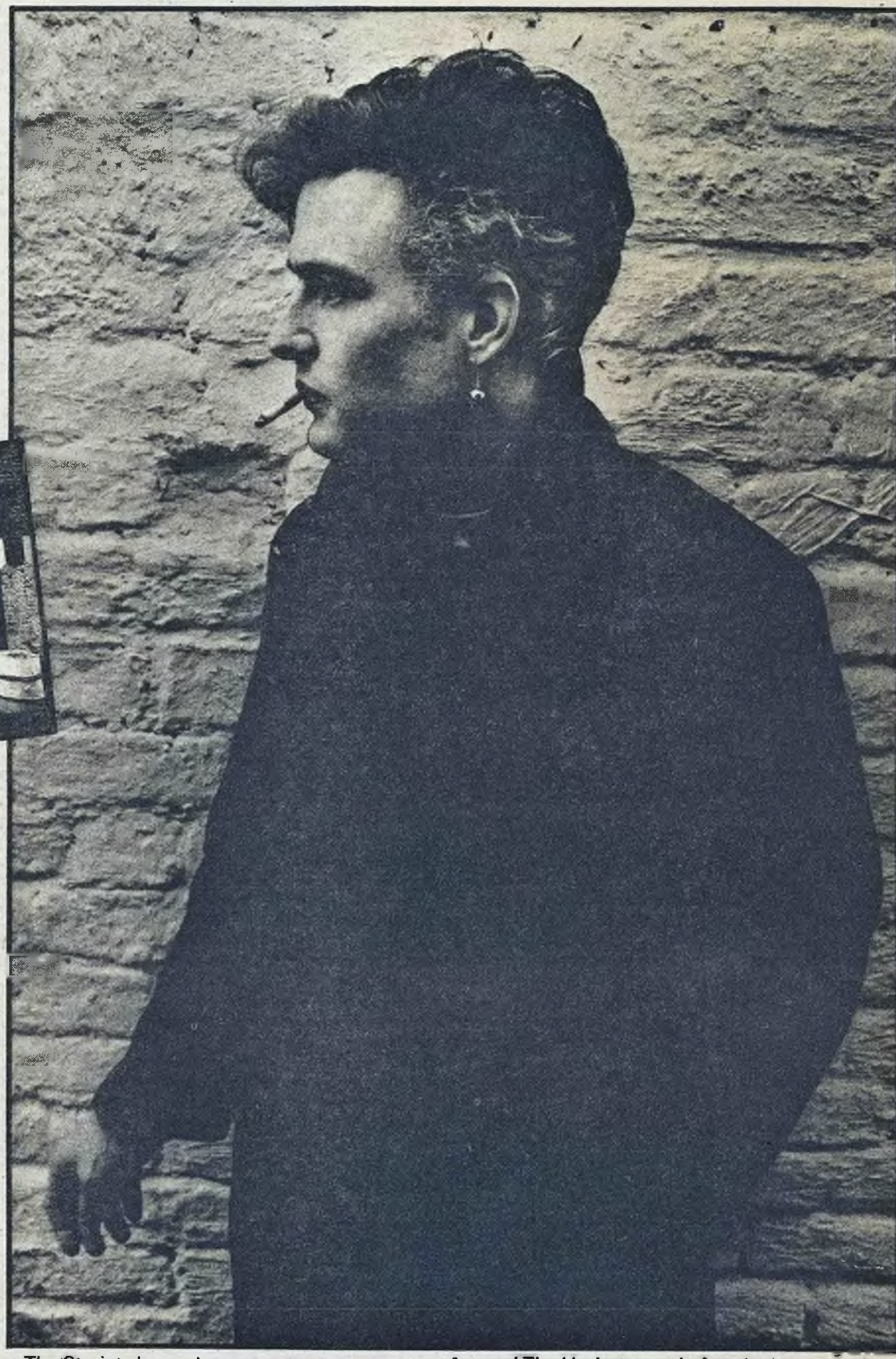
Musically the group have gone from strength to strength, despite their failure to make a national breakthrough. I sometimes think they've been typecast as a set of underdogs in a real life Stardust novel — it's inexplicable why no company picked up on their flashy, colourful potheons after the release of their 'I-Spy' EP last year.

In Belfast they're still very popular, though somewhat in the shadow of The Outcasts. Bass player Gordon Blair left some time ago to play with The Outcasts for a short while and is now rehearsing his own, quite different sort of band. The remaining three-piece — Ronnie Matthews (bass), Brian Young (guitar and vocals) and Graham Marshall (drums) — have left the Good Vibrations umbrella and joined up with Target Records in Darlington. Their version of The Ohio Express number 'Yummy, Yummy, Yummy' is scheduled for release shortly and will tie in with an English tour.

Rudi have been based in Belfast for three

Pictures by Anton Corbijn

Right: Belfast occult figure Dessie Potter of Stage B. Below: the Harp — pub grub and barbed wire barbecue a speciality.



years now, bar a short stint in London. They feel trapped by circumstances and lack of direction, still playing the waiting game. Their day may be fading away.

PROTEX WERE 17-year-old grammar school boys besotted with The Clash. Good-looking, youthful and flashy, they sang about medicine jars, dancehalls and peeping Toms. After their snappy 'Don't Ring Me Up' was released on Good Vibrations they signed with Polydor. There was some silly idea floating around at the time that Protex could make it as the new Beatles; they were given a virtual residency at the hideous Venue and a managership from Bowie's Mainman. It looks like what was a lively and exciting young band has also been given the kiss of death.

Losing money but having a ball, they've divided their time between publicity-seeking gigs in London on tour with The Boomtown Rats and a promo stint in Noo Yawk. They've also released three flop singles — 'I Can't Cope' (weak), 'I Can Only Dream' (insipid) and 'Place In Your Heart' (a good song over-produced). Financially Protex can be little more than a tax loss; as a group, it's sad to say, they appear to be little more than a dead loss.

Victim started life as a three-piece kitted out in black suits, white shirts and black ties. They played as many Jam cover versions as SLF played Clash covers. Their in-person performance never got to grips with problems like feedback, discord and dodgy PAs, but their single 'Strange Thing By Night' was great. The group split up just after it was released and emerged sometime later with a new line-up, a new set and new clothes. As one of many groups who felt stifled by Belfast's impending inertia they moved to Manchester and a deal with the city's TJM label. So far they've released two singles, 'Why Are Fire Engines Red' and 'The Teenage' — a turgid Rat Scabies produced affair.

Nowadays they're little more than a moderately successful Mancunian pub band.

The Tearjerkers always struck me as a barmy bunch, though they deserved everyone's sympathy when they suffered a particularly vicious attack at the Harp Bar — leading to the hospitalisation of one of their members. Pissed off with this display of bigotry, they organised a package tour of Northern Ireland featuring themselves, Rudi and The Outcasts. They built up a sturdy following and were championed by *Positive Reaction*, the last enjoyable fanzine in Northern Ireland. Armed with their reputation and their Good Vibes single 'Love Affair', they secured a deal with Phonogram's Back Door subsidiary halfway through 1979. Little has been heard from them since bar their clumsy 'Murder Mystery' single and a series of small tours on the mainland. Live they play an abortive set of crass headbanging pop.

The Starjets and The X-dreamysts are the two other groups who paid their dues in Northern Ireland around '77-'78 and then signed for labels on the mainland — CBS and Polydor respectively. As with all the others bar SLF and The Undertones, they've found it very difficult to realise their aims outside a local environment. The Starjets and The X-dreamysts were isolated from the rest of the Belfast/Harp/Good Vibes scene, the former cutting their teeth in the drinking clubs of Belfast's Fall's Road while the latter made their name around their north-western home town of Portstewart.

The Starjets have always cut across with much more thrust onstage than on record. Their singles like 'War Stories' and 'Ten Years' were good powerful blasts of shock-proof pop, but they fell down badly on their album *God Bless The Starjets*, which came over all gooey-saccharine strings and limp production. Supporting SLF on their first national tour built them a strong national following on the college circuit, where they produced their best. It's taken a long time for the follow-up to their debut LP to emerge. The recent 45 taster 'Shiralee' suggested they've failed to raise themselves out of the power slop swamp. A name change to Tango Brigade, the departure of founder member

The Outcasts' popularity says much about the state of Belfast's music scene. Their music is hard-bitten, rough-hewn, reactionary and insular — and so is their following . . .

Paul Bowen and an £80,000 debt to CBS confirm that things are far from rosy.

After spending many years as Flying Squad, The X-dreamysts' only concession to new wanedom was a name change — they kept their unfashionable flares and hair. Playing a refined, if slightly callow set of modern rock, they released a pleasing Steve Millerish single for Good Vibes called 'Right Way Home' and signed a deal with Polydor the same time as Protex. By all accounts their career has been just as disastrous as Protex; their three single releases have showed them to be in a desperate state of decline. They've been back home to play in Portstewart a few times where they remain very popular — which is just as well, because they could soon be heading right back there.

DESPITE ALL the media hype about this place, the only successful exports in the past few years have been the Fingers

and The Undertones. In fact the latter combo had absolutely nothing to do with Belfast — the only time they travelled the 90 miles from Derry to the capital they received a very unfavourable reception at the hands of a stubborn Harp Bar audience.

The two groups who look set to follow in the footsteps of The Tones and the Fingers are Island's U2 and Real Records' Moodogs. U2 grew out of the much better facilitated Dublin circuit (irrelevant for the purposes of this article) and The Moodogs are another Derry band; very much The Undertones' spiritual sons in fact. Their music explores the same areas, they grew up amidst a morass of showbands, it was a crafty incisive Good Vibes single which secured them the Real deal and, hell's bells, their drummer's a cousin of John O'Neill.

So what then of the expected avalanche from Belfast? What factors have acted against Albion's cultural lackeys carrying out a world domination plan? What improvements, if any, have been achieved in the past few years for groups based in Belfast and the surrounding areas? How do the punters, label owners and groups feel about all this? And, of course, who are the hottest properties at the minute? Controversy, bias and lies may be impossible to avoid but the story's as honest as this person can make it.

Over the past year the network of communications, ideas and interests which once seemed to be establishing itself in Belfast has dwindled; losing a lot of its scope and failing to harness new zeal. With finance and resources a crippling problem, many groups wearied, stagnated and split up. Where there was once a healthy exchange of audiences between the Harp and the Pound there is now a distinct polarisation between reactionary punk on the one hand and reactionary rock on the other.

This trend signifies an inability to keep abreast of the times and absorb the stimuli offered by revitalised dub, disco, ska and soul. The two tribes have marked out their territory and their own brands of entertainment. There now exists a staid conformity to two mouldy concepts of rock music which makes it extremely difficult to plough a fruitful furrow.

ON THE PERIPHERY of a maze of narrow cobbled streets, built to house dock workers and their families at the end of the last century, lies the Harp Bar; which remains the venue most likely to sire worthwhile talent in Belfast. Situated in a sort of territorial no-man's-land, it has the advantage of not being a specifically sectarian bar, but it is buried in the bowels of Belfast's dockland and that's an area that's notoriously desolate and spooky late at night in any city. This and the fact that the venue recently had a Public Health warning slapped on it by the health minister could discourage prospective punters from entering its portals.

I used to go to the Harp quite a lot — a quid on a Friday or Saturday night. For a fiver you got two bands, a carry-out beforehand and enough for a few pints inside. I always remember ATV's 'Action Time Vision' as the most popular song on the disco (an irregular occurrence because of the malfunctioning deck). The trouble with the Harp Bar is it never progressed beyond its adoration for such primal thrashings. All well and good at one time but it's surely had its day. Bondage gear, Vaseline'd, peroxidised and geometrically shaped hairstyles and groups blueprinting the first Clash album all sound retrogressive and smell rotten.

But the cynics have been replaced by a new batch of punters who have enthusiastically embraced the hollow beast. Bolstered by the success of *Shellshock Rock*, and determined to create their own home-based 'Alternative Ulster' following the desertion of SLF, an insular core of trad trad punks became firmly ensconced in the Harp.

It would be pointless — not to say supercilious — for someone like myself to play the role of an opinionated critical inspector. The music is played by amateurs for a clientele who know what sort of fare to expect. It's a protective and self-supporting community bowing to no criteria except that which they've made for themselves. The group's aspirations rarely travel further than playing for and satisfying a young Belfast audience. The punters accept the narrow nature of their musical horizons and appear very contented with what is on show.

The Harp Bar is open for live music on Friday and Saturday nights and a disco on Thursdays. The Outcasts, Rudi and Stage B are the groups who draw the biggest audience, although it's always any band to get a gig there by simply asking barpersons Tony or Maureen, who will pencil them in on a suitable date. The management doesn't pay its performers but leaves them to pocket all the door receipts. When Terri Hooley organised a co-operative of regulars called the Punk Workshop to run the venue they were able to lay-out the readies for groups like The Fall and The Monochrome Set to come over from England. Tony says he's still anxious to bring groups of that size across the Irish Sea to play the Harp, but as the terms on offer are the same as those for local groups I doubt many independent outfits could afford the trip.

You enter the Harp through a wire mesh tunnel and once inside you're standing in a tacky semi-lounge bar with a jukebox and pool tables in the backroom. There used to be a lot of auld lads drunk down here but now they seem to have been ousted by the youngsters. Daft as it may sound this is a *punk stronghold*. The Roxy was for posers but this is for real, someone always tells me. The toilets are a slippery cave in total darkness which doesn't matter too much as most of the boys use the ladies.

Upstairs there's a capacity of 300, seated around tables and on a dance-floor the size of two double-beds placed side by side. Two skinheads serve up the bevs in plastic beakers as the group rip it up onstage alongside them. This unheated venue with graffiti all over the bogs and unpredictable flavour to its beer has achieved something of a cult reputation as a tourist centre. It's one of the few Belfast live music venues where people mingle without worrying about one another's creed or religion. They've got an award from the Belfast City Council acknowledging that fact (a token gesture to 'youth').

While the audience at the Harp has gone through five 'waves' or 'changes', there remains a regular coterie who have been frequenting the bar since it opened. For them the place never gets stale because, as one regular, Paul, puts it: "When that happens that's when your audience changes. Like a few years ago you couldn't come down here unless you were a punk or you'd've got a good hiding. Now we've got skinheads in here, we've got mods and we've got fucken ska." He is annoyed that the sanctuary that the punks have fought to establish for themselves is sometimes disturbed by elements bogged down in ancestral folly and present day political dogma which does nothing but stifle people's lives.

"Most punks would never start trouble over religion or anything like that because punk practically is a religion. But sometimes you get the posers going home through the town after an Ulster Hall concert singing party songs. They meet a liver crowd and the trouble starts. It gives us a bad name."

Plenty of people have tried to involve music as a tool in N. Ireland's ceaseless war-games, but none has ever gained the widespread

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support of punk fans in particular or music lovers in general. Stiff Little Fingers aren't the only band to write about the troubles and become popular, they're the only band to write about the troubles, period. If protests, politics and killings have done nothing to solve the ongoing 11-year disturbance, what effect can music have? Any such move can only factionalise the audience on sectarian lines.

Paul's mate Chris spells out his reasons for enjoying the music in no uncertain terms. "Since I've been coming down here the crowds have got younger and the bands have got better. Young bands — wild raucous punk bands with no pretence. Sure, it had its off periods between your Rudi and your Outcasts and your SLF. But then you had a new, new wave of younger bands that came up and revived it all again."

The groups to watch in this field are The Ex-Producers, The Defects and The X-Posers. "Y'see Gavin, there's plenty of thrashing punk bands. In terms of England they're small fish in a big pond but in Belfast they're big fish in a small pond."

They aim to keep it that way. "Their ambitions don't go beyond Northern Ireland because you'll not make it in England unless you're especially good. No one can do another SLF or another Undertones. The Undertones weren't particularly good anyway. So, yeah, I'd say we're inward looking, we're looking to the Harp Bar and we're looking to Belfast."

"The Outcasts are a supreme example. They may do the odd tour but they'll never shift from Belfast as their base. The less we look to London the better, because London follows fashion and we'll be here when The UK Subs and the rest have disappeared. The reason is we've never had a music scene like this in Belfast, never. You've had your odd flash in the pan like Van Morrison but they all disappeared on us. The bands here are only interested in Belfast and they play to a steady audience who want to hear basic punk stuff."

The message from the Harp Bar is that old punk rock still lives. There is a plethora of '77 style punk bands playing youth clubs in Belfast, Lurgan, Omagh, Derry and Bangor. Unfortunately fanzines seemed to have disappeared after Omagh's *Positive Reaction* hung up its xerox. But the groups keep turning up, nothing special as yet, but all this activity must produce something, be it nothing more than groups like The Bastards From Hell, The Rubber Dolls and The Doubt. Perhaps the latter's self-financed debut single 'Look Away' will herald the start of a lot more independent releases from these groups of 17-year-olds (or thereabouts) who play places where the audience is so young they have trouble remembering pre-'Silly Thing' Sex Pistols.

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the fence the heavy metal behemoths have made a sizeable impact. Encouraged by the success of Saxon, Judas Priest, et al, there's a sizeable audience and a number of bands rejoicing in the aural equivalent of Black and Decker drills. Here, the names are the usual sort of thing, would-be monickers for new lines of sports cars: Hustler, Krawler, Sweet Savage and Burning Hell. Sweet Savage are the ones most likely to, already attracting the interest of several English record companies. Ulster is always a bit behind with trends, but now HM is here and will make its mark (how wonderful).

In the Belfast capital, the Pound Music Club, a venue of some ten years standing, is rapidly becoming their new home.

The Pound is about five minutes' walk from the Harp and it's flanked on either side by the Markets and the River Lagan's dockland estuary. Inside it's a dark, grimy little fixture with stone walls and floors and a low ceiling. As was once noted elsewhere, it bears a striking resemblance to a beer keller in a sheep dip.

For the past five years Dermott Moffat has owned the Pound, giving a platform to boring academic musicians continually unearthing corpse-like cover versions. Perhaps the straight-rock combos like Sk'boo (an amalgamation of various Pound playing groups over the past few years and fronted by guitarist Jim Armstrong, an original member of Them), Richmond Hill and The Bankrobbers will now find themselves ousted by the uglies who play heavier, cruder music.

Dermott is a small-time businessman with a passing interest in music. His main concern in these hard pressed times is keeping the books in the black. He accepts that it's only possible to do this by complying with the expectations of an audience built up over a period of time.

"The punk scene people just don't seem to come here. We plan to cater for everybody but if they don't want to come there's no point trying to cater for them."

When they used to sell livestock in Belfast Market, quite sometime ago, the Pound was an animal pound for straying sheep and cattle. "Yeah it used to be a home for stray animals but now it's for stray people," laughs Dermott. As he well may — the Pound has been fined a few times for uncleanness recently.

THE PEOPLE who go to both the Harp and the Pound are contented with the same comforting clichés and they seem quite happy to keep it that way. As 1980 crawls into its home straight, the Belfast music scene is

NORTHERN IRELAND



Big Self themselves, L-R: Bernard Tohill, Patmo Sheran, Michael Morris.

streamlined, segregated, non-sectarian, but lacking any real potency. There's a kind of hush...

A man who's bound to have some idea as to why this should be is Good Vibes guiding light Terri Hooley. Up to the recent introduction of Shock Rock Records, Good Vibrations was the only record label in Belfast. This meant that local backchat and playpower often revolved around Hooley, whose major weakness was that he was unable to please all the people all of the time. This resulted in much unreasonable criticism from uppity local groups and fanzine writers (blush, blush).

Considering that the label started on £40, has remained totally independent (pressing and distribution of records being even more of a problem as it's based in Northern Ireland, of course), and the dirty moves pulled on Hooley by certain unscrupulous parties on the mainland, it's a wonder it has survived.

Good Vibrations has spread out into different fields of music and worked with groups from parts of the world other than Northern Ireland. The singles which heralded the coming of Good Vibes International have however sunk without trace. Dublin combos Static Routines and Strange Movements showed little to suggest that U2 haven't rightly captured all that city's blood and thunder,

while Zebra's 12-inch 'Repression' single did as much to further the cause of (wait for it) Irish reggae as any white-washed dub piece could. Additionally The Bears and The Jets (both English bands) showed no ability to grow out of the independent jungle.

The real Good Vibrations success story is the ever-popular Outcasts. But lest we should forget this is also the label which brought you The Undertones, The Moondogs, The Ruefex and Rudi.

Sitting in the office above his shop surrounded by unsold Bears singles, an autographed photo of Kid Jensen and fan letters from continental 'punques', I ask Hooley if he sees much improvement in the 1980 Belfast rock and roll industry.

"In many ways I think the thing has taken a backward step. Before that Rudi/Outcasts gig at the Pound in 1978 I never left my house at nights because there was nothing to leave the house for. It's the same again now."

"I think the main problem is the venues themselves. The Harp Bar's crowd changes regularly because very little sustains people's interest down there. To me the club scene is very static, wee bands playing just because they want to play in front of an audience. People aren't getting the variety they deserve. You need a larger venue to house under-18s

and the people who shy away from the clubs because, rightly or wrongly, those places have a reputation. A lot of people have grown out of the Harp and the Pound, they feel they've seen it all down there and it's got nothing left to offer them."

With this in mind, Good Vibrations have moved into promotions. On June 24 Good Vibrations in conjunction with Session Music (Belfast's major musical equipment suppliers) put on the first of what is hoped to be many concerts. Staged in the Ulster Hall, it featured five local groups: Big Self, Rudi, The Outcasts, Shock Treatment and The Ruefex. It proved to be a massive success — which only makes Hooley all the more bitter that such a concert had never been staged in Belfast before.

On the recording front Good Vibrations is as active as ever though working with more tenacity than in its early days.

"There's lots of groups I'd like to record but I'm committed to our own catalogue. I'm not going to record bands just because I'd like to have them on our label any more. I have to think whether I can work with the people involved. There's too many people in groups behaving like rockstars."

So the latest release on Good Vibrations is something out of the ordinary: 'London Trip' by Belfast's very own Ciaran MacGowan. He comes to Good Vibrations' rough and tumble world after the quiet and amiable Boundary Bar in Belfast (often to the vociferous appreciation of the house-mutt).

Unfortunately 'London Trip' is a mite smooth for my tastes, failing to uncover the depths that Ciaran can wring from his voice armed only with an acoustic guitar, his spectacles and a batch of self-composed songs. His voice bears considerable comparison with 'Hello/Goodbye' era Tim Buckley and he deserves more than a life sentence of throwing it all away to a bunch of louts about to be hauled off to the city morgue. Perchance a single on Good Vibes will be his stepping stone.

With plans for a soundtrack album of John Davis' *Shellshock Rock* film now shelved, GV also propose to release a compilation album of archive tracks from minor league Belfast legends like Ask Mother, The Androids and Rhesus Negative. Additionally, new single releases are due from New York punk band The Stimulators (who headlined Hooley's second Belfast promotion 'The International Punk and New Wave Festival'), Big Self (who performed the standout 'Snakes and Ladders' on the recent Good Vibes/Energy 'Room To Move' EP) and of course The Outcasts.

Ah yes, the bloody Outcasts. Their music holds for me all the attraction of an Oriental wrestler's codpiece filled with dead maggots, but for ages now they've been the most popular band in Belfast, keeping the kids happy, playing consistently and selling more records than any other local group.

OUTCASTMANIA was firmly established when the city reached an impasse of disintegrating and departing bands. Always determined, always loyal, The Outcasts have been gigging in places ignored and feared by others for ages.

The group's popularity says much about the state of Belfast's music scene. Hard-bitten, rough-hewn, reactionary and insular are terms that go some way to describe their music, their following and their reputation. The beating up of critics, skinhead haircuts, audiences who seem to delight in jumping onto one another's backs and musicianship a good few notches below 'minimal' — these are just some of the things I associate with The Outcasts.

For many they personify the 'punk ideal'. Their songs are invariably loud aggressive anthems with chanted and defiant choruses. Their singles have been big news on the national alternative charts, sales upwards of the 25,000 mark. So far there's been 'You're A Disease' on the shortly lived IT Record label, 'Love Is For Sops', 'The Cops Are Coming' and 'Self-Conscious Over You' all on Good Vibrations, the last song also being the title of their album.

The Outcasts consist of three real brothers (eat your heart out, Joey Ramone) and one outsider — Colin 'Getty' Getgood (guitar). If Mr and Mrs Cowan could have made with another male after Greg (bass and vocals), Colin (drums) and Martin (guitar) the group could have made a clean fraternal sweep. As it is, the tightly knit Cowan family lock in with the tightly knit Harp family as an almost essential component.

"If it wasn't for the Harp there'd be nothing," states Greg. "Everytime we play upstairs you could cut the atmosphere with a knife. Maybe it's becoming like a ritual but everybody comes and it's always guaranteed to be a good night."

As well as their performances in the Harp, the transportation afforded by two vans belonging to the Cowan family's painting and decorating business allows them to travel to youth and community centres other bands can't reach. Although they don't tell me, I know that on one of these occasions they raised £700 for Kampuchean refugees.

After much deliberation The Outcasts now feel it's time to branch out and with the blessing of Good Vibrations have inked a deal with Energy Records.

Greg: "Terri can't keep us, he's no money."

♦ Continues page 61



Outcasts outside Harp, L-R: Martin, Colin and Greg Cowan, and Getty.

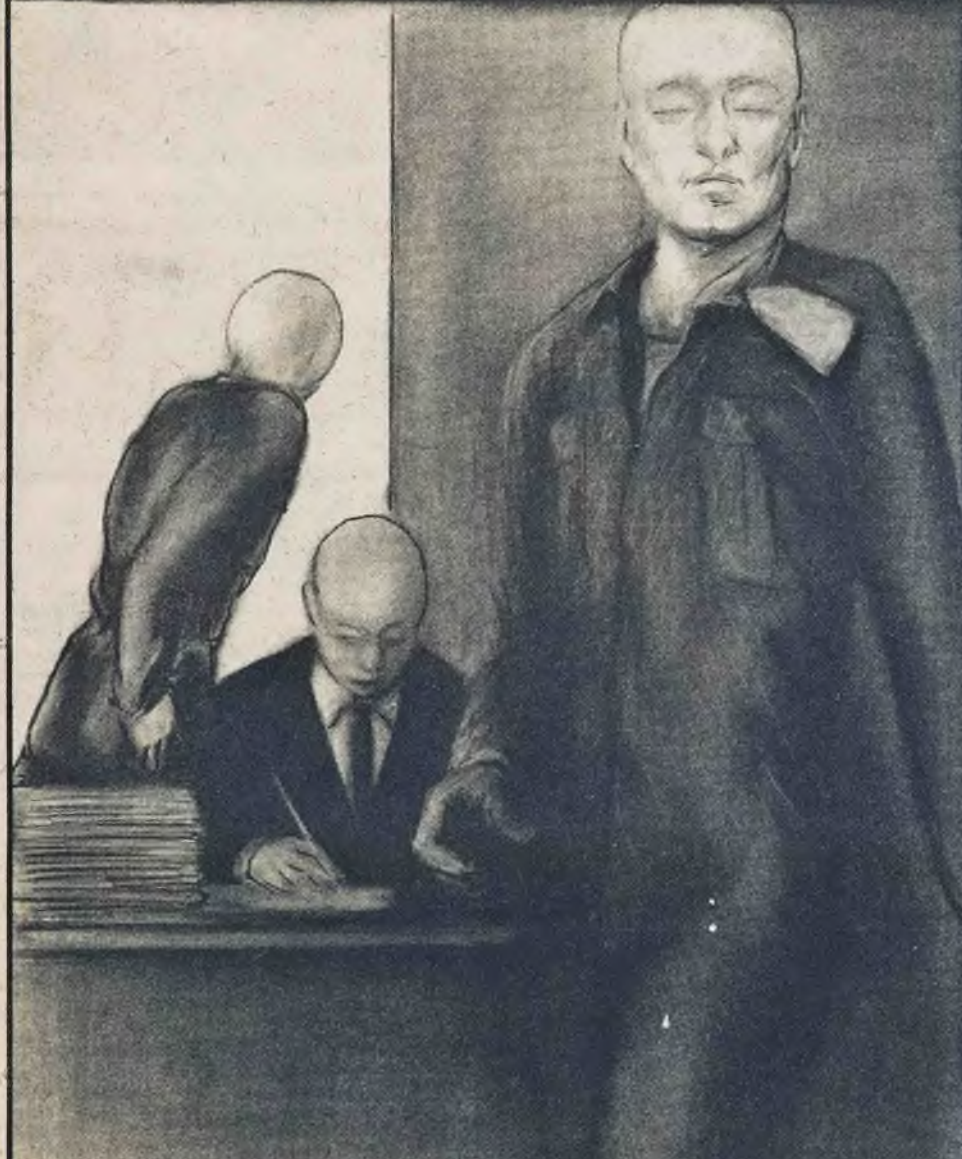
"We've got a reputation for being an aggressive band, well — we are!"

— Greg Cowan, The Outcasts



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NEW ALBUM THE LABEL

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BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The River (CBS)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is so obviously decent, genuine and "committed" that to say one word against him makes you some kind of *perv*, a kill-joy. Only Ian Curtis' corpse has taken so little criticism.

Bruce's followers are so loyal, not in the heavy metal fan's violent, infantile way, but in a dogged, almost scholarly way, boosting Springsteen bootleg sales no end, acquiring numerous versions of the same song just to hear 'The Boss' sing a different word or 'The Big Man' (Clarence Clemons, the saxophone player) play a different note. There's car bores and there's football bores but no bore is like a Bruce bore.

He was so needed when he happened. He was a rallying point for young white Americans who were looking for something decent, something true, to come out of an entertainment monolith that for years had churned out nothing but the cheap and the crass and the embarrassing. But when an entertainer gets such a grip on your life that a good deal of it (two years in the case of 'The River') is spent waiting for said entertainer to throw a few new songs your way, that entertainer becomes a bad thing.

This double album is supposed to concern the concerns of Springsteen's golden youths grown up, the ageing process that started with 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town'. He did well there. Springsteen's girls (Cherry, Mary, Terry, Wendy, Sandy, Janey! Those wonderful ciphers you'll remember forever! There's another Mary, a Sherry and a Dirty Annie here, all totally interchangeable things to be danced with or got into trouble) stopped being obscure objects of desire, became un-dead with the tough, self-employed beauty of 'Candy's Room'. The need to escape the dead end of working-class life was dealt with completely in the hard understanding of 'Factory'. And the overall impression was of arrival and grim optimism — 'Badlands', 'The Promised Land'.

There were a couple of sweaty, melodramatic clues to 'The River' though: 'Adam Raised A Cain', for instance. Singers who sing about "hot blood" usually turn out bad, like politicians who talk reverently of soil. And here Bruce is, a D.H. Lawrence dream of earthly manhood — a divorce here, a baby carriage there thrown in for mature measure, but basically more bad songs about Girls and Getting Ground Down.

The pervading air is one of what can only be called Drudgery Chic. I do not know what proportion of Springsteen's audience is working-class but I would suspect that it is smaller than he likes to think. People who do crummy jobs do not want to hear a rich musician singing on about how hard manual work is, and I suspect that neither would they spend their leisure worshipping somebody known as 'The Boss'. If this is so, then Springsteen caters to a sloppy class-voyeurism, and if it's true that working-class youth really do listen to him then it's just as bad — singing songs about lives of drudgery makes the people who live them more willing and able to go on living them, I'm sure.

The great writers from a working-class viewpoint (Ray Davies, Rotten, Chuck Berry) love, sneer at and break free from their roots (the only person I can think of apart from Springsteen who constantly flexes his roots to music is the ridiculous Jimmy Pursey, and that's terrible company to keep). Springsteen is forever having grim confrontations with poverty, trying to get up eye to eye with it, roll in it, drown in it — 'Point Blank', 'Stolen Car', 'The River'.

Springsteen's love songs, always a strength, have declined sickeningly; either love is a prison where you share a cell with death and waste — 'Drive All Night', 'Fade Away', 'Wreck On The Highway' — or a fizzy infantile "romance" with a "little dolly", a "little sugar" or a (wait for it) "little girlie". There's also 'I Wanna Marry You' — big-hearted benevolent Bruce in maudlin mood. There's much talk of hearts — 'Two Hearts', 'Hungry Heart' — and crushes — 'Crush On You'. The writing on all three is amazingly lazy and banal; the writing throughout the album veers madly from suicide note through 'Advice To The Lovelorn' to chocolate box. And remember, one 'Big Man' in the hand is worth two "little girlies" under a boardwalk!

The key words to the album are "working", "driving" and "crying" (most of the latter is done by the "pretty little girlies" though 'The Boss' occasionally joins in) but don't you go thinking that Bruce's forgotten how to "kick ass" — a lot of 'partying' songs crop up, providing some of the most terrible writing here. 'Sherry Darling', 'You Can Look', 'Ramrod', 'Cadillac Ranch' — even 'I'm A Rocker', which will make even the hardened cynics want to pull on an old pair of 'loons' and reach for that imaginary guitar. I know I did!

'Out In The Street' is clichéd rubbish worthy of Secret Affair; 'The Price You Pay' is a soulful beauty; 'Jackson Cage' is standard Springsteen being dumped on by the world and fighting tooth and nail to retain his dignity; 'Independence Day' is remarkable, every bit as good as his fans will doubtless say it is — but they'll be slaver over stuff like 'I'm A Rocker' in the same breath, so you can't trust them. 'The Ties That Bind' is nice '60s pop, but '60s pop was done 15 years ago once and for all, by Phil Spector and The Four Seasons and Tamla Motown.

Springsteen can't win. When he parties around with his bar buddy band he sounds like a sad soul whose stag party dragged on ten years too long. When he tries to tackle problems he sounds so stinking self-righteous, so defeatist and unrealistic — if he's ever a *Rock Dream* he'll be Samson pulling the temple down around the heads of the masses. He's such a clammy romantic; he sounds like he wants to grab everything in his fists and squeeze the sweat out of it.

He's 31 and he still tries to make a DeMille epic out of avoidable, forgettable things like parent trouble and crummy jobs that really aren't worth the words wasted on them.

He's another angle on the noble-savage-with-a-calling school, like the great Muhammad Ali and the pathetic Elvis Presley. Lots of musicians believe the 'If I wasn't doing this I'd be dead or in jail' line, and they all have one thing in common. Eventually their output centres so much around their playpen obsessions that you wish they were dead or in jail, because there they couldn't continue to grind out such tired old nonsense.

Springsteen's morals, his melancholy, are rooted in American country rather than American rock. But time and trend taboos have made him irretrievably a rock singer with a rock audience. In country you can age gracefully without ever becoming cosy; in rock you have to tout your dead skin forever. This is great music for people who've wasted their youth to sit around drinking beer and wasting the rest of their lives to.

Julie Burchill



Pic: Joe Stevens

American stars and bars



Pic: Chalkie Davies

ALBUMS

TOM WAITS

Heartattack & Vine (Asylum WEA)

PERHAPS it's the predictability factor that's to blame. Each year Tom Waits whips out a new album — each one better than its predecessor — the rock critics generally give it the high sign and then — nada. Nothing. Obsolescence.

The record drifts into the collection of those cultured few already initiated into the Waits-ian canon of rough-hewn bop and 'there - are - seven - million - stories - in - the - Naked - City - and - here - are - ten - more' lyrics handed forth with a voice that sounds like it regularly swallows the contents of ashtrays in low-rent bars to achieve its full 'werewolf hour' cadence. Maybe a few more are converted but we are definitely not talking about 'big stuff' — or should that be 'Big money'? — here. We're talking 'cult artist', we're talking 'too idiosyncratic'.

Bruce Springsteen can turn the great American hand - of - blight - wreck on the highway scenscape into 'accessible product' for mass consumption because he sprinkles his sagas with convoluted '2001 fenders, a hot Chevy and a girl named Bernice' fairy-dust imagery. Warren Zevon dolls up the cagey precinct he delights in frequenting with musical backdrops cannily mating East Coast rock with Irving Azoff's prime-stock. Tom Waits, however, is too . . . 'hard-boiled'. He's one of the precious few talents working, albeit haphazardly, in the rock milieu who won't compromise — not simply because he doesn't want to, but because he couldn't.

That stated, 'Heartattack & Vine' is a mixture of good news and bad news for the Tom Waits devotee. The good news

is that the loose-limbed jazz-strafed rhythm 'n' blues mainline Waits has been pumping for two or three albums now is still pounding away and sounds better than ever thanks to the composer's magnificently sloppy rhythm guitar stumble-bum strumming — real 'roll dem bones'-in-reverb stuff sliced eye-ball close to the bone. The bad news is that 'Heartattack' is coasting on old formulae too much, tip-toeing meekly around the scenario where he should be zeroing in, nailing the dark heart that represents the sleazy core of a song's conceit.

Old stand-bys like a nursery rhyme riddle for an intro are used far too often here. The title track trades off on the old "Liar, Liar, pants on fire" line in order to suck the poison out of a typically Waitsian vision of Los Angeles. He hasn't lost his touch with a good couplet — "You know there ain't no devil / there's only God when he's drunk" — or a killer chorus — "This stuff will probably kill you, let's do another line / What you say you meet me down on Heartattack & Vine" — which says more about the territory being patrolled than anything since Jim Morrison's "Bloody Red Sun of fantastic LA".

The finest aspect to this stuff is the delivery — Waits' voice no longer sounds like it's simply been lived in — more like it's been squatted in by 13 separate Puerto Rican junkie families with tubercular in-laws. On 'Downtown' 'Till the Money Runs out' and 'Mr Siegal', Waits' larynx sounds so trashed it could've been used as the official location spot for Orson Welles' *Touch of Evil*. The band — Waits' sublime guitar buzz'n' scratching, Ronnie Barron's organ swirls, hard-core strictly gut-level percussion courtesy

■ Continues over

JOE JACKSON BAND Beat Crazy (A&M)

WITH some albums, constructive criticism's more a case of wishful thinking. With others, you just don't bother.

So, to be blunt, 'Beat Crazy' is a pretty lame apology for an album, and absolutely nowhere as regards thinking dance music. It masquerades as a series of meaningful meta-musical musings on rock'n'roll and youth culture in general, which comes down to little more than a couple of hip references/dedications to The Cramps and LKJ, respectively, and the sort of vague, purposeless social-realist songwriting we've come to expect from Jackson.

The liner bears the legend: "This album represents a desperate attempt to make some sense of Rock and Roll. Deep in our hearts, we knew it was doomed to failure. The question remains: Why did we try?" Why indeed? Maybe it was foredoomed for the same reason "rock'n'roll" is most definitely *not* "Rock and Roll". A world of difference, right?

The opening title-track, sung in a surge of token egalitarianism by bassist Graham Maby, starts with a scream, and the cry "What do you want — blood?", before lapsing into a typical white reggae skirmish of little note.

This is but the first of four or five tracks of similar rhythmic structure (lines carefully drawn from the commercially correct coordinates of Costello and Police?), and is followed by 'One To One' — about the way political factionalism obtrudes on personal relationships — which will doubtless surface in single form some time in the future. In other words, it closely resembles all the other Joe Jackson singles.

A couple of fourth-division fillers, then 'Mad At You' closes the side with an extended dub coda. This is the best bit on record, though even this is derivative dub, based more on predictability than surprise. The bass and drums, here as throughout the album, are the

main strengths of the band, but, as ever, they're used far too straightforwardly to retain interest in the whole. Nonetheless, 'Mad At You' might make a fairly creditable single if the first three minutes were completely amputated. Or is that a little too bold?

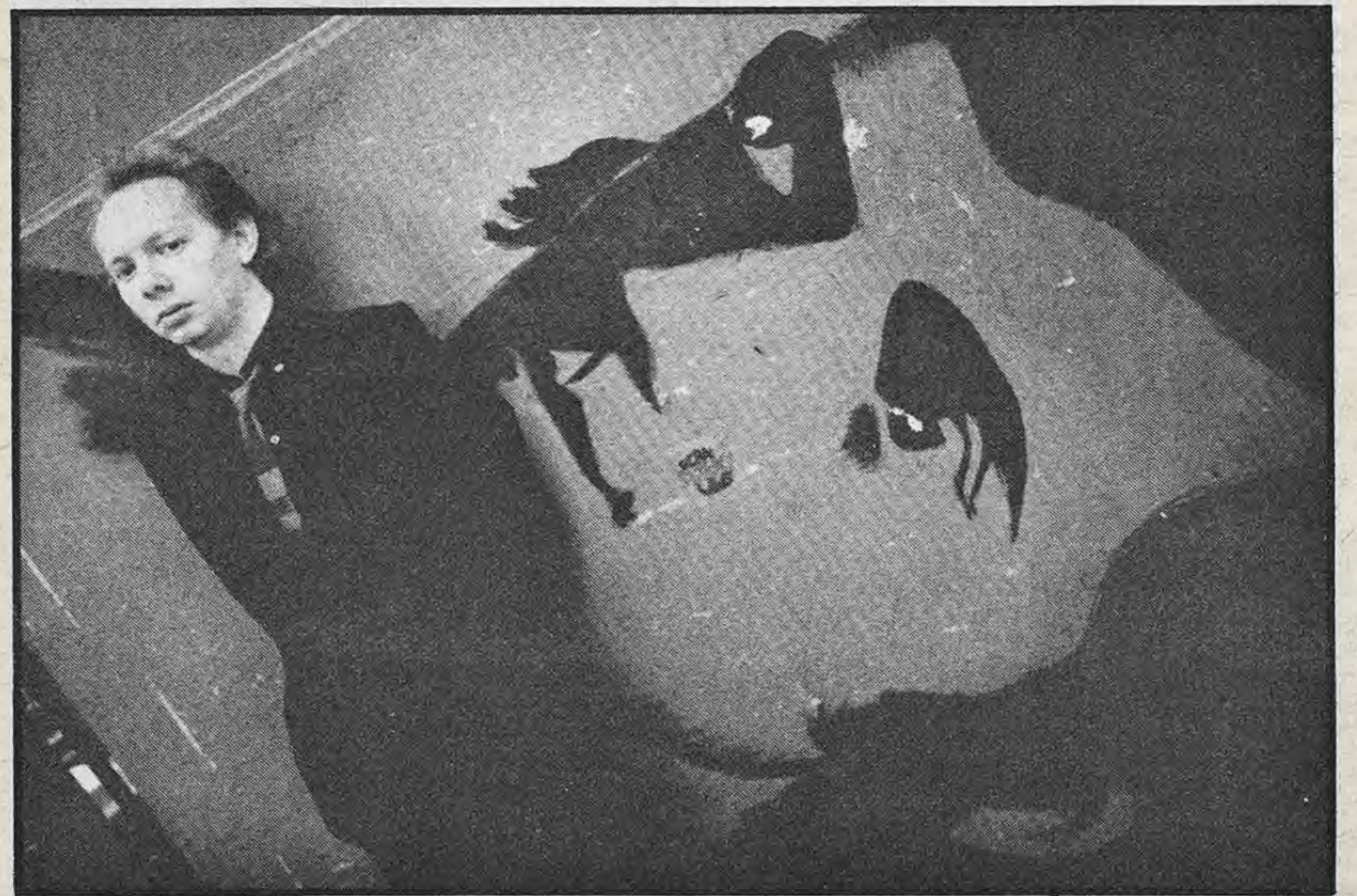
Side two opens with 'Crime Don't Pay', a weak, vacuous nothing containing an overlong organ break of no particular interest. This is another filler, the kind of thing one expects halfway through the second side. The reason it's placed here becomes clearer as one gets further into the side and struggles to find a firm foothold in the quagmire of drab, inadequate, painfully laboured vignettes of 'modern life', the staple stock-in-trade of Jackson's oeuvre.

Racial attitudes, sexual attitudes, star stereotyping. "black niggers", "white niggers" — all human life is there, or at least all of human life that Jackson's finely-defined audience *wants* to be there. "My aim is true," as the bishop said to the congregation. How comforting. How clean. These aren't songs, so much as statements Jackson & Co. felt they should make. There is, however, a world of difference (again) separating the song from the political fly-poster, and the fly-poster from reality, and they have yet to learn the twice-removed subtleties of such matters. (Not that they're alone in this, by any means.) They're forever making statements, passing comments, but saying — when we get to the bottom line — absolutely nothing, whilst at the same time painting themselves into a variety of corners as regards such basic elements as melody, structure, arrangement, etc, as a result of their lyrical contrivances.

If this sounds familiar, you probably lived through the early-'70s singer/songwriter boom. There's a lot of 'em about again, so watch out. Some have even started calling themselves the such-and-such *Band* to disguise the fact. Don't be fooled!

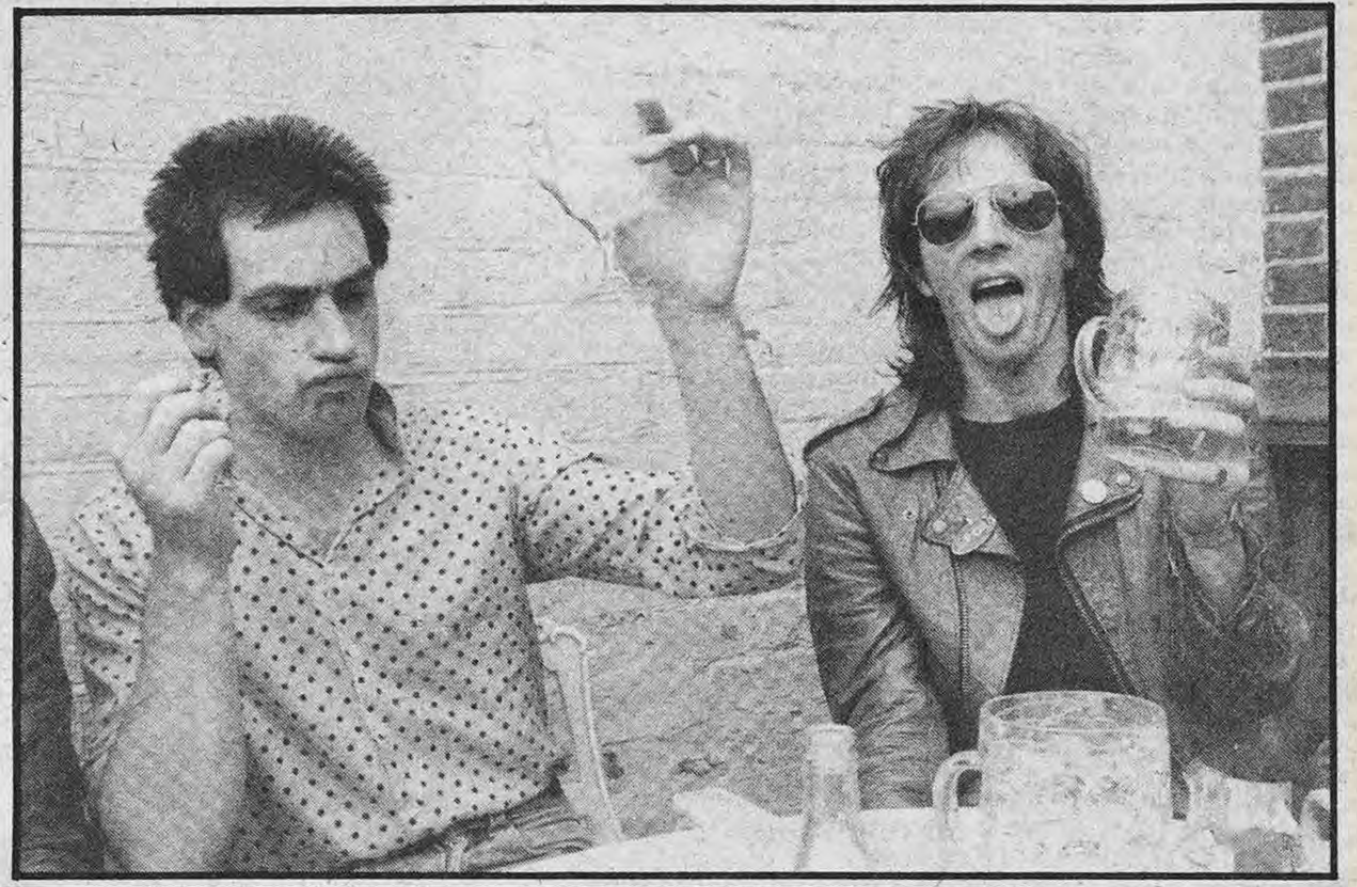
Andy Gill

The art of mediocrity



Above: Joe Jackson. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Below: Malcolm Owen and Paul Fox. Pic: Chris Horler



RUTS

Grin And Bear It (Virgin)

AT THEIR best The Ruts embodied the virtues of second division punk without resorting to the Bash Street antics of third generation comics like the Cockney Rejects. Their commitment always seemed genuine enough and they were capable of expressing it though a combustible fusion of speed rock and reggae.

Their patchy debut album 'The Crack' proved, however, that they were better off squeezing their vital sparks onto singles, where they found their momentum easier to

sustain. As an epitaph for the late Malcolm Owen, then, 45s like 'In A Rut', 'Babylon's Burning' and 'West One (Shine On Me)' stand up far better, perhaps justifying a retrospective.

Unfortunately, this shoddy collection does no more for Owen's memory than their debut, cheaply throwing together three live tracks, a pair of John Peel session songs and a few B sides, plus the aforementioned singles and the non-committal reportage of 'Staring At The Rude Boys'.

And why no 'Jah Wars' — surely as representative a cut of The Ruts' rootsy reggae rock

fusion as 'Babylon's Burning' was of their Jamaican obsession? And how come the original of 'Babylon's Burning' is by-passed in favour of this inferior live cut, which reduces it to the level of one-dimensional punk paranoia by framing it between lesser live Rut songs like 'SUS' and 'Society' — none of which is helped by Owen's crass intros?

Given Owen's untimely death, The Ruts deserved a skilful re-write of their recorded history. But 'Grin And Bear It' just drags their best stuff down to the rather erratic level of their rest.

Chris Bohn

Groan and bear it

Tom Waits

■ From previous page

'Big John' Thomassie with Larry Taylor on 'below the belt' bass punching — is a constant delight, sounding on 'Money' and 'Downtown' like vintage Booker T. & MG's playing strip-tease joints. This bunch make all these Anglo-soul / ska band — you name 'em, Waits' mob trashes 'em — sound like the milk-reared boys they are. The music osmoses 'funk - as - the - epitome of sweat - stained sleazy 'funk' music'.

It's this that makes 'Heartattack & Vine' still an essential investment. Waits' string-laden ballads — like 'On

The Nickel' — don't possess the savage pathos of similar fare on 'Blue Valentine', plumping instead for an ill-conceived bathos that can turn off even the most avid fan. But 'Jersey Girl' does beat the merit stars as Waits moves into Willy de Ville territory and makes it his own, even down to the Jack Nitzsche-influenced swelling strings. Unfortunately the same can't be said for 'Ruby Arms' or 'Saving All My Love For You' which move one merely to jump tracks but quick.

The meat on 'Heartattack' is there on the title track, 'Downtown', 'Mr Siegal' (not about the great film director as

far as I can ascertain), 'Jersey Girl' and 'Till The Money Runs Out'; raw, prime stock that one minute showcases Waits as Screamin' Jay Hawkins' only truly begotten heir, the next as arguably the best white blues singer around, but most of all, nothing ever less than absolutely his own man.

Perhaps I might just have persuaded you to spend that money put aside for the latest Madness album on this. Probably not. But I will persist. More to the point, so will Tom Waits. This man's so great he can even give a hangover a sense of dignity.

Nick Kent

MONTY PYTHON Monty Python's Contractual Obligation Album (Charisma)

A VERY sickly joke. With Python, the title might be interpreted as a tiny dig at their label but MPCOA is deadly serious. The sleeve and inner sleeve abound with all manner of barely hidden bitterness at being dragged together to sling this one out. Even the label is packed with details of the legal procedure they went through in order to check the legality of the deal. As you'd expect, the actual

material is weak and given the minimum of sweat. It's mostly made up of 'humorous' songs — the type of wafer whimsy that Neil Innes has based an entire career on — the remainder is a dredging of previously ditched routines and even includes the book shop sketch that Cleese was seen doing to death at the Amnesty bashes (that, in itself, was merely a clone in homage to '60s Marty Feldman).

The fact that the team make no secret of the turkey quality that shames their name here, will do little to comfort you should you shell out the

necessary five quid. I'm sure everyone concerned — on both sides of the lawyers table — would rather that this LP had been forgotten about.

But as we know, the law sir is A Hass so it's best you take note of the hint on the jacket. It has a scribbled message from Eric Idle asking if Terry Gilliam could do a nice eye-catching sleeve to help sell it. Besides this Terry Jones has written "Not really worth it" and the 'new' Monty Python album comes to you presented as just a bit of plastic in a shoddy dust cover. Please take their word for it.

Danny Baker

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MICHAEL JACKSON'S 'Off The Wall' has now been in the UK Album Charts for a whole year. PHIL McNEILL reconsiders the most successful black album ever released in Britain.

MICHAEL JACKSON Off The Wall (Epic)

THIS WEEK Michael Jackson's 'Off The Wall' album notches up one solid year in the *NME* Top Thirty. No black music record has ever done this before.

In UK chart terms, Jackson must be the most successful black artist of the past ten years, and possibly of all time. Since 'I Want You Back' in 1969, he and his brothers have recorded over 25 hit singles, not including Jermaine Jackson's little solo flurry earlier this year. But a hit album?

Certainly it's something The Jacksons have never approached before. 'Destiny', the album which ushered in their new era of success with 'Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)' and 'Blame It On The Boogie', didn't even make the fun thirty.

(Though on CBS' performance of late, maybe that was an aberration. Of the five albums that have crossed the 52 weeks line in recent years, two others were CBS product, and both right out of left field — Meatloaf's 'Bat Out Of Hell' and Jeff Wayne's 'War Of The Worlds', would you believe?)

Obviously 'Off The Wall' has been sustained in the charts by CBS' policy of systematically culling it for singles. No less than five have dropped off it to dominate the airwaves in their subtly pervasive fashion, and all but one of them top tenners — and there's more where they

came from. By backing some of Michael's singles with Jacksons cuts, CBS still have the option of chucking out 'It's The Falling In Love' if they want to, and you can bet your shirt it'd repeat the trick.

If pop means The Beat, Madness, Blondie, The Jam, UB40, Specials and Dexys (all of them in Derek Johnson's 1980 chart points top ten — a vintage year), then it also means Michael Jackson. Then again it also means Sheena Easton.

Before you protest (as you should) that Jackson and Easton aren't in anything like the same league — no, of course they're not. But what they do have in common is they are both bland — and that's a major selling point. Compare 'Off The Wall' to last year's top soul album, 'I Am'; for all Jackson's sophistication, he's blown right away by Earth Wind & Fire's power. More to the point, try it alongside Smokey Robinson's latest piece de resistance, 'Warm Thoughts', an album which sets Robinson right back in the forefront of soul songwriting; by comparison, 'Off The Wall' is a collection of highly polished good-idea-for-a-songs.

What 'Off The Wall' does have, of course, is the production skills — the polish — of Quincy Jones, who presumably forged a working relationship with Michael Jackson on 'The Wiz' soundtrack and here puts it to rather better use.

And it's got Michael Jackson. Apart from anything else, his current status shows he never lost his magic in the eyes of a whole generation who first got turned on by 'I Want You Back' and have stuck by him whenever the going got at all passable ever since.

But even more than that, there's his performance. To my ears, this album marks the first time since those teenybop days that Jackson has actually sounded comfortable.

Backtracking wildly, there was a period after the Osmonds-Rollers-Jacksons era when artistically he hardly put a foot right. Not only was he being served second-rate material, but his voice was breaking. Motown covered up by radically overhauling (as per 'Psychadelic Shack' Temptations) the J5 sound for 'Dancing Machine', and then Michael himself busked it when the brothers moved to Epic and linked up with Gamble & Huff. Sure they got hits with 'Enjoy Yourself' and 'Show You The Way To Go', but something wasn't right. Jackson wasn't holding onto his melody lines, and tended to sing off the song, compensating for his lack of range like a somewhat superior Mick Jagger.

Since then he's come of age, both physically and artistically. At 22, he's the singer we always hoped he would be.

Listen to him on 'Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough', wailing in that strange, crying voice punctuated by short ecstatic sighs and sharp whoops — the sound of a man in complete control. The whirlpool of strings at the beginning is also one of the classiest intros to any record in years. It's by far the best song on the album and, significantly, Jackson wrote it himself and co-produced.

The measured, vulnerable vocal style of 'Rock With You' is equally masterful, yet so different it could be another singer. And yet another lick hits you straight between the eyes on 'Working Day And Night', with its wordless chant intro and urgent vocal group chorus (all Jackson himself). As Graham Lock pointed out in his original review, "probably the best singer in the world just now in terms of style and technique."

It's that style and technique that have made 'Off The Wall' a platinum seller, and which will continue to sell Michael Jackson's records for years to come. He may have nothing to say, but nobody says it better.

and Jackson then



Tito, your moment of glory has come.

Jacksons now...

THE JACKSONS Triumph (Epic)

IT'S TAKEN that Donna Summer is the Queen of this vague catalogue of popular music that lingers under the disco banner. The Jacksons are natural princes. Michael as Prince Andrew, Jackie as Edward, dull old Tito — Tito! — can be Charles with the rest as various obscure hangers-on, but a special hello to Jermaine as the exiled Duke of Kent.

These flash bastards. The smiling, self-confident edge of perfection is shot through this album like letters through seaside rock, and 'Triumph' becomes their strongest piece of humbug yet. There's hardly a trace of the Philly smooth sound that built their early post Motown hits like 'Let Me Show You' and 'Even Though You're Gone'; little is done by harmony these days. Instead The Jacksons cement down one strong rhythm and then pepper it with smaller melodies, usually by terse strings or queer little moogs.

They appear to write songs like boy/girl numbers from old stage musicals wherein one lifts the chorus refrain while the other simultaneously pelts through the verses — the two dovetailing and

complementing each other's spaces. (Yeah, yeah I know there's a technical term for all that, but I'm no engineer). Whatever the machinery, these days they've got it down Pat — that's Patrick Jackson, silent band scribe — and shall certainly sell millions of records before this one's replaced.

There's a running gag on 'Triumph' where songs are introduced or faded, aided by a pompous orchestration — the LP opens with 15 seconds of absolute Freddie Mercury hell — at least we all hope its a joke otherwise the group are seriously considering exploring other 'heavier' modes of communication. Which, of course, would be disastrous seeing as there's no finer practitioners of hip easy funk music.

Produced by themselves, 'Triumph' is better than Michael's 'Off The Wall' and may well surpass that album's dubious honour of having five singles pulled from it. (Just watch 'Walk Right Now' snatch number one at will). There's not a lot more to say about it. Michael's even contributed a song of his called 'Heartbreak Hotel'. Was there ever another I ask myself?

Danny Baker

NERVUS REX

Nervus Rex (Dreamland)

NERVUS REX are a fashionable collision of styles. So much so that they've been brightly wrapped and undersold on a teenybop ticket that so far shows no inclination to place. They've been pitched into mid-air and don't know which way to fall.

It's tempting to blame their fate on the unabashed marketer behind their record and record company: Mike Chapman. The three-year-old group's natural inclinations alone invite comparison with Blondie, made all the more invidious by the hand of Chapman. Their debut has the same brittle feel and retro influences as did Blondie's, though these spring more from The Hollies than The Shangri-las. It's very appealing to the eclectic in the know and altogether as kitsch as a plastic table-cloth.

Nervus Rex achieve a good, easy combination of the New York intellectual beat and the late-'60s pop harmony mode, that somehow comes across as being far more contrived than it probably is. Their

predicament is reflected in the cover, where the cute line-up of two boys and two girls look awkwardly cast in a fashion photographer's idea of a modish pop setting — all primary colours and visible lighting rigs. The net effect of all this is to make it easy to misjudge them. Then again, maybe they are just the Mamas And The Papas of the Stowaway set.

A hit single might render these arguments redundant, but Nervus Rex seem to have been pushed towards a hit they don't really need and don't look like getting anyway.

Shaun Brighton, the singer, guitarist and writer of all but one song (Shocking Blue's 'Venus', an appropriately off-beat choice) gives a rather short and blunt account of himself. What could have been chart fluff is hardly cheerful enough. What emerges is often dry, bizarre and unfunny. Brighton's recorded personality is that of a social dwarf, less neurotic than David Byrne but equally at odds with the norm.

... Which is where Nervus Rex should be, because if they try to swim with it, the tide will just sweep them away.

Paul Rambali

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Seconds out...

ROCKPILE Seconds Of Pleasure (F-Beat)

NO MATTER what the genre, the greatest pop music is invariably the result of inspired amateurs being cut loose, artists unhampered by pretensions or enforced restrictions motivated purely by intuition.

Sadly, it's a virtue that seldom lasts long. By the time the rough edges are smoothed out and a certain degree of professionalism attained — knowing what works, why and how best to exploit it — what first made an artist appealing is lost forever.

Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe are the archetypal tennis racquet and wardrobe mirror performers made good. Never reluctant to disguise their constant sources of inspiration, they often go to tongue-in-cheek extremes to flaunt their eclecticism — hence the inclusion here of a free Beverly Bros EP. In the past, Edmunds and Lowe have approached their respective roles with much the same perception with which Creedence Clearwater Revival forged their reputation. Whether re-arranging or re-assembling basic traditional components, they always avoided preserving their work in aspic.

Taking into account existing solo efforts,



Nick Lowe. Pic: Penne Smith

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS 'Toots Live' (Island)

THIS RECORD is not the glib gimmick suggested by the circumstances surrounding its release. Taped at the Toots September 29th Hammersmith Palais show, mixed by Island production stalwart Alex Sadkin during the early hours of the next day, it was in the shops that afternoon in Coventry where the reggae icon was performing his next concert in the evening.

The prime intention behind such recording rapidity is obviously to garner attention to the eventual release proper of this initially limited edition of 1,000 copies. Of course, if Toots had turned in a duff set 'Toots Live' could've turned into a musically worthless, academic exercise in rapid record production line technology. Some sceptical souls even suspected Island would've

insured against this by having the album already pressed up from tapes of an earlier show.

It was a crazy, wild throw of the dice that might just work! And it *did*! Toots has come up with a near-classic live album that in sheer, inspired, uplifting music comes close to the Marley At The Lyceum LP it was presumably hoped to emulate, perhaps boosting the career of lead singer Toots Hibbert, and backing Maytals vocalists Raleigh Gordon and Jerry Mathias, from leading cult figure to major product shifter.

Concentrating on classic material drawn largely from the late '60s and early '70s Toots And The Maytals turned in a show which, except for a moment or two of too forced attempts at audience participation, was quite stunning. The only flaw was a mix that nixed the necessary crispness of the vocal trio's raw, rough sound until it became

more muted and softer than one might expect. At the time it was claimed this slight dilution was caused by some of the set's fierce force disappearing into the recording process: the sheer zest of this album's vibrant, pulsing vitality points to this probably having been the case.

In the grand tradition of the Jamaican three-piece vocal harmony group the music of Toots And The Maytals is rooted in the soul and gospel sounds that beamed into the Isle Of Springs from the radio stations of the Southern US states. The always upful voice of Toots Hibbert himself recalls none other than that of the master of the Stax sound, Otis Redding. And the joyous highs of 'Toots Live' itself link it directly to the Otis 'Live In Europe' set.

Backed by a soulful sextet of JA master musicians Toots and the chaps perform the singer's



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Dave Edmunds. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Round Six

theoretically this is Rockpile's *sixth* album. Previously, it was only contractual commitments that prevented the four trading under their familiar name on record. Ironically, it's Rockpile's newly-acquired democracy that blunts the fine cutting edge one took for granted on various solo efforts. Endeavouring to accommodate everyone, to define a collective Rockpile sound, only succeeds in blurring individual personalities.

Hitherto, Rockpile was the (ideal) showcase for the front line to display their individuality. They represented the eternal Saturday Night. It was such qualities that not only prevented them from being just *another* group but made them arguably the best no-holds-barred rock 'n' roll band treading the boards.

In short, the album doesn't cut it satisfactorily as either an Edmunds or Lowe vehicle, and to further compound matters, it's Billy Bremner who — on Basher's Chiffons-style 'Heart' — turns in the best vocal. Terry Williams is totally unaffected, playing with his customary vitality.

In the final analysis, it looks as though the ideal Rockpile album is a live offering, being the best of both Edmunds and Lowe's solo work. I trust they make me eat my words.

Roy Carr

own 'Pressure Drop', 'Sweet And Dandy', 'Monkey Man', 'Get Up, Stand Up', 'Funky Kingston' (a stupefying version that is worth the price of the album on its own), 'Time Tough', and Ken Boothe's 'Hallelujah' — a live Greatest Hits set that comes close to Toots' '60s essential 'Sensational Maytals' album, and totally eclipses such follies as the recent 'Pass The Pipe'.

'Toots Live' is dance music of the highest order. Clear your carpets out now!

Chris Salewicz

SUPERTRAMP Paris (A&M)

ROCK as a sagging behemoth, obscenely bloated out of all proportion; a strange hybrid of cheap circus glitter, coach-trip chorus-line extravaganza and tawdry supper-club cabaret. In an enormous venue with the audience worshipping at a respectful distance from the

dazzling deities on stage. 'Paris' is a live double album that only showcases Supertramp's shortcomings.

Like the fable of the Emperor's New Clothes, everyone acquiesces in the fantasy for fear of seeming stupid, caught in the Catch 22 that makes success on the established rock circuit self-perpetuating, since it's assumed that any group who achieves this stature must have something or their success would never have been assured in the first place.

In the lush arena of this album, Supertramp are clad in only the flimsiest of old standards like 'Dreamer', 'The Logical Song' and 'Bloody Well Right'; dismal, disjointed anthems with facile lyrics, falsetto vocals and absurdly limited keyboards. Yet everything is played with great complacency and pomp, each song a savoured memory for

the slaving crowd and creating an effect that can only be caused by recalling a link with one's own past, since the songs are incapable of generating any spontaneous emotion.

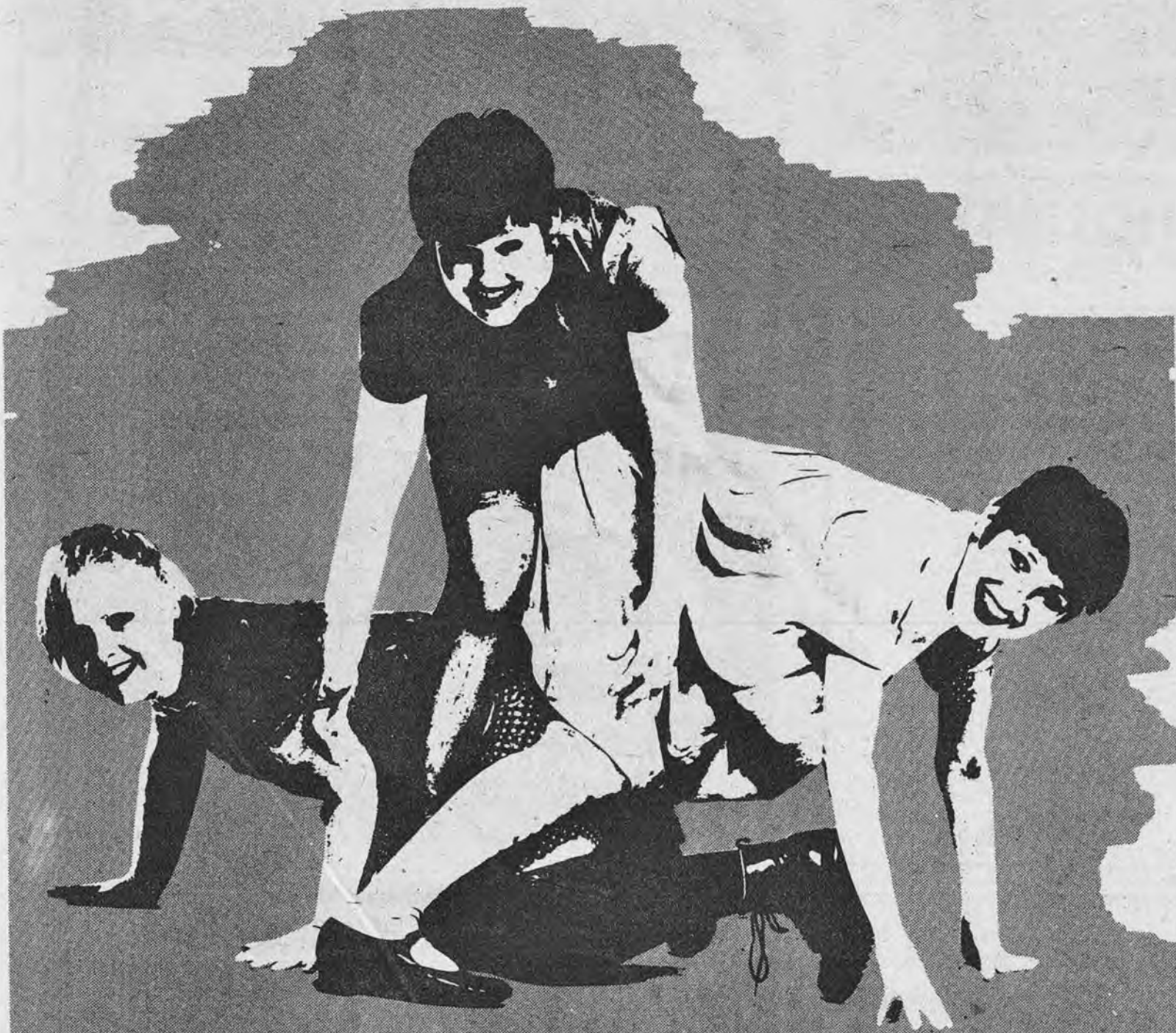
Supertramp artificially boost the atmosphere with a few bars of 'Jerusalem', the simulated roar of a howling gale and even insert snatches of Churchill's war-time speeches.

'Paris' is a gigantic exercise in mass illusion and beleaguered propaganda. Since punk was the small boy who first pointed the accusing finger such unquestioning acceptance has become mercifully rarer.

The album does show that when rock cuts the cord that connects it to the time and circumstance of its creation, it becomes the most pointless, self-important form of escapism, unable to recognise even its own decay.

Lynn Hanna

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Wednesday 22nd October
FX £1

Thursday 23rd October
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- 8 David Kennedy's
- 9 John Cooper Clarke
- 10, 11, 12 AC/DC
- 12 XTC
- 12 Graham Parker
- 14 Jon Gillan
- 15 Yellow Magic Orchestra
- 17, 18 Rory Gallagher
- 18 Albert King Blues Band
- 18 Pat Benatar
- 19 Slade
- 20 Pretenders
- 21 Alvin Lee
- 21 Skids
- 21, 22 Chieftains
- 23 Blues Band
- 26 Ozzy Osbourne
- 26 Four Tops
- 26 Rockpile
- 26 Simple Minds/Wasted Youth
- 27, 28 Joe Jackson
- 27, 28 Scorpions
- 30 Ry Cooder
- 31 Gladys Knight & The Pips

NOVEMBER

- 1 The Shadows
- 2 John Martyn
- 2 Buzzcocks
- 2 Rockpile
- 2 Sheena Easton
- 2, 3 Hawkwind
- 3 UB40
- 5 Cheap Trick
- 6, 7 Elkie Brooks
- 6, 7, 8 Paul Simon
- 8, 9, 10 Robert Palmer
- 9 Detroit Spinners
- 10 Tangerine Dream
- 11 Ralph McTell
- 13 Orchestra Manoeuvres
- 13, 14 Weather Report
- 15 Triumph
- 16 Loudon Wainwright
- 17 Sad Cafe
- 20 Bill Haley/Matchbox
- 20 Bob Seger
- 22 John Williams
- 26, 27, 28, 29 Motorhead
- 27 Dooleys
- 30 Roches

DECEMBER

- 1, 2, 3 Rod Stewart
- 14/18 Yes
- 19 Saxon
- 22, 23 Dire Straits

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General Enquiries Tel: 01 439 3371
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OCT 13
IPSWICH Gaumont
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SON OF STIFF TOUR
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Tuesday 14th October Open 8.30 - 2 am

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Monday 20th October Open 8.30 - 2 am

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Wednesday 29th October Open 8.30 - 2 am

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Tuesday 11th November Open 8.30 - 2 am

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Thursday 13th November Open 8.30 - 2 am

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Advance Tickets £3

Tickets from Rotters, Probe, Phoenix, Rushworths & Rox Records

MUST BE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE
No dress restrictions — No membership required

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Bath University: 'Son Of Stiff' package tour
Belfast Ulster Hall: The Ramones
Birmingham Aston University: The Photos
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Stray Dogs
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: The Deaf Aids
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Partizans
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Titan
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Hotel: Otto's Bazaar
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Slade/Straight 8
Bradford Palm Cove: Agony Column
Bradford Princeville: Ethel The Frog
Brighton Concorde: Louder Animal Group/Blue Uction
Brighton The Dome: Billy Connolly
Brighton Sussex University: Vice Squad
Bristol Granary: Atomic Rooster
Bristol Sinatra's: Streets Ahead
Burntwood Troubadour: Briton
Cambridge Midsummer Meadow Super-tent: The Specials/Swinging Cats
Cardiff Chivas: Tanzschau
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie
Cheltenham Copperfields: Fast Action
Cleethorpes Peppers: Bad Manners
Coventry Tiffany's: Gregory Isaacs
Coventry Warwick University: Q-Tips
Dundee College of Education: The Scrum Poles
Durham University: The Skids/The Books
Durrington School: Chinatown
Edinburgh Usher Hall: George Shearing Duo
Fareham Collingwood Club: Geno Washington Band
Fort William Milton Hotel: Another Pretty Face/TV 21
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Scorpions
Glasgow Doune Castle: Rhesus Negative
Grangemouth International Hotel: The Photos
Gravesend Red Lion: Diamond Head
Hanley Victoria Hall: The Tourists/The Barracudas
High Wycombe Nags Head: Night Doctor
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Various Artists/The Shoes/The Stingrays
Hull Blind Institute: Crass/Poison Girls
Hull Wellington Club: The Akrykz/Circles
Keele University: Supercharge
Kingston Three Tuns: Kicks
Leeds Cosmo Club: Wolftrace/The Not-Sensibles/This Is It
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Twisted Nerve
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Dooleys
Leicester Polytechnic: The Blues Band
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Darts
Liverpool Mona Hotel: Skeptik/Wicked Elf
Liverpool Polytechnic: Sturgeon Row
Liverpool The Mayflower: Kaspers Engine
London Camden Dingwalls: Levi Dexter & The Rip-Cords
London Canning Town Bridge House: Patrick Fitzgerald Group
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
London Clapham 101 Club: The Significant Zeros/The Rookies
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Blur/Nash The Flash
London Dartford Thames Polytechnic: The Wasters
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Fool
London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey Muller

London Fulham Golden Lion: The Soul Band
London Fulham Greyhound: The New Guitars/Thieves Like Us
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: The Swim
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The 45's/Seventeen
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Mechanics
London Islington Pied Bull: Sore Throat
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Marquee Club: The VIP's
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Clientelle
London N.W.1 Film Co-op: Knox/Animal Magnet
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: The Kraze
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Talisman
London Putney Half Moon: O'Malley & Friends
London Putney White Lion: Sam Mitchell Band
London Richmond Brolleys: Tom Robinson's Sector 27/The Au Pairs
London Royal Albert Hall: The Crusaders/Randy Crawford
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: Red Letters/The Spiders
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny M & The Midnight Express
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: The Civilians/Zits
London Strand Kings College: The Dance Band
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray
London Victoria The Venue: Jenny Darren
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Vibrators/The Cheats
London Woolwich Tramshed: Nuthin Fancy/Shadowfax
London W.14 The Kensington: Modern Jazz
Loughborough University: The Spectres/Liliput
Manchester Band on the Wall: Tough Tenors
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Zanathus/Dave E & The Crocetts
Manchester Mayflower: Proposition 31
Manchester Polytechnic: U2
Manchester (Romiley) The Grey Horse: The Cheaters
Mansfield Miners Welfare: Saracen
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: The Soft Boys
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Palais: Alvin Lee Band
Oxford Cape Of Good Hope: David Marx & The Mix
Oxford New Theatre: XTC/3 Minutes
Paisley Bungalow Bar: H20
Penzance Demelza's: The Upset
Plymouth Polytechnic: Weapon of Peace
Portsmouth Guildhall: UFO
Portsmouth Victory Club: Ram Jam Band
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Judy Collins
Sheffield Limit Club: Echo & The Bunnymen
Shifnal Star Hotel: Crosswords
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Jasper Carrott
South Shields New Crown Hotel: Raven
South Shields The Commando: Fan Heater
Sutton-in-Ashfield Festival: Still Earth
Swansea University College: Creation Rebel
Telford Gemini Club: British Steel
Todmorden Golden Lion: Stalk
Uxbridge Brunel University: The AT's
Willenhall Cavalcade: Switch 7
Windsor Christopher Hotel: The Rhythm Squad

FRIDAY

Abertillery Metropole Cinema: Atomic Rooster
Aberystwyth University: Nine Below Zero
Bath Moles Club: The Skavengers

Belfast Ulster Hall: Judy Collins
Birkenhead Gallery Club: Asylum
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poor Boys/Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: The Slits
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Ever Ready/The Privates
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Odeon: Gillan
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Birmingham Top Rank: The Rasses
Birmingham University: Alan Price/Dan-sette Damage
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Billy Connolly
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Ron Geeson/Trimmer & Jenkins
Bradford Palm Cove: Stormtrooper
Brighton Sussex University: The Dance Band
Brighton Top Rank: John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray
Bristol Bear Hotel: The Review/Acid Children
Bristol Colston Hall: Rory Gallagher
Bristol Docklands Settlement: Blurt
Burnley Nelson & Colne College: Various Artists/The Shoes/The Stingrays
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: Thumpa
Cardiff University: Alvin Lee Band
Carlisle Mick's Club: Another Pretty Face/TV21
Carnoustie Beach Hall: The Scrum Poles
Chelmsford Saracen Club: World Service
Chesterfield Boythorpe Hotel: Union Blues Band
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: The Dead Kennedys
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Croydon The Cartoon: The Pencils
Dundee Windhall Theatre: George Shearing Duo
Durham University: Show Biz Kids
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: The Nice Men
Edinburgh Nite Club: The Piranhas/F.K.9
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Joe Jackson Band/The Innates
Edinburgh University: The Bodysnatchers
Egham Royal Holloway College: The AT's
Exeter St. Luke's College: The Upset
Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre (for three days): C-S-W Jamboree with Carl Perkins/Don Gibson/Linda Cassidy/Carol Baker/Little Ginny/Wally Whyton etc.
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Basil's Ballsup Band
Harrogate Adelphi Hotel: Knife Edge
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: XTC/3 Minutes
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: Crass/Poison Girls
Ilford The Cranbrook: Spider
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Darts
Ipswich Manqr Ballroom: Anti Establishment
Kingston The Swan: Real To Real
Kirkcaldy Country Club: Ram Jam Band
Lampeter St. Davids University: Fischer-Z
Launceston White Horse Inn: The D.S.
Leeds Forde Green Hotel: More
Leeds University: Q-Tips
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: Spring Offensive
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: Madame
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Tough Tenors
Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Tourists/The Barracudas
London Acton The Windmill: Red Letters
London Camden Dingwalls: The Yo Yo's
London Camden Music Machine: The Photos/The VIP's
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Central Polytechnic: The Associates
London Chiswick John Bull: Johnny G Band
London Clapham 101 Club: Nash The Slash/Blancmange
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Chicken Shack
London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Kraze
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton's H-D Band
London Fulham Greyhound: The Directions
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Crusaders/Randy Crawford
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Soul Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Opposition/Paul Goodman
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Spectres
London Marquee Club: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
London Middlesex Hospital: Geno Washington Band
London Musicians Collective (Gloucester Ave., NW1): Terry Day's Inflammatory Guest



DAVE EDMUNDS and Rockpile set out this weekend on a major UK tour, tied in with the release of their new F-Beat album — the first they've recorded as a group in the five years they have been together. Catch them at Dundee (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday).

London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: The Rhythm Squad
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: The Wasters
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Simms Mellor Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Spartacus/Oshama
London Peckham Walmer Castle: Shadowfax
London Putney Half Moon: Eddie Clearwater
London Putney Star & Garter: John Spencer's Sons Of The Louts
London Putney White Lion: Sole Distributors
London Richmond Snoopies: The Brainiac 5/Brian & The Hangmen
London Royal Albert Hall: Mary O'Hara
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Barnes Quartet
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: The Attendants/Orson Blake
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: TV Personalities/Teenage Filmstars
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
London Strand Kings College: The Locators
London Stratford North East Polytechnic: Salt
London University: The Revillos
London University Union: Tom Robinson's Sector 27/The Au Pairs
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Cool
London Victoria The Venue: Loudon Wainwright III
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Liliput/Machix/The Decorators
London W.14 The Kensington: Munchies
Loughborough Agricultural College: Zorkie Twins
Lowestoft South Pier Theatre: Bastille
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Hawkwind/Vardis
Manchester De La Salle College: The Cheaters/Zanathus
Manchester Mayflower: Night Visitors
Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms: C-Sain
Newcastle Polytechnic: The Blues Band
Northampton The Paddock: Diamond Head
Nottingham Black Boy: Turning Point
Nottingham University New Theatre: Guy Jackson
Oldham Lancashire Vault: Rockin' Horse
Oxford New Theatre: UFO
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Snapshots
Portsmouth Guildhall: The Pretenders
Reading Target Club: Chinatown
Retford Porterhouse: Bad Manners
Salisbury Technical College: Supercharge
Sheffield Polytechnic: 'Son Of Stiff' package tour
Shifnal Star Hotel: Straight Jocelyn
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Jasper Carrott
Southampton University: Famous Names
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: The Shadows
Southend Top Alex: Stealer

St. Albans City Hall: The Dooleys
St. Neots Working Men's Club: Black Jack
Tarant Monkton Langton Arms: The Martian Schoolgirls
Taunton Odeon: Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: Tygers Of Pan Tang
Windsor Christopher Hotel: On The Air
Withernsea Grad Pavilion: Slade/Straight 8
Wollaston Nags Head: The Soft Boys

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: George Shearing Duo
Aylesbury Friars: John Cooper Clarke/Pauline Murray
Birmingham Bogarts: Requiem
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: DAF/UBIK
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham Odeon: The Ramones
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Tom Robinson's Sector 27
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Billy Connolly
Bracknell Bridge House: The Pictures
Bradford University: Slade/Straight 8
Brighton Dome: The Pretenders
Brighton Jenkinson's: The Dead Kennedys
Bristol Polytechnic: The Revillos
Bristol Stonehouse: Recorded Delivery/The Hybrids/The Pompeli Stiffs
Bristol University: Emotion Pictures
Burton The Galaxy: Strange Brood
Chelmsford Odeon: XTC/3 Minutes
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: Saracen
Colchester Essex University: Tygers Of Pan Tang
Croydon The Cartoon: Hotpoints
Derby Assembly Rooms: Gillan
Dundee University: Rockpile
Durham University: The Blues Band
Edinburgh Nite Club: Another Pretty Face
Guildford Surrey University: Famous Names
Hull Charleston Club: Head-Hunter
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: The Dooleys
Keele University: Ricochet
Kidderminster Town Hall: Diamond Head
Kingston Polytechnic: U2
Leeds Queen's Hall: UFO
Leeds Staging Post: Still Earth
Leicester University: Q-Tips/Guy Jackson
Lewes Community Centre: The Techniques
Liverpool Brady's: The Slits
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Hawkwind/Vardis
Liverpool Polytechnic Commerce Bar: Breakdown
Liverpool University: Supercharge/The Egyptians
London Camden Dingwalls: Johnny G/Ojah
London Camden Music Machine: The Photos/The VIP's
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Fabulous Poodles
London Chiswick John Bull: Trimmer & Jenkins/The Zoots
London Clapham 101 Club: Jo Ann Kelly's 2nd Line
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Realists/Harry & The Atoms
London E.1 Brady Club: Huang Chung
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
London Fulham Greyhound: Weapon/Red Alert
London Fulham The Cock: Rye & The Quarter Boys
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Hank Wangford Band
London Marquee Club: Nash The Slash
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Bernd Weber & The Last Resort
London North-East Polytechnic: Nine Below Zero
London N.4 The Stapleton: Sons Of Cain
London Paddington St. Mary's Hospital: The Swim
London Putney Railway Hotel: Moontier
London Putney Star & Garter: Duffo
London Putney White Lion: Red Beans & Rice
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Faith Petric & Friends
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: Embryo
London Soho Pizza Express: Don Ewell Quartet
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: Spider

CONTINUES OVER...



Modern girl SHEENA EASTON (left) celebrates her unique success — the first time a new artist has scored two simultaneous Top Ten chart hits with her (or his or their) first two singles — by headlining a package tour which opens at Croydon (Sunday) and Hull (Tuesday). And THE PHOTOS (above) are playing a short series of dates, highlighted by two nights at London Music Machine on Friday and Saturday.



MORE GIG GUIDE



It's seldom we see THE SKIDS looking so suave and debonair — probably due to the fact that, during the course of their current UK tour, they're stopping off to play lunchtime gigs in various schools. Anything less smart could land 'em with 500 lines apiece! The tour climaxes at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 21.

Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: Rough Justice
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Bee Vamp/Dr. Fifth
 Manchester Portland Bars: Knife Edge
 Middlesbrough Empire Hotel: Carl Green & The Scene
 Newbridge Club & Institute: Circles
 Newcastle City Hall: The Crusaders / Randy Crawford
 Norwich Cottage Tavern: The Stingrays
 Norwich Theatre Royal: The Dooleys
 Paignton Festival Theatre: Billy Connolly
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Another Pretty Face/TV21
 Poole Arts Centre: The Tourists/The Barracudas
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Mary O'Hara
 Reading Target Club: Panther 45
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Rory Gallagher
 St. Albans Goat Inn: Roger Watson
 Taunton Odeon: Showaddywaddy
 Warrington The Kingsway: Night Visitors
 Windsor Blazars: The Four Tops (for a week)
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Joe Jackson Band/The inmates

MONDAY

Barnsley Antonio's: The Odds (for three days)
 Bingley Crossflatts Youth Club: Shake Appeal
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Briton-Mayday
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Tom Robinson's Sector 27
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Gentleman Jim
 Birmingham Odeon: The Pretenders
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Medussa
 Boston Folk Club: Johnny Coppin
 Bradford The Seat Box: Crass/Poison Girls
 Brighton Dome: The Shadows
 Brighton Sussex University: Turning Point
 Bristol Berkeley Suite: The Untouchables/The Singrays
 Bristol Stonehouse: Streets Ahead
 Cambridge Raffles: Spring Offensive
 Canterbury Kent University: Group 4/Treatment
 Cardiff University: The Tourists/The Barracudas
 Colchester Colne Lodge: Thumpas
 Doncaster Rotters: The Specials/Swinging Cats
 Edinburgh Swankies: Raw Deal
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: Rockpile
 Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
 Glasgow Pavilion: Johnnie Ray (for five days)
 Hanley Victoria Hall: The Scorpions
 Hardestoft Shoulder of Mutton: Slade/Straight 8
 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: Gillan
 Hull Wellington Club: Inner City Unit
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Rory Gallagher
 Kendal Arts Centre: Creation Rebel
 Leamington Spa Royal Centre: Angelwitch
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: Knife Edge
 Liverpool Rotters: The Skids/The Books
 London Camden Dingwalls: Bad Manners
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Bouncers/Terminal Rescue
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Holograms/The Razz
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Geneva/Last Chance
 London Hammersmith Palais: Graham Parker & The Rumour/The Marvelettes
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Cheaters
 London Islington The Wheatsheaves: The Harfoot Brothers
 London N.14 The Stapleton: The Syndicate
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: Red Letters/The Spiders
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Opposition/Marshallmaw
 London Stratford Green Man: The Soul Band
 London Stratford North East Polytechnic: Blackthorn
 London University College: The Dave
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Spoilers
 London Victoria The Venue: Loudon Wainwright III
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Nash The Slash/Dinky Dean
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.14 The Kensington: Rick Christian Band
 Malvern Winter Gardens: Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Yellow Magic Orchestra/The Comsat Angels
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: Sheena Easton/Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny
 Manchester Hyde Town Hall: Militia
 Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: The Colours Out Of Time
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Bad Publicity
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Those French Girls/Duff Party
 Preston Pear Tree: Rockin' Horse
 Sheffield City Hall: Hawkwind/Vardis
 Sheffield Genevieve's: Atomic Rooster
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Darts
 Southend Zero 6: Q-Tips
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: Billy Connolly
 Wakefield Speakeasy: The Munroes
 Watford Bailey's: Gerry & The Pacemakers (for a week)
 Watford Verulam Arms: Fool
 Windsor Christopher Hotel: Travelling Shoes
 York University: The Blues Band

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sub Zero
 Birmingham Odeon: Hawkwind/Vardis
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
 Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Inn: Briton
 Bolton Bromley Cross Railway Hotel: Rockin' Horse
 Bradford Palm Cove: Patchwork
 Bradford St. George's Hall: The Scorpions
 Brighton Basement Club: The Fabulous Germans
 Brighton Dome: Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie
 Bury The Derby Hall: Victor Brox/No Change
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Spider
 Coventry Lady Godiva: The Speedy Bears
 Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Coventry Theatre: Rory Gallagher
 Coventry Zodiac Club: Switch 7
 Croydon The Cartoon: Visitor
 Dartford Railway Hotel: Tony Rose
 Exeter University: The Tourists/The Barracudas
 Fleet Fox & Hounds: George Frampton
 Glasgow Castle Bar: Raw Deal
 Hartlepool Gemini Club: Raven
 Hull City Hall: Tom Robinson's Sector 27
 Hull New Theatre: Sheena Easton/Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny
 Kingston Three Tuns: Park Avenue
 Lancaster University: The Pretenders
 Leicester The Luca Centre: The Sinatras/The Payrolls
 Leicester University: Alvin Lee Band
 Liverpool Brady's: Diamond Head
 Liverpool Rotters: The Specials/Swinging Cats
 Liverpool Star & Garter: Zorkie Twins
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Rasses
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Nice Men/The Case
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lipservice/The Cut
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Chris Hunt's Cable Car
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Kraze/The Room
 London Fulham The Cock: Red Letters
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: RPM
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Gillan
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Furniture/The Pits
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Nash the Slash
 London Islington The Bluecoat Boy: The Harfoot Brothers
 London Lewisham Concert Hall: George Shearing Duo
 London Marquee Club: The Upset
 London N.4 The Stapleton: World Service
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Drawing Room Lizards
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Carpettes/The Signals
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London St. Thomas's Hospital: The Dance Band
 London Victoria The Venue: Loudon Wainwright III
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Dr. Mix & The Remix/Naked Lunch
 London W.14 The Kensington: Dirty Tricks
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: The Cheaters
 Manchester Mayflower: Militia
 Manchester Polytechnic: Classix Nouveaux
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: Carl Green & The Scene/The Jaywalkers/The Dead Certs/Dave Barbarian/The Idols
 Newcastle University: Rockpile
 Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Steve Gibbons Band/Bad Publicity
 Nottingham Albert Hall: The Blues Band
 Nottingham Boat Club: Dangerous Girls
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Hollow City Rhythm Circus
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Bad Manners
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Freeze
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Billy Connolly
 Reading University: The Skids/The Books
 Sheffield City Hall: Jasper Carrott
 Sheffield Limit Club: Weapon of Peace
 Slough Thames Hall: Mary O'Hara
 Southampton Concord Club: Midnight Follies Orchestra
 Southampton Solent Suite: Turning Point
 Swansea White Swan: Old Hat
 Weymouth College: Various Artists/The Shoes/The Untouchables
 Windsor Christopher Hotel: The Brix Six & Joan

WEDNESDAY

Bicester Red Lion: The Significant Zeros
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Dansette Damage
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: M.S. Night-work
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham Top Rank: The Blues Band
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Bradford University: Q-Tips
 Brighton Sussex University: Alvin Lee Band
 Brighton Top Rank: The Skids/The Books
 Cambridge Raffles: Alkatraz
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: Diamond Head
 Coventry General Wolfe: The VIP's
 Croydon Crawdaddy: The Razz
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Billy Connolly
 Croydon The Cartoon: Basil's Ballsup Band
 Croydon The Star: The Kicks
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Darts
 Derby College of Further Education: Turning Point
 Dublin Trinity College: 'Son of Stiff' package tour
 Durham Brewers Arms: Out Of Control
 Eastleigh Town Hall: The Enid
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Pretenders
 Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
 Galashiels Maxwell Hall: Tom Robinson's Sector 27
 Glasgow Strangers: Raw Deal
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Hawkwind/Vardis
 Keele University: Gary Glitter / The Moondogs
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: The Mirror Boys / The Technicians
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Shadows
 Leicester Phoenix Theatre: The Speedy Bears
 Liverpool Brady's: Bad Manners
 Liverpool Gatsby's: Crass / Poison Girls
 Liverpool Rotters: The Specials / Swinging Cats
 London Acton Kings Head: Blur / Furniture
 London Barking North-East Polytechnic: Seven Year Itch
 London Camden Dingwalls: Creation Rebel
 London Clapham 101 Club: Lipservice / Fruit Eating Bears
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Wasted Youth / Zero Zero
 London Dagenham North-East Polytechnic: Juice On The Loose / Seven Year Itch
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Thieves Like Us
 London Fulham Greyhound: Modern Jazz / The Talk
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Gillan
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Johnny G
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Park Avenue
 London Marquee Club: The Comsat Angels
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Several / Base 3 / Popular Theory
 London Soho Pizza Express: John Altman's Onyx Club Orchestra
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Spartacus / The Moonwalkers
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: The Step
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Geno Washington Band
 London W.14 The Kensington: Rio & The Robots
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Joe Jackson Band / The Rasses
 Manchester Band on the Wall: Militia
 Manchester Carousel Club: The Only Ones
 Newcastle City Hall: UFO
 Newport Stowaway: The Dance Band
 Norwich East Anglia University: The inmates / The Deaf Aids
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Oldham The Lancashire: J.G. Spoils Rock Band
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Altered Images
 Portsmouth City Arms: Chinatown
 Preston Scamps: The Zanti Misfitz
 Queensferry Deeside Leisure: Circles
 Reading University: The Revillos / The Paynkillers
 Runcorn Cherry Tree: Rockin' Horse
 Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: Spirit Level
 Sheffield City Hall: Jasper Carrott
 Southampton Joiners Arms: The Skavengers
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 St. Albans City Hall: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Wakefield Speakeasy: The Munroes
 Weybridge National College of Food: Nigel Mazlyn Jones
 Windsor Christopher Hotel: Juvenessence
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: The Scorpions
 Worthington Carnegie Theatre: Atomic Rooster

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Odeon: Yellow Magic Orchestra/The Comsat Angels
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Blackpool ABC Theatre: The Hollies
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Pendulum/Alan Holdsworth
 Bradford Palm Cove: Jeds Blues Band
 Bradford Princeville Club (lunchtime):

J.G. Spoils Rock Band
 Bristol Colston Hall: Darts
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Bury Bridge Hotel: Two-Tone-Pinks
 Cambridge Graduates Society: Mad Chateaux
 Cambridge Great Northern: The Soft Boys
 Cannock Moonraker: Switch 7
 Canterbury Odeon: The Ramones
 Coventry Theatre: Gillan
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Sheena Easton/Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny
 Croydon Crawdaddy: The Business
 Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): The London Apaches
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Hawkwind/Vardis
 Edinburgh Valentino's: Echo & The Bunnymen
 Exeter University: Emotion Pictures
 Fife St. Andrew's University: The Body-snatchers
 Glasgow King's Theatre: George Shearing Duo
 Glasgow Tiffany's: Rockpile
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: The Sundowners
 Hamilton Town Hall: Raw Deal
 Hull City Hall: The Blues Band
 Hull New Theatre: The Spinners
 Hungerford The Plume: Chinatown
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: UFO
 Ipswich The Kingfisher: The Smarties
 Kirkcaldy Country Club: Creation Rebel
 Leicester Bath Hotel: Scarlet O'Hara
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Pretenders
 Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: Turning Point
 Liverpool Rotters: 'Son of Stiff' package tour
 London Acton Kings Head: Orson Blake/Killerhetz
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brixton George Canning: Southside
 London Camden Dingwalls: Bad Manners
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Risse
 London Clapham 101 Club: End Games
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Evidence/Pozer/Baby Patrol
 London Dalston Pembury Tavern: Avenue
 London Edmonton Picketts Lock: Gregory Isaacs
 London Finchley Torrington: Red Beans & Rice
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Den Hegarty & The Ransom
 London Fulham Greyhound: Stray/The Odds
 London Hammersmith Palais: Graham Parker & the Rumour/The Marvelettes
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Johnny G
 London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Spider
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: The London Apaches
 London Putney White Lion: Juice On The Loose
 London Richmond Brolley's: Diamond Head
 London Soho Pizza Express: Fred Hunt
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: XTC/Classix Nouveau/3 Minutes
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: The Shadows
 London Victoria The Venue: Loudon Wainwright III
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun/Talkover
 London Woolwich Pier (boat trip): The Kraze
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Mike McKenzie Trio
 London W.14 The Kensington: Paz
 Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: Dave Gelly Band
 Maldon Goins Court: Thumpas



GRAHAM PARKER makes a welcome return on Monday and Tuesday when, together with the ever-faithful Rumour, he headlines two concerts at London Rainbow. Make the most of it, 'cos God knows when he'll do another. Support act is The Marvelettes.

LIVE PAGE

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the blues band

nine below zero

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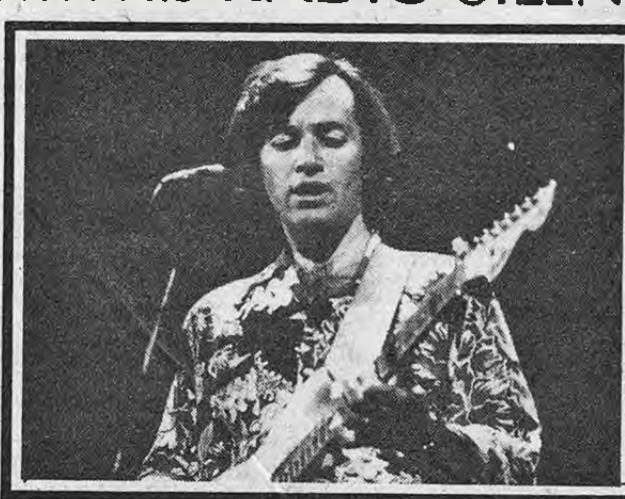
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NEWS EXTRA

Martyn's trek now set

JOHN MARTYN has now been confirmed for an 18-date autumn tour, his first major concert series for three years. Plans for the tour, and a couple of dates, were revealed last week — but the full schedule comprises Epsom Baths Hall (October 17), Manchester Polytechnic (18), Birmingham Town Hall (20), Norwich East Anglia University (22), Hull College (24), Colchester Essex University (25), Canterbury Odeon (26), Leeds University (29), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (30), Huddersfield Polytechnic (31), Loughborough University (November 1), London Victoria Apollo Theatre (2), Bangor University (4), Liverpool University (5), Stirling University (7), Fife St. Andrew's University (8), Edinburgh Odeon (9) and Glasgow City Hall (10). He'll be touring with Geoff Allen (drums) and Alan Thompson (bass), and his new album 'Grace & Danger' — which includes Phil Collins on drums and back-up vocals — is issued by Island next week.



MAIDEN VOYAGES

IRON MAIDEN are being lined up for a short tour at the end of November — dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but it's known that it will run ten days, starting at Uxbridge Brunel University on November 21. Their next major outing is planned for the New Year, when they begin a world tour taking in Europe, Japan, Australia and the States. After their series of European dates with Kiss, they start work on a new album this month, but in the meantime their new single 'Women In Uniforms' is released by EMI next week — the B-side of the 7" version is 'Invasion', while on the 12-inch there's a live version of 'Phantom Of The Opera'.

Fancy a date with Enid?

THE ENID have lined up a 23-venue concert tour, with dates spread between next week and Christmas. With further gigs likely to be slotted in, those confirmed so far are Eastleigh Town Hall (October 15), Farnham The Maltings (16), Street Strove Theatre (17), Liverpool College of Higher Education (24), Sheffield University (25), Bridlington 3B's Theatre (31), Retford Porterhouse (November 1), Redcar Coatham Bowl (2), Loughborough Charnwood Theatre (3), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (4), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (10), Lincoln Theatre Royal (13), Chichester Festival Theatre (19), Reading Hexagon (23), Eastbourne Congress (30), Brighton Sussex University (December 5), a charity concert for the Save The Children Fund at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (7), St Albans City Hall (13), Leeds Forde Green Hotel (14), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (15), Workington Carnegie Theatre (16) and Hereford Castle Hall (23). This weekend, Pye release the band's double album 'Rhapsody In Rock' — selling at £4.99, it consists of one live record, and one of remixed tracks from their two previous Pye sets.

Rejects, Knox, Siouxsie

THE COCKNEY REJECTS have lined up a short tour for the second half of this month, tied in with the October 13 release of their new Zonophone single 'We Are The Firm' and album 'Greatest Hits Volume II'. They play Coventry Tiffany's (October 16), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (17) and a matinee at the same venue (18), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Bristol Granary (21), Liverpool Brady's (23), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (24), Derby Ajanta Cinema (25) and Leeds Brannigan's (26). A London date is at present being arranged to round off the schedule.

KNOX, the former Vibrators front man, is playing a series of dates to back up his current solo single on Armageddon Records — the Syd Barrett song 'Gigolo Aunt'. He's at the London Film Co-op in Chalk Farm tonight (Thursday), and later in the month he goes on the road to Brighton Top Rank (October 27), Hull Wellington Club (30) and Liverpool Brady's (31), with more gigs being set. With Knox on guitar and vocals, his band line-up comprises Nicky Hallam (guitar), Daryl Battin (bass) and Nick Gibson (drums).

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have added Manchester Apollo next Tuesday (14) to their UK tour schedule, reported last week. And their gig on October 21 is switched from Cardiff Top Rank to Sheffield Top Rank.

THE REVILLOS, currently on tour to promote their DinDisc album 'Rev Up' and single 'Hungry For Love', have added another four dates to their schedule — at York The Forge (October 27), Durham University (28) and London Marquee (29 and 30).

NASH THE SLASH, the Canadian one-man-band who recently supported Gary Numan on the road, plays a series of London gigs over the next few days — at Covent Garden Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), Clapham 101 Club (Friday), the Marquee (Saturday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (next Monday) and Islington Hope & Anchor (Tuesday).

Monochromatic

THE MONOCHROME SET, just back from Europe, have lined up a series of dates to support their new album 'Love Zombies' (released by DinDisc on October 17) and single 'Apocalypse' (out now). They play Coventry Warwick University (October 27), Oxford Scamps (28), Bristol Berkeley (29), Port Talbot Troubadour (30), Sheffield Limit Club (November 4), Manchester Rafter's (6), Retford Porterhouse (7), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (8) and Brighton Jenkins (9). More gigs, including a London show, are at present being confirmed.

BLONDEL RE-FORM

AMAZING BLONDEL — the group which, a decade ago, built up a considerable reputation through their distinctive blend of contemporary and medieval music — have re-formed. Founder and principal writer John David Gladwin remains the leader, while Adrian Hopkins — who played with Blondel on an occasional basis in the past — is now a permanent member, along with Paul Empson. All three are multi-instrumentalists, blending modern strings and woodwind with the likes of harpsicord, dulcimer, lute and psaltery. They've already recorded their own half-hour BBC-TV show, are negotiating a recording deal, and are setting up a string of concert and college dates for the rest of the year.

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- 14.10.80 BIRMINGHAM, TOP RANK.
- 15.10.80 BRIGHTON, BRIGHTON UNIVERSITY.
- 16.10.80 POOLE, POOLE ART CENTRE.
- 21.10.80 LONDON, THE LYCEUM.
- 22.10.80 MIDDLESBROUGH, TOWN HALL.
- 23.10.80 BLACKBURN, KING GEORGE'S HALL.



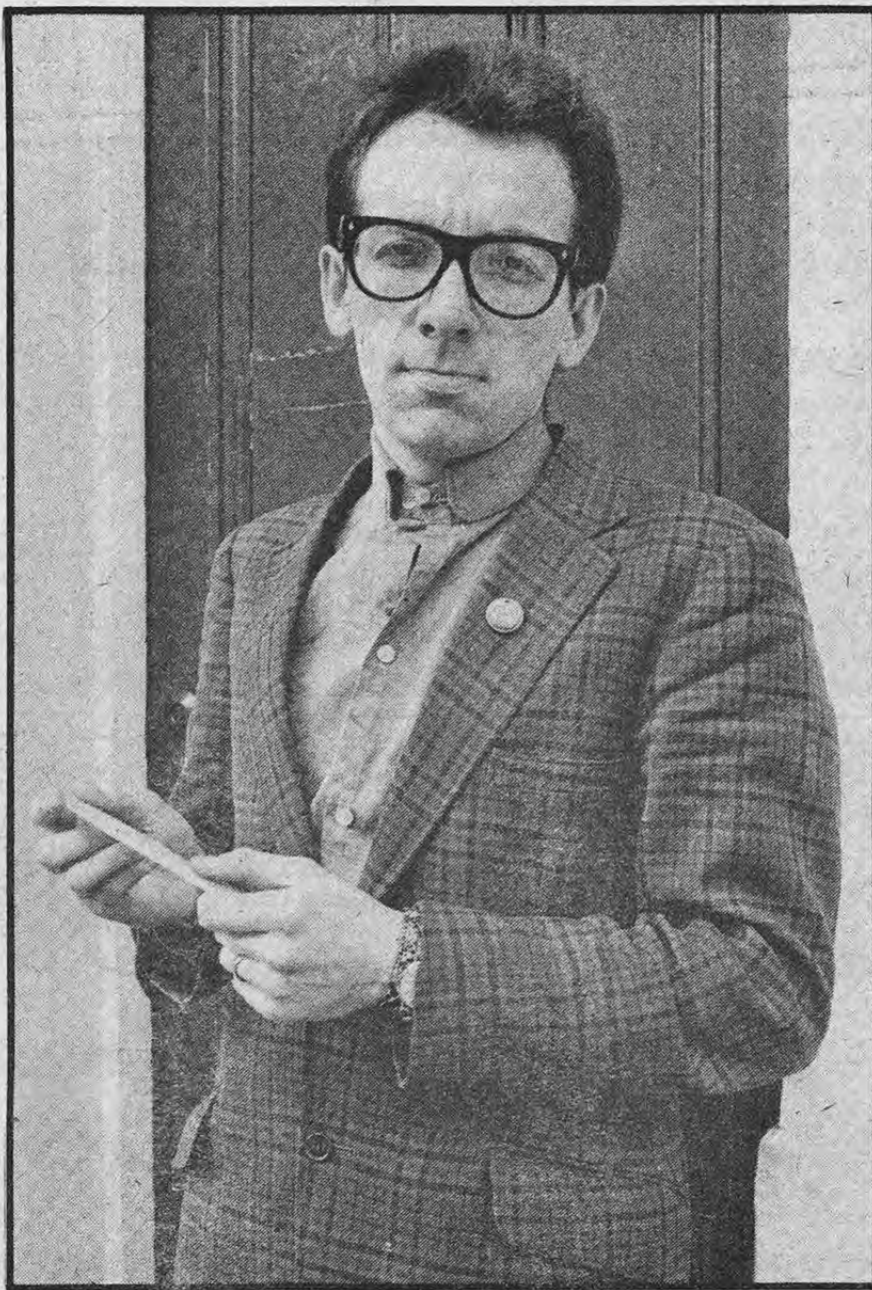
ALVIN LEE 'FREE FALL'
ALBUM: AALP 5002
CASSETTE: ZCAA 5002



CHEVY 'THE TAKER'
ALBUM: AALP 5001
CASSETTE: ZCAA 5001

RELEASE DATE 10th OCTOBER DISTRIBUTED BY PRT/PYE RECORDS

ALBUMS EXTRA



Remember when? Pic: Barry Plummer

Elvis taking no liberties

ELVIS COSTELLO

Taking Liberties (Columbia — Import)

INTRIGUING to see the way this album has been reviewed by other periodicals so far. Short and snappy, the assessment has usually been vague but favourable. One aspect of 'Liberties' release however is that, with twenty items from the Costello songbook spanning some four prolific years, the harried Costello fan can pause and actually weigh up the pros and cons of the man's work to date.

All eras are showcased here. The earliest Costello (as opposed to D P MacManus) recordings like 'Radio Sweetheart' and 'Stranger in the House' that were, for one reason or another, left off 'My Aim Is True', certain of El plus the Attractions' first forays — 'Chelsea', 'Night Rally' (both to be annexed from the U.K. cassette-only version released Nov 7 where 'Watching The Detectives', 'Radio Radio' will take their place whilst 'Peace, Love & Understanding' also replaces 'Sunday's Best') and 'Big Tears' from the 'Model' sessions whilst 'Tiny Steps', 'Clean Money', 'Crawling To The USA', 'Wednesday Week' and 'Talking In The Dark' are all out-takes from the 'Armed Forces' sessions. Finally, Costello-produced items like alternative cuts of 'Black & White World' and 'Clowntime is Over' join ranks with marginally post-'Get Happy' recordings like 'Gettin' Mighty Crowded', 'Just a Memory', 'Ghost Train', 'Dr Luther's Assistant', 'Girl's Talk', and 'Hoover Factory', not forgetting the exquisite reading of 'My Funny Valentine'.

The actual editing-together of this sprawl of obsessive virtuosity is worth giving a ten out of ten, because it balances out the numerous stylistic deviations and pinpoints certain striking inconsistencies.

Where the earliest cuts — 'Radio Sweetheart' and 'Stranger In The House' — have not merely retained their initial clout but now sound even better, a lot of the 'Armed Forces' era stuff — 'Wednesday Week', 'Sunday's Best', 'Talking In The Dark' ring false, being far too busy and over convoluted. Elvis once stated that his biggest fear was of "repeating himself in diminishing echoes" and the sad fact is that these songs are the sound of a man feverishly pushing himself on to avoid the long downward spiral of self-parody.

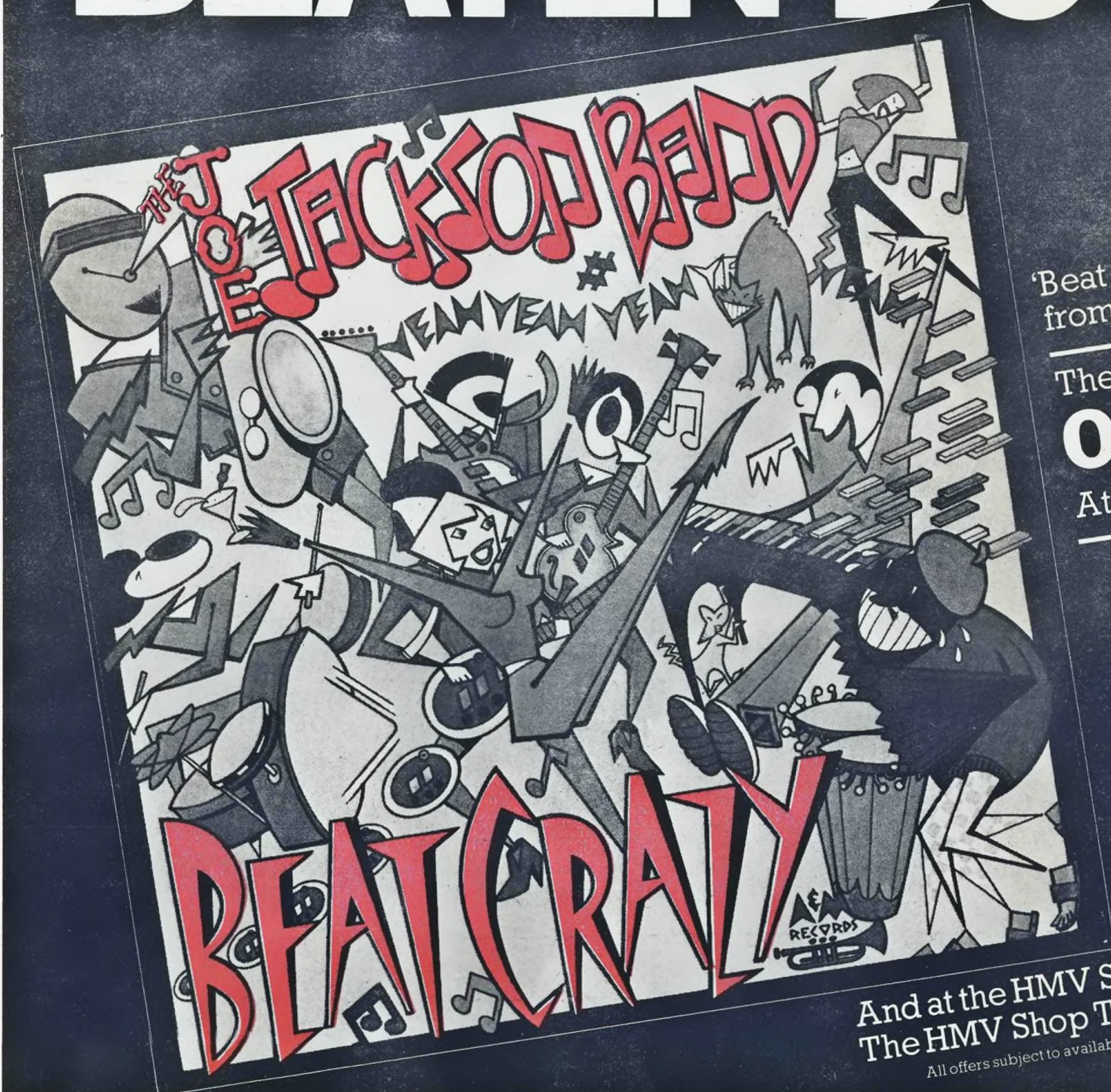
Of course, this should not be taken as a generalisation — 'Chelsea', like 'Detectives' and most of the 'Model' tracks for that matter, is a stunning creation with the Attractions providing a devastatingly cock-sure back-up. Even when the songs are second-rate — 'Crawling To The USA' and 'Clean Money' — the Attractions bring the hammer down with a vengeance.

The self-produced songs are possibly 'Liberties' strongest suit for release. Costello slows down 'Clowntime is Over', strips away all superfluous embellishments and presents one with a song that, like 'Motel Matches' and 'New Amsterdam', demonstrates just how easy it is to ignore a brilliant song under the sheer tonnage of material available. Here, Costello hasn't lost a thing. He's better than ever, the underlying fear of inspiration being drained, forcing him to metamorphose into what Danny Baker described as "a piano wire drawn so tight that to release, could result in an almighty snap".

'Hoover Factory' — the only truly original and hitherto unobtainable item included here — addresses Costello's own hang-up with a poignancy and grace that undermines that 'snap' factor. "It's not a matter of life or death/What is? what is?/It doesn't matter if I take another breath/Who cares? who cares?" croons Costello, voicing his essential credo. There is the same resignation here that characterised 'Alison' and 'Just a Memory', that same tinge of sadness that ultimately grants Costello the human factor he's sometimes tried to dash against those feverish outbursts which now form his own caricature. 'Liberties' release *could* be purely down to financial matters, the Columbia record deal and all that that might entail but I seriously doubt it. I'm glad I've got the record and I don't feel shortchanged. I see no reason why you should feel differently.

Nick Kent

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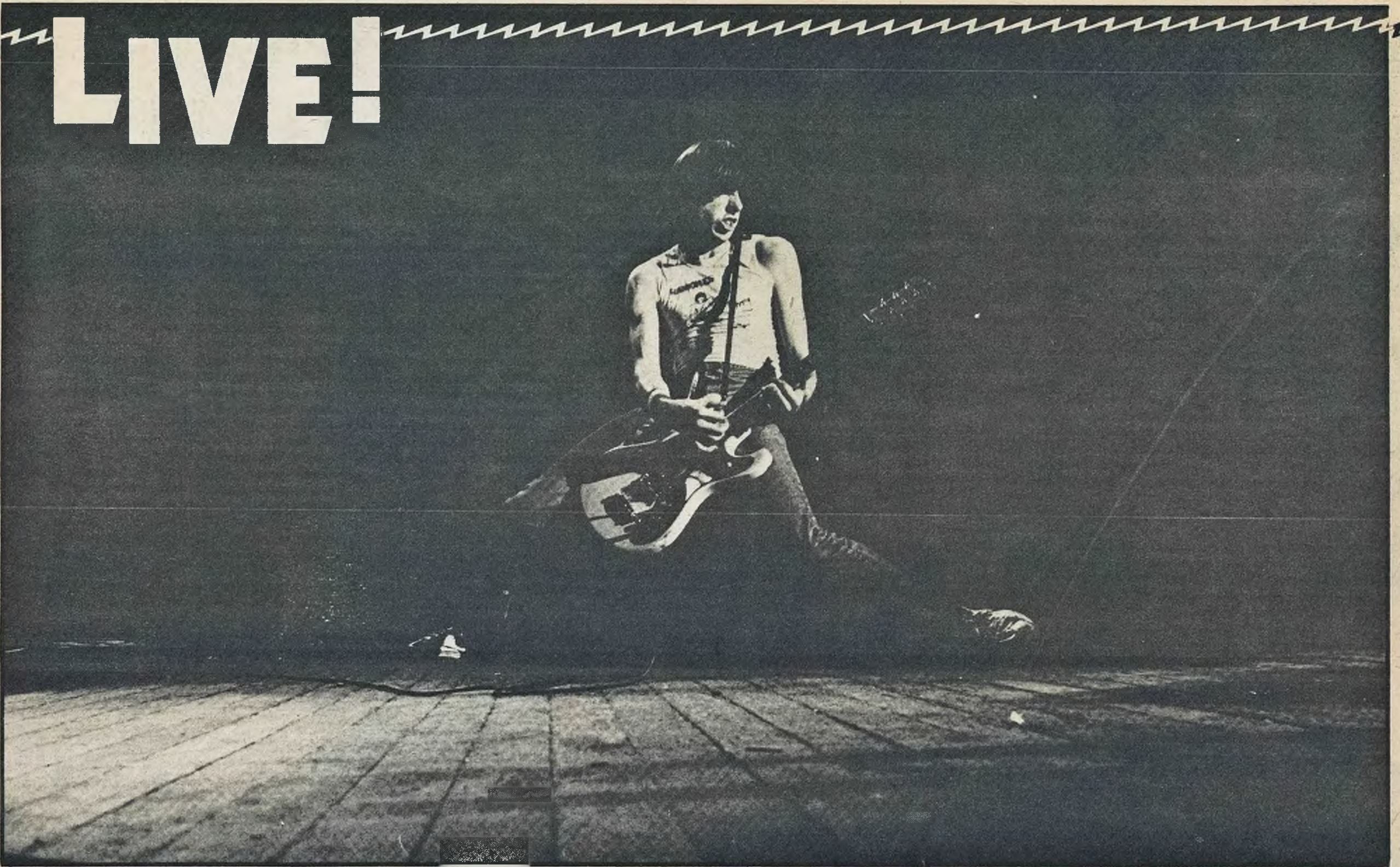
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LIVE!

Johnny Ramone tries to stand up. Pic David Corio.



If all men were bwudders

The Ramones

Hammersmith Odeon

"Despair of nothing you would attain, Unwearing diligence your point will gain!" —*Men Who Have Risen*, John Hogg, 1847.

TO A few Americans it is given that they shall invent the perfect artefact for their time: Creole Sebastian Chaveau the marshmallow in 1868; ex-big band pianist Ray Kroc the McDonald's (as we know it) in 1954; New York's post-teens John Cummings, Jeffrey Hyman, Douglas Colvin and Thomas Erdelyi The Ramones in 1976. The best thing about achievements of this stature is that they endure and gather strength with the passage of time.

Given the licence of these column inches, I can assure you on my granny's Bible that a) the Ramones audience last Thursday was perhaps even more avid than ever before, picking up adroitly on any line dropped by Joey to catch a breath; b) that said audience was *not* composed only of any one faction, either leftover leathers or nouveau denim; and c) despite a sound system which veered into the muzzy, by number 20 the band still made that requisite leap into hyperspace where the speed of sound mitigated against even the most Ramon-o-maniac of fans telling one song from another and where Joey sounded *un poco* like Theodore the Chipmunk (during 'Let's Dance').

Johnny 'Anything that plugs in' Ramone was attired in a modest self-autographed T-shirt, blue-and-white wristband and matching denims, and he played like some scion off *Soap* wrestling to rescue his maiden aunt's heirloom silver spoon from the kitchen sink disposal unit. His foil DeeDee 'Everyone's copped my style' Ramone veered towards the Rocky

A Certain Ratio New Order

New York

THE TOURIST guide I bought told me about funk'n' for Jamaica, but nothing about this.

At last, a venue where I can *enjoy* a gig. Back in the homeland I'd grown completely weary of live events, sheltering in the more accessible and comfortable warmth of cinema, TV, pub; gigs in England seem to have all the disadvantages and no seductive devices. Some place like Hurrah — stop me if you've heard this from Max Bell recently — has the architecture, space, oh dammit the *atmosphere* (like the Music Machine has an elephant's graveyard atmosphere, yeah?) for a Good Night Out. It even has video camera, live.



New Order's Albrecht in New York. Pic Peter Anderson

Factory whistle blows in New York

Riccardo flamenco mode, tattoos flexing and physiognomy straining after

each and every chord. The Nonstop World Tour appears to have perfected

Mark Bell's thoughtful Quasimodo drumming, and he sported a basic black

singlet to accent his hunch. Dynamic frontperson Joey was attired in a purple T (Jim

My kind of place.

The Factory package: their first visit to the USA coincides with mine. Joy Division were set for their first American tour — whose first date was to be Hurrah — before Ian Curtis' death. Now they soldier on.

New Order is Hook, Morris and Albrecht — a show of fortitude and all new features. Nothing like the latter day.

Hook, Morris and Albrecht pick and switch synth, vocals, rhythms — dividing and changing with(in) each song. The sound is mostly slower than the faster day . . . although it's best to get away from comparison. Difficult, though.

First song is clearly about loss, and memory. My heart goes out: whether it is final, fatal or temporary — lack is lack — you want someone back. Someone whose absence hurts worse than words can prove. I liked this unfamiliar song a lot: the obvious words weren't there. The obsessive, nagging sensation was.

New Order falter forwards. They're shy and desperate, and all the songs are new. The combination of sounds amounts to something like an opposite to someone like Young Marble Giants: that same smoochy, hesitant dynamic — but harsher and darker. Albrecht's big scarlet Gibson is played jazzy and in fits and starts. A new arrangement. The only twinge of doubt concerns their vocals, but . . .

Words are for mourning, bridges for burning.

A Certain Ratio are shy and desperate too. A truly unruly new funk, a new form. They too are less grave, more concentrated and a looser groove. They were great. Childish and churlish, erratic and demanding, danceable and textual. A Certain Ratio cocktail and dovetail together common enough themes, signatures and signs — but the tight end result is something defined by difference.

In the recent past I've relied mainly on black musics — funk and jazz and reggae — to talk to me when necessary. Most rock music means nothing to me, I must admit — but at the same time, I've let what I do love get away with murder. The same old story.

A Certain Ratio have got the right rhythm, though — not at all predictable, and very physical. *Strut* is the wrong word . . . a *certain rhythm* says it all. I cannot fault the form (just like the night). They have to expand the range of those trumpets, but everything else is how it should be. A quicksand mix of voices, whistles and dancefloor directives. The young woman who sporadically trades vocals with stage MC Simon Topping is a particularly helpful addition. I was also struck more than once with the thought that Donald Johnstone is the best drummer in the world. And when he was dubbed, it was done remarkably right . . .

A real case of funk. A Certain Ratio are shaded in traces of everything and inhabit no real category. Better get it into you

The old rock system which I felt was back with us — a vast plain of plainness, nothing new — is being broken down in isolated places. The beginning of a hiccup that could, if allowed to grow, shatter some of the less obvious myths that have inhabited us for a long, long time.

I only wish we had a Hurrah or two over here, and then I could see it happen.

Ian Penman

Jones Grape Kool-Aid shade) to match his granny glasses. And no, girls, there's no wedding ring on his finger yet.

The Ramones are much more than just another Horatio Alger story (Charles Manson was *that*), the writers of our decade's most moving love songs, or a group whose name spelt backwards reads SENOMAR.

No! As Thursday pantingly, achingly, trashingly demonstrated, The Ramones are still the most modern and important of groups. Because in an age of recession and deflation they use and teach others to use the accessible: what there is around the house. Basement options, backyard love, supermarket and kitchen shelf drugs.

They also remind us that this far (and it ain't far), the '80s have been a decade of NO EVENTS. In this situation, The Ramones are important because they Know What To Do. Like after the show when they migrated over to Dingwalls to take up the necessary minutes until they could return to Hammersmith to watch the Ali fight. Just after kicking off the set that evening with 'Blitzkrieg Bop' and 'Teenage Lobotomy', Joey had made an affecting speech to Ali (and a cardie-clad Frank Allen of The Searchers was noted scribbling notes on stage patter out in the stalls).

Forget the xenophobes. Forget the jaded. Forget the would-be fashionables. If this is the end you're gonna want the last laugh, and each and every Ramones concert I've seen (barring the electrically problematic one at the Electric Ballroom) has *been* the last laugh. Go out and buy all those albums! Send four deserving boys on a vacation! After all, this year Zippy the Pinhead is running for President (under the banner 'Am I Elected Yet?') and he's pledged that if he wins, no one will have to do dishes or take out the garbage again.

Cynthia Rose

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The Associates The Nice Men

Rock Garden

IN THIS age of grand illusion a touch of self-mockery helps keep things in perspective. Understanding this, The Associates glory in committing acts of unconcealed daring and vanity, which they get away with by grinning goofily at the right moment. Metaphorically speaking anyway.

Mixing equal parts ham and genuine passion, Billy MacKenzie's amazing voice soars and swoops from a wobbly falsetto to a deeply effective boom capable of penetrating every corner. The Rock Garden being what it is, though, with its many pillars and alcoves, generally churned it into an incoherent sweet noise, making it impossible for all but a few to actually hear what he's singing.

It doesn't really matter, as his voice is used more as an instrument, so you're better off just standing back and enjoying the spectacle. Much of this stems from MacKenzie himself, who matches his gushing golden flow with exaggerated mannerisms reminiscent of an extrovert drunk playing at being Tom Jones on Saturday night. Must be the old cabaret training coming through.

But The Associates are more than mere pub entertainers, as can be heard on their album 'The Affectionate Punch'. And much of their material is considerably improved when heard live. Guitarist Alan Rankine supports MacKenzie's grandiloquence with some wonderfully sweet melodies broadened into great sweeps of sound by carefully applied Banshee-like effects (McKay period). It's all held down by ex-Cure bassist Michael Dempsey's sensible sallies and drummer John Murphy's excitable playing.

The Nice Men are less obviously absurd, despite the singer's check tweed jacket with a pipe carefully tucked into the corner of its breast pocket. His appearance, topped by a Scott Walkerish mop of hair and a few acne spots, sets the tone for their '60s derived pop, but in this age of post-everything enlightenment it's difficult to conjure up a correct air of bashful innocence.

Most of their songs take a dated 'Almost Cut My Hair' standpoint with long, poetically wordy and sometimes funny tracts, backed by skinny Modern Lover-like tunes.

It works better on stuff like their single 'Nuclear Summer', which wittily evokes naive comprehension of the dangers hinted at by the develop.

But to begin . . . lights

title. But elsewhere their sheltered, suburban me-Tarzan you-Jane sentiments are just retrogressive, unless you're prepared to take a historical leap backwards to see things in terms of the period they're trying to evoke.

They do it all with an artful irony that saved it from being mere nostalgia. Nevertheless, watching re-run Swinging London movies is still more fun.

Chris Bohn

The Shout

101 Club

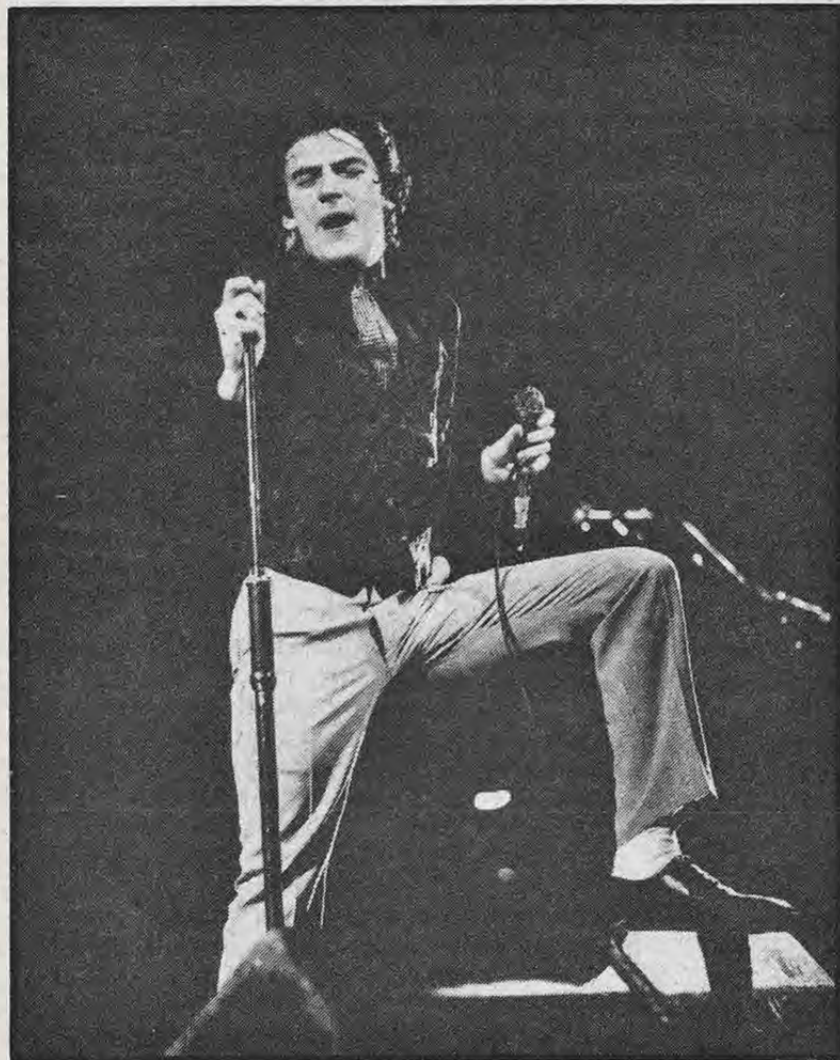
DON'T mention The Jam, they said, so I won't. Just because The Shout are a tight, punchy three-piece with a dynamic line in pop songs — not to mention London accents and a mod-ish taste in stage threads — doesn't mean the band don't get a little tired of instant comparisons with the Woking wonders.

The fact is that while a few similarities do exist between the two outfits, The Shout are much more than imitators. They're an impressive group in their own right, one with an identity which should be given every chance to



Associates. Pic Peter Anderson

Associates: punch-drunk and passionate



Page — last year's trend-hopper. Pic David Corio.

Secret Affair The Step

Rainbow

SATURDAY night was a dismal affair, an anti-climax to the week, the ghost of a party.

As Mod-ism becomes an aphorism for wandering around pretending not to be lost, Secret Affair are left high and dry: they've stayed where they were, but the spotlight is somewhere else. The floating voters are gathered around other platforms, and though enough of the faithful have stuck around to fill most of the downstairs half of the Rainbow, their time has been and gone; their 15 minutes are up.

The foyer is empty but for a few desultory drinkers: inside the congregation are up and dancing to The Step.

A seven-piece soul band with all the trimmings, they're bashing out enthusiastic cover versions of all your favourite mid-'60s soul hits and classics. The singer's leaps are endearingly unco-ordinated and the horn section is a mite fractured, but it's precisely this rough freshness that makes The Step a more likeable proposition than the alarmingly slick, oily and obsequious cabaret turn currently calling itself The Q-Tips.

Secret Affair make their entry to a light and tape display that would lead one to expect — at the very least — Gary Numan levitating in on a digital surfboard, but all we get is a gaggle of blokes in suits — quite good suits, to be fair for a second — trying hard to swagger.

Ian Page dashes self-importantly from keyboard to centre-stage, playing frantically to a

gallery that's barely there. Guitarist Dave Cairns looks as if he's suppressing a rage but plays as though he'd long ago suppressed it. Dave Winthrop, the man with the saxophone, strolls on and off earning his money with insolent ease. The bass player tries hard to be jolly.

The spectacle is unappealing; the music is drab. Page sings consistently flat throughout, and by the time he hauls out his trumpet as the band struggle through their token soul cover — the worst version of 'Going To A Go-Go' imaginable — the show begins to resemble as much of an act of desperation on the part of the audience as it already does on the part of the band. The guitar solos get longer and worse as Cairns ploughs through the audience banging out the most horrendous Telecaster noises known to medical science.

They finish on 'I'm Not Free But I'm Cheap', wisely saving 'Time For Action' for the audience to demand so that they can get an encore, which they do even though the punters looked as though they'd had more fun with The Step.

Musically tatty and chronically uninspired, Secret Affair got big enough to play the Rainbow twice by being there when a fad was building and hopping on once it got going. Unless Page and/or Cairns — whose mutual dislike is becoming obvious to even the most casual spectators — can score themselves a new round of convincing, memorable hits or else find a new bandwagon to hop aboard, it's unlikely that they'll be playing there again.

I hope Ian Page was nice to all the people he met on the way up. He's going to be meeting them all again on his way down.

Charles Shaar Murray

down, chat stops, three Fred Perrys all in a row, a Shout inside each one of them. That's Tommy Mason on guitar and lead vocals, Steve Howett on drums and Lee Hirons on bass and vocals. They kick off and make a noise that grabs your attention

within seconds, short, fast songs, well put together, delivered with a raw energy which you don't encounter all that often nowadays.

Especially effective is Mason's singing: a powerful R&B bellow of a voice that matches the tense attack of

the group's sound all the way and back again. The Shout's own material, on first hearing at least, seems easily strong enough to look after itself; particularly memorable were 'Keeping Up With The Joneses' and what's planned as the debut single, 'What

Have We Done With Our Lives?'. Combine that with two expertly handled covers ('Twist And Shout' and 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place') and you get a set that's worth catching at the earliest opportunity.

There were some tuning

difficulties — and even without those hold-ups I thought the pacing wasn't all it might be, with the initial impact being allowed to sag until too near the very end — yet Fulham's Shout look to be in with just that . . . a shout.

Paul Du Noyer

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THE PASSIONS



The Raybeats

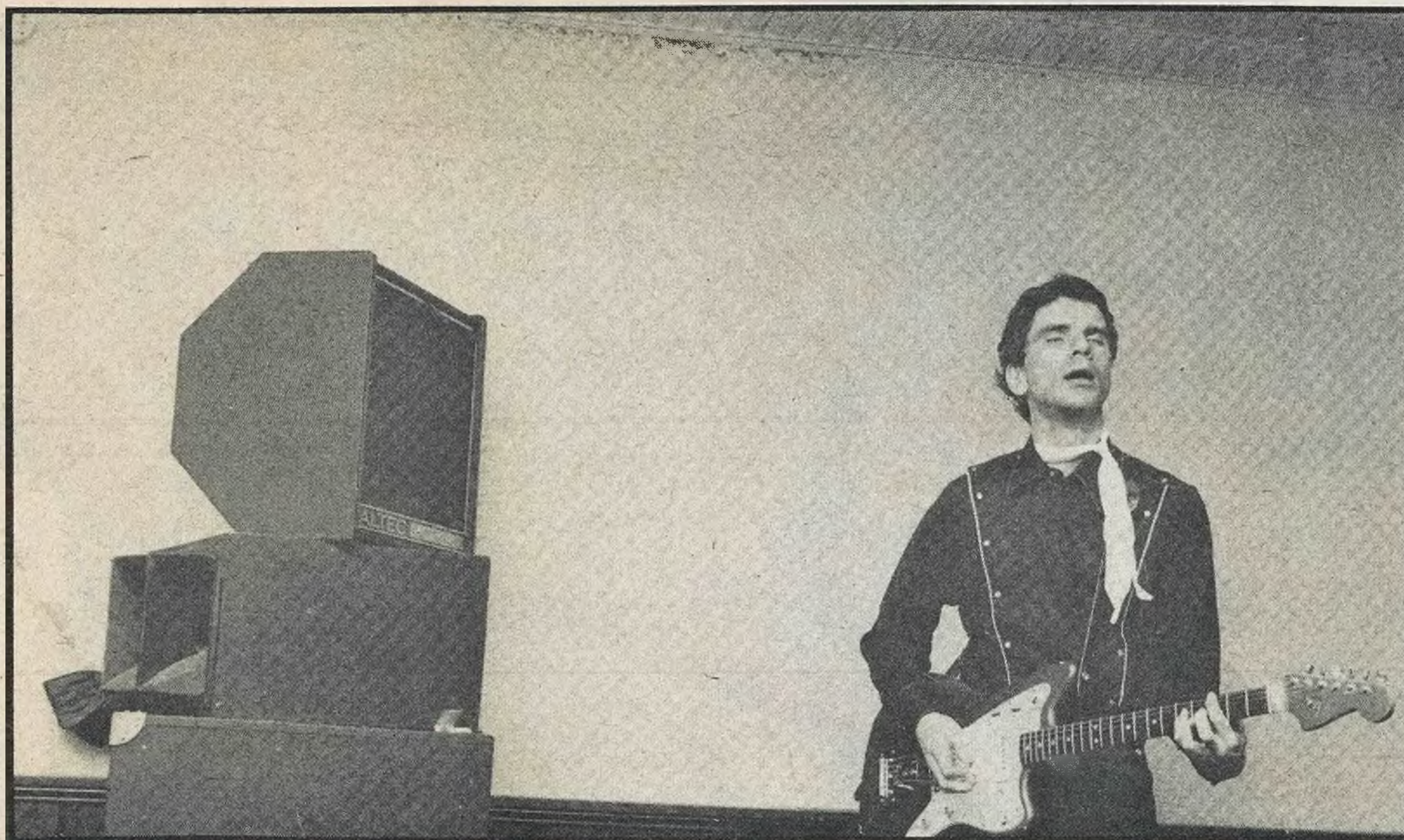
New York

WHITE American rock has long treated its instrumental tradition badly, like an unwanted orphan. In the mid-'60s surf instrumentals were briefly in vogue. 'Telstar' and 'Walk Don't Run' were big hits for The Ventures, but they were always considered novelty records.

That attitude became self-fulfilling prophecy and so while The Ventures went on for years, the possibilities of vocal-less rock music in this country remain sadly under-explored.

The Raybeats superficially sound like the old surf-instrumental — the same shimmering surface, the same tight ensemble playing, the same classic chord changes. But they write songs from a perspective steeped in R&B and jazz; which means they stretch out the old surf style into new areas. Raybeats songs use a familiar face to introduce audacious explorations. Their songs play tricks, take fast turns around unseen corners, but never let down the beat or the swing.

Danceteria on a quiet Thursday night is the place for The Raybeats' hour of truth —



A Raybeat. Pic Joe Stevens

more straightforward player — the rhythm section (he and drummer Don Christensen) is more propulsive. Through all the time-changes and structural tricks the songs never hesitated. And the beat grabbed bodies as well as minds.

They wear matching black cowboy shirts and white scarfs — a touch of the ridiculous, a send-up. It really doesn't look bad. They play like a team, starting off cool and breezy. Pat Irwin switches between guitar, sax and organ. His swooping, soaring sax lines mesh with Jody Harris' tremelo guitar parts with perfect grace. After a few numbers, the Raybeats start looking at each other, and at the crowd and smile; they realise it's working.

A vocalist is not missed, and the songs never lack direction. Nor do they use single instrument solos to provide a focus of attention. What one hears is a shifting interplay of parts and the bright, twisting and turning melodies.

The guitar and sax lines get progressively wilder, more swinging, as the set develops. The songs all have a ring of familiarity, a result of their stylistic grounding in surf music; but they haven't revived a style, only

appropriated one for their own ends. Taking surf music ahead 15 years, they reflect rock's loss of innocence and the changing expectations we hold for it. There's nothing backward-looking about this.

The crowd calls them back for three encores, doesn't want to let them go, and doesn't stop moving for a second. The band's faces as they exit tell of relief and exaltation. They've got something really strong to work with.

Richard Grabel

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Cabaret Voltaire Eric Random Take It

Clarendon Hotel

IN CABARET Voltaire's live spectaculars, the valuable process of disorientation begins with the uncompromising drumbeat that fires the music. No matter if you've seen them before, inquisitive eyes inevitably scan the stage for a hidden drummer, only to discover that their pulsing heart emanates from a tape intermittently reinforced by sparing slaps of electronic percussion.

The effect is unnerving, but then the CVs have never been about light entertainment. Theirs has always been a policy of confrontation. They need total attention and command it by giving their irresistible beat an even more prominent position in the live mix than on record. It combines with Stephen Mallinder's blunt basslines to create the most compulsive dance music the other side of A Certain Ratio. And all that without resorting to funk! The audience responds accordingly, which surprises some for reasons unknown to me.

Other bands would be content to achieve that much, but the CVs take it a whole lot further by integrating their sinewy rhythms into an absorbing, if uneasy experience, completed visually by illustrative slides. They used to repay their debt to the Velvets/Warhol's Plastic Exploding Inevitable show by way of a distinctive cover of 'Here She Comes Now', but these days their only homage to the past is a spellbinding version of The Seeds' moronic classic 'No Escape'.

Other than that, their new set is very much their own, drawing on an impressive curriculum vitae of two albums and 'Three Mantras' (never could work out whether this one was an LP or long single) for material . . .

Best of all comes last in the form of the excellent, exhausting 'Western Mantra'. Powered by a single-minded beat, taped voices mingle with Kirk's ever-present speeding guitar in a surrealistic landscape for Mallinder's upsetting run through of horror "symbols of our time". Meanwhile the most haunting keyboard motif outside Joy Division's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' recurs at timely intervals to sustain tension in this inordinately long song.

Intense and, above all, immensely visceral, Cabaret Voltaire's stunning music deserves a wider audience. Catch one of their scarce London appearances and you won't be disappointed — my mind's still dancing to the sound of their irresistible beat.

If Cabaret Voltaire have long since cut the ties with their past, opens Take It are unfortunately locked into that particular grey depression area of post Soft Machine Canterbury experiment circa 1973. I got bored after three numbers, left the room only to return towards the end of their set to find them still chasing their tails.

The nature of Eric Random's music also allows the audience to wander around, but for very different reasons. His first two quietly expressive numbers use tapes of pleasant noise, which he and two musicians subsequently embellish with sweet guitar sounds and ocarina-melodica effects. It's muzak — not designed to really hold your attention, even if the volume says otherwise.

The second half, however, is more abrasive and embracing. Gigantic slabs of sound are carved into manageable percussive chunks of rhythm, to which Random adds some great jangled guitar by way of commentary.

Odd though it may seem, kids managed to dance to this, too.
Chris Bohrer



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Toots. Pic David Corio.

Toots comes home to roots

of applause, and closed on a number called 'Do Rock Steady', which didn't.

Toots had gauged things well, opening with the two songs included in *The Harder They Come*, 'Pressure Drop' and 'Sweet And Dandy', and followed this with the perennial skinhead favourite from the 'Tighten Up' days, 'Monkey Man'. The singer's delivery was slightly stilted, and until the crowd warmed to him sometime during the last named song, it looked like he would be going through the paces of a very ordinary set.

He proceeded by slowing the set down on a new tune 'Time Is Moving On', and then switched back to his more usual Baptist revival act for the great pocomania rouser 'Hallelujah', and kept things hot with 'Funky Kingston', the audience responding to it as if it was some tourist advertisement, and seemingly missing its irony: "Funky Kingston, yeah, but I ain't got none." "Time Tough" captured current mood and '54-46' brought the house down, with Toots doing his ska and shuffle dance routine onstage, and then rushing to the wings to exchange congratulations with his friends.

Coming back to the front of the stage he grasped all outstretched hands, while the crowd rocked endlessly to the band's reggae improvisation.

Following 'Reggae Got Soul' and a loud, long encore, the band returned to stage for instrumental reprise, until Toots came back and entertained for a further half hour with a selection of ballads and up tempo tunes, including 'Broadway Jungle'.

But the mood had evaporated, as Toots paced himself towards the show's gradual conclusion. It was all over quietly. A singular impression remained.

Penny Reel

Toots And The Maytals

Hammersmith Palais

FOUR YEARS on from his previous London concert, a comparably low-key affair alongside The Heptones at the Lyceum in 1976, Toots Hibbert and his accompanying Maytals returned to town and the artist's ska and reggae roots at Hammersmith Palais last Monday evening on a note of certain triumph.

They flocked like starlings across the rooftop skyline, a congregation of the shored up

old and the brave new, faces curious, happy, uncertain, and came to gather together as one glad mass moved by and under the same musical vibration.

The man is a very special entertainer, whose response to an audience is equal only to that of the audience's response to himself. Faced with this expectant and ultimately generous crowd, he worked a particularly captivating magic that at times ascended to quite wondrous heights. There was occasion during the length of '54-46 That's My Number' when it seemed as if some ecstasy rite was in progress, and as though a riot of a much different kind would be its

eventual outcome. Such was the atmosphere. A building up.

The Bodysnatchers set the tone on a not altogether disagreeable note, except for one horrible moment when their lead singer struck up a discordant screech of "leave me alone" as if to signal the climax of an otherwise dull song, and then proceeded to desecrate Bob Andy's otherwise innocent 'Too Experienced' as if by way of revenge.

They mostly reminded me of some group playing in a club as additional background in a film set in the Swingin' whatever, which is doubtless their very intent. They received an enthusiastic show



"Waaaaa! We weren't that bad Penny!" wails a Bodysnatcher. Pic David Corio.



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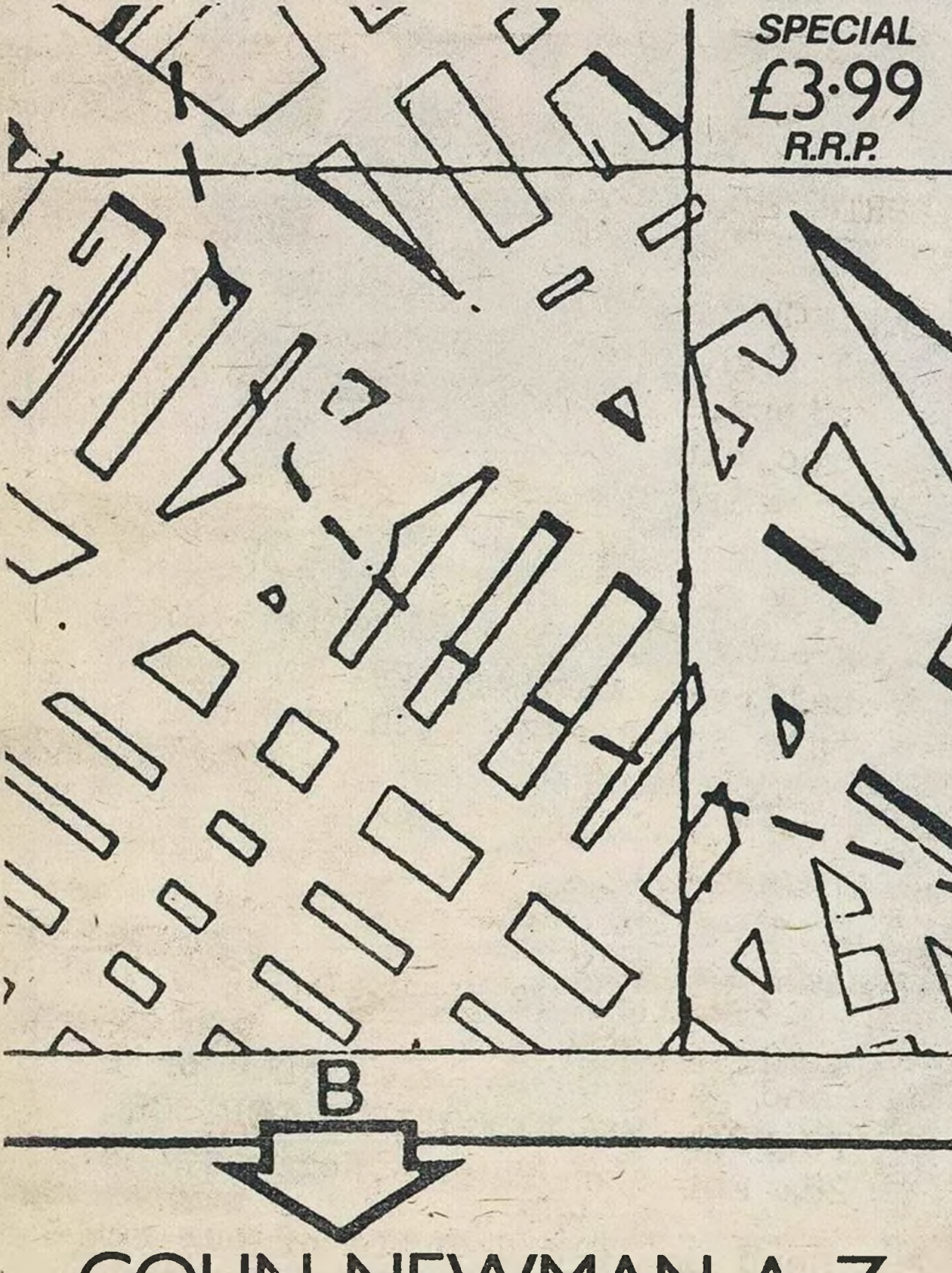
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NORTHERN IRELAND

From page 34

He can't afford to put out more new records because he still has to put out records from bands he promised years ago. This way he'll still be involved but it means we can get out records in more shops and we have the push of the Polydor team without being directly involved with them. We just send them over the tapes and they put out the records."

They're not vying for national popularity in any desperate kamikaze fashion and reckon it's best to stick with their hard grafting instincts.

Greg: "The day jobs still pay for the band. We took no advance or anything from Energy. We sat and waited while all the bands who came up with us took contracts. Now all of them except The Undertones and Stiffs are in big trouble."

Colin and Greg are part of their father's painting and decorating business, Getty works in Good Vibrations. Martin Cowan is 26, married with two kids and an ex-teacher. The group play five nights in Paris quite soon and he's looking forward to proving that The Outcasts are the strongest, ultimate punk band.

"I don't think you can compare us with English punk bands, we're much more aggressive. Like in Dublin the punks are all art students who get beaten up. In Belfast no one would dare beat up punks because they'd get the same back. Even the paramilitaries are scared of the people that come here. They've been chased out of this bar, guns and all."

"The Harp has changed Belfast, it's mixed the community together, and all my friends are now a different religion than me. It's given people an identity of their own. It's been a really good thing for Belfast."

Greg: "We've got a reputation for being an aggressive band, well — we are! You can't change your own make-up. Nobody likes punks — you come down here and you're fighting your way down and you're fighting your way home again. That's why we appeal here — people have all this aggression built up because of all the bother they get. They don't want to hear poppy love songs."

With that in mind, the group's new single is entitled 'Gangland Warfare' and recounts a nasty incident one evening featuring brothers Greg and Martin returning home from the Harp Bar. There's an assembled throng of regulars hooping and hollering at strategic points on the record and it ends with heavy duty bike-chain lashes and smashing bottles (what incurable romantics!). They'd like to follow it up with an album which presents the brain-scouring blitzkrieg of live Outcasts rather than the experimental strain of their debut.

"We've got a lot of good new songs, you'd hate them. That's how good they are," he says. I laugh loudly and ask him to stop kicking me in the head because he's wrecking my hair.

WITH A WHOLE host of youth club bands pecking their way out of an embryo of tired cover versions, the potentially great Ruefex out of action, and the academics and the heavy metallists battling it out elsewhere, there's three groups who have risen in the past year and created an individual identity — Big Self, Stage B, and Shock Treatment, the latter temporarily out of action, reconsidering their position pending the release of their self-made single. There's also the Nerves, from Newry, who I've not heard — Good Vibes' current hitpick.

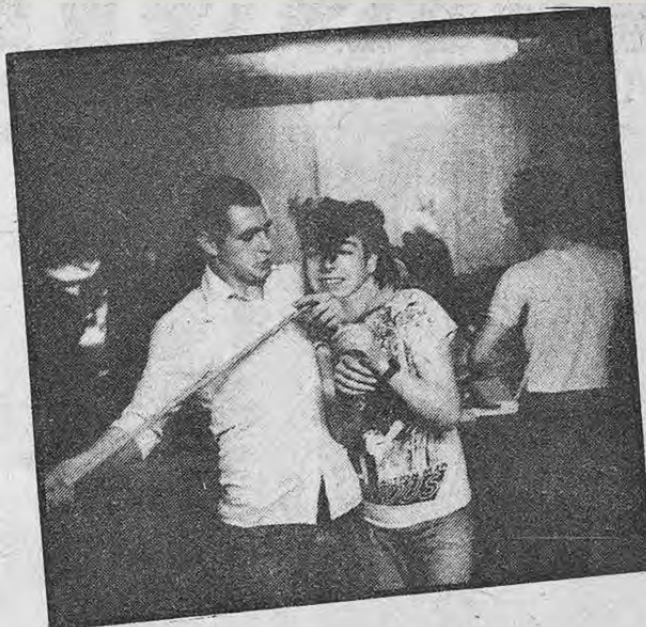
Big Self have been together for about 1½ years now. They formed when bass player/vocalist Patmo Sheran met bassist Bernard Tohill who was playing the cul de sac drinking club circuit as part of a Falls Road showband. Teaming up with drummer Michael Morris in February '79, by the end of the year they'd a set of twelve promising compositions suffering from a guitar-boorish delivery. This was remedied when they decided to prune their line-up to a three piece after many departing bassists.

We're much happier working as a three-piece," Michael tells me. "There's much more scope for the songs — before it got very cluttered."

The lad's dead right too. With the exception of Rudi and in the absence of the Ruefex, Big Self have flowered into the most imaginative rock group working in Belfast right now. Their 'Snakes And Ladders' on the 'Room To Move' EP is the only recorded evidence so far — a bird's-eye view of disco-style mating strategies when it all seems like a board game where the dice is in the other hand. The music falls somewhere between the fractured riffing and spatial utilisation of Gang Of Four and the melodic inventiveness of The Jam.

Both 'Snakes And Ladders' and their new single 'Weekend People' come from a demo tape recorded in the Homestead studio in Ahoghill, a place more noted for the vinylising of country and western hicks who missed to the boat to America somewhere in the middle of the last century. Since then the group have discovered superior facilities at the local commercial radio Downtown Radio.

The sentiments and topics which crop up on their compositions are well into Undertone territory, a large fertile field that will always be with us. They tread these vines with a cleverly attuned sensibility and a clean pair of socks. Like every Ulster band after SLF, they avoid



"Most punks would never start trouble over religion or anything like that, because punk practically is a religion." — Belfast rock fan

the troubles and have decided that it is by their superior pop that you shall know them.

ONSTAGE AT THE Ulster Hall, Stage B — the second band in Terri Hooley's two-day International Punk and New Wave Festival — are brewing up a concoction far removed from trashy thrashings which will dominate the weekend. Deep from the dark abyss flecks of screeching feedback roam around searching for the psyche and a hundred fingers meet a hundred earholes.

As the light goes up on the four fingers, the one in a black lame tinselled shirt begins to pluck a note-by-note clockwork riff from his guitar and offsets it with showers of crashing chords. He's not very big, name of Dessie Potter, and he's the group's founder member and songwriter. His bottom half drowns in a pair of pleated baggies, the blonde hair is dyed black around the ears where it sprays out slightly.

The bassman is an out-of-place disco suave who'll soon be receiving the order of the boot. For the meantime he combines with the drummer to keep a curdling beat on the boil. Stage centre, singer Charlie Reilley stretches the lyrics tight around the music and gives them a texture tougher than a boar's arse. As he imparts a tale of lights on hillside and Martian men who come to take you away in the middle of the night, bodies jerk and twist to the dark gruesome sounds.

Having seen Stage B a few times now, I've come to the decision that while their set of stark mysticism leaves me knitting eyebrows and standing still, they are drawing on a line of entertainment sufficiently unified and fashionable to be appreciated by a wider audience. Certainly they are one of the few Belfast bands cutting away the restraints of tribalistic ties and making music which functions on more than a social basis.

"The main thing is we're not doing anything consciously to be different. We're just doing our own thing and people are coming up to us and saying it's different," says singer Charlie Reilley.

What about the competition?

"It's rubbish, there's nothing happening," says new bassist Paul Burns. "Like round where I live there's all these groups playing Stiff Little Fingers and Undertones cover versions. Who needs it?"

Stage B were once themselves part of the competition, being born out of The Batteries, an early signifier of the brace of stifled course punk bands to come.

"It was real headbanging stuff about two years ago, really mad. The drummer and the singer left, then there was just me and the bass player left with all these ideas of my own that were far removed from what The Batteries were doing," says guitarist Dessie Potter.

So what influences served to remove Stage B from the morass?

"We don't consciously draw on any," says Paul.

"Well I write all the songs," explains Dessie. "I think the main thing is that — maybe I shouldn't say this, but I'm an occultist. I don't just sit down and go de da di da and write a song. Most of my ideas come from out of the blue. I'd say they come from the force, the subconscious — I can get really into it like."

I can assure you the lad is serious.

"He starts off the songs turning the lights off in the house and playing the guitar," says Paul. "Then he brings us the lyrics and the riff and we change it about a bit, make it more acceptable."

The rest of the band aren't practitioners, though they're all interested. Charlie: "I'm not really into it because I'm a Catholic and it goes against everything that I've been brought up with. But he writes a song and I take a completely different meaning out of it than him."

Dessie: "Yeah, like it's not the idea that I'm trying to push the occult on the audience, it's just a source of inspiration for my songs."

Whatever the formula, it impressed sufficiently for Stage B to be picked for a pilot shooting of BBC Northern Ireland's *Green Rock* series, the only Belfast based band in a series of successful exports like The Undertones and Horslips ('fraid so!). Unfortunately their edition of the show was nixed during the technicians' strike.

They didn't have much luck with their single 'Recall To Life' either. It was one of the three singles released on the newly formed Shock Rock Records. Shock Rock's offices are just down the road from Good Vibrations in the building which houses the Outlet recording studios. Outlet have been the hub of Northern Ireland's recording industry for many years, catering for the sizeable market of ageing (what do you mean 'and infirm'?) fans of cabaret, country and western and religious opuses.

Playing in Belfast they find disheartening.

Charlie: "Belfast is hopeless for a band like us because it's took so long for punk to get accepted that they're really only getting into things like The Outcasts now."

"We've played anywhere we can get and I mean anywhere. I want to play places that other groups haven't."

Paul: "Like I bumped into two lads from Dungannon just recently and the only gig they've ever had down there was The Outcasts. Like Belfast might be bad compared to places in England, but elsewhere in Northern Ireland there's nothing, nothing at all."

THERE'S MORE young people than ever listening to and playing rock music in Belfast and that's the most encouraging thing about the last three years.

It would be very easy to say the whole thing sucks and that's why I'm leaving but to be honest I got tired of watching the same sort of bands in the same sort of places a long time ago. And perhaps I wouldn't have got so jaded so soon if my job didn't require me to put things under such close scrutiny.

But despite what you may have read in this or any other article, the music scene in Belfast is still alive. It suffers from the fact that it has a record company which is probably the poorest in the world and the musical inclination is to stay put rather than move further afield. However the emergence of enthusiastic youth club combos and the diversity offered by the likes of Stage B and Big Self could be the seeds of something new and exciting.

History shows that it isn't wise to underestimate the Irish and I'd be the last person to want to be guilty of that.



ACROSS

- 1 Never figured Bob Marley as an ornithologist (5,6,5)
- 6 How nutty?
- 8 Irish Stone?
- 10 See 9
- 11 & 28 Ian Dury dressed to thrill (3,5,3,7)
- 13 Now buy his Family Album!
- 15 Blondie album (8,5)
- 16 Label owned by CBS
- 18 Swindon smart boys
- 19 Iggy's old band
- 21 Heavyweight L. Zeppelin manager (5,5)
- 23 It goes on... (3,4)
- 24 Movie starring Phil Daniels
- 25 Old fart power trio (inits)
- 27 Crooner in a star muddle
- 28 See 11

DOWN

- 1 Liverpoolian modern pop combo (8,8)
- 2 Mick Jones' US girlfriend (5,5)
- 3 Skids LP (3,8,4)
- 4 & 14 Pretenders smash (5,2,6)
- 5 Mars one group!
- 7 Yankee lawman (7,8)
- 9 & 10. She was born Pauline Matthews
- 12 Went over the top and netted gun! (3,6)
- 14 See 4
- 17 Sore cats from r'n'r Half Of Fame
- 20 Poisoned Graham Parker?!
- 22 Bruce or Pete
- 26 Forerunner of 'Heroes'

ACROSS: 1 'Scary Monsters'; 7 Devo; 8 Cale; 10 'Telekon'; 12 (Mike) Reid; 13 Roger Daltrey; 15 Eno; 17 Spandau Ballet; 19 Iron (Maiden); 20 (Dave) Vanian; 21 Phil (Everly); 22 (Bill) Nelson; 23 Dave (Vanian); 25 'Hard Rain'; 26 Scott; 27 X-Ray Spex; 28 F Beat.

DOWN: 1 'Stereotype'; 2 'Another One Bites The Dust'; 3 Mike (Reid); 4 Nico; 5 (Phil) Everly; 6 Split Enz; 9 Andrew Loog Oldham; 11 'Lady Madonna'; 14 Lee Brilleaux; 16 'Jet'; 18 (Iron) Maiden; 23 'Another One Bites The Dust'; 24 Salsa. Beat.

I wish you wouldn't tell us when The Jam go on tour, then there might be a chance of me getting a sodding ticket to see them.
Disgruntled Jam Fan, Brixham.

I frankly didn't expect a large piece on the tragic death of John Bonham. Thus, it was with some thanks that I began to read Cynthia Rose's full-page memorial; even *NME* couldn't have the bad taste, I thought.

Congratulations Cynthia! Chris Salewicz at least gave us a build-up in his Jimmy Page interview, but you really lulled us into a false sense of security before you stuck the knife in.

So Led Zeppelin were "puerile manipulative cock rock?" Perhaps, Ms. Rose, you might get hold of 'Led Zeppelin III' and have a listen to 'Tangerine' — might give you a shock that Zep are in no way to blame for Judas Priest, Van Halen and Kiss. As for lyrics, Robert Plant's *never* contained the bully-boy, rapist, Rob Halford attitude to women that is so prevalent today. Ever. So why in bloody hell doesn't *NME* stop blaming Zeppelin for the rest of the Heavy Metal shit that mutated in their wake?

And how about some plain good taste? "The question still remains though: Why do people associated with Led Zeppelin seem to die." You must have been bloody proud of that one, Cynthia. A real side-splitter. I bet John Bonham's wife and kids are laughing themselves silly.

Hyle, Little Staughton, Beds.
Cynthia Rose was not the author of the Bonham piece, which was inadvertently uncredited. The writers involved were Chris Salewicz and Nick Kent. — M.S.

Once an inaccurate report has appeared in print, it is almost pointless writing a letter to correct it. The article (*This Is The Modern World?*, *Thrills*, 4.10.80) has been read, the damage done and the reply tucked away at the back of the paper, where anyone who notices it will shrug it off as dutiful defensiveness.

However, it is impossible for me to continue ignoring the ill-informed speculation which you persistently present as fact. Virgin, through its various companies, employs around 1,000 people, 100 of whom work for the record label. Over the past eight years, no more than seven people in this division have been sacked for, in one way or another, failing to do their job properly. It need hardly be emphasised that those decisions were taken with considerable reluctance. Nobody enjoys dismissing people, and on the infrequent occasions it happens we do not necessarily broadcast the reasons to the rest of the staff. If someone "couldn't type, was slow, not very bright and consistently late" — the admission you eventually extracted from our managing director about a dismissed employee — we would attempt to protect that person's feelings.

Somebody has to act in the interests of the majority. In our company, I am ultimately responsible for those decisions. If the staff disagree with me strongly enough, whether I like it or not a union would be formed to protect them against future suspect decisions. I believe they feel they have been treated with reasonable fairness, and have not sensed the need for this protection. The two members of staff who did join a union — significantly, the only two individuals whom you bothered to consult at any length — were not sacked, as you rightly pointed out. They left for their own reasons, having failed to interest others in their idea.

The principal criticism is

WOULD YOU
LET
THIS MAN
PRESS
THE BUTTON
ON
YOUR BEHALF?



Illustration by Horrific Graphics, Glasgow

reserved for our employment contract which, to be perfectly frank, I had never read. It was introduced two years ago because the law demanded it, and each clause is examined in accordance with individual objections. Taken out of context, any such clause could be made to appear stupid or unfair or both. There is, of course, no chance that anybody taking drugs or drink on or near (your italics) the premises would be fired, unless it impaired their ability to work. I would no longer have a job here myself if that was the case. Under no circumstances would anyone lose their position as they have done at your company, IPC, for drugs and drink in the past.

It is difficult to win where the *NME* is concerned. The week before this article appeared, we employed 25 people in our new Glasgow store, only to have you dismiss it with the word 'greed' in the headline.

You reject advertisements on the grounds of bad taste yet criticise local authorities for banning groups in exactly the same spirit. You disparage the Venue virtually as a matter of course yet your reporters are seen enjoying themselves there several times a week. (Who reports on the reporters?)

Mainly though, I feel sad that you should find it necessary to attack what is in essence a cheerful and stable company which is doing its best to minimise cut-backs at a difficult time in the record industry's development. We've had a remarkably disaster-free year considering.

And you haven't helped one bit.
Richard Branson, Virgin Records
That's another nice pickle *Thrills* has gotten us in. — M.S.

It is now clear that, as part of the current trend for Virgin baiting, the penalty we have to pay for being the only record company which bothers to have any public presence at all, is that you continually criticise us in the most contemptibly supercilious manner.

We have contracts because, like your employers IPC Magazines, we are legally obliged to have them. The original, which you quoted with such snooty relish, is simply a departure point from which to argue — I'm still arguing — although you

conveniently failed to observe that it includes a provision for joining a union.

I don't give a shit what Richard Branson may think about unions, nor your conclusions about what he ought to be thinking. Most people at Virgin prefer to fight their own battles. I consider myself among them.

Mind your own fucking business!
Al Clark, Virgin Records
Language, Al. You might get away with that sort of thing in Spain, but it's a bit salty for the Bag. Anyway, where's that box of Oldfield albums I asked for? — M.S.

Thanks for honouring the third anniversary of Marc Bolan's death with his musical history and discography.

I'm glad you realise that there are a large number of fans throughout the country, and that you haven't taken the piss' makes a nice change. I thought you would — sorry for prejudging you.
Stuart, Marlborough, Wilts.

Speaking as a "young musician intoxicated by the passion which made Hendrix great," I don't much like Paul Du Noyer telling me what to do with my inspirations. But still, thanks anyway to Paul for his (very) personal tribute to the best musician I know of and to Robin Valk (Birmingham Radio) for playing his music all night.
Jez, Birmingham
Please, enough of the praise! Let's get back to some honest bitching. — M.S.

Thank you Paul Du Noyer for your excellent piece on Jimi Hendrix. I was previously ignorant of the man and his works but because of your article I intend to (and have already started to) do my best to discover him.

There have been few pieces of writing which have moved me to such action before; the principal reason being that you cut through all the pretentious crap that sadly has become a feature of your paper recently and used words which actually conveyed something.

Please, more of this style of writing!
Michael Pennock, St Ives, Cambs
Now you've made Paul blush and he's dropped his Bic. — M.S.

Considerable damage is done to the youth of today by

Edited by Monty Smith

NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

tyrants." — Rev. Sidney Smith, Dean of St Paul's (18th Century).
Chris, Edinburgh
Now that Rev. Smith, he had a way with words. — M.S.

Can anybody give me a good reason why music papers should not carry political articles? Thought not.
M. Thatcher, Switzerland.

Britain may have been badly out of line in Suez, Palestine, Aden, etc. But why all the fuss about N. Ireland? After all, isn't it better than having drunken paratroopers smashing up Aldershot? Or is this supposed to be a moral argument?

Incidentally, the Irish have been fighting the British for hundreds of years and although the population is no longer eight million, things don't look so good. Is it too late to say sorry?
Yvette Doll, Peterborough.

I'd like to inform Serpico (*Gasbag* September 20) that he's making a distinction between people who might use money for positive purposes, and people who use money for repressive purposes.
Adolph Lenin, Edinburgh.
No he isn't — M.S.

certain types of 'pop' music. Some musical sounds and rhythms can have a very marked erotic effect which, first sensed as a pleasure, builds up over a period of time as a tendency and then as a habit. Inevitably, a debasement of moral sense and critical faculties must follow, so that things from which a person would normally recoil in distaste and repugnance become actually desirable. Then, in order to maintain the level of excitement and satisfaction, the victim is led on to more violent forms of self gratification, so that drug-taking and perversions follow as surely as night must follow day.
Ayatollah C. Salewicz, London N4
I'll drink to this . . .

He may be pissed and driving through the night, but laughing at his sorrow doesn't make it alright.
The Specials aren't so wonderful after all.
Sal, Cardiff
. . . but not to this. Had a couple, did you Sal, before putting pen to paper? — M.S.

Most of man's inventions have been time savers. Then came *NME*. Ha ha ha ha! *Chimp Eats Banana, Blackburn, Lancs*
Some people have a way with words, and others . . . oh, not have way, I guess. Better join Sal in the saloon. — M.S.

"The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to all common sense, common prudence and fellow feeling and act with the facility of idiots and the barbarity of

NME used to be the best music paper because it was a good read and that's all. But now, over the last five or six weeks, something's been going wrong. I don't know whether the average music fan finds overlong articles about nothing in particular, like 1984, very interesting, but I certainly doubt it.

It's not that I don't like a variation of subject matter. I've been reading *NME* for three years now and, until recently, I've found it satisfying and occasionally thought-provoking reading. Certainly far more interesting than any other music paper. Even though I might prefer HM to New Wave, it's still good to read about the latest hip band in Eastbourne or whatever.

But personally I find things like 1984 and even 20-page Bowie interviews just a little too heavy-going. Your political stance is all very interesting but couldn't you make room for a little more entertainment and less of your opinions? If only to take those of us who are on the dole (like me) away from the depression of empty days and aimless evenings.

You should thank your lucky stars you've got exciting jobs (or even jobs at all). Maybe it's the silly season or something.
Mr Average, Beckenham.
In which case, the weather must be suiting you just fine. — M.S.

If Mr Weller rewrites 'Taxman' a third time will he be changing his name to Jeff Lynne?

Michael Sandy, Luton.
This matter now rests in the hands of Pete Best and Stuart Sutcliffe. — M.S.

I inadvertently picked up a copy of *NME* thinking that some coverage must be given to Frank Sinatra's concerts, but the single greatest influence on music was not even mentioned. Who are Joy Division, The Beat and Peter Gabriel? What about Connie Francis, Lena Martell and even some of those new "pop" groups like Boney M and The Carpenters. I am sure most people would enjoy reading about artists who enjoy large record sales.
Oswald Bastable, Harlow, Essex.
Leave it out Os. Frank copped all his licks from Donald Peers anyway. — M.S.
Make that Donald Beers. — Sal

Brilliant, witty, true to life, subtle, but most of all poignant. I refer, of course, to Phil McNeill's review of the modern girl.
Jimmy Jewell, Sunday Times.

You have obviously (perhaps deliberately) ignored the real brilliance of Sheena Easton. 'Modern Girl' declares independence, confirms sexual experience and control on a par with that of any man; 'Nine To Five' takes the contrary position of a girl whose world revolves around her man's comings and goings.

If this girl were David Bowie, she would receive the acclaim she deserves. If David Bowie were Sheena Easton, he'd be a lot happier. If I were Sheena Easton, I'd be very angry with you. If I were David Bowie, I'd be very rich.
Writer of wrongs, Worksop, Notts

If I were the editor, I'd give you a record token. — M.S.

So Charles Shaar Murray thinks Bowie's got problems! Ever tried to ride a Manchester bus on a Saturday night with a Day-glo hair and one earring?
Nick Villiers, Manchester
Serves you right, you big jessie. — M.S.

Because of Bowie's Broadway hit, will his next single be 'Nelly The Elephant'?
Sabu, Chipperfield's Circus

Gosh, Charlie Murray! Fancy you not recognising the sound of reel-to-reel tape introducing (and closing) 'Scary Monsters'. And you being in "the business" an' all!

Well, I guess we all make hilarious boops in print once in a while — no use letting it ruin your life, is there? Just take it easy, find yourself a nice big lake, launch your boat (with outboard motor?) and leave all your troubles behind you.

Tee hee!
Jag, Liverpool
(Memo to Monty: Any chance of 'losing' this one at the printers! Cheers. — CSM)
Cheers! — Sal

Poor Old Monty Smith. You don't really understand HM, do you? It *always* takes two HM freaks to write a letter — one to hold the pen and the other to move the paper.
Sean O'Behan, Dublin

I got this / last week's Crossword wrong (September 20). I was labouring under the obviously false impression that 'I'm The Man' was Joe Jackson's second LP. Back to the *Times*.
Milkman, Lejne, Denmark
Yes, you're right. The Joe Jackson LP referred to was, of course, 'What's A Tart Like Me Doing In The Clues For A World Wide Syndicated Crossword?' Like the one you mention, it doesn't fit. — M.S.

I have nothing to say and, at 25p nor, I believe, do you.
Stolen Lithograph III, London W1
Time, gentlemen, please! — Cardiff publican

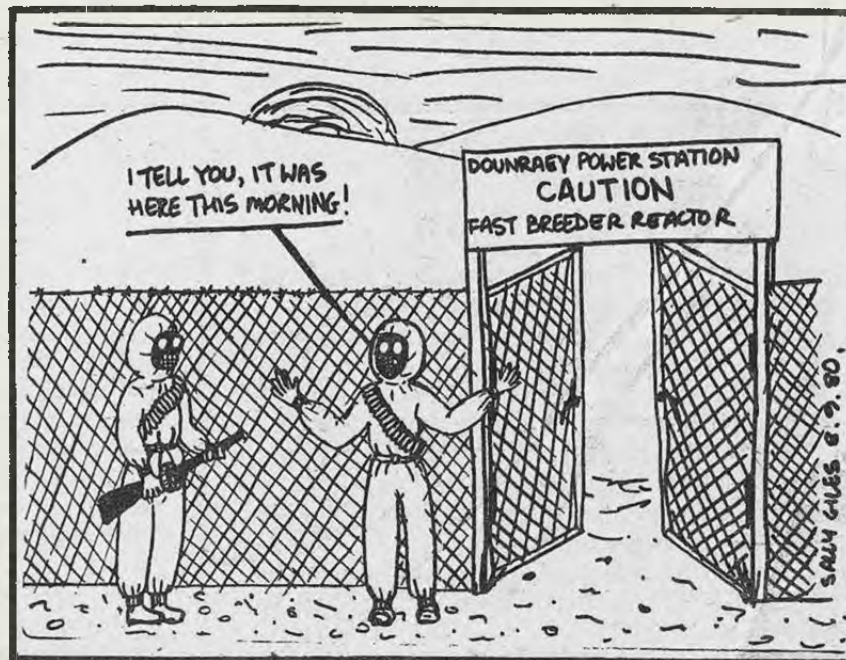


Illustration by Sally Giles.

T-ZERS

THIS IS the chrome-plated voice of the International Publishing Corporation calling the world up to and including West Acton. IPC, in conjunction with *New Musical Express* and a man called 'Tom', present — *T-Zers*. The laff-a-minute, irreverent tale of everyday rock'n'roll (© Jeff Bridges) folk who, by night, double as factory workers making deceptively shallow soup bowls for Italian restaurants. It begins like this...

We can't help but start with the wasting-away figure of **John Lydon** who, e'en as we speak, is languishing in an Irish gaol (or jail). Meanwhile the hideous looming spectre of Country Jock 'No Publicity Please' **MacDonald** is a-rampant, free, on the loose, etc. Mr MacDonald, when in the dock offering to stand surety for poor John, gave his occupation as "ladies hairdresser". There is a shred of doubt about this statement. However, *T-Zers* promises to henceforth refer to Jock as Monsieur Jacques and swears to turn up for any marches he might organise between now and October 9th. Like 'The Right To Crimp Campaign', 'Teasy Weasy Remembrance Day' or perhaps 'The Abolition Of Syrups, Sideburns, Hairpieces, Oils, Lacquer and Earwigs Society' (A.S.S.H.O.L.E.S.)...

The Ramones — that conglomerate of leather, long bones, bad teeth and a few hairs here and there — were to be found walking London's streets after their triumphant tour of The Hammersmith Odeon. They stopped off at The Scala Cinema to browse through that venue's dazzling array of Cinema tack. "Wow, it feels just like home here," said **Joey**, thumbing through a rack of stills. Clutching piles of shots from *It — The Terror From Outer Space*, the brothers then contented themselves by selecting **Buddy Holly's** 'Maybe Baby/Think It Over' on the Juke Box and throwing about odd limbs from the mannequins that litter the foyer. The boys were obviously under the weather (*The term is over the moon — Ed*) that **Joe Jackson** and **Hazel O'Connor** showed up at their gig the night before. (*Sorry, under the weather was probably right — Ed*)...

Later in the same foyer, **Suzi Quatro** — sporting a steak-worthy black eye — **The Ruts** and **XTC** all lined up to be snapped for a promo shot for the upcoming film *Times Square* that opens on December 16...

To New York, that Bletchley with O-Levels, for the latest breathless sketch about **David Bowie**. With crowds milling — and there's nowt like a good mill, eh? — each night around the stage door for Bowie's smash play *The Elephant Man*, bouncers have taken to reviving that crusty old motto "Mr Bowie has left the theatre" to encourage dispersal. The mobs merely hoot. Meanwhile, **Patricia Elliott**, the current co-star to the transvestite of no fixed abode, has been telling 'all' about her pal. "He's real dynamite. Heaven. And so good in the role." She revealed that she'd missed "Dave's rock music trip" due to nine years of yoga (*What flavour? — Smirking Ed*), meditation and celibacy. However she had bought "Scary Monsters" and said "What an album! I'm in the show with a household name!" This is thought to be a reference to Mr **Ron**

Domestos, who plays 'first man in bar' in the Broadway smash...

Chris Stein and **Debbie Harry** — an anagram of 'A Touchy Pair' — cept for a floating 'y' — are scribbling their own version of their rocky relationship. Both threaten to tell all...

And as **The Stranglers** left for the States — possibly to put down a deposit on the Stein/Harry tome — **Hugh Cornwell** denied any rift 'twixt him and the others. It does turn out that he's been offered a film role which he may yet accept. We guess it all depends on whether **Lassie** decides to come out of retirement or not...

In the men-in-black's absence, **Andy Partridge** takes up the Mr Mean hat. On BBC's *Roundtable* he abounded in all manner of off-the-cuff critiques. On **The Skids**: "The Scots are only good at growing red hair and fighting everybody else's wars very cheaply." **The Atlanta Rhythm Section**: "As exciting as browsing through a pattern book of different sorts of denim". **The Bay City Roller Riots** of yesteryear: "Culloden with badges". Ah, **Andy** — failure hasn't changed you one bit...

THE **Specials** trombone player **George Chisholm**... er, no, sorry, **Rico**, was thrown out of a South Shields hotel when he refused to change rooms to make way for a detectives' convention. The rest of the band walked out in sympathy and contrary to expectation did not move in with **Wavis O'Shawe**, but moved into digs in uptown Newcastle...

More Plugs For American Books: Grizzled, thousand-year-old **Jerry Rubin**, one-time leader of The Yippee Movement, has a new book out soon called *The War Between The Sheets* that is apparently about the over-importance of orgasm and solutions for that kind of anxiety. Sure, Jerry, and don't forget to refer to **Nick Lowe's** 'Brewers Droop — One Man's Shame'...

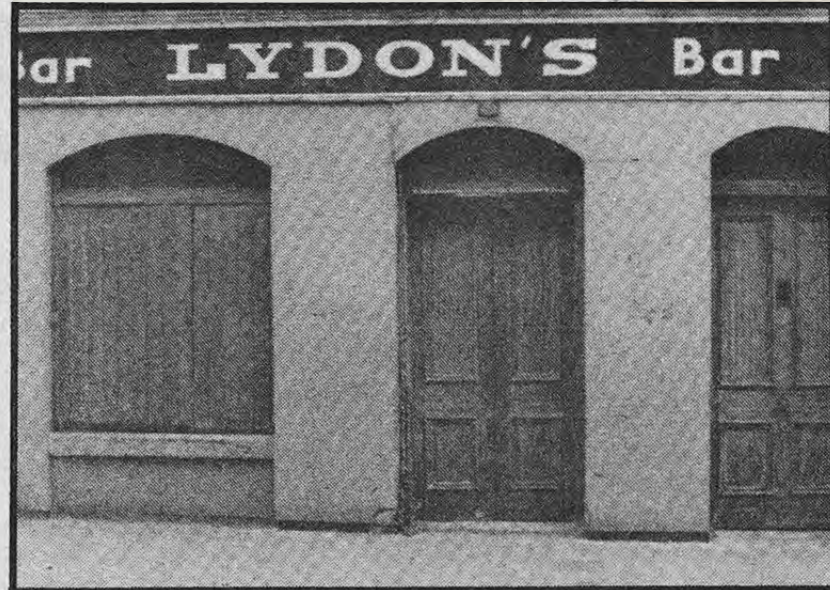
And what about former '60s radical turned good guy **Eldridge Cleaver**, who has reportedly set up The Guardians Of The Sperm as part of the Californian Born Again cum (sic) Islam Church to protect the said sperm or, as Eldy has it, "the dwelling place of God". Sounds like a hostel for homeless semen to us, pal. Anyway Mr Cleaver seeks to protect himself against all "the traps of the female body"...

The Fleet (Street)'s In: *Daily Mirror* on full **Beatles**-down-the-ages type-swing, full of stuff like "Only **Hitler** had a greater power over a crowd!" and **Pete Best** saying "I still don't know why I was sacked". Let's not forget **Larry Parnes**, who weighs in with the timeless "I suppose you might say I discovered



Above: **David Bowie** poses beside a waxwork of himself in Madame Tussauds Museum, London. Says David: "Actually, I don't want to upset anyone but it looks more like **Rhett Butler** of *The Psychedelic Furs*, who I met recently in New York. They got the hair right, and part of the jaw-line, and the bottle of beer's spot on. But me? No, I think not. For instance, the model of **Jonathan Richman** you can see behind is a better likeness. Still, I suppose it's an honour and all that. But as soon as I see Mrs Tussaud I'll have to tell her: 'Mdm, the real David Bowie would never wear a silky shirt and a badge'." Pic: **Ebet Roberts**

Below (left): **Clash** drummer **Nicky Headon** during his 'Sympathy Seige' to express solidarity with **Joe Strummer**. Headon holed himself up in his Kensington flat and said he'd refuse to release himself until all his demands were met. For hour upon watchful hour the SAS, Metropolitan Police and Special Patrol ignored him. Nobody sealed off the street — in fact one resident later said "It was as easy as ever to get a cab". By now, Headon was barricaded in his bedroom and under stress. Residents looked anxiously from neighbouring windows at the completely empty surrounding rooftops, total absence of news cameramen and absolute lack of 'tea and sandwiches' being ferried to 'the window on balcony three'. Then — at exactly 3.36 — **PC Alf Morris** was on his rounds when he happened to call upon Flat 232. Alf takes up the story: "I only called to tell him he'd left his bathroom light on when I heard this man's voice talking to me through the gap at the bottom of the door. He sounded distressed, saying: 'Is the helicopter here yet?' and 'So — you've finally seen the futility of your fascist struggle.' Well, I tells him about the bathroom light but he just ignores me and goes 'Come in and get me copper!' I said 'Don't be so daft, Topper', then 'Your electricity bill will be a whopper'. And so on. Anyway, he then invites me in and begins to write down our little exchange of words and it appears I've co-written the next **Clash** single. Yes — a policeman's life can be most strange." The **Clash's** 'Guns In Topper's Safe European Well-Lit Toilet' will be available on the 31st of this month. Pic: **Pennie Smith**. Below (right): John's special accommodation in Dublin's Mountjoy Prison (see this page and page 3).



them," because he gave them a few gigs way back when. OK, Lal, stand in the queue:...

No visit to The Street Of Shame is ever complete without a glance at **Derek Jewell's** copy. This time, Del, in his review of **Costello** at The Rainbow, talks of Elvis' three albums, the last of which was 'Armed Forces.' Later in the same review he even advises El to 'get happier', which may possibly be a joke...

The **Clash T-Zer**: There is no **Clash T-Zer** this week...

Richard Jobson, the ox-jawed naturalist singer with **The Skids**, has asked the

forgiveness of rockers in Sheffield and Hull following the cancellation of the band's gigs. He says he has flu. Well, Dick, what do you expect if you run around continually without a stitch on — in October yet!...

Fellow nudist, **Adrienne Thrills** of this address, failed to denote that it was **Steve Jones** strumming guitar on **Gen X's** new 45 'Dancing With Myself'. The **H&E** fanatic thought it were ex-Magazine **John McGeoch**, he of the unpronounceable surname...

Who was it who won the **London Evening Standard's** 'pacesetter in dress (Male Section)'? Why, none other than rock's forgotten man **Bob Geldof**! Further down the ludicrous list was Mancunian hero **Edward Fox** and tasteful **Steve Strange**...

By brandy barrel to Switzerland where a number of clashes between organised youths and police are worrying local watchmakers and leder-hosened horn-blowers with feathered hats. (*Steady. This one's serious — Ed*). The good kids of the neutral planes are demanding independent pop culture centres in Zurich and Lausanne and at least 42 arrests have been made so far. *T-Zers*, with all solemnity, cannot resist the traditional cry of 'The Lord Alps Those That Alps Themselves'...

ANYRATE, how're you enjoying the Beeb's Rock Week? Although everyone's moaning about the overall tone of *Heroes Of Rock* (Saturday for two hours) we all agree it was worth it for the pre-hippy footage alone. (Wot no **Cochran**? etc). However, our host Mr **MOR** **Jeff Bridges** is recipient of the *T-Zers* Annual Golden Rough End Of A Pineapple for his services to the *American* language...

Still with Yankees, legendary son of Detroit **Ted Nugent** — played in the series by **Eileen Derbyshire** — has given away a hundred tickets for his upcoming Motor City concert to unemployed car workers in what is his home town. Good luck t'ya, Ned!...

And good luck to **Cyndy Sandford** — husband **Gary** is part of the **Joe Jackson Ensemble** — who gave birth to a baby boy last week. Let's hope they take actor **Rodney Bewes'** advice and give the kid a fair name and not some dreadful rock'n'roll epithet like **Ranford** or **summatt**...

Finally, readers in Lincolnshire keep 'em peeled for pint-sized **Max 'One In Four' Bell**, who is travelling through the county on holiday and in search of "full spiritual and emotional awareness". **Max** is on a pilgrimage to the birthplace of **David Bromberg**. See you soon, our little Welsh friend!...

NME

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BETTER BADGES

1	(1) Jam — Start	20p
2	(2) Joy Division	20p
3	(4) Joy Division — Closer	20p
4	(3) Dead Kennedy's — Cambodia	20p
5	(7) S.F.	20p
6	(6) Joy Division — Unknown Pleasures	20p
7	(9) Jam — Tubestillation	20p
8	(10) Magazine — Correct Use Of Soap	20p
9	(—) U.B.40	20p
10	(—) Crass — Fight War Not Wars	20p

NEW RELEASES
20: Plasmatics, New Ubu, Spectres, New Fad Gadget, Gregory Isaacs — Poor & Clean, Jam Start, C30, C50, C30 Go: Tea Set, Marian Dance, Fad Gadget, Pere Ubu, Plasmatics, The Spectrums: Digital Dance, Rev — Up, Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business, Lemon Kittens, The Beat Just Can't Stop It, Magazine Correct Use Of Soap, Androids Of Mu, Sector 27, Weapon Of Peace, Marian Dance, Fad Gadget, Zounds, Delta 5, Chords, Futurama, Martha & The Muffins, Crass — Anti War, Crass Man Made Power, New Killing Joke, Lilliput, Spizz — Central Park, Piranhas, James Blood, Ulmer — Blood.

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