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NEW MUSICAL NME EXPRESS

World's fastest breeding rock weekly

ORC MEN TALK

Shedding light onto murky places

DUTCH COURAGE

Vether report on the modern clog dance

BUZZCOCKS

Bidding farewell to innocence



BUNNIES OF THE YEAR

Echo And The Bunnymen
come out to play

An NME centrefold warren piece
By Chris Salewicz



Pic: SKR Photos

Yes, it's time to focus on those bubblers again, a rare chance to look at blossoming new talent, a rare chance to use the same gag we used a fortnight ago. This week, Aretha Franklin, next week, Mr Mills.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Highest Weeks In
1	(2)	The Tide Is High Blondie (Chrysalis)	3 1
2	(14)	I Could Be So Good For You Dennis Waterman (EMI)	2 2
3	(1)	Woman In Love Barbra Streisand (CBS)	7 1
4	(3)	Special Brew Bad Manners (Magnet)	5 3
5	(29)	Super Trouper Abba (Epic)	2 5
6	(6)	Fashion David Bowie (RCA)	3 6
7	(4)	Dog Eat Dog Adam & The Ants (CBS)	4 4
8	(12)	Never Knew Love Like This Before Stephanie Mills (20th Century)	4 8
9	(16)	Same Old Scene Roxy Music (Polydor)	2 9
10	(5)	What You're Proposing Status Quo (Vertigo)	6 2
11	(8)	Enola Gay Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	6 4
12	(20)	Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie UB40 (Graduate)	3 12
13	(28)	Celebration Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	3 13
14	(10)	If You're Lookin' For A Way Out Odyssey (RCA)	8 6
15	(13)	Starting Over John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	2 13
16	(19)	Ace Of Spades Motorhead (Bronze)	2 16
17	(7)	When You Ask About Love Matchbox (Magnet)	7 3
18	(—)	I'm Coming Out Diana Ross (Motown)	1 18
19	(17)	Passion Rod Stewart (Riva)	2 17
20	(—)	I Like What You're Doing To Me Young & Co. (Excalibur)	1 20
21	(—)	Feels Like The Right Time Shakata (Polydor)	1 21
22	(11)	One Man Woman Sheena Easton (EMI)	4 11
23	(—)	To Cut A Long Story Short Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	1 23
24	(9)	Suddenly Olivia Newton-John/Cliff Richard (Jet)	4 9
25	(15)	All Out Of Love Air Supply (Arista)	6 11
26	(21)	Gotta Pull Myself Together Nolans (Epic)	7 12
27	(—)	Bourgie, Bourgie Gladys Knight & The Pips (CBS)	1 27
28	(—)	Do You Feel My Love Eddie Grant (Ensign)	1 28
29	(—)	Lady Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	1 29
30	(18)	D.I.S.C.O Ottowan (Carrere)	9 2

BUBBLING UNDER

Superman's Big Sister — Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff).
Women In Uniform — Iron Maiden (EMI).
Inherit The Wind — Wilton Felder (MCA).
Sharing The Night Together — Dr Hook (Capitol).
Love On The Rocks — Neil Diamond (Capitol).
What A Fool Believes — Aretha Franklin (Arista).

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
November 22nd, 1980

US SINGLES

This Last Week		
1	(1)	Lady Kenny Rogers
2	(4)	The Wanderer Donna Summer
3	(2)	Another One Bites The Dust Queen
4	(3)	Woman In Love Barbra Streisand
5	(7)	Master Blaster (Jammin') Stevie Wonder
6	(6)	I'm Coming Out Diana Ross
7	(5)	He's So Shy Pointer Sisters
8	(11)	More Than I Can Say Leo Sayer
9	(10)	Dreaming Cliff Richard
10	(12)	Lovely One The Jacksons
11	(17)	Starting Over John Lennon
12	(13)	You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling Daryl Hall & John Oates
13	(14)	Whip It Devo
14	(16)	Hit Me With Your Best Shot Pat Benatar
15	(19)	Love On The Rocks Neil Diamond
16	(8)	Never Knew Love Like This Before Stephanie Mills
17	(20)	Never Be The Same Christopher Cross
18	(24)	Hungry Heart Bruce Springsteen
19	(15)	Jesse Carly Simon
20	(9)	Upside Down Diana Ross
21	(22)	Let Me Be Your Angel Stacy Lattisaw
22	(—)	Guilty Barbra Streisand
23	(23)	That Girl Could Sing Jackson Browne
24	(26)	Without Your Love Roger Daltrey
25	(27)	I'm Happy That Love Has Found You Jimmy Hall
26	(18)	Dreamer Supertramp
27	(30)	Theme From The Dukes Of Hazzard Waylon
28	(—)	Every Woman In The World Air Supply
29	(21)	She So Cold Rolling Stones
30	(—)	Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime The Korgis

US ALBUMS

1	(3)	Greatest Hits Kenny Rogers
2	(2)	Guilty Barbra Streisand
3	(1)	The River Bruce Springsteen
5	(5)	Hotter Than July Stevie Wonder
5	(6)	The Game Queen
6	(4)	One Step Closer Doobie Brothers
7	(7)	Crimes Of Passion Pat Benatar
8	(11)	The Wanderer Donna Summer
9	(9)	Back In Black AC/DC
10	(10)	Triumph The Jacksons
11	(12)	Alive Kenny Loggins
12	(—)	Faces Earth, Wind & Fire
13	(8)	Paris Supertramp
14	(13)	Diana Diana Ross
15	(17)	Zenyatta Mondatta The Police
16	(16)	Christopher Cross Christopher Cross
17	(15)	Hold Out Jackson Browne
18	(19)	Anne Murray's Greatest Hits Anne Murray
19	(14)	Xanadu Original Soundtrack
20	(20)	Give Me The Night George Benson
21	(21)	Urban Cowboy Original Soundtrack
22	(23)	TP Teddy Pendergrass
23	(28)	Greatest Hits Vol Two Linda Ronstadt
24	(18)	Panorama The Cars
25	(25)	Freedom Of Choice Devo
26	(24)	Honeysuckle Rose Original Soundtrack
27	(—)	Greatest Hits The Doors
28	(30)	Celebrate Kool & The Gang
29	(22)	Scary Monsters David Bowie
30	(26)	Emotional Rescue The Rolling Stones

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'



Pic: David Corio

Bauhaus' 'In A Flat Field', bubbling under the album charts. Fact: it's impossible to make a sensible anagram out of Bauhaus. Fact: if anyone thinks of one we wouldn't be even remotely interested in hearing it.

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Highest Weeks In
1	(1)	Hotter Than July Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3 1
2	(2)	Guilty Barbra Streisand (CBS)	6 2
3	(3)	Zenyatta Mondatta Police (A&M)	9 1
4	(18)	Not The 9 O'Clock News Various (BBC)	2 4
5	(4)	Gold The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel)	8 4
6	(5)	Ace Of Spades Motorhead (Bronze)	2 5
7	(—)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1 7
8	(6)	Organisation Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Din Disc)	3 3
9	(11)	Manilow Magic Barry Manilow (Arista)	17 5
10	(9)	Live In The Heart Of The City Whitesnake (United Artists)	2 9
11	(12)	Just Supposin' Status Quo (Vertigo)	4 3
12	(—)	Super Trouper Abba (Epic)	1 12
13	(22)	Making Waves The Nolans (Epic)	2 13
14	(13)	Scary Monsters David Bowie (RCA)	9 1
15	(—)	Little Miss Dynamite/Brenda Lee Brenda Lee (Warwick)	1 15
16	(8)	The River Bruce Springsteen (BCS)	4 4
17	(15)	Never Forever Kate Bush (EMI)	10 1
18	(7)	Faces Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	4 8
19	(—)	Country Legends Various (Ronco)	1 19
20	(—)	QE2 Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1 20
21	(17)	The Love Album Various (K-Tel)	8 5
22	(25)	Very Best Of Elton John Elton John (K-Tel)	3 20
23	(10)	Levitaton Hawkwind (Bronze)	2 10
24	(16)	Triumph Jacksons (Epic)	6 12
25	(—)	The Turn Of A Friendly Card Alan Parsons Project (Arista)	1 25
26	(19)	Absolutely Madness (Stiff)	8 2
27	(—)	The Strong Arm Of The Law Saxon (Carrere)	1 27
28	(—)	Radio Active Various (Ronco)	1 28
29	(14)	Making Movies Dire Straits (Vertigo)	4 14
30	(28)	Breaking Glass Hazel O'Connor (A & M)	13 4

BUBBLING UNDER

Smokie's Hits — Smokie (RAK).
Hawks and Doves — Neil Young (Reprise).
Stage Struck — Rory Gallagher (Chrysalis).
Killing Joke — Killing Joke (Malicious Damage).
Gentlemen Take Polaroids — Japan (Virgin).
In the Flat Field — Bauhaus (4AD).

INDIES 33s

1	Why Don't Ringers Sign A Catholic?
2	Animal Space
3	Politics
4	Man In The Glass
5	The Bunker
6	Earth Dies Screaming (12")
7	She's In Love With Mystery
8	Machines In Motion
9	Atmosphere
10	Requiem (12")

REGGAE

1	Paradise
2	Have You Been Making Out Okay
3	Someone Special
4	Be Thankful
5	Walk On By
6	A Long Time Down Here
7	Heart Made Of Stone
8	I Just Don't Care
9	Saturday Night Jamboree
10	I Can't Give You My Love

5 YEARS AGO

1	You Sexy Thing
2	Bohemian Rhapsody
3	D.I.V.O.R.C.E.
4	Love Hurts
5	This Old Heart Of Mine
6	Space Oddity
7	Money Honey
8	Imagine
9	Sky High
10	Love Is The Drug

10 YEARS AGO

1	Voodoo Chile
2	Indian Reservation
3	I Hear You Knocking
4	Woodstock
5	Cracklin' Rose
6	War
7	San Bernadino
8	It's Wonderful To Be Loved By You
9	Julie Do Ya Love Me
10	Ride A White Swan

INDIES 45s

1	Are You Glad To Be In America?
2	Signing Off
3	Chappaquiddick Bridge
4	Pin Drop
5	Minatures
6	In A Flat Field
7	Closer
8	Backstage Pass
9	Unknown Pleasures
10	Second City Static

DISCO

1	Celebration
2	Thighs High
3	Inherit The Wind
4	Casanova
5	You're Lying
6	Love X Love
7	London Town
8	Dear Limmertz
9	Parisian Girl
10	Do You Feel My Love

15 YEARS AGO

1	1-2-3
2	The Carnival Is Over
3	My Generation
4	Get Off My Cloud
5	Yesterday Man
6	Tears
7	A Lover's Concerto
8	Wind Me Up
9	It's My Life
10	Princess In Rags

20 YEARS AGO

1	It's Now Or Never
2	Save The Last Dance For Me
3	Goodness Gracious Me
4	Rocking Goose
5	As Long As He Needs Me
6	My Heart Has A Mind Of Its Own
7	Dreamin'
8	Man Of Mystery
9	O! MacDonald
10	Little Donkey

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

A PAIN IN THE ARTS



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

Marley flies to Ethiopia after cancer scare

BOB: 'I'LL BE OK'

DISQUIETING RUMOURS about Bob Marley's health continue to circulate alleging that the star is suffering from a brain tumour or similar cancer, and that this is the reason Marley has recently been ensconced in a New York cancer hospital.

The rumours have brought denials from Marley's record company, his wife Rita, and in a taped message distributed to US radio stations, from Marley himself. He is said to be suffering from "complete exhaustion", and is now in the south of Ethiopia "for a complete rest".

The rumours first started a few weeks ago when Marley cancelled an American tour and checked into hospital in New York. Island Records claim that Marley's time there and at other hospitals in Miami, Jamaica and Mexico was "for precautionary tests — nothing was diagnosed".

A further story about Marley having had his head completely shaved so that electrodes could be attached to his scalp — a report which apparently originated from a Jamaican musician who'd flown into London after visiting Marley in New York — were not commented upon by Island. "We've heard the stories too," said a spokesman.

Meanwhile Marley has taken the unusual step of recording a message which was subsequently handed to US radio stations for broadcast. His message goes:

"Hail Rasta! You think anything can raas kill me? I understand that writers and people in the press are very interested and concerned about

By NEIL SPENCER

my health. I want to say thank you for your interest and that I'll be alright and I'll be back on the road again in 1981 — really, performing for the fans we love. Beautiful. Y'know it's Bob talking to ya, have no doubt, seen? Good."

London's LBC Radio also broadcast an interview with Bob's wife Rita, who is in town to promote her new solo album. "I saw Bob two weeks ago," she said, "and he was in pretty good spirits. He's just fatigued and exhausted. He's been working straight for the past 7-8 years without rest, and without proper diet, and it's just gotten to him. He's gone on to Shasha Mani in Ethiopia to have some rest and further treatment for his exhaustion."

Would he be receiving special treatment in Ethiopia?

"Not really, just eating the best food he can and taking the good climate and adequate rest and not too much stress and pressures because he has been taking a lot of that from people... even in Jamaica a lot of stresses on him. He's gone to get some rest away from it all."

"He has musicians with him and I'll be joining him as soon as I leave London, to help keep off some of the intruders, because I think I'm the only person who can do that for him sometime, because he never say 'no' to an interview or a fan, and that's not too good for him now. He needs to be by himself. Y'know, there's a time in every man's life when they need to be isolated, to get into themselves, to recuperate and rejuvenate."

"We all have to pray and give thanks."



Marley — still surrounded by mystery.

Pic: Pennie Smith

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Pickets at Marquee?

THE LONG-STANDING wrangle between the Musicians Union and London's leading club venue the Marquee looks like coming to a head next week. The union has decided to declare an official dispute if certain assurances are not received from the club by this Friday.

One immediate consequence would be pickets outside the venue aimed at persuading both bands and audiences to support the union by having nothing to do with the club.

As the MU sees it, the problem rests with the Marquee management's alleged failure to pay performers in accordance with agreed minimum rates, and with the practice of insisting that support bands be paid by the headline acts out of their own fees rather than by the club directly.

According to MU Rock Organiser Mike Evans, tactics used by the Marquee to pay acts as little as possible include the fining of bands who play over time, and charging them for a range of facilities such as PA hire and lighting, and even electric fans.

The latest move follows the union's failure to secure any assurances from the club that

■ Continues over

Skids play for grown-ups

THE SKIDS, who completed an extensive UK tour a few weeks ago, have now lined up a string of pre-Christmas gigs. Reason for this rapid return to the circuit is that their new Virgin single is released on November 28 — an edited version of 'A Woman In Winter'.

After supporting The Jam in Sweden this weekend, the band open their latest UK series at Leicester University on November 29, followed by Sheffield Polytechnic (30), Stirling University (December 1), Ayr Pavilion (2) and Dundee University (3). They then shoot off to New York for two nights at Hurrah's (5-6), returning to play Bristol Colston Hall (8), Exeter University (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (11), Leeds Polytechnic (13), Oxford New Theatre (14) and Hull City Hall (16).

THE HUMAN LEAGUE return to live action early next month, following their recent personnel upheaval (reported two weeks ago), as one of the opening attractions at Britain's newest rock venue — the 2000-capacity Rock City in Nottingham. They appear there on December 3, two nights after the official opening by Iron Maiden, who have extended their current tour to take in this date. Other December bookings include The Undertones (11), Echo & The Bunnymen (13), Steve Harley (18), The Kinks (19) and XTC (20), with many more big names currently being finalised.

Who's massive New Year tour

— TOUR NEWS

ECHO, UNDERTONES, KINKS, XTC

Stars at Notts spot

□ The Human League have also confirmed a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, December 4, supported by Restricted Code — tickets on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. And further December dates are being arranged, when the band will unveil their new-look line-up, now built around the nucleus of Phil Oakey and Adrian Wright. Replacements have already

been engaged to take over from Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware, though they've not yet been named — neither is it yet clear if they are temporary or full-time. Either way, the band are now busy rehearsing an entirely new stage presentation.

□ XTC, currently touring America, have been invited by The Cars to support them in two shows at New York's Madison Square Garden next month. This US extension

means they've had to cancel the first three dates of their British tour — at York University (December 6), Blackpool Tiffany's (7) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (8) — though they will be re-scheduled as soon as possible. The tour now opens at Liverpool Rotters on December 9, and another date has been slotted in at Aberystwyth University on December 11.

□ Echo & The Bunnymen are also set for a London headliner — at the Rainbow on Sunday, December 14, supported by The Passions (tickets on sale now priced £3.25 and £2.75).

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Police present Xmas single

— RECORD NEWS

Costello & Squeeze play Owen benefit

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions and Squeeze will now play the Johnny Owen benefit concert at Swansea Top Rank on the re-scheduled date of Sunday November 30. Rockpile were to have headlined on the original date, November 4, but this was cancelled when Owen died earlier that day — and now they're unable to take part in the re-arranged show, as they've just started an American tour.

All tickets purchased for the Rockpile gig will be valid for November 30, but anyone wanting a refund should write to Mrs Haines, Merthyr Express, Glebeland Street, Merthyr Tydfil, Wales, enclosing the tickets and a s.a.e.

THE SKOLARS

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echo and the bunnymen

+ the passions

SUN. 14th DECEMBER 7.30

Tickets: £3.25 £2.75
from: Rainbow, Seven Sisters Rd, Finsbury Park, N4, 01 263 3148

LEAGUE DIVISION ONE

LIKE ANY GOOD microchip amoeba, The Human League have gone forth and multiplied. There are now two entities where there first was but one.

Philip Oakey (the one with the haircut) and Adrian Wright (the one with the slides) are now sole proprietors of The Human League and are currently touring as such with the old backing tapes, two singers and dancers (Sue and Joanne by name) whom Oakey encountered making themselves noticeable at a Sheffield disco, plus a new keyboard player named Ian Burden, former member of a Sheffield band called Grass. Adrian Wright has blossomed as vocalist, composer and keyboard player as well as his previously notorious visual duties — his composition 'Boys And Girls' is slated as the next and most commercial ever League single — and they're also featuring Judas Priest's 'Take On The World' (!!!) and another new original called 'I Am The Law' and they're out on the road and you can see 'em and work out the rest for yourselves.

Meanwhile, back in Sheffield, Martyn Ware and Ian Marsh — the original League nucleus — are busily reincarnating themselves as the British Electric Foundation, a production company which will function under a variety of different names, images and personnel as "a cross between what Pil should have been before they became just another group, and the business

Marsh and Ware kiss off the trash aesthetic

SPLIT 1

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

suss of Chic". Hauled out of bed on a bleak, industrial winter morning, Martyn Ware (the one with the beard) explained that the breakdown occurred when work on the putative third League album ground to a halt because no one could agree on what anything should be.

"We were working individually on our own tracks and taking them through to completion. It was very difficult to maintain the Human League image or even decide what the Human League image was to be. The majority of our public image was Philip, and as we had dates booked we couldn't pull out — it would have cost us an awful lot of money. We made our decisions in as civilised a manner as possible, since if me and Ian had gone out as The Human League, the promoters could quite possibly have sued us — rock economics being what they are — because we wouldn't have been the act 'as seen'.

"With the British Electric Foundation we can start all over. The League became too entrenched in 'electronic music' and we couldn't have foreseen what would

happen. The image got well out of hand with all these groups playing synthesisers because they were trying to be 'modern', with all this robot stuff and technological angst. Gary Numan is to blame, but John Foxx hasn't helped. B.E.F. will be a lot more flexible.

"We intend to renegotiate our contract with Virgin to operate differently and give them first option on what we do. If they choose not to pick up on it, then we'll be able to take it elsewhere."

The NME office joke about the split was that there must've been one fist fight too many over the last *Star Wars* comic in the shop, but Ware retorts loftily: "I don't want to be involved in a group more renowned for its interest in trash than for its musical ideas."

Bob Last, who continues to manage the League and will maintain a 'partnership interest' in British Electric Foundation even though he will no longer be involved in management, maintains "The League didn't split up for the usual corny musical-and-personal differences reasons: they simply no longer had an adequate working relationship. Neither party was happy and no one was fulfilled, but this way both sides will produce far more satisfactory and commercial work."

That remains to be seen. Who'll be first to the *real* Black Hit Of Space?



Adrian Wright and Philip Oakey — they got the last comic. Pic: Anton Corbijn

SPLIT 2

By ADRIAN THRILLS

THE AUTUMNAL season of band splits continued this week with an announcement that The Chords had parted company with their lead vocalist and guitarist Billy Hassett.

According to the band's record company Polydor, the split came down to the highly original "intense musical and personal differences."

Hassett himself rejects that and claims he was ousted from the line-up by the other three band members on Monday morning, just three days after what proved to be The Chords' last gig at London's Music Machine on Friday evening.

"The band accused me of a lack of musical dedication, although I think it was probably more down to the fact that I hadn't been going out on the piss with them so much lately — I got married a few months ago."

"The trouble with The Chords was that we never had a real direction," added Hassett, referring to the fact that the band were often considered as occupying a kind of no-man's-land between mod and punk. "Still, I hope the split will be good for the rest of the band. Maybe they'll be able to get in a new singer who'll get them out of their little rut."

Billy H becomes the lost Chord

As to his own future, the lost Chord intimated that he would be interested in joining a band in a Moondogs/Undertones vein ("If only they'd have me"), rather than another mod-associated group.

Meanwhile, the other three members — guitarist Chris Pope, bassist Martin Mason and drummer Brett Ascot — are hoping to start auditioning for a replacement vocalist as soon as possible with a view to begin gigging again in the New Year.

Pope claims that the split had been on the cards since the middle of October when the

group came close to breaking up in the middle of their British tour before deciding to honour their gigging commitments. "The split," he adds, "wasn't over musical differences, but things got to the stage where Billy didn't seem to care about the music. But getting drawn into a slanging match seems irrelevant, 'cause the band haven't really split up in that this is not the end of The Chords."

Anyone interested in the band's vocal vacancy should ring Paul Halfin on 01-499-8686, ext. 45. Maybe tomorrow?



Billy H

Marquee pickets

From previous page

these practices will be stopped. A letter sent to the Marquee states that if there is no positive response by Friday then an official dispute will be declared, involving the complete blacking of the club by MU members.

In the view of Mike Evans, "There's a general feeling, even among name bands, that things have been far from satisfactory at the Marquee. They've tended

to put up with it because they need to play there."

In the event of a dispute being declared, MU pickets would seek to ensure that musicians did not perform in the club — with the threat of expulsion hanging over any members who refused to comply. Audiences too would be called upon to demonstrate support by not going in.

"Obviously," Evans points out, "we've got no muscle where audiences are concerned. The most we could do is try to explain our case and

hope that they would show a bit of sympathy."

As for the Marquee, manager Jack Barry indicates that he will be replying to the union's letter, but maintains that "we are not in dispute with the Musicians Union, and there is nothing in the letter to indicate that we will be in dispute." The Marquee's position remains, therefore, that they have not been engaged in any underhand tactics aimed at minimising payments to bands.

Barry dismisses talk of exploitation as "nonsense."

POSEURS' PAGE



Pic: Peter Anderson

There amidst the orchids and the rhododendrons ...

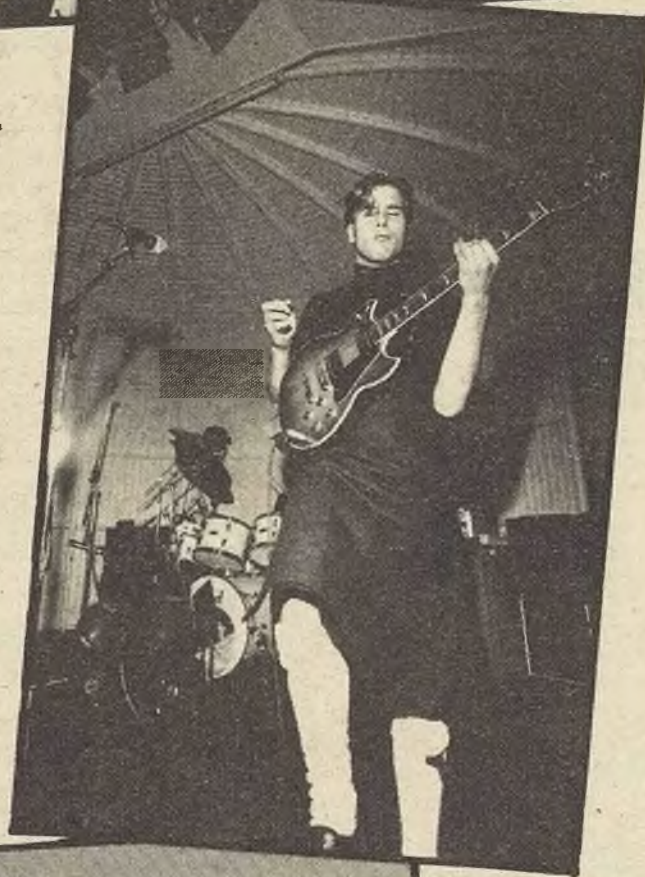
BALLET WHO?

SPANDAU BALLET, loudly hailed in all the chic subterranean nightspots as "five young men from Islington", celebrated their sudden celebrity last Friday with an exclusive live performance in Birmingham's swanky Botanical Gardens.

The previous night Spandau Ballet made their first national television appearance on a programme called *Top Of The Pops*, which of course nobody who is anybody actually watched because it was recorded Wednesday and was therefore quite passe by the time it was transmitted.

Surprisingly, the "five young men from Islington" wore almost the same clothes for Friday's performance as they did the night before. Outfitted in discreet shades of tartan, they ran though a brief but promising selection from their newly recorded album.

Advertising for the affair was handled by that well-known agency, word of mouth. A select few hundred turned up to wish Spandau well and admire each others' clothes. An elite few then repaired to the Rum Runner club to wish each other well and admire Spandau's clothes.



MEANWHILE in a television studio in Manchester, someone is taking pictures of another pop group. And someone else is taking pictures of him!

Yes, it's the incestuous world of rock and roll, featuring the homo-sexual pop of Bow Wow Wow and the Brownie box camera of NME's Kevin Cummins. This picture is just one of several thousand taken by our Kev during the Bow Wows' first ever quasi-public performance, set up last Thursday for a Granada *Pennine* 'In Focus' spot wherein the photographer would be seen going about his glamorous métier while BWW serenade him with one of their latest hits. You can see it in the Manchester area on November 17. Er... oh. You already saw it on November 17, eh? Well we didn't, see, what with it being press day in Carnaby Street and that. So we thought we'd print one of Kevin's pictures for anyone else that missed it as well.



YOU'VE SEEN THE BANDS — NOW SEE THE FANS! T-ZERS, P.71.

LOWRY



"They've certainly not been unaffected by the socio-political changes of the last couple of years. They roll their joints in pages torn from Marxist Leninist literature now."

BPI report 'a non-event'

HARRY TIPPLE'S "one hell of a report" on chart hyping has turned out to be a duff packet.

Tipple chaired the investigating committee which last month reported to the British Phonographic Industry on chart abuse allegations made by *World In Action*. When the BPI council withheld the document and issued an equivocating five-page press statement, the word naturally carried that publishing the top secret 50-page full report would have caused heartburn in executive canteens. Not so.

One BPI member who saw the report-on-a-rope at BPI headquarters last week describes it as "a complete non-event".

"No wonder it was hushed up", says Cherry Red's Ian McNay. He sees the contents as "basically a rehash of the television show" with no

By ANDREW TYLER

convincing additional research aside from summarised interviews with a handful of leading record company personalities each of whom takes up a staunchly defensive posture.

"No one has admitted anything and no new evidence has turned up," he says.

About half the document comprises a report of a poll among chart shops. They were asked if they'd seen the Granada programme, what their reaction was, and whether they'd ever been approached to falsify sales. The answers, says McNay, were as untagging as the questions.

"I suppose we were all a bit naive," he says, "to think there was anything in it in the first place."

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"The won by Hexham, 12 lengths. Hexham won by 12 lengths...

"The Cheltenham 3:05 straight forecast paid two pound two one 21. Straight forecast Cheltenham two pound two one 21. The Hexham 3:15 straight forecast nine one 91. Straight forecast Hexham, nine one 91. They're at the post Sandown. They bet at Sandown. Seven to four number five Black Minstrel. And eight to one number four Cassina. 14 to one number eight Pelayo...

"At Cheltenham they've weighed in. Weighed in Cheltenham. They're going behind the stalls Sandown. They bet at Sandown. 10 to one number seven Jubilee Bill...

"Redcar they've weighed in. Weighed in Redcar. Redcar 3:15 straight forecast four pound two eight 28. Straight forecast Redcar four pound 28. Hexham they've weighed in. Weighed in Hexham. Show Sandown. Betting eight to one number six Andy Rew...

"They bet at Sandown. 14 to one number 10 Crockford Lad...

"Sandown orders. They're off Sandown, off at 3:31...

"At Sandown... they've raced two furlongs. They're at the far side. The first to show Seven Hearts, a length clear from Beirut. Behind the two leaders comes Andy Rew. Behind Andy Rew races Black Minstrel. A length behind comes Jubilee Bill. Racing towards halfway. Turning up the back straight. It's still Seven Hearts, just the leader from Beirut; Andy Rew, Black Minstrel are tucked in behind these; they're followed by Jubilee Bill. They're racing round into the straight. As they approach the



three furlong marker it's Seven Hearts still the leader, Seven Hearts from Beirut tracking him in second, Black Minstrel taking closer order, they're followed by Andy Rew, then comes Jubilee Bill. Two furlongs left to run. The leaders are tightly grouped. Improving well on the stand side is Pelayo. Racing with a furlong and a half to go, Seven hearts still the leader, Seven Hearts being pressed by Black Minstrel, they're followed by Beirut, Pelayo coming up fast on the stand side. They've got a furlong left to go. Seven Hearts still the leader. Pelayo coming very strongly. These two are going on from the remainder. Black Minstrel dropping out of it. Up towards the line, it's Pelayo striking the front, Pelayo taking it up, going half a length clear. It's number eight Pelayo the winner. Number one Seven Hearts finished second. Waiting on the third...

"Third at Sandown number five Black Minstrel. That's Pelayo, Seven Hearts, Black Minstrel. 10 ran. A show at Cheltenham. They're betting five to four number seven Jolly Jay. Seven to four number four Deep Gale. Nine to one number one Elect. Same price nine to one number six Jim Dandy. 10 to one number 10 Lucky Call. 20 to one number thirteen Hashofet. Sandown SP..."

Linton launches LKJ Records — for poetry

INDIE OR NOT INDIE

THE FOLLOWING two facts are entirely unconnected. Fact the first: Linton Kwesi Johnson has declined to remain part of the Island Records roster. Fact the second: Linton Kwesi Johnson has just launched his own Rough Trade-distributed LKJ label, the first release on which should be available within a few weeks.

"I had a deal with Island for two albums," explains the noted disruptor of General Elections. "After making those two albums I decided that I didn't want to make another for a while, so I decided to take a break."

The new label is "something I've wanted to do for a long time to show other reggae artists what can be done independently and to try and point the future of reggae music."

Johnson is at pains to emphasise that he had no falling-out with anybody at Island, and that he still considers them to be "the best



Knock Knock. "Who's there?" Reggae. "Reggae who?" Reggae. "Good books lately?" Linton Johnson proves he's not such a dull old socialist after all. Drummer Vivian Weathers and guitarist John Kaipye choke with laughter. Pic: Alain de la Mata.

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

company around as far as the marketing of Jamaican music is concerned." Nevertheless, as he indicated in a recent letter to *Time Out* after that magazine quoted an Island memo directing the staff to stop work on Johnson's 'Bass Culture' album, he is dissatisfied about the support that he has received from the company. He is especially concerned that the main record shop in Brixton has been out of stock of his records for several weeks. "To be fair to Island, though, I understand that they have been having pressing and distribution problems with EMI."

The first release on the LKJ label will be a 12" single, taping an instrumental called 'Solitude' which features Rico, Dick Cuthell and some of the musicians who've contributed to LKJ's own albums alongside a toast from

Brixton DJ Abubaka. On the flip can be found two poems by Jamaican poet Michael Smith: 'Me Can't Believe It' and 'Roots' — which originally appeared on a limited edition import.

Plans for LKJ are still fairly tentative, mainly because Linton doesn't have vast sums (or even medium-sized ones) of money to chuck around. The label is being administered by Dennis Bovell's Studio 80 organisation, and there's no clear policy about any set ratio of licensed JA material to home-generated sides. The label will, however, concentrate on "poetry rather than rhythms".

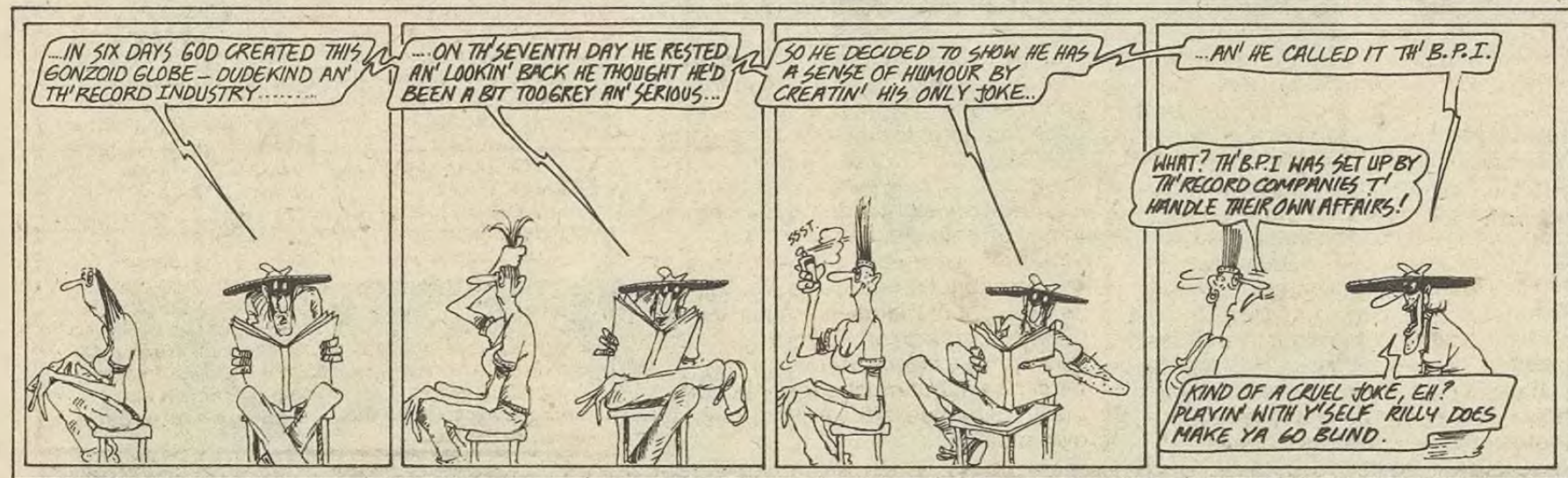
"This," quoth Johnson, "is a very necessary step for independence."

NME FACT!

One per cent of NME readers in the Norwich area have recently acquired a refrigerator

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON



PRINCE FAR I

SHOWCASE IN A SUITCASE



Features
RADICS
ASHANTIE ROY
NAGGO MORRIS
WAILING SOUL

ALBUM PREXFB3

PRE

THE BLANK GENERATION might as well have been renamed the black generation. Take a look at their taste: T-shirts adorned with Son of Sam and 'Sid Vicious Dead!'; names like The Dead Kennedys and The Moors Murderers; allusions to the grimmer realities of life via both the screen and the seen (The Cramps affectionately promising to cut off your head and put it in their TV set; The Ramones lamenting that a Texas Chainsaw Massacre "took my baby away from me"; Talking Heads addressing a psychokiller in French, and The Plasmatics shipping copies of 'Butcher Baby' on bloodstained vinyl) ...

Did high tech simply beget some High Anxiety so massive that it imploded? Or, in the uncomfy moral ambivalence of our era, has voyeurism simply

Ruth Ellis — the last woman to hang in a British jail. Pic from the *Directory of Infamy*

Cynthia Rose reads, marks, learns and spits out a couple of bookbin horrors

MURDER A LA MODE

taken over experience altogether?

Maybe it ain't healthy but it ain't gonna go away either. And today when survival has replaced sex as the no. 1 topic of concern — it's better to be *au fait* than sorry.

Hence our recommendation of *The Directory of Infamy* (subtitled 'The Best of the Worst'), a hefty hardback available for the equally hefty sum of £8.95 from Mills & Boon.

Aside from Colin Wilson's overly clinical *Encyclopedia of Murder* and a superior but available-in-import-only volume called *Bloodletters and*

Bad Men, no such textbook exists. The *D of I*, however, permits you to research any handy pop allusions to wrongdoing of the shocking sort concisely, alphabetically, and — most importantly —

with a sense of humour. And it all comes handily divided into categories of misdemeanour (such as 'Love hurts: Crimes of passion'; 'Vile bodies: Sex crimes'; 'Suffer the little children: Infanticide'; 'All in the mind: Crazy killers', and so forth).

Its author is Jonathon Green, a veteran of the underground press, one-time editor of *Oz*, and author of *The Book of Rock Quotes*. Why did Green undertake this list of those living beneath the law? Well, because it fascinated him, too, though he made it clear to *Thrills* that he's "a middle-class

chickenshit liberal just like everyone else — I'd certainly flunk out down in the morgue, but then these guys are already dead; they're on paper".

Since they're not only on paper but also all over the airwaves and all around our pop culture itself as icons (forget JFK: where were you when you heard about the Manson murders?), you may as well live but learn. Only take care as you sift out the biographical details between these lines: *your* neighbourhood may not always have been as nice as you'd like to think. Sweet dreams.

STAR WHORES

"THERE IS no photographer in the world who would wish to catch one of us non-stars in animal nakedness but the rules change for the great and the glamorous. A picture showing Romy Schneider going into, emerging from, or best of all *in* a public toilet would be very valuable, but it has not yet been taken."

These truths are from Anthony Burgess' intro to *Private Pictures* (Jonathan Cape) — a book of revealing snaps by Daniel Angeli and Jean-Paul Dousset which usefully shows up Paula Yates' *Rock Stars in their Underpants* (Virgin Books, £4.95) for the little promotional function it is. No 'secrets' are at stake in *RSitU*; it's simply a slapped together collection of badly repro'd Polaroids of The Boomtown Rats, their friends, the other clients on their publicists' roster, and a small sprinkling of outright publicity seekers. In fact its sole revelations are a) what a small set of feet Ted Nugent possesses and b) how old are all the recycled photos of the mega stars (Stones,

Bowie, and D. Harry — who is in fact wearing shorts and not underwear). Certainly it's mournful to see Chrissie Hynde poncing around some Ramada Inn in fake fur and scanties, but then perhaps that's only the logical extension of the rhinestone-studded guitar strap and Zeppelin posturings.

If you *are* genuinely into revelations of the unabashedly titillating sort, *Private Pictures* can offer you Jack Nicholson's bum, Polanski playing David Hamilton amongst the juvenile nubile of St Tropez, Maria Schneider in a Sapphic scene, the unclothed truth about Elton's weight problems, and Mick Jagger decked by a photographer who happened to know judo. It's heartlessly, frankly voyeuristic, and all its subjects were caught unawares and unconsenting, but at least it does SHOW you something. And the gents who put together the peep show spare us the sight of themselves in favour of a plain black wrapper. All for exactly the same price as *Rock Stars in their Underwear*, but much more the thing, really, to peruse in the privacy of your own panties.



Mass murderer Elton John in UNDERPANTS! Pic: Joe Stevens

Sound 'n' furry

CUDDLY TOYS are back in business again following the split of their original line-up in July. Front man Sean Purcell and bassist Tony Baggett — the only two remaining members — have now recruited Andi Miller-Reed (keyboards), Terry Noakes (guitar) and Robert Baker (drums). The new-look band appear at London Canning Town Bridge House (tonight, Thursday), then support Adam & The Ants at London Lyceum this Sunday (23). They then play London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel on November 28, which marks the venue's re-opening with a reduced capacity, as the result of the GLC

invoking their fire regulations.

No less than four Cuddly Toys record releases are due out shortly. A single titled 'Astral Joe' and an album, 'Guillotine Theatre', both recorded by the original band, are due out at the end of next week — and the new band debuts with a five-track EP and a single called 'Someone's Crying' in January. Meanwhile, former Toys guitarist Faebhear Kwest has launched a new band called Peacock Party, which debuts at London Billy's Club, Dean Street, next Wednesday (26) — and ex-drummer Paddy Phield is also forming a new outfit.

T O M R O B I N S O N

SECTOR

THE ALBUM

PRODUCED BY STEVE LILLYWHITE

Pic: David Corio.



Ruts D.C. leaving court after being cleared of assaulting a local loony who tried to get the council to refuse permission for their garden shed recording studio scheme. You must have seen the story. The headline went "Ruts klutz butts huts cuts nut's guts". What do you mean, desperate?

L-R: Paul Fox, Dave Ruffy, Suggs, Gary Barnacle.

people — "so that it doesn't all sound the same" — and with main vocals by Suggs. He gleefully waves around copies of their lyrics. "On the back of me rent book," he announces proudly.

The new words, they claim, are a departure from their earlier, overt "political" stance, and are now written collectively. Suggs uses the song 'Dangerous Minds' to illustrate their point: "It's about

how we're in the hands of all these politicians, but it's more subtle; it doesn't just say 'Maggie Thatcher is a bitch' — everyone who hates her knows that — you can relate to it in other ways too."

"Sometimes we'd have been playing a song for months before we realised what Malcolm was singing about," explains Paul. "A lot of the new songs are references to him. I think he affected us as a friend more than anything," he adds, thoughtfully.

Dave again: "The new numbers are more like pointers rather than statements as the old ones were. I'm only just starting to realise the power you have got on stage — I suppose Malcolm was the frontman before and he got it more than us."

"It's not like that any more."

LOWRY

DA CAPO CAPER

By SHERYL GARRATT

"DO YOU particularly want to discuss Malcolm?" I ask.

"It's up to you, it's your interview." I didn't relish the subject. They seem relieved.

The scene is a pub in South London: four Ruts, myself, and a dog named Pew. Or rather, Ruts D.C.: *Da Capo*, back to the beginning. They have lost a manager — "an amicable split" — and gained one Gary Barnacle, who played sax in Dave Ruffy's old band and who will also (provided Virgin loan them the money to buy some...) play keyboards. A tour and an

album are planned, and they are learning to sing.

But how fresh a start is this?

"We want to retain what we've achieved as The Ruts," answers guitarist Paul Fox, "but it's important that it be known that we're a new band and are going to be doing new stuff."

Dave elaborates: "We do six of the old numbers, but mainly it's very different, though we've still got the power there, the energy."

To be honest, The Ruts never meant that much to me: just one more third-generation punk band. 'Babylon's Burning' was the exception, and maybe also 'Jah Wars', because I was

appalled at the general lack of reaction to the events at Southall and all that followed, but that's all, and it's not something that I expect Ruts D.C. will change. Still, I doubt they'll be crying themselves to sleep over me. Their confidence is high.

"It's going to be as powerful as The Ruts were before," Gary predicts, "but more subtle and with more varied musical influences."

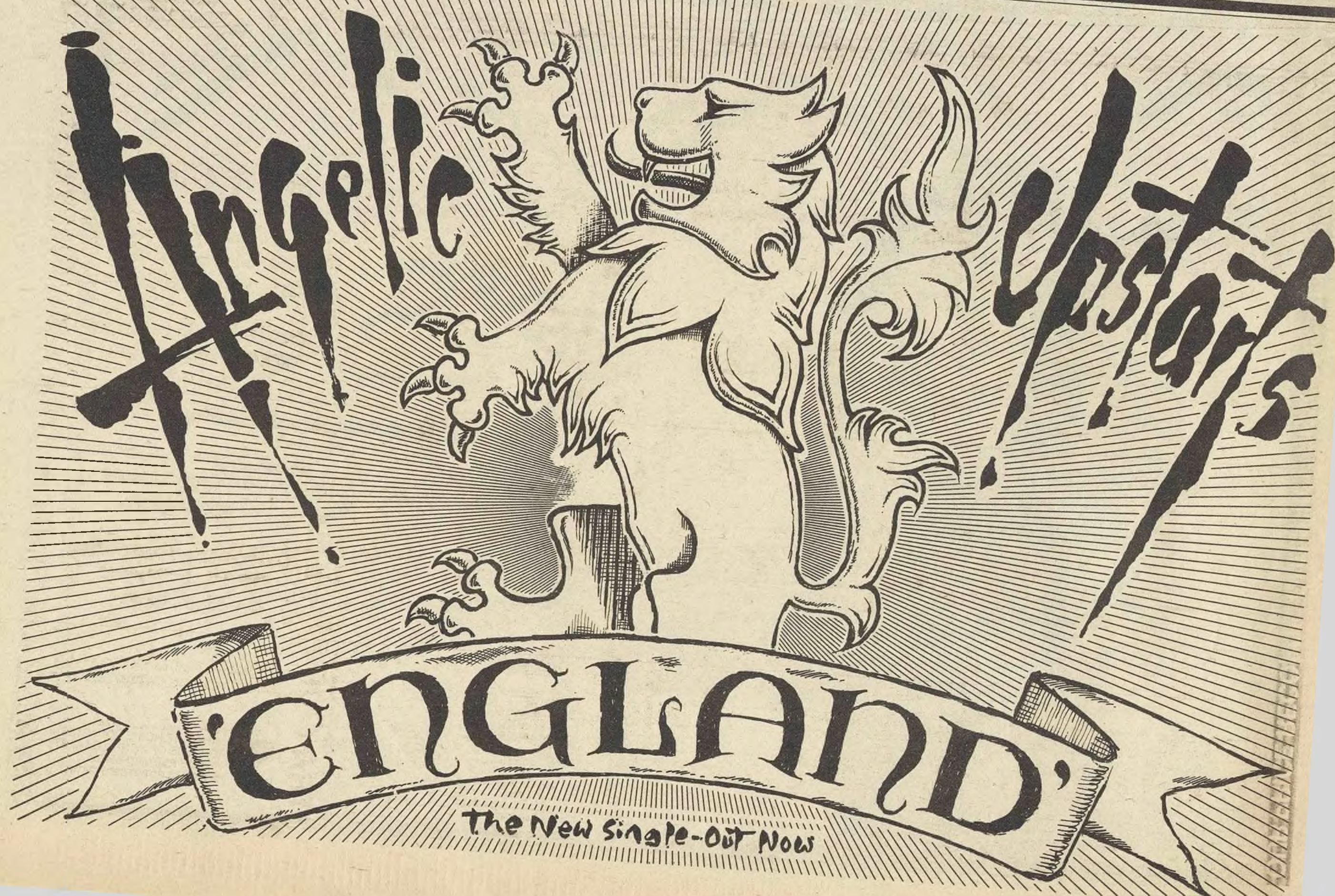
Bassist Suggs chimes in: "We're not the type of band that says, 'Oh, that's too HM or too jazz-rock for us', we just do it."

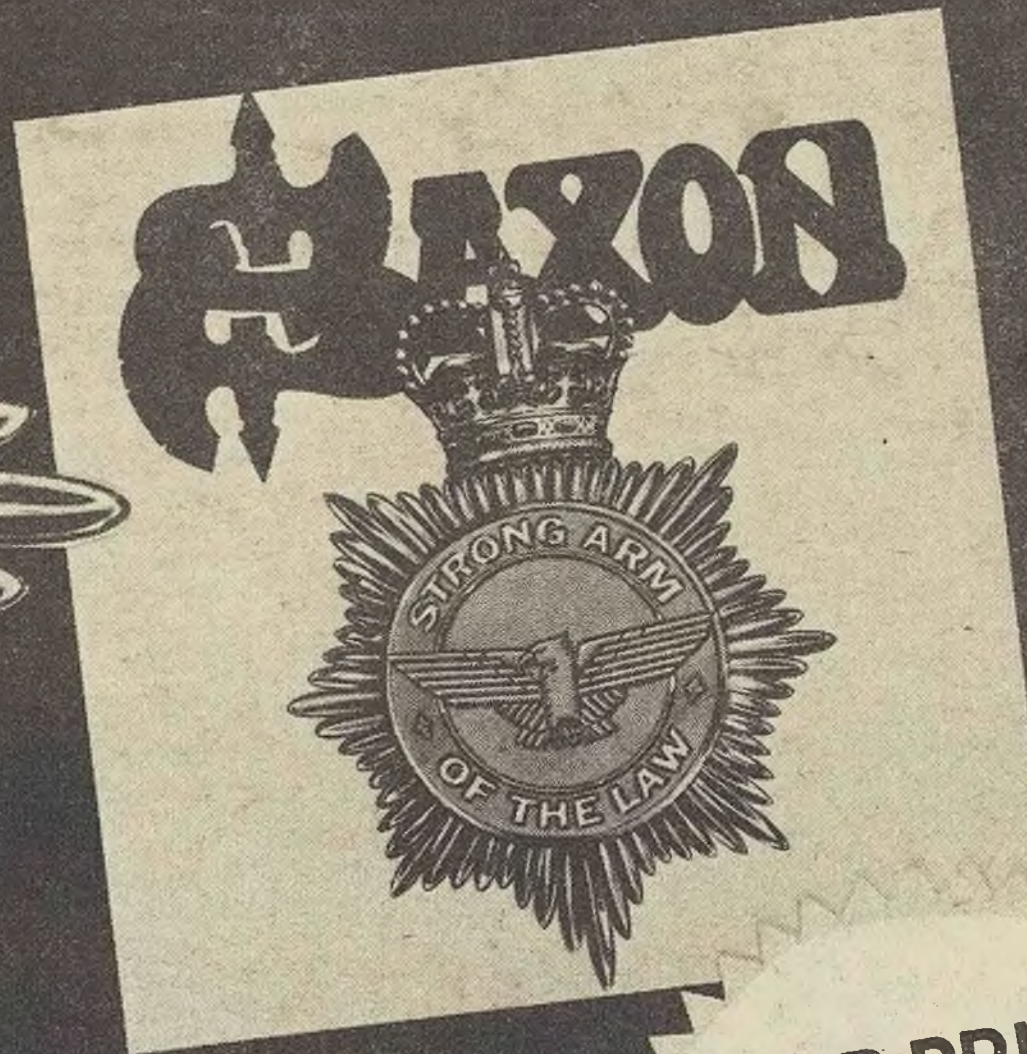
"Six months ago we were worried about the album," adds Dave, "but we've been writing loads of new songs and now it seems really exciting."

Recording will take place straight after the tour, with production handled by various



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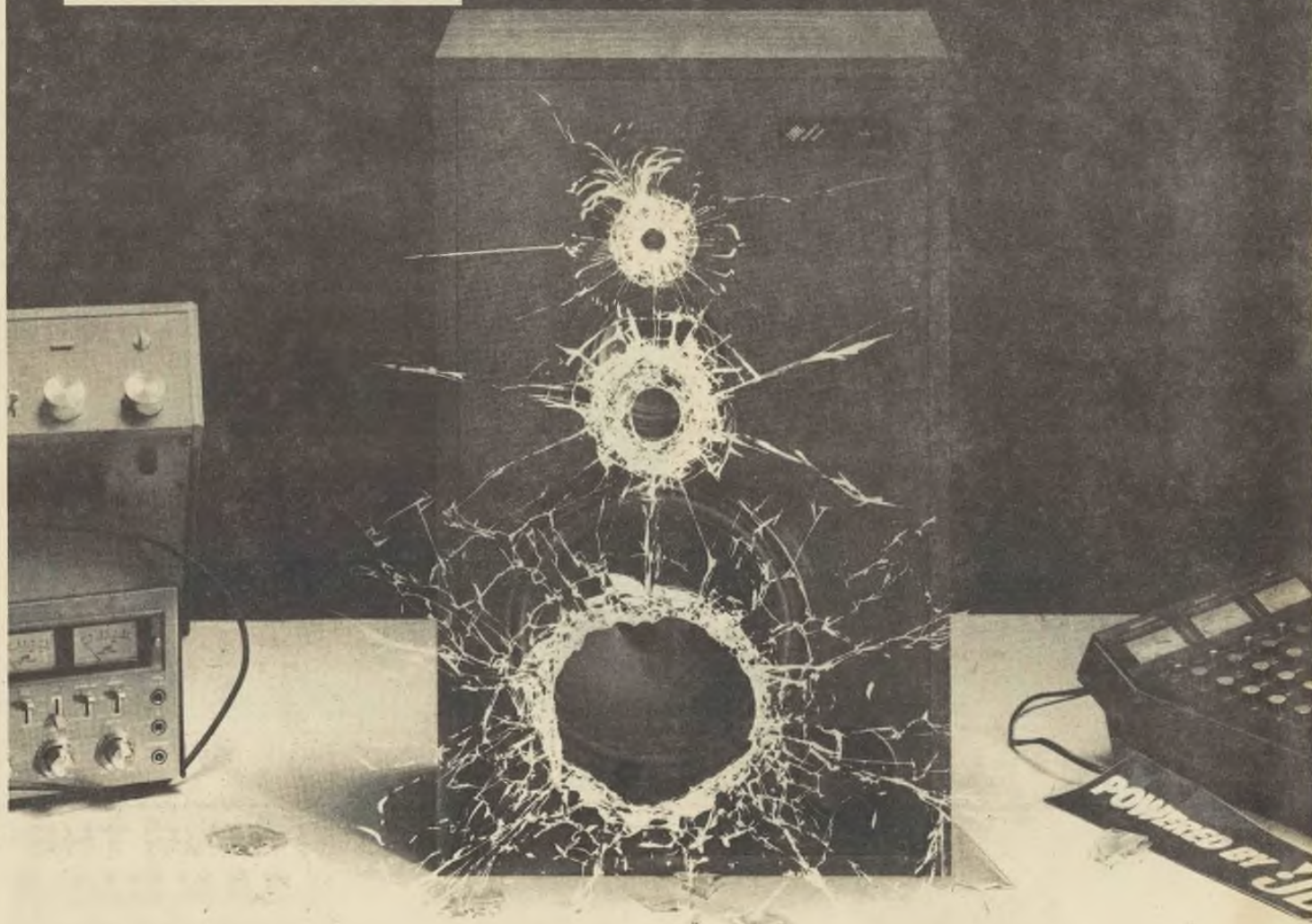
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That bitch never shot J.R. . . .

Only Ian Penman knows . . .



THE SCHLOCK OF THE NEW MISS WORLD

The television column with the crown topper



By
IAN
PENMAN
(Top)



A Dallas tupperware party. L-R: Miss Motelroom, Miss Idealhome, Miss Pammyclone (roles played by Kristen, Sue, Ellen and Pamela Ewing)

THE BRONZED torso creased and folded over like a mutant seal on a naturalist beach. The two-bit cop had a look of two-bit paid urgency playing about his features. The Family gawped around the centrepiece like it was the Christmas edition of the *Radio Times* . . .

This was definitely one of the final silences; the last Soap Opera alive. Or in Limbo, at any rate.

The cop bit on both lips and delivered the line that'll get him free drinks in every bar from now until his last breath. The eyes of *Radio Times* swivelled like Miss World results. No sweat, but a thin film of silly surrealism couldn't be avoided. This was it. A metaphysical moment in the grand medical *Is S/he Gonna Make It?* tradition. The camera pan melted.

J.R. — who killed you?

That face — no more ratings war, BBC1's N-Bomb has been DROPPED! — faced us. "It was . . .

. . . too dark."

A few million Saturday teatimes rose in either a belching guffaw or a knit one purl one orgasmic (fake, of course) release. Hold on! I'm coming!

Stop me, I'm boring. I'm a *Dallas* bore — like one of those religious loonies in your high street, eyes righteous and argument unconvincing. The J.R. Question has assumed Machiavellian proportions. In another century, it was Rasputin. A few weeks ago, it was the character Donald Pleasance played in Dennis Potter's excellent *Blade On The Feather* (ITV): a closet morality ready to come out, the centre of the narrative universe. A flame ready to snuff it — and the rest of the cast orbits.

From here on in, Soap Opera is going to (have to) get pretty weird. Take the other one I'm Boring About — *For Maddie With Love* (ITV). Here, now, the original character of the title is dead — none of this four-episode foreplay — and new viewers of the scenario have a real toughie to chew on: why do all these otherwise credible characters insist on talking to that empty chair and those rows of potted plants? If you don't know who the ghost is you might as well give it up.

Who writes all these scripts? The lines that populate *Dallas*/J.R.'s wife Sue Ellen is talking to her shrink about

her just-arrived brother-in-law: "He doesn't even like J.R. but he came in to see him." I think I'm twigging why the pubs were empty that night.

The shrink gets the Golden Line, however. Sue Ellen airs her worry — was it her? (She blacks out.) Shrink: "It's pointless to speculate."

Now, is our collective leg being pulled or what? I would have liked one of the psychics on *Horizon*'s mid-week astrology documentary to analyse this shrink's charts: bookie in a previous incarnation?

One thing's for sure — J.R. has to pull through, stay alive at least through Christmas. I mean, how can they market a new cosmetics range for men (FACT) around a corpse? *The closer you get to me . . . the stronger I smell?* Leave it out.

All other traumas, psychodramas and daft bits happened offscreen last week. Besides, there was no *Bilko*, nor *Barney Miller*, nor *Lou Grant* — and *Minder* was edged off by *Miss World '80*. An extended exercise in entropic eccentricity, *Miss World* seems less like a cattle market than a form of human Space Invaders: the gradual elimination of an antiseptically colourful, sexless mass of wiggling shapes and sizes. Being 'human', the game's variations are as predictable as they are venal — archaic (not so much repressed as depressed) notions of sexuality, a flip sublimated racism, £5000, £15,000 in contracts and the "World at her feet".

Miss Germany, though, got firm instructions from her man(ager) to give that old World a hefty touchline toe punt. The Sunday gutter press picnic spread of rumour and revelation behind 'their' decision to quit (a 51-year-old boyfriend? a long lost father? a rude snap or two?) would have made a much better two hours' television.

FACT: Miss Guam — runner-up and eventual 'winner' — has Irish grandparents. That seemed about as believable at the time as the actor who plays saintly simpleton Benny in *Crossroads* being done for drunken driving. I told Reg no good would come of that cart.

Sounds Different started promisingly on BBC2, battling home a few truths about cultural imperialism in music education and appreciation. And did you know (Smeeton continued unabashed) that in Balinese there is no such word as 'artist'? Or 'beauty contest' I daresay, seeing as how they so often amount to virtually the same thing.

I wanted to see the final installment of BBC2's modern art history series, *Shock of the New*, as it promised to take the piss out of the pomp of performance art, but couldn't. What stopped me? "I was . . . too drunk."

Thursday November 20
If this were a perfect world, the entire nation would drop everything at 5.40 for the next few weeks (weekdays only, mind) and watch the *Laurel and Hardy* shorts on BBC. From 1929 to 1953 Stan and Ollie made a collection of 20-minute masterpieces that put all film comedy in the shade; there's no pathos here, mate, and no padding — just two sublime children coping as worst they can. Yesterday it was *Another Fine Mess*, tonight it's *Beau Chumps* and tomorrow *Below Zero*. Sam Kydd and Tony Selby guest in *Minder* (ITV) and David Hemmings comes over all schizophrenic in *Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde* (BBC 2). The annual *Richard Dimbleby Lecture* (BBC 1) is given over to another astonishingly wise senior citizen: this year, Lord Denning, an 81-year-old judge.

FILM: Please Don't Eat The Daisies (Directed by Charles Walters 1960). Doris Day continues to enchant her fan. (BBC 2)

Friday November 21
Leonard Rossiter and J G Devlin are two escaped cons in *Steptoe And Son* (BBC 2), appalled by the squalor they encounter in Shepherds Bush. No fear of that in chintzy *Dallas* (BBC 1), in which Sue Ellen has a nasty shock — no one hits her.

FILM: The Magnificent Seven Ride (George McCowan 1972). And Lee Van Cleef picks up his pay cheque. The fourth in a dismal series. (BBC 1)

Saturday November 22
BBC dips in the archives to present a tribute to the late David Mercer, writer of some of television's most provocative plays. The first is 1967's *In Two Minds* (BBC 2) with Anna Cropper as the disturbed girl from a seemingly ordinary suburban background; excellent



Toshiro Mifune in Kurosawa's *Yojimbo*. South Bank Show, Sunday.

ON THE BOX

This week on telly by MONTY SMITH

performances, too, from George Cooper as dad, and Christine Hargreaves as sis, directed with startling immediacy by Ken Loach. *Dallas* (BBC 1) continues to bore the nation and *The Outer Limits* (BBC 2), the silly SF series from the mid-'60s, attempts to keep it awake.

FILM: To The Devil A Daughter (Peter Sykes 1975). Roman Polanski's erstwhile, er, girlfriend, Natasha Kinski is the lass up for grabs as Christopher Lee and Richard Widmark lock horns in a trite good v evil confrontation. Diabolical. (BBC 1)

Sunday November 23
Songs Of Praise (BBC 1) clocks up a first: it's coming direct from the West London Synagogue where, it's promised, Jews and Christians will be seen singing together; isn't religion wonderful? If the ages of all the geriatric 'stars' appearing in this year's *Royal Variety Performance* (BBC 1) were totted up, they'd surely out-total the combined ages of all the teams in the Football League

Division Three; do people really watch this end-of-the-pier stuff? The magnificent Dilys Powell — the only English film critic extant who really does love movies — hosts a *South Bank Show* special (ITV) on Akira Kurosawa, the Japanese director responsible for *Seven Samurai* (and, by default, its American re-make, *The Magnificent Seven*), *Rashomon*, *Yojimbo* and the recently released *Kagemusha* (soon to be reviewed in *Silver Screen*, isn't it, Angus?)

FILM: Love And Death (Woody Allen 1975). Woody Allen used to make me laugh, until he started to sneer at comedy. He now seems to think that the dire world-view of such privileged liberals as Ingmar Bergman is IMPORTANT. At least he was still sticking out his tongue at everything when this iconoclastic comedy was made (BBC2)

FILM: Young Winston (Richard Attenborough 1972). Great: a bland biography of a mass-murderer in the making. And they don't come any blander than Simon Ward. (ITV)

Monday November 24
FILM: Once Is Not Enough (Guy Green 1975). Ten minutes is quite enough to get the drift of this jet-set rubbish. Watch *Not The Nine O'Clock News* instead; it's far funnier and just as trashy. (ITV)

Tuesday November 25
Laurel And Hardy (BBC 2), whatever it is; Beeb don't feel compelled to divulge exactly which short it is.

Wednesday November 26
Strangers (BBC 1), continues with a study of *The Block*, a special punishment landing for prisoners who persist in breaking prison rules. Sorry, but I'm sticking with *Laurel And Hardy*.

INTI-ILLIMANI were playing Europe when the lights went out on their Chilean homeland in September 1973. Had they been on hand they might well have gone the way of folksinging compatriot Victor Jara, who was publicly tortured and machine-gunned to death by soldiers of the new fascist regime.

Inti come to Britain this week to say in music and words that the repression continues even if it's less overtly administered. Left-wing genitals are less frequently electro-activated and fewer rats are thrust up the vaginas of the rank and file, but life in Chile is still not so happy as in the smarter capitals of Europe.

According to Chile's illegal Trades Union Council, 50 per cent of the population earns below £15 a month ven though prices are comparable to our own. Inflation runs at 40 to 45 per cent and everywhere there is the cold hand of censorship, of propaganda and the repression of organised resistance.

Inti-illimani, by contrast, live the life of the debauched. Since the coup they have been domiciled in Rome, well aware of the gap in lifestyles and of the divide between themselves and a new generation of

LIGHTING THE CHILEAN DARK

The fight for freedom goes on in a country where even a guitar can be subversive. By ANDREW TYLER

anti-junta musicians, whose activities were described to *NME* this week by Victor Jara's widow, Joan (who now lives in London and is working on a book of her husband's life).

One of the first acts of General Pinochet's regime, she says, was to outlaw indigenous instruments called the quena and the charango — the first a reed flute, the other a mini-guitar made from an armadillo shell.

Eighteen months after the decree, a group called Barraco Andino released an album of Bach music featuring the forbidden instruments — even Pinochet wouldn't be so churlish as to pulp a European classical master. It was an act of daring-do that precipitated more of the same.

Small concerts were soon staged in which music other than that by European Greats was played. There were songs that told in allegory of the struggles at hand. The gatherings became more politically explicit and very

much larger. 11,000 assembled for a concert in Santiago. The stage backdrop was a vast photo portrait of an unnamed man done in high relief. Everyone recognised him as Jara.

There were parallel moves among poets. Readings of Shakespeare led to the airing of even more local and prickly authors. And even on state radio — specialising in propaganda and imported pop trash — there were hairline cracks. Listeners began to hear Jara and Violetta Parra (grande matriarch of the New Song Movement) plus exiles Isabel and Angel Parra, Quilapayun and Inti themselves.

But the regime has again clamped down these past two years, with all but the smallest concerts banned and yet more vigilance in other cultural directions.

Inti, by contrast, will be able to speak and sing freely when they play Leeds Town Hall (November 21); London Dominion (22), and Sheffield Poly (23). They aim to use the privilege to "break the barriers of language and distance" and to speak to those inside and out the country to which they one day hope to return.



ROWAN ATKINSON

A NEW ALBUM
AND CASSETTE
RECORDED

Live in
Belfast

ARISTA

Few people recognise Andy McCluskey and Paul Humphreys even in the daylight and yet as Orchestral Manoeuvres in the electronic pop idols. An '80s Pink Floyd or a subversive instrument

ANDY McCLUSKEY and I are the last two of the Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark party left in the Edinburgh hotel bar.

It's the early hours of a Wednesday morning: four hours after Orchestral Manoeuvres had played a sellout show at the Edinburgh Odeon, with the takings second to Wings for the year. McCluskey, Paul Humphreys, Malcolm Holmes, Martin Cooper (OMD) and Paul Collister (OMD manager, currently on a three-way split with founder members McCluskey and Humphreys) had each received a charming presentation mirror — the sort you see on market-stalls, usually with Travolta or Debbie etched in — to mark their achievement. Pure kitsch.

OMD appreciated that; the tackiness seemed more realistic than the fact they'd soldout a major city hall.

Earlier in the afternoon McCluskey and I had sat at the back of the Odeon's empty rows, and slowly looked around at its mock ornate grandeur.

"Y'know, I used to come to halls like this when I was young," McCluskey sighed in wonder, "and see people on a stage like that, and I used to think they were famous!"

McCluskey's pleasant openness, combined with the newness of what's happening, can make him seem fey and prosaic. He is a very puzzled 21-year-old.

"It doesn't sink in," he tells me as we order one more nightcap in the Edinburgh hotel bar, "that I'm playing venues like that."

McCluskey and I are last up in the bar to discuss the importance of OMD being earnest.

I'd spent two days with OMD, getting to know their idiosyncrasies, sensing the walls closing in, appreciating their complete confusion at their raving new success. I'd got to know things like when McCluskey laughs he clasps his usually gloved hands together and brings them up under his chin, a representation of an odd humility. I'd also realised that he likes talking. He talks plenty trying to sort things out. Right now, he's remembering... the A-Level schoolboy who wanted to be an archeologist, then wanted to be an artist, and ended up if not a 'musician' then someone trapped in all the trappings.

"We started because Paul and I had been writing songs out of our own personal interest. We'd been doing it for two years and we'd never heard them on stage played how we wanted them to be. That's the only reason we got up at Erics and did it. Everything since then has just been a bonus really."

"That's what is the hardest part. We never intended to make money. We never thought we could. I know it sounds a cliché, but we just seemed like the ultimate no-hopers. We had a stupid name — the first time I ever rang up Sounds to get us in the gig guide they said, 'You'll never get anywhere with a name like that, sunshine.'"

"We had everything stacked against us. There we were, two guys with a tape recorder and a stupid name playing songs that apparently no one seemed interested in — there was no way we could try and pretend to be rock'n'roll stars... and now we find ourselves in that position... in this country at least."

"It hasn't done me any good. I was confused enough a person anyway."

II

IT COULD be premature to call OMD pop stars, yet they have reached a level none of their post-punk contemporaries had. They have not just had a run of medium hit singles, and an album in the charts for a month; their first LP lingered in the charts for six months. Their second LP 'Organisation' seems to be embedding itself in the Abba / Police / Steisand heavens. What started off almost as an experiment is reaching a complex and traditional state.

Their audience is, surprisingly, teen orientated and predominantly female. Their following isn't yet Oldfield/Genesis rejects.

At Glasgow they were forced back for a handful of encores; were moved to tears; spent 90 minutes after the show signing autographs.

At Edinburgh the response wasn't as wild, but it was still loud and long enough to challenge McCluskey's experience and capability as frontman. Again there was another 90 minutes signing autographs for lines of under-18s. The group went through the showbiz procedures in a state of shock, but seemingly in total control, even if McCluskey feels he is not.

"I've got a whole paranoia about rock'n'roll. Like in Glasgow when we got all those encores, I hate going off saying that, 'You've been really great'. But there's nothing else to say!"

Their show is unexpectedly spectacular, even disturbingly grand. *It commands.* It's as if OMD have owned up that to break through they have to look as if they mean... something.

A large back up team and tons of technology are required to set this show in motion. Forty foot articulated lorries have become dubious symbols of their new status. Yet these symbols are necessary if there is to be decent competition for Abba, Wings etc. But when they left Tony Wilson's Factory Records, a year ago, joined Carol Wilson's new hopeful Dindisc label and toured with Gary Numan and were a clumsy two piece who all but disappeared on stage.

Now, they are a four piece — as permanent as that can ever be. Both keyboardist Martin Cooper and drummer Malcolm Holmes used to guest with the group — and they both played on the first LP.

Plucked from a two year non-drumming, beefburger-cooking commitment by his old friends, Holmes is baffled that he just has to turn up at the gig now and his kit is already set up. He only has to "bash away". Simple.

From group and equipment travelling in a Transit to a mighty circus within months. It's close to the syndrome McCluskey loathes.

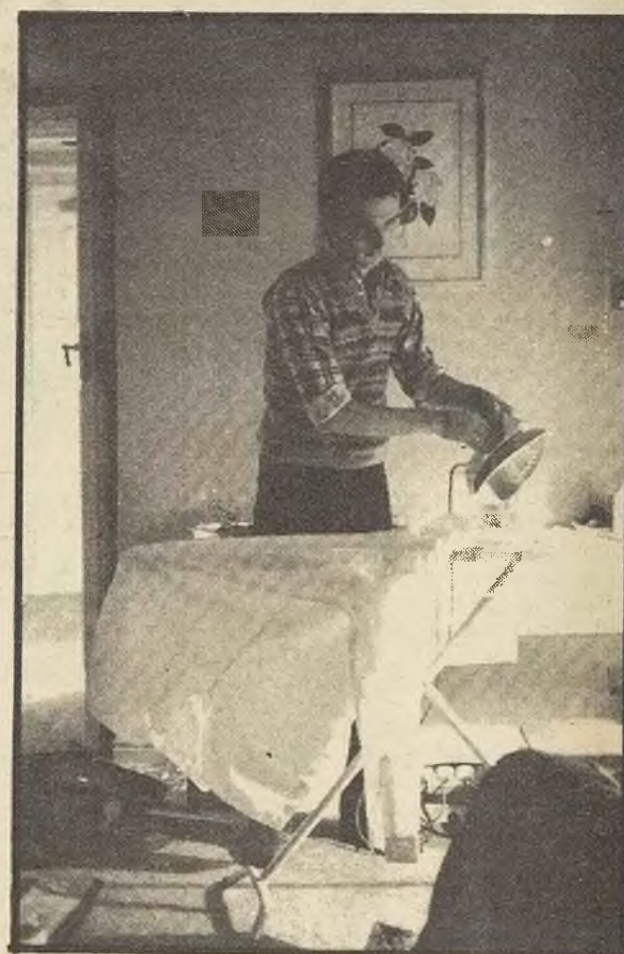
Can he defend the glaring rock'n'roll aspects of the new show?

"I don't know really. There are real clichés conjured up that I don't like to be associated with us... I like to think we think! And those big, big lights are old and it's a sign to me that this band hasn't thought about their lights."

"But there's only so much effort that you can put into one tour. We flogged ourselves before this one teaching Martin to play the songs. We involve ourselves with all sides of a tour, so we say there are things wrong with this tour, but actually to put your finger out to do something about them it seems like climbing a mountain. We seem to have done so many things."

"Some of the objects of the trade do seem

Words

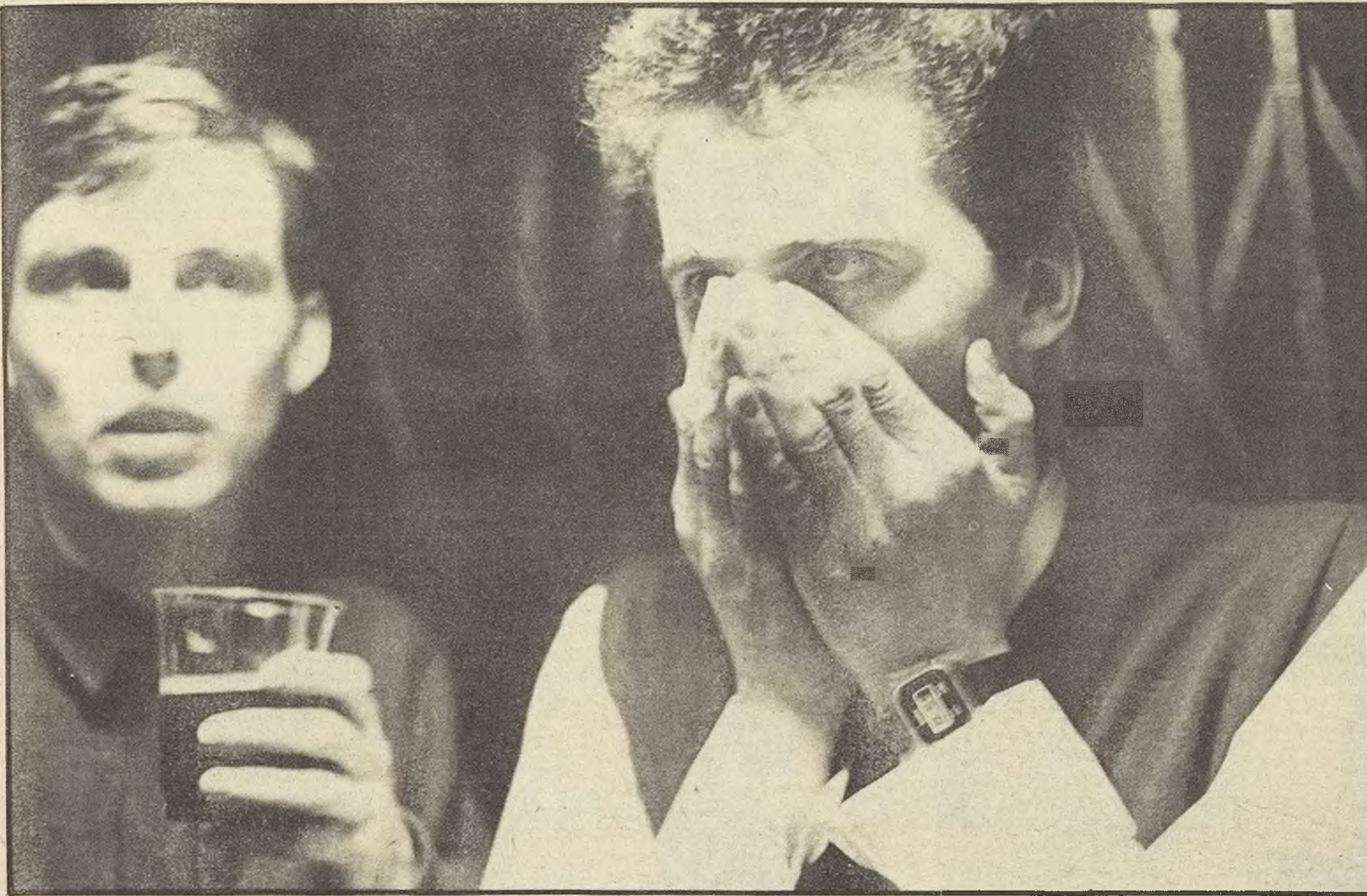


Cooper

Men Of

Dark they are the new
for the modern hifi?

Famous face Andy McCluskey tries to hide. Paul Humphreys fades into the background.



to be rock'n'roll clichés, but you have to realise that it's the only way to do it. Our attitudes have changed."

III

FOR A group with minimum obvious visual sparkle, who not long ago looked so drab, their impact now is fantastic.

This new supra-enticing, theatrical OMD, its intoxicating blend of richness and economy, harsh light and shadow, the sharp creases in the boys' trousers, the narrow ties, the astro turf, the layout of the stage... it all comes from the ideas of Peter Saville.

Saville is a Factory director and salaried Dindisc designer. His work is clear and cool, not afraid of going over the top, or round strange corners, and is supremely anti-vulgarity. Already he is being widely imitated; but his self-consciousness is inimitable, his precision incomparable.

I ask Paul Humphreys whether Saville's ideas have been a major contribution to OMD.

"Oh definitely. When we first met him we looked awful, we dressed really badly, looked

scruffy and dirty. He said to us, 'Well, listen, you're getting on now, you can't keep up that really scruffy image. If you don't want to do anything really outrageous, at least look smart and tidy'. Which is what we did. He didn't really tell us what clothes to wear, we just wore what we felt comfortable in."

It's Saville's contributions that lessen the rock'n'roll effects of the OMD show: props that seek to enhance, not dominate. The flashing, blushing light show and its gaudy reds, blues and greens are nothing to do with Saville or OMD — but another era.

OMD HAVE released two LPs this year.

The first was definite and dandy electro-pop, a group who loved Kraftwerk and whistled that love into something almost burlesque. OMD were disciplining themselves, out of a vague duty, to compose electronic music using coy pop mannerisms. It is a great singles LP.

This LP, the anthemic properties of 'Electricity', and the tour with Numan instigated an electro-phobia within the group. They didn't want to be tagged and trapped.

Their second LP 'Organisation', released months later (a group discipline), is more mood than melody. The production is smooth and precise next to the first's rawness, and after that first LP's unabashed pop, flirts with MOR. Saville packaged it in silver grey, with a sombre Highland landscape on the front cover, and a small picture of Humphreys and McCluskey all sad and shadowy on the back cover. An attempt at seriousness.

Within a year, OMD had glided from one extreme to another — and were uncomfortable with both.

McCluskey tells me that in the early summer he spent a lot of time driving around with Saville, who was constantly playing a cassette of 'Closer'. This heavily influenced McCluskey's feelings for the second LP. He says he regrets that with 'Organisation' OMD have lost some of the "naive brashness" of the first, is unsure about the smoothness of the sound. Yet the 'Closer' influence is noticeable. There are atmospheres that correspond — a smoothness may have been necessary.

"Yes, it was. I like variety. I like too much variety for my own good. The thing about Joy Division, it began right from the time we started to play with them, years ago. I'd liked the music, and once I'd started to hear it recorded, it had such an effect on me. I really began to think. Well, this is what music is all about. And that's when we started to move away from Kraftwerk and disregard the synthesizer image, and get much more emotion into our music. We try to emphasise that on this album.

"Plus we were pretty pissed off this summer, and I think that's come out. You can't write happy songs when you're not feeling too chuffed.

"I think Joy Division will be remembered longer than we will be remembered. That scares me to death. Whilst I like playing pop music, when it's all over and done with I would like to be remembered for something that has artistic shape to it, that changes the course of western civilisation or whatever — which Joy Division will be remembered for. They will leave their mark."

Are you disappointed with 'Organisation' because you feel you've failed to achieve that artistic shape?

"We tried to... no, we were not trying to be epic and artistic. There's only so much you can try; once you start to write a song, it just comes out naturally. You can manipulate those pieces, but where you get those pieces from... it's a combination of thinking them up, selecting them. It's a big part of your personality. We couldn't hope to emulate Joy Division."

(This kind of honesty has their record company slightly alarmed. "We get criticised for being honest, in terms of record company and management. Whilst it is refreshing for journalists to have reasonable conversations with people who are not just trying to sell their

product, it's the thing of undermining people's confidence in you. Well, the band don't like the record, why should I?")

IV

THE OMD show starts slowly, and moves slowly until the end: mercilessly leaving the hits until the end. 'Electricity' (McCluskey cannot conceal his feelings for this gem — "I think it's a pop classic") 'Red Frame White Light', 'Enola Gay' and then the inevitably excruciating encore 'Waiting For The Man'.

The show is still artful and powerful, full of far more subtlety than average pop shows, but doing 'Red Frame' — a song Humphreys and McCluskey openly despise — is a cop out.

"Yes, it's very much a sweetie. It's guaranteed to make 70% of the audience party. It's one of the few songs we do though that is there for that reason... really... apart from 'Waiting For The Man'."

I'm shocked they still drag that one out.

"Yeah, I don't want to do that anymore."

How can you put commitment into such songs?

"Because you have to keep the audience going. Or maybe you don't."

"It's a good question. Maybe we're fooling ourselves. They're in there because they're fast numbers and we were worried that the set was short of fast tempo numbers. They're a cheat in a way. We shouldn't be doing them."

So you're seduced by aspects of the fame? "We are. We play 'Red Frame' and 'Man', it's part of the game..."

Could you be seduced into repeating a formula simply to maintain success? Everyone says no and then goes and does it.

"It could happen. But our one saving grace is that everytime we try and repeat a formula it fails abysmally. Our best songs are always when we don't give a shit."

The show is a gorgeous first move towards the compromise OMD want to make between pop, MOR and avant garde. It needs to be more dissonant, harsher and harder. OMD are more aware of that than anyone. For many, the show is probably revolutionary in that it is guitarless. That is one of its pleasing parts.

After the success of the Glasgow performance, McCluskey sits proudly in the dressing room and catches my eye. "I wish Tony Wilson had been here tonight to see that."

He desperately wants to impress Wilson.

In Edinburgh I ask him if he considers OMD to be a Factory band.

"Yes. I really do. I'm sure people like A Certain Ratio would loathe us to be considered a Factory band. Tony told us that we were going to make hit singles — we didn't believe him. It always seemed we were on Factory to move away from Factory, and I think everyone realised that. We did feel the black sheep of the Factory family at the time. We needed a Dindisc to push us, Factory couldn't do that. All those things you need to sell singles, we need that. If you don't get on radio stations, it's very hard."

Being on Factory meant that OMD were never effectively a Liverpool band.

"Yeah, we were glad we were in Manchester... the Zoo thing... Zoo turned us down. We sent 'Electricity' and 'Almost' and they turned us down. We would have been very Liverpool then. I'm glad they turned us down."

V

OMD SEEMED destined to be one of those groups who sell enough LPs to the same people to make the Top 30 for one week — and that's it; a cult response for a shady, shadowy, white European dance music. Simple Minds, Human League, Magazine; all these groups should have broken through, but are perhaps now doomed forever to pale half-anonymity. Without even trying OMD have surged through into the mainstream.

That's something to cheer. Their two LPs are the two most exciting in the charts this year.

Does McCluskey now feel that people are looking towards OMD in the same way they always do to 'experimental' pop groups: to mock the showbiz company that they've inadvertently joined?

"Eyes focused upon us! I don't feel that onus at all. I don't think people have been interested in us. The large proportion who are the interested elite don't give a shit about Orchestral Manoeuvres; they think we're like electric Mike Oldfields."

"So it doesn't matter to them. I want to be in the Top Ten, I want to do it my way, with things that push people... I don't want to play a set full of 'Electricity's' every night, just because I know that's what's wanted."

McCluskey tells me that the development from small clubs and transits to city halls and 40 foot lorries seems very natural. Their manager Paul Collister said that if their LP went straight into the chart at Number One, and the concerts sold out within two days, then he'd accept that OMD had broken through.

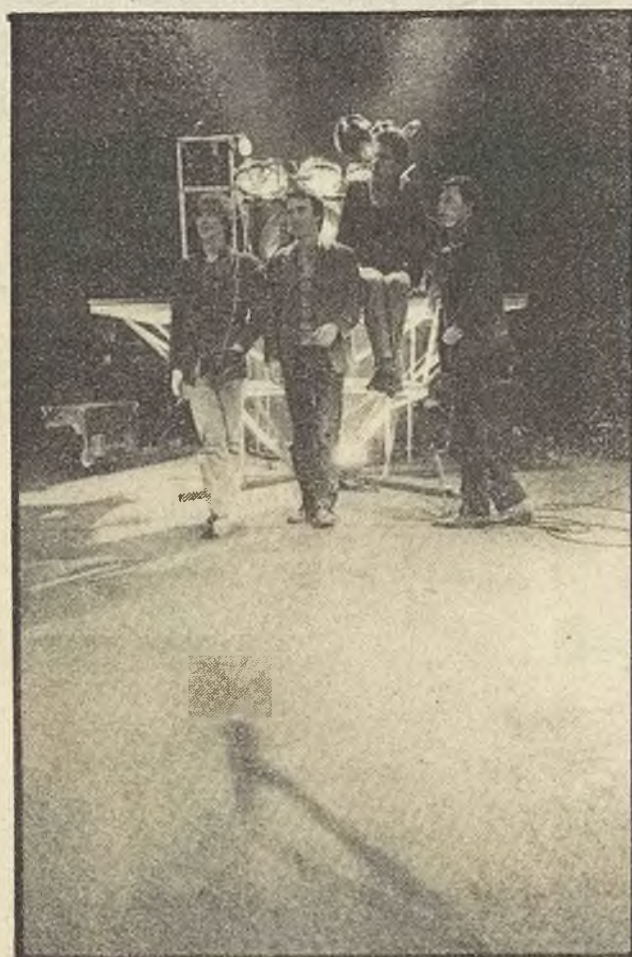
McCluskey: "The novelty only lasts three minutes with us, then we have to go and do something else."

Continues over

Paul Morley Pix Pennie Smith



McCluskey



Holmes, Cooper, McCluskey, Humphreys.

Mystery And Imagination

MUSIC FOR ADULTS ONLY

JAPAN
◦NEW ALBUM◦

GENTLEMEN TAKE POLAROID



Initial quantity at £3.99

Their first on *Virgin*

Manoeuvres in the Dark



From previous page

"We're also perennially depressed about things; that's reflected in 'Organisation'. The witticism's dropped out, there's much more depression, because I think we now realise we're beginning to play the game. The first album wasn't, we had nothing to prove. Now we have people like you coming along and telling us we're successful, and that makes it a bit harder. We don't consider ourselves successful."

"I can't really get off on our major gigs and the over-the-top reaction because I remember when I was a kid I used to go over the top on people who I can't remember now... I don't like the idea of fading away."

The rest of the group don't share McCluskey's caution towards the next few months, his feel for the pressure of following 'Enola Gay'.

Holmes is fully aware that he came from nowhere and is quite willing to go back there again.

"I would be prepared to drop back into obscurity again," Humphreys also says. "I don't know about Andy. I might get married and settle down in a few years." (The plain man OMD image — stretching un-rock'n'roll to its limits.)

McCluskey had told me that if the second LP had failed, he would have quit.

"Yeah. When we recorded this album we were beginning to be aware that we were playing the game, and that if we failed then there was no point in carrying on — or in carrying on in that format. We would have had to go back to the garage. We would have decided that people didn't want our music, that we weren't going to be a pop group, that we should stop doing *TOTP*. It's not that now we're successful it's 'I'm alright Jack, we don't care anymore, we've got money in the bank'. I would give up being a pop star, I would give up going on *TOTP*, and I would return to Factory, I would quit the routine..."

"I say that now, that I wouldn't hang on, but maybe I'll be conned into thinking maybe the next one will be a hit. I strike myself as being a prime candidate for a scared old man rock'n'roller. I strike myself as being an archetype Steve Harley. I hope I avoid that. I dunno..."

The tape runs out. We finish our drinks and go to bed. "I'm more confused than ever now," says McCluskey.

VI

AUDIENCES WILL easily and willingly set up a huge distance between themselves and OMD. That distance is badly unwanted. But the group still employ enigmatic synthesizers. The stage show is performed with a concentration that looks like severely cool reserve. A sense of mystery pervades the group that has nothing to do with what they think — more ordinary than mysterious. Humphreys blames photographs of himself and McCluskey for a lot of this.

"I think the photos we've got are far too posed and mysterious for us... you just can't not look posed, because that's what you're doing — posing."

McCluskey agrees: "And there's nothing more contrived than trying to look uncontrived in a photo."

During the show the four formal un-heroes look nearly intimidating. As 'Stanlow' slumbers into place, a heavy hanging taped drone, picking up its melody and atmosphere, Humphreys, Cooper and Holmes stare passively out over their instruments into the audience, perfectly composed and content looking. McCluskey has his back turned to the audience, ready to casually spin round and sing the vocal.

What are they thinking, these fearless hearts, as 3,000 expectant eyes train on them? At Glasgow, McCluskey spins round and almost reels at the sight of the massive auditorium. His eyes show his nerves. He admits that during some of his performance he can feel embarrassed more than intimidating. Humphreys and Cooper are praying during the taped intro; as they stand with folded elbows above their consoles, they won't know until it's too late that all the leads are connected, that everything is going to work.

Dry ice seeps out into the front rows. The music swells profoundly. There's a tongue in a cheek somewhere, but it's not easy to spot where. Holmes sits morosely behind his kit, looking ultra-smart in short-sleeved white cotton shirt and thin tie, seemingly unaffected by anything.

What is he thinking as he sits in open view for minutes, doing nothing, before he starts to drum? As the dry ice swirls under his riser, the lights collide all around him, the music rises and rises...

"I feel like a right prick, like, y'know..."
And the crowd roars!

THE
barracudas

NEW
SINGLE
Z11

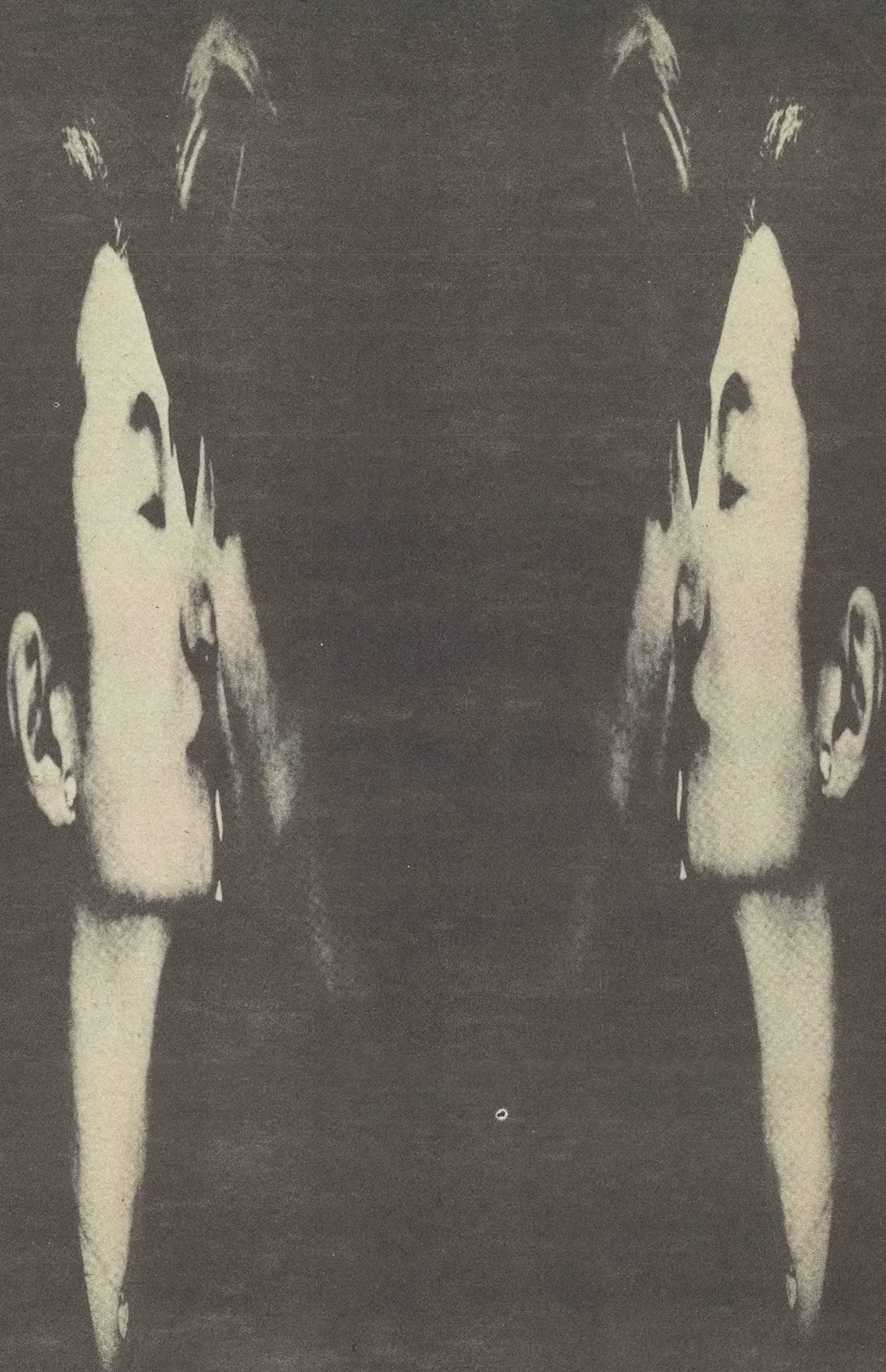
[I WISH IT COULD BE]
1965 AGAIN

- NOV 17 LONDON Hope & Anchor
- 18 LONDON Rock Garden
- 19 HUDDERSFIELD Poly
- 20 SHEFFIELD Limit Club
- 21 SCARBOROUGH Penthouse
- 23 HERNE HILL Half Moon
- 27 PORT TALBOT Troubador
- 28 CITY OF LONDON Poly
- 29 DUDLEY J.B.'s
- 30 HAILSHAM, Sussex The Crown
- DEC 3 TREForest, MID GLAMORGAN Poly of Wales
- 6 TORQUAY 400 Ballroom
- 8 BATH Moles
- 9 FAREHAM, Hants. Prices College
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Single Of The Week (1)

LINX: Rise And Shine (Chrysalis). I read Danny Baker's recent article on British funk with great interest — both for its information content on a supposedly ignored phenomenon, and for the light it shed on certain reviewing processes. How the hell do you review a record that's so obviously intended for dancing to, for surrendering to as opposed to listening to? If the answer is that the review cannot illuminate the physical experience, any more, say, than it can describe a guitar solo then the simple descriptive role of the rock press becomes irrelevant (do I hear massed cheers, shouts of derisive agreement?)

On the other hand, you guessed it, this here is a very commercial record that vast numbers of people will splash their hard earned cash upon, right? Presumably they will also have an opinion about it (it's either good or bad). Now, one of the many gists of Danny's argument for funk over rock was that on the dance floor no one gives a tuppenny cuss what the record they're moving to is because the next one is coming at ya now! The DJ is keeping one step ahead with the latest imports, he has all the most recent sounds and there is no history because the present is all that matters.

If music was only experienced on a mythical dance floor this argument would be watertight, the drawback is that it ain't. Danny mentioned Linx' last single in appreciative terms, presumably Linx fans will buy / collect all their records (7" and 12" for the completists) just like silly old rock fans religiously buy / collect their PiL albums and their Saxon singles.

To suggest that one set of listeners (the funk crew) are therefore in possession of a healthier attitude than another (silly old rock hippies) is only propagating one more tribal idea.

In an ideal world where we were all record reviewers with free music, or DJs with large budgets for all the latest imports (a disease that affects rock fans, disco fans, reggae fans alike) we could easily afford to ignore the value judgements that constitute the tapestry of rock. But we're not in that world and the Linx record isn't free and it is very commercial and they obviously want it to be a hit so that will be £2.30 plus VAT please.

Single Of The Week (2)

MYSTERE FIVES: Never Say Thank You (Underdog). The Mysteres make that oblique French connection twice in one year, following the debut 'No Message', which I'd already mentally listed as top of the pops, with a second single that's actually better. The fact that Mystere are so low-key they make The Residents look like The Beatles is beside the point of course, musically they pitch at well-known stakes but use non-conformist approaches; dubbed backward guitars, hard jazz rhythm, guileless pop.

At first glance the sound seems to topple into the danger zones inhabited by trendy bands — Delta 5, looser Specials, ACR, or any of the crossover reggae influenced sorts that promise to uplift and can rarely deliver. Playing that stuff's a breeze to the Five. Flipping to 'Heart Rules The Head', a similarly potent number with another plus, (a sense of humour), the band don't just create the illusion that they can destroy rock'n'roll, they go ahead and blow it out Miles Davis style. If this pagewas a mine-field you wouldn't dare go beyond this point.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS:

Banana Republic (Ensign). Look, the Boomtown Rats have had a pretty rough ride

in these pages of late and seeing as how there's only thirty shopping days 'til Christmas let's bury the hatchet and call it quits? No? O.K. An Irish reggae single? Ire, Sean an' dread inna Dublin etc. "Police and priests" quoth I Jah Man Bob Geldof, apropos of the South's attitude towards rubbers, pre-marital sex and all. Pretty topical stuff too after the Pope's reactionary stance. I applaud the sentiments but the borrowed Babylonisms reminded me of that abominable 'Coconut Airways' single from 1975.

GREG VANDIKE: Parallel Universe (Korova). Drippy drugged out mystical rubbish. Not without a certain charm.

THE CUBAN HEELS: Walk On Water (Cuba Libre). A raffish whim-wham of a variation on a rhythm and blues theme that is carried off with enough aplomb to run the gamut. This is modern face pop with a fringe and a complete lack of respect for its elders and betters; the whole kit and caboodle probably doesn't mean anything but it sounds great. Drove me to distraction and back. Poor Brian (Jones) is on the cover. Dead as a duck.

JET HARRIS & TONY MEEHAN: Diamonds / Scarlett O'Hara / Applejack / The Man With The Golden Arm (Decca). Back in the old days when most people were either mop tops or scruffs, and the in-betweenies agonised over Cliff Richard's penchant for peek-a-boo string vests, these two greasy finks were considered *real* heavy duty bad boys. They took drugs and got caught, had so many rings under their eyes you could tell within a week how many nights they'd stayed up, hell I bet they even went all the way with women! On their off-days they made instrumental records like this which sold better than that which will now and sounded considerably better too I expect. Even so, Joe Strummer listened to 'Scarlett O'Hara' *very hard* indeed before he composed 'Bank Robber'. That's not only a blinding flash of intuition on my part, it's the reason why both songs are so waffly.

THE SUBTERRANEANS: My Flamingo (Demon). Carnaby Street's answer to Todd Rundgren finally does what he's been threatening to do for ages. It's the big one, Nick Kent's underground Subterraneans in full recorded flow. Written on the back of sixteen Marlboro packets (mine), and fuelled on the aftermath of a flirtation with that most grievous of habits, the digestive biscuit kick... Nick gives his many detractors the finger and waves in his many admirers with a genuinely absorbing and compulsive chart-bound beat that is considerably fresher than anything on the last Stones album. Roll over Keef Richards, rip your leather heart out and tell Jimmy Page the news. You think this is favouritism? I like it, I like it (you can let go of my arm now, Nick).

FK9: Stranger At The Heart (A Bigger Splash). An emergent Stirling-based band with a very brooding and melancholy song of the type that gives independent endeavours an extremely good name. Unusually perhaps, FK9 aren't afraid to state their case with an emotional conviction and melodic expertise that means that a Bowie or a Doll By Doll or a P. J. Proby fan could listen to this and glean satisfaction. If excitement, entertainment and enterprise come in different shapes then this one seems particularly vital. A single to treasure.

THE DELMONTES: Tous Les Soirs (Rational). "Please don't run, you won't get far" warns

Delmontes' singer Julie Hepburn, weaving her teeth slowly towards the jugular. Two minute incisions at the base of the neck and the blinding light of the shimmering un-dead are all that remain. Delmontes songs are one long irresistible shot of Morpheus, no counterfeit of any other era or style. I've had my say elsewhere in this issue on their merits — agreed it would be better if someone else has theirs but just for the sake of objectivity I can't ignore this obsession anymore. With The Delmontes we could make beautiful music together.

THE GO-BETWEENS: Stop Before You Say It (Postcard). A record of substantial consequence with Scottish (Postcard) connexions although Robert Forster and Grant McLellan hail from Brisbane, Australia. The Go-Betweens are the soft side of a mood that's more Tom Verlaine than Orange Juice. Their economy and intelligent flair (the B-side of 'I Need Two Heads' completes the picture) will undermine any of the customary Aussie-bashing prejudice, besides which this is the sound of the times. You don't have to shock to be new.

F-SYSTEMS: People (Classified). From the same label and place (Austin, Texas) as Standing Waves comes another group who debunk the tired Little Englander attitude that reckons everything in the American lasso wears a stetson and listens to The Cars for a change. F-Systems are stuck in the same real world as you and me and react to it in a way that can be immediately understood. Their music charges and jolts against the nervous membrane just like our precious favourites.

THEATRE OF HATE: Original Sin (SS).

The bloke who fronts this group used to lead The Pack. He specialises in depicting those nasty emotional stains that the rest of us apparently prefer to bleach out. He must have something eating his soul to be driven by these demons but in the flesh appears to be a perfectly pleasant sort. Personally, this record leaves me stone cold although it might find a following amongst the real punk corps. There are obvious connotations that go with the group name and that of the label which are serious enough to warrant very careful checking, so I hope the band is prepared to confront evil rather than wallow in it. Otherwise the risk isn't worth the candle.

MADNESS: Embarrassment (Stiff). A 13-lettered condition of social disgrace that is guaranteed to drive Madness fans wild and defeat the chart riggers. Madness have managed to specialise in contrasting everyday subject matter with effectively catchy tunes. I'm indifferent to them in large doses but this will unsettle the muzak that tends to drone out of prime time radio. On the back cover, the group are pictured in a still from the forthcoming Fellini flick, *Blow Out*, a mushroom-hunting fable set in Highgate Woods.



Linx take their cue.
Pic: Peter Anderson

SINGLES



Mystere Two



Pic: Anton Corbin



A Subterranean

Reviewed



by

MAX BELL

Pic: David Corio



Pic: Peter Anderson

Siouxsie



TODAY, THEY'VE MORE IN COMMON THAN JUST JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE & RINGO

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

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HALIFAX
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From previous page

you'd have to be more than a few cards short the deck if you didn't find yourself rushing for the nearest open window. Vomit? I never thought I'd stop. On the flip-side more of same from bluff Clough, Peter Taylor, etc. Peter Shilton sings a romantic aria in an unusual contralto and John McGovern slips in a few of those pedal steel licks that make him such a name to be dropped in Muscle Shoals.

Congratulations Brian, **THIS IS THE WORST RECORD EVER MADE IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLE.**

THE FLATBACKERS: Buzz Going Round (Red Shadow). The new streamlined three piece Flatbackers are perfectly capable of performing snappy, pop fluff on record (their last single 'Pumping Iron' was strong enough to inspire a live visit). The time I saw them though their presentation was too stodgy to be recommended. The songs are alright so something else must be missing (sex, bribery, that kind of thing).

THOMPSON TWINS: She's In Love With Mystery (Latent). Passing fair like 'Squares And Triangles' although Thompson Twins aren't emphatic or memorable users of the studio yet. Put another

way, the song is lousy and I'm a miserable grouch.

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN: Heptaparapatshinokh (E.G.). A glance at the title will tell you that while Mr Frapp is a small, mobile, intelligent creature he is also apt to become a teensy bit pretentious. There may be many musical jokes and witty bon tons contained in the grooves but the effect is frivolous rather than substantial.

SIUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: Israel (Polydor). Siouxsie Schmiouxsie — what does it matter as long as she makes good singles? 'Christine' was one and 'Israel' isn't. At first impressive, grandiose, the song meanders into tedium and clutter and not even the wholesale homage to Herzog's soundtrack can off-set that. As for the flip, 'Red Over White', God spare us from all this pseudo-religious Catholic guilt hogwash with disguised drum solos and stream of consciousness hippy lyrics. You see how prejudice will beget prejudice? I'm quite happy humming the odd Banshee tune but faced with the attendant iconography that surrounds them these days all I can see in their image is a twee pose.

Continues p.62

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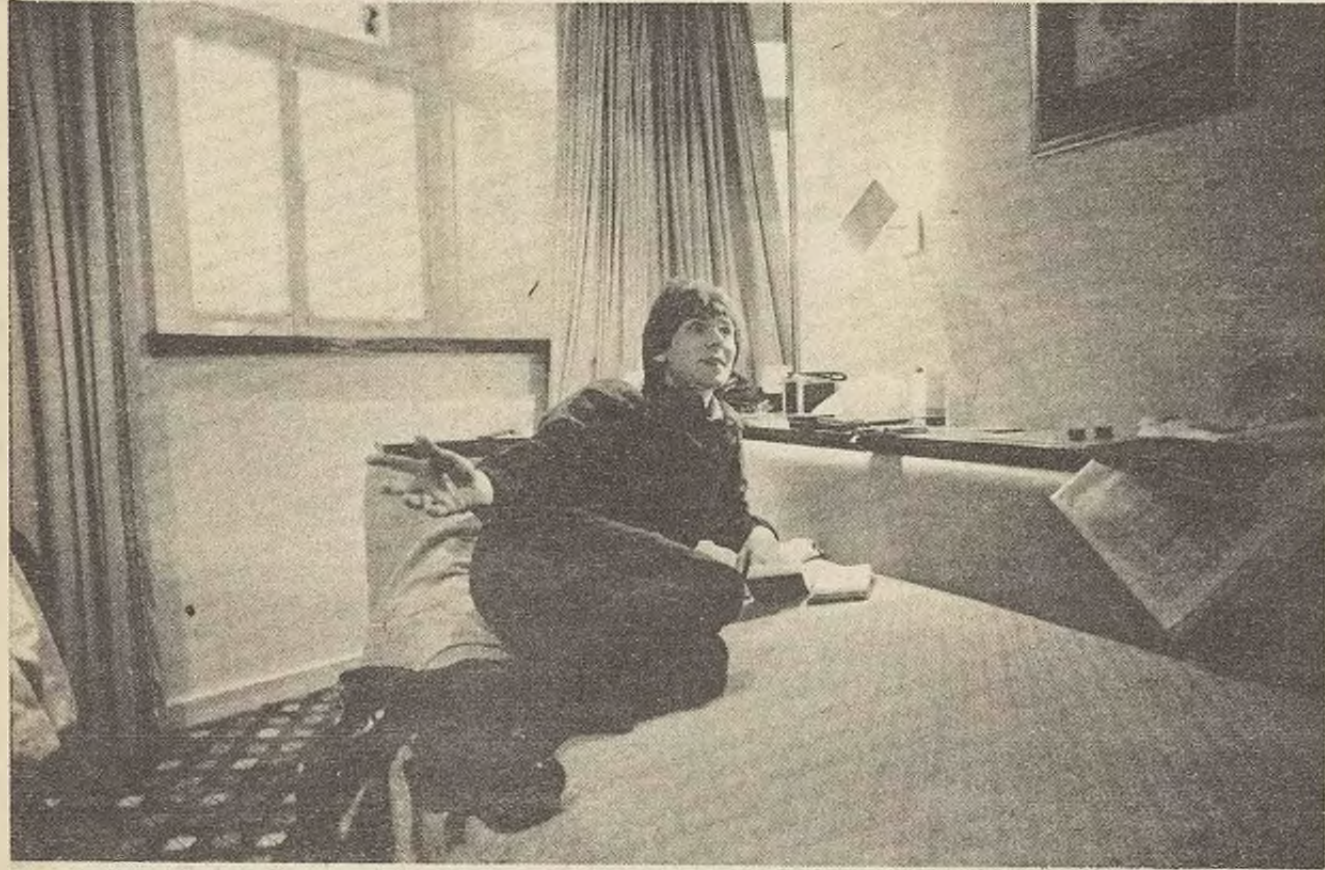
THERE WERE FOUR ON THE BED AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER SAID



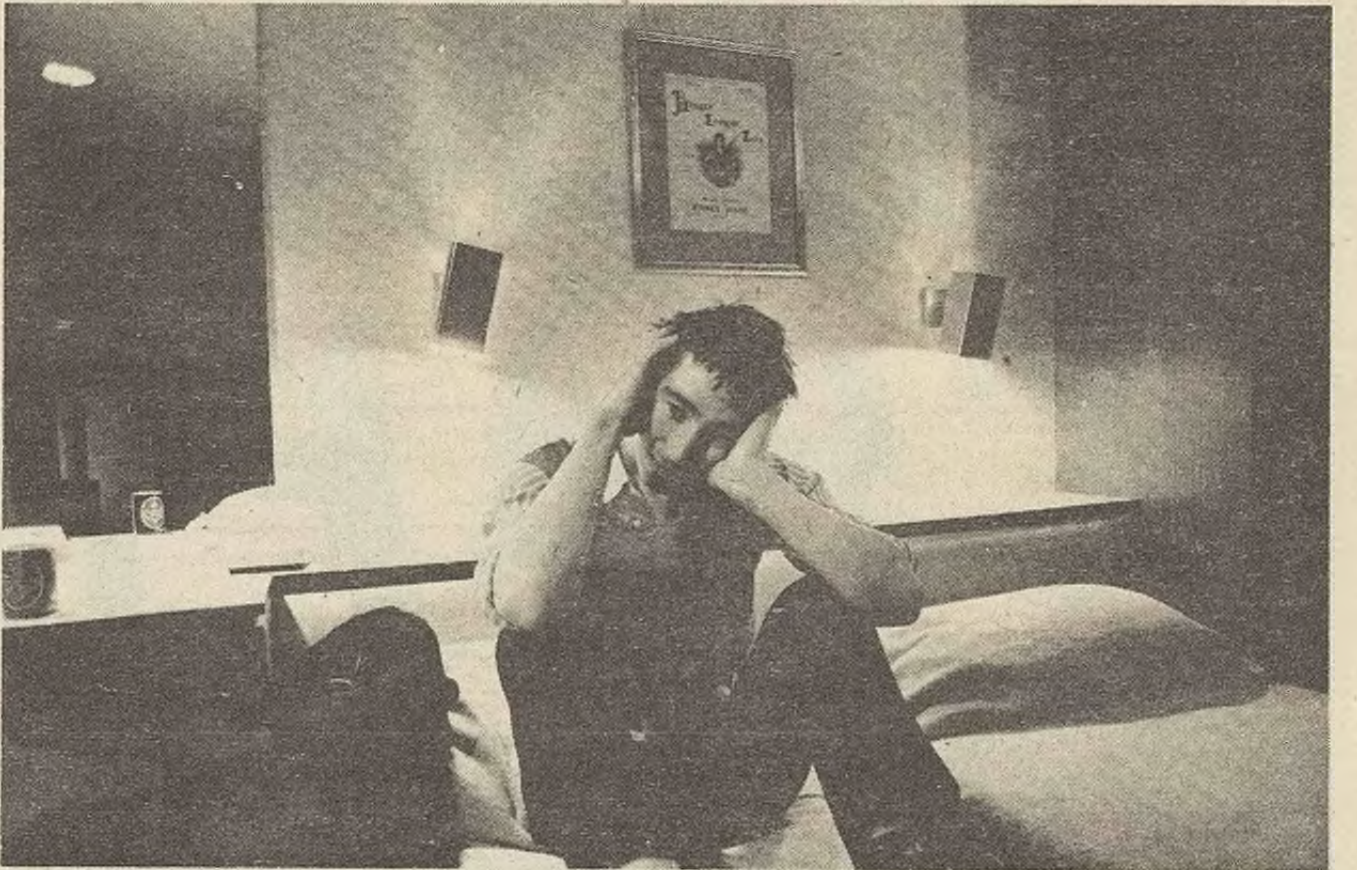
Pete Shelley: "Buzzcocks are the human side of rock 'n' roll. If music makes gods then we're the Jesus Christs of rock stars. We're vulnerable."



John Maher: "At one time the possibility was there that we'd achieve Jam status, and it bothered me a lot that we didn't. But we'll just keep ploughing away."



Paddy Garvey: "We've tried doing things in the way we should, as written down according to the law of pop groups, and we just couldn't survive it."



Steve Diggle: "A lot of people were saying we were finished at the beginning of this year. But if anyone left it would be fatal: Buzzcocks is all we've got."

But the reporter Lynn Hanna wonders: has the pop plating worn off Buzzcocks' silver spoon? Boudoir scenes: Pennie Smith

PETE SHELLEY is singing, leaning over from the back seat of the Peugeot saloon with one hand on Paddy Garvey's shoulder and the other on Steve Diggle's. In the front seat Sarge, the large roadie, is reading the Sunday colour supplement and beside him Pete Monk is slumped in the driving seat, foot flat on the accelerator as we leave London. And Pete Shelley's singing: scraps of Beethoven's Ninth, selections from *Snow White*, snatches of hymn tunes.

"O Come, Emmanuel," he carols.

Steve Diggle joins in with operatic embellishments. And with one eye on a copy of *Sporting Life* and cradling a cassette-radio in his lap, is Paddy.

Buzzcocks are going home for the fourth date of their current tour by instalments, and they're bursting into bouts of irresistibly silly humour.

I'm chatting to Steve Diggle, straining to catch his quiet Mancunian mumble. Before the gig at London's Lyceum last night, I watched his suspense as he waited in the hotel bar, shakily sipping champagne.

"We're all very intense," he's saying. "And a lot of people were saying we were finished at the beginning of this year. But if anyone left it would be fatal. Buzzcocks is all we've got."

During the ten months of collective inactivity that followed the American tour, Steve shut himself away, thought things out, wrote more songs. He's recently recorded an EP with Paddy and John Maher called 'Fifty Years Of Comparative Wealth'.

"My songs are all messages about the working class. It's a sympathy that comes straight from the heart. I hate the middle classes, they're so clean they look as if they haven't lived. I am getting more tolerant though."

Don't you think that musical creativity depends on the tension, the intolerance?

"Yes, but I'm still frustrated. It's just that I accept the fact that I'll never be able to sort out the meaning of life. For me the mirror's shattered — that happened even before America. I'm left with the fragments, just trying to piece them together."

Steve closes the Sunday paper he's been skipping through. "Middle class *Titbits*." He smiles and slings it to one side.

Outside the car, the

motorway's unrolling into Manchester. Clouds close in over the sky, the roadside verges fill with rubbish and Radio Piccadilly comes over the airwaves.

"Hooray," shouts Pete Shelley as the car glides over to the Apollo. Wandering through the chill red twilight of its interior, it's a shock to find a fringe of faces glued outside the glass in front of the foyer.

John Maher has rejoined the group, after leaving London at half past seven in the morning to go off with his girlfriend.

"I sometimes worry what would happen if the Buzzcocks ever broke up," he says, "because I don't want to do anything else."

At 16 he chose between Buzzcocks, A-levels and a career with the Methodist Insurance Company in Manchester.

Ever regret the decision?

"Oh no, no. No chance," he replies with rare vehemence. "At the time I was down in London a lot, seeing The Sex Pistols and The Clash. I just couldn't take being told what to do at school anymore."

When Buzzcocks came back from America, everything fell apart, he says. So he started a variety of his own projects that included drumming for Manchester band The Things,

starting his own label for their single and playing with Pauline Murray and the Invisible Girls, with whom he's due to set off to Belgium the day after Buzzcocks play the Apollo.

What's going to happen in the future?

"I think we'll just keep going at the same level. At one time the possibility was there that we'd achieve Jam status, and it bothered me a lot that we didn't. But we'll just keep on ploughing away at it. We enjoy it."

Does it bother you that the two new singles (produced by Martin Hannett, although the third in the series has been remixed by long-standing Buzzcocks producer Martin Rushent) haven't been hits?

"It's happened before," he replies equably. "What Do I Get?" wasn't a hit. I think the new stuff could sell well, if the record company did their job properly. It's just a question of getting on *Top Of The Pops*."

THE TELEVISION is on, but ignored, in a corner of the Apollo dressing room after the gig. A throng of relatives hand each other plates of small sandwiches and paper cups of drink; young cousins chatter excitedly and the few music biz luminaries who hail

each other above the heads of the crowd look as out of place as the fashionable friends at a family party.

Pete Shelley, in his red shirt and satin tie, is squashed on the sofa between two middle-aged ladies larger than himself, answering the questions of the radio reporter who's crouched in a devotional attitude in front of him. His father stands at one side, mopping at the perspiration on his face that collected while he spent the concert crammed in the crush at the front. John Maher's crouched against a wall, knees drawn up to the frilled chest of his shirt. A long line of friends, well-wishers and fanzine writers question obliging Steve Diggle, and his girlfriend leans over to hand him the bottle of wine she's been saving with the whispered warning that he's unwittingly upset one of his relations.

"This is the first time me mother hasn't come. I'm shocked," says a passing Paddy Garvey, circulating conscientiously.

"It's not the pressures, it's the drink we can't take," he confides at one stage during the celebration.

Secret champion cyclist, record producer and proud racehorse owner, it's Paddy who personifies the

pragmatism of Buzzcocks.

"We've tried doing things in the way we should, as written down according to the law of pop groups, and we just couldn't survive it. We've promised ourselves to work a lot more now — but in the best way we can, in our way."

"And to be honest, I'm enjoying it more now than I did in '78. It's taken me two years to learn how to be a Buzzcock."

IN THE infinitely dreary afternoon gloom of London's Lyceum, Buzzcocks have arrived to soundcheck.

Small Pete Shelley is engaging all and sundry in smiling conversation, John Maher's holding his girlfriend's hand, Steve Diggle skulks a little self-consciously in the shadows and Paddy Garvey's strolling around with his hands in his pockets, staring.

The Lyceum is soulless, stripped of any evening illusion. Black bags of rubbish spill out of the exits. Behind me, roadies indulge in heavy-handed horseplay, rolling on the stained red carpet by the bar.

Four small figures dwarfed by their surroundings, Buzzcocks have wandered on stage and are shouting instructions to the man behind the mixing desk, experimenting with stray snatches of sound... and suddenly the air is charged with one of the most perfect of pop classics.

"What do I get?" Pete Shelley twists his face away from the microphone to utter again that

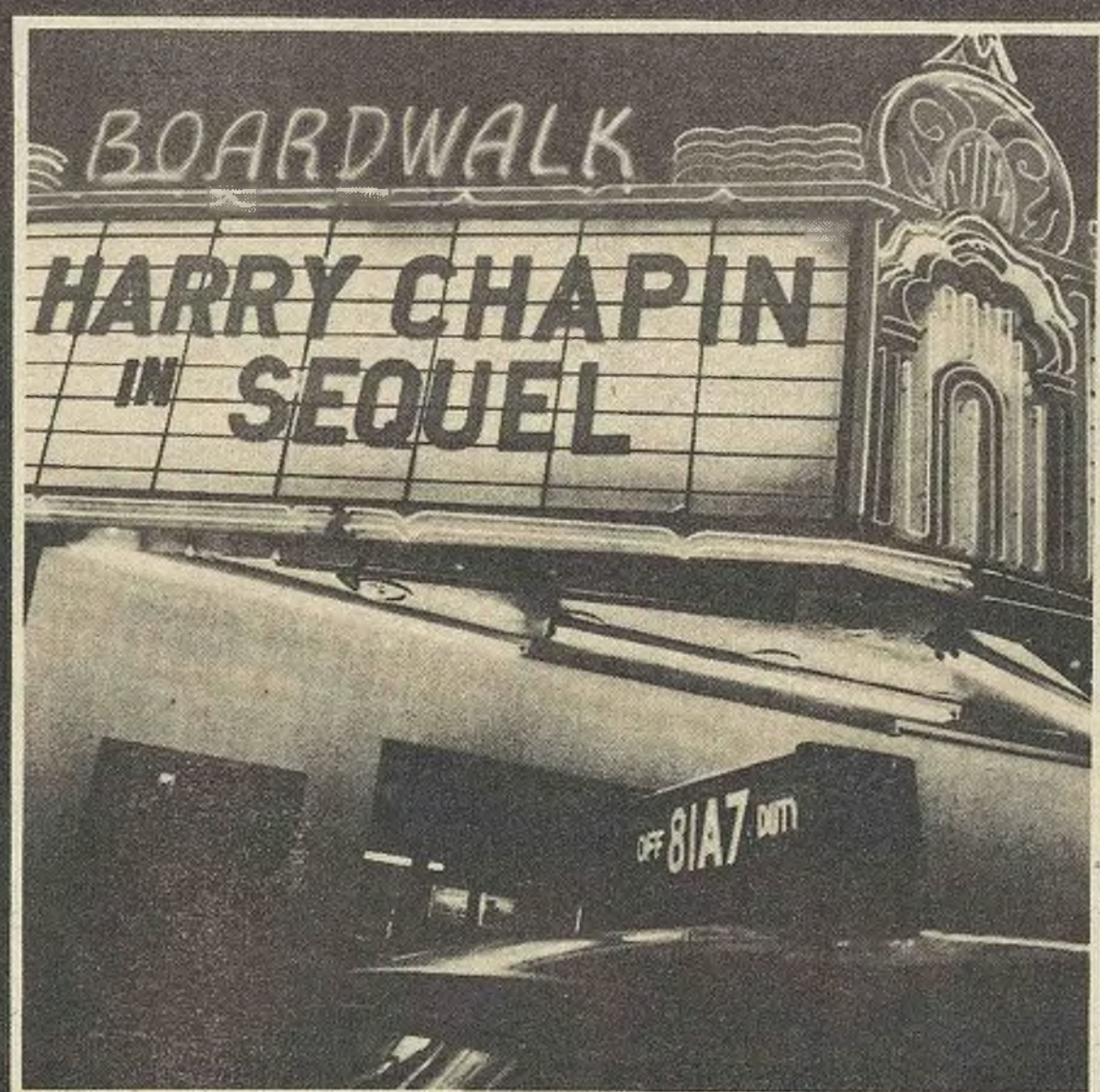
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BUZZCOCKS

From previous page
sickened, unrequited sigh.
"Aah... well let me tell you
now..."

And the transformation, the
change in the atmosphere is
complete.

So much great rock and roll,
the stuff that touches the most
personal and contemporary
nerves, comes from the
mundanity of its surroundings
and the ordinariness of its
performers. And if that quality
is embodied in any group, it
must be Buzzcocks.

IN MANCHESTER it's 11a.m.
and it feels like dawn. White
light bleaches the blurred
expressions of the faces on the
street and a cold breeze
snatches the last few leaves
from the trees in Piccadilly
Gardens. On the airwaves, Noel
Edmonds is oozing round BL in
Birmingham, following the
production of the new Mini
Metro. "Have you got a pet
name for these robots?" he
gushes. "No, but I can think of a
few," replies the worker.

Between the interviews
there's a stream of love songs
from emotional eunuchs like
The Nolans, Neil Diamond and
Barry Manilow. And not far
from the city centre, the man
who wrote some of the most
cutting dissections of the state
of love is sitting in a room
littered with cheap home
comforts and expensive
audio-visual equipment,
enjoying the absurdity of the
American presidential election
on a giant television screen.

Pete Shelley is also
attempting to explain, by
means of a painting by
Hieronymus Bosch, an album of
surrealist postcards and M.C.
Escher prints, Lewis Carroll, a
tome on scientology and his
own electronic music, his idea
of how everything in the
spiritual world is interwoven.
And I'm asking him how he
sees himself in the middle of it
all.

He has a soft, flattened,
halting voice with a slur that is
almost impudent.

"In a way I'm like the cheap,
cuddly toy from Hong Kong
with six inch spikes holding the
eyes in. I'm the spike on the end
of the eye."

In the beginning Buzzcocks
weren't so much making love
songs as singing about self. The
songs were sexual certainly,
but they demystified sex by
stripping its emotional
mechanics. They exposed the
disparity between ambition
and achievement, dealing with
tense inactivity in a way that
went wider than purely
personal relationships, and in
Pete Shelley's voice there was
an indefinable edge that cut
straight to the quick of the
anger of the age.

"I'm just a spokesman for the
emotionally paranoid. I write a
song because I'm motivated to
explain it. It's the thing that
keeps me out of mental
institutions.

"All my songs have a highly
personalised view of the world,
but as well as the singalong
hooks, they have conceptual
hooks that people latch onto.
It's abstract, like ink-blot or a
Chinese calligrapher, each one
is personal, but there's also a
shared meaning. I've no special
gift. It's more to do with other
people than it is with me."

On stage it was, and still is,
less like a concert than a shared
act of faith. Four ordinary
people who created intensely
emotional songs with a
revolutionary lack of
pretension, it relied less on the
conventional mechanics of
manipulation than a personal
identification with each of the
songs.

"I'll be remembered by some
for my songs. By others
because I make a good cup of
tea. Buzzcocks doesn't exist.
Nobody knows what it means.
It's just a tag put onto
something we enjoy doing. It's
only the tip of the iceberg, an
extension to everything I do.
The songs aren't what I'm all
about. They're just one facet."

It's also an attitude that
probably explains why
Buzzcocks have never been as

successful as they might have
been.

"The public loves a puppet. If
we'd decided to play the part of
the Buzzcocks, to dance
around, it would have been
totally different. That's why
actors are so highly prized, they
become possessed by another
person's world view. We're the
human side of rock and roll. If
the music makes gods then
we're the Jesus Christs of rock
stars. We're vulnerable."

What about the quality. Are
the songs you're writing now
as good as the early stuff?

"Yeah. Some. I've started
becoming more oblique and
obscure and acute. I'm acutely
obscure. The way in which I'm
using words, I'm writing only a
few and then repeating them
with the slightest of changes.
And with the tunes, I'm more
into complex, interacting
cyclic things, like the circles on
the Olympic flag."

So Pete Shelley shows me a
video of himself being
interviewed in subtitles by a
glum, bearded Swede, points
out some hilarious
mistranslations on the sleeve
notes of the Japanese edition
of their singles album, plays me
the soundtrack of his
forthcoming film, and explains
that reality is only the sum of
your beliefs, and that to him life
looks like a ribbon of energy, a
yellow brick road in the sky.

And in the midst of this
madness, we somehow start
talking about the Arabian sect
of Hassan Sabbah, the
hashishin, who were incited to
murder by the promise of a
paradise Garden Of Delights,
an earthly taste of which they
were occasionally allowed.

"Do as thou wilt is the word
of the law," he's saying. "It's
an anarchistic state of mind
where anything is permissible
or possible."

It's dangerous.

"Oh yes. Of course. Even
though you're walking a broad
plain, you've got to walk on or
near a thin line that is society's
view of sanity. But I mean,
really, you can do anything you
want."

What do you really care
about?

"I don't care about
anything."

I don't believe you.

THE LIGHT fades outside
the windows and we sit
on the sofa in

semi-darkness, faces a few feet
away from the silent, coloured
screen, listening to The
Residents sliding through the
stereo.

"I'd be interested to know,"
says this small man with the
shy, amused eyes and
mismatched mouth curved in a
strange, constant smile, "what
Buzzcocks mean to you."

Honestly, I answer.

"Ah well, but when I'm
honest, everyone thinks I'm
hiding something. After the
Love Bites tour, we'd all
decided separately to leave,
because we all thought the
others were playing at pop
stars. Then we got drunk one
night and decided to be
ourselves, because that's what
made us good in the first place."

"I used to believe in falling in
love for ever and all that. But I
don't any more. I do still care
about some things," he says to
placate me. "It depends what
I'm in the mood for caring
about."

What things?

"That's like asking me to
describe how it feels to bath in
baked beans. Before everything
was bubbling round in my
heart, now I'm inside it all."

"Loss of innocence," he says
once, suddenly.

And the screen shows
America going to the polls
tonight to choose between an
ageing failed film star and an
inept presidential incumbent.
And the screen shows BL in
Birmingham where production
of the Mini Metro may soon be
halted by an industrial dispute.
And the screen shows an
advert for a toy with detachable
teeth which children can
extract with a sharp spike. With
electronic scream, the screen
adds as an afterthought.

"That's horrible," I exclaim.

"It's a game," says Pete. And
he laughs.

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WALLY NOT TO MATE THE DUTCH

**I love the Dutch
I love them more than Iran
They have many great rock'n'roll musicians
And not all their middle names are Van**

OVER THE last decade, there've been a good few changes in this fraud-filled world of fun we know as 'rock'n'roll'. To my mind, the most enduring and important of these has been the slow but certain drift away from English and American modes to new beat centres such as Europe and Jamaica. But whilst Jamaican trends receive wide coverage in any self-respecting music rag, the dark delights of much new European music remain, for most, an unthumbed book of musical and stylistic clichés, with David Bowie's 'Low' and the collected works of Gary Numan considered as paradigms of Euro-rock. Is *this* really all there is?

The Euro-rock of the early '70s was mainly centred on Germany and can be viewed, in retrospect, as a reaction against the prevailing Anglo-American rock hegemony. This has, ironically, elevated Germany to a similar sort of position: any new German music is automatically allotted a certain amount of attention, regardless of its actual worth.

But other European countries are currently producing music of real worth — one thinks of Switzerland's lunatic popsters Yello, and Belgium's equally lunatic internationalists Aqsak Maboul. And most of all, one thinks of the wealth of action occurring in Holland...

A GROUNDWELL of indigenous music is bubbling up in Holland which owes little to what few internationally-known predecessors there are and even less to the major labels, which are mainly just Dutch or European subsidiaries of the large multinationals.

As in Britain, the Dutch music scene is being rejuvenated by a loosely-woven fabric of indies, chief among which is the plucky Plurex label, a decidedly odd affair run by the decidedly odd Wally van Middendorp.

Wally's significance to the new Dutch music scene is incalculable, both practically and inspirationally; sort of Johnny Rotten and Geoff Travis rolled into one, if you can imagine that.

With the major labels concentrating (apart from two notable exceptions) entirely on plastic copies of yawnworthy Anglo-American musics, Holland had nothing at all. No threat and very little fun.

It's been left to indies like Plurex, Torso, and De 1000 Idioten to release material from the more interesting, iconoclastic sources, groups like Kewi A Go Go Party, Mecano, Minny Pops, Interior and The Young Lions. And above all it's Wally, with his Plurex label and his band who's in a unique position to comment on the Dutch scene.

Minny Pops started life in October 1978 as a drummerless trio of guitar, bass, rhythm machine and vocals.

"One of the first ideas," explains Wally, "was to play really mechanical music with weird noises in it: distorted guitars, very simple vocals, and a simple bass line reinforcing the drum-machine beat. The stage act was also very strict — we didn't move, we stood like statues and occasionally moved our hands. That changed over a period of time."

This Kraftwerkian approach (though done without synthesisers) was only the first of a series of attempts to undermine the conventions of rock performance. When I saw Minny Pops supporting Joy Division earlier this year in Manchester, they'd adopted the odd habit of standing silently, arms folded, for as long as a minute after each song. This caused

considerable confusion amongst the audience, who seemed unsure whether to clap, shout, or ask for an encore. Their expectations were confounded by a device as simple as Wally's explanation for it.

"We figured that normal rock'n'roll's set up as a fast-paced set — one song ends, the next's started within four seconds. I thought that if you break up the pacing between numbers, it might give people a chance to look over what you've done."

Like making tea whilst the adverts are on TV?

"Yes, and also — like in Manchester — it can build up some kind of tension."

This kind of attitude extends to Minny Pops' recorded work. When, after extensive line-up changes, they made an album, 'Drastic Measures, Drastic Movement', they opened each side with a track called 'Springtime', which is quite possibly the most unpleasant noise I've heard. What was the intention with those tracks?

"It's background music which you can't ignore, new muzak. The title, 'Springtime', gives you the idea of a nice, flowing song. It's like a big drill! Actually, it fits in with the pacing of the set, which is confusing as well. The album's full of confusion — there's nice songs, then all of a sudden total distortion."

'Drastic Measures' is the only new Dutch LP to be widely reviewed in Britain, a result of Minny Pops' pioneering efforts in gigging over here fairly regularly (not exactly a cost-effective undertaking).

What brought Wally and his band to England was the almost total media neglect in his homeland. There's a conspicuous absence of crusading music journalists and Peelian disc-jockeys; there's no-one to nurture what could be as radical a movement for Holland as punk was for Britain.

"It could be," admits Wally hopefully, "but those who've been in it a long time, like myself (Plurex Records has been in existence a bit longer than Factory Records) are getting bitter at the lack of support. All we need is feedback — some press coverage, some radio, a letter from someone saying 'Hey, you put out a nice record'; when that doesn't happen, you get disappointed."

Dutch radio is hidebound by a very curious system of political and religious sponsorship, whereby all colours of the social spectrum — liberal, ultra-liberal, Christian, socialist, Catholic, and so on — get airtime to present *their* type of programme.

"They all have certain days, and



Minny Pops



The Tapes

their own set-ups within the broadcasting organisation — 'We cannot play this record because it's abusing God', or 'This record doesn't fit in with our policy because it's anti-whatever'. There's one girl on the radio who knows what's going on and supports local bands, but the programme's set up within strict limits of being a 'young working generation' programme, and the only music they can play is punk — there's no experimental music, because that

doesn't fit in with programming. "There's only one music paper, OOR, which I think is really far behind — it only catches on to whatever's put up by the NME or Sounds. They're always playing safe, which for the new music is really bad, because bands don't get their albums reviewed, they don't get any press mentions. And since there's only the one paper, there's not much you can do about getting your information out to the people who might be interested. Their

idea of punk was a two-page spread with a 'punk' lay-out — they treated it as a special thing, *outside* all other music. It had no meaning other than safety-pins and zips."

Throughout the week I spent in Amsterdam, I came to recognise the same sentiments in every conversation I had with a musician, like weary echoes of anger or resignation. Within the Dutch media, there seems to be an inferiority complex about Dutch bands playing music which owes little to Anglo-American influences — unless the British music papers or record companies have given them the thumbs-up. The copy of OOR I bought contained a small article about Minny Pops, but seemed more interested in their connection with Factory Records than with any merit in the group itself. I find that very sad.

Still, Minny Pops shouldn't worry. Of the new Dutch bands, they've got something of a head start through Wally's industrious efforts. At present, he and Wim, the synthesiser player, are auditioning new guitarists and sax-players, after which they plan to visit Britain again (and possibly America) and release a second album. We should be so lucky!

AS I hinted earlier, there's an energy in the Amsterdam new music scene similar to the early

punk scene in Britain. Though they're producing radically different music, there's the same impression of small groups of people persevering against great odds. Besides Minny Pops, the group which most reflects this energy is The Young Lions, five young men whose six-track 12" EP 'No News, Strange Rumours' (Plurex) contains a dazzling array of vibrant, vaguely Ubuesque musical shapes and textures.

When I visit the band at their rehearsal basement on Marnixstraat, they run through a few new numbers. Rob Scholte, the singer, is crouched in a corner singing into a microphone he holds in one hand, while the other batters hell out of a suitcase with a drumstick. A complete drumkit (which belongs to another band who use the same room) stands idle in the corner while Rob attacks the suitcase. This is fairly typical of their approach.

The Young Lions started "where all good avant-garde bands start, at art school", and got thrown out. They play few gigs, to very contrary responses (about three a month), but don't want to slip into becoming just a recording band. Luckily for them, the small, intimate scene offers them (and others) the opportunities for low-key performances.

"There are very small concerts, at very strange places — a garage, and

Continues over

WORDS ANDY GILL (PRO-DUTCH)

PIX ANTON CORBIJN (EX-DUTCH)

I love the Dutch I love them more than money so why do we ignore their rock scene and think their names are funny? I like the Dutch I like them more than my cat and they've developed a rock scene that's scaling the heights (even if their country is flat). I love the Dutch hurrah for the orange white and green!

From previous page

so on; also, you find bands who can't get gigs, so they play together with their tape recorders — some kind of a Robert Fripp thing. Those sort of possibilities you've got over here. You can make mistakes, if you like to. That's very important."

The five Young Lions (Tim Benjamin, guitar & bass; Ronald Heiloo, electric piano & vocals; Harold Schellinkx, guitar & bass; Peter Mertens, guitar & bass; Rob Scholte, percussion & vocals) have a wide variety of musical backgrounds, from rock to classical, and come from a similarly wide range of social backgrounds. They all talk a lot, amending and supporting others' viewpoints.

"I think it's a very important point that the music we make is just part of our activities — we're all separate persons, out of totally different backgrounds, and the collapse of those backgrounds makes our kind of music."

"It's a combination of elements."

"It's just that all those different parts stay different in a new total."

That's interesting, I interject, because certain parts of the record sound as though they're all playing different songs. They explode, together:

"But we think it sounds together!"

"We're not just playing something different because we want to make some kind of noise!"

"People often say to us that our music is totally without any structure. It's just that there's a lot of different layers in the music, a lot of different structures in one total structure."

Each question produces a fusillade of answers, torrent of opinions. I ask how they go about constructing their music — a daft question for most bands, but not for them.

"We have a certain amount of material we start using at a certain moment under a certain motto. What we're doing now, we tackled these eleven numbers in a certain way to keep them very close to each other. For this theory we did a whole-day session..."

"... It's one day of a person's life in which nothing happens, really. And we wanted to make that situation by..."

"We recreated that situation by just trying to find all the numbers in one day. We started at nine, and just went on until we'd finished the last number. Once the material was there, we'd only to arrange it later."

The concept itself isn't too important. What *is* important for The



The Nits



Interior

minimalist keyboard outing (there's only about three notes on the entire record) called 'Bizarre Disco', made with a toy organ they'd bought the day before the recording session. The difference between that and the later eponymous 12" is immense, as apparently, is the difference between the 12" and their current activities.

"The sort of music we play changes very often — it's quite unorganised. What we're doing is completely different from the 12", more like James White meets Motorhead..."

There's a pranksterish attitude about Interior, an almost total lack of concern about the difficulties facing new Dutch bands. They've not signed with, or even approached, a major label, because "They didn't come to us". Similarly, they refuse to run around looking for gigs, tackling the problem of live appearances in a refreshingly direct manner.

"We have our own discotheque, the Disco Bizarre. We sell drinks and get money from that — the music's free."

Disco Bizarre, it transpires, is the club-in-a-garage mentioned by The Young Lions. Do Interior *have* to run the place in order to get gigs?

"No, it's quite fun for people like us who play music that isn't easy to listen to. Sometimes, people go crazy. Sometimes, they..."

"... All go away!"

"It depends on a lot of things. Sometimes it's very quiet, and then the police run in, and we play on, and everybody likes it. Those kind of things happen, and they influence it. We also play sometimes under the name Gig Pirates: when there's a big gig with a big band, we jump on stage and plug in..."

SO FAR, I've dealt only with those bands on the underbelly of the Dutch music business. What of those with slightly more national

leverage? Earlier, I mentioned a couple of exceptions to the majors' fodder-norm though even they both started out on small labels.

The Tapes, for instance, recorded their first album for Plurex before signing with Passport, who released the excellent 'Party' LP. Again, there's something of Talking Heads about their music, but there's also hints of Zappa, Beefheart, etc, and the fading ghost of a hangover from the earlier Dutch infatuation with complex rock such as Focus.

The Tapes' lyrics — written either by Rolf or his brother Fred (their manager) — are often more like experimental prose constructions than songs, and packed with droll observations on life. (A certain dry vein of wit seems to run through most of these bands' lyrics — probably the result of writing in a foreign language in an extremely condensed fashion. But more of that later).

"Only English or American people find humour in the lyrics," says singer/guitarist Rolf Hermesen sadly. "There's never been one Dutch reviewer pointing out that we had a lot of humour there. They all think it's pretty serious, heavy stuff."

I bemoan the lack of originality exhibited by the large labels, how all their bands seem to be pale copies of last year's British trends.

"That's true," admits Rolf. "But they sell. Companies in Holland won't take any risk, none at all — probably because Holland is a small country, and they can't sell large amounts of records."

But aren't The Tapes on a Dutch major label?

"We're with an American label who've got a distribution deal with WEA in Holland, so we're not typical of the Dutch situation."

It turns out that the band (which, besides Rolf, comprises Michiel

Brandes on guitar and synth, Igor Roovers on bass and Peter Meuris on drums) are in a bit of a Catch-22 situation because of this. Dutch WEA don't give them much support because they're not, strictly speaking, one of *their* bands. And Passport, whom they signed with the hope of achieving some form of long-term success overseas, have yet to take them over to America as was planned. What seemed a good way of getting around the Dutch music industry's intransigence is just not working out. But surely their album's been released in the States, which must mean something?

"Yes, but it didn't sell too good," says Rolf. "About 15,000 — which I think is reasonable, but which Passport think is a disaster! Now they're putting pressure on us to — I don't know if I should say this — to make an album that would sell more." He sighs. "Well, we have to resist some pressure. Also, they think maybe the choice of producer might change the sound, and improve sales, and that a really catchy cover might help. I doubt it. Maybe in America, but I don't know..."

When that catchy cover appears in your local shop's racks, give it a try. You'd be doing both yourself and them a favour.

THE OTHER exception to the norm are The Nits, a pop group who started whilst still at school, in the days when the main Dutch trends were symphonic rock and jazz-rock. The Nits' main influences though, were located in earlier periods, particularly the British Invasion/Merseybeat times.

"At that time it was quite peculiar for a group to orientate themselves on that period. We had a good time, but it was a very lonely place to be. Sometimes we'd play to audiences composed mainly of friends."

When the musical climate changed from symphonic rock to something a little more lively and low-key, in 1978, they were able to approach gigging as "a real band", their line-up then, as now, comprising Henk Hofstede (lead vocals, keyboards), Michiel Peters (lead vocals, guitars), Alex Roelofs (bass, vocals) and Rob Kloet (drums, vocals). Like The Tapes, they made one album for a small label before signing with CBS to make a sublime LP called simply 'Tent'.

Unlike British power-pop groups like The Pleasers and Boyfriends who merely indulged in nostalgic repetition, The Nits manage to filter their early influences. The Nits have a healthy interest in Robert Wyatt's music, which says a lot for them.

I visited them at a recording studio

where they were working on their next album. It sounded, even at the "work-in-progress" stage, quite astonishing, vaguely *moderne* but laced through that with typically cool Dutch humour. Then again, there's not a particularly high doom-potential in songs about things like zebra crossings, and eels going home to the Sargasso Sea...

We chat for a while about this and that, and then the question of language is broached. All the bands covered here sing in English — though both Minny Pops and Mecano are experimenting with Dutch. It's difficult for us to understand how the Dutch can be so fluent in our language, and write so capably in it, but we ought to take into account things like Dutch TV running English programmes straight, with subtitles, and Dutch radio pumping out Anglo-American pop all day long. There are bands singing in Dutch, but as Michiel says, "They forget about the music, they play very dull rock'n'roll."

"Also," adds Henk, "the Dutch language isn't really fit for pop music. When you're thinking up a song, you hear an English vocal, not a Dutch one."

"Some musical styles have a particular language — operas are in either German or Italian, and when they're translated into English, they're less integrated."

Something to do with the rhythm of the words?

"I think so. Like, Italian is a very smooth language, but English, it's more square, it's *tak-tak-tak*. It fits the rhythm of rock'n'roll, of pop. That's why Dutch, with all the *aagh* and *ssj*, it's like Swedish — it's almost impossible to sing Swedish or Norwegian. It doesn't fit."

"The Dutch language is old-fashioned."

"Maybe it is. But the Dutch people, they're always looking at Elvis, Cliff, The Shadows, The Beatles — it's all very *near*, it's a mass of information we've had for many years."

I suppose you can't deny your heritage...

"No, but I think maybe, like in Germany, there should be something underneath, a Dutch feeling. But it's too small, whereas Germans, when they do something, they do it *big*, they think like businessmen. That's why they can compete with England and America."

MY LAST afternoon in Amsterdam is spent in the converted basement cafe which serves as flat-cum-studio for Dick Polak, lyricist and singer with Mecano.

Continues page 69

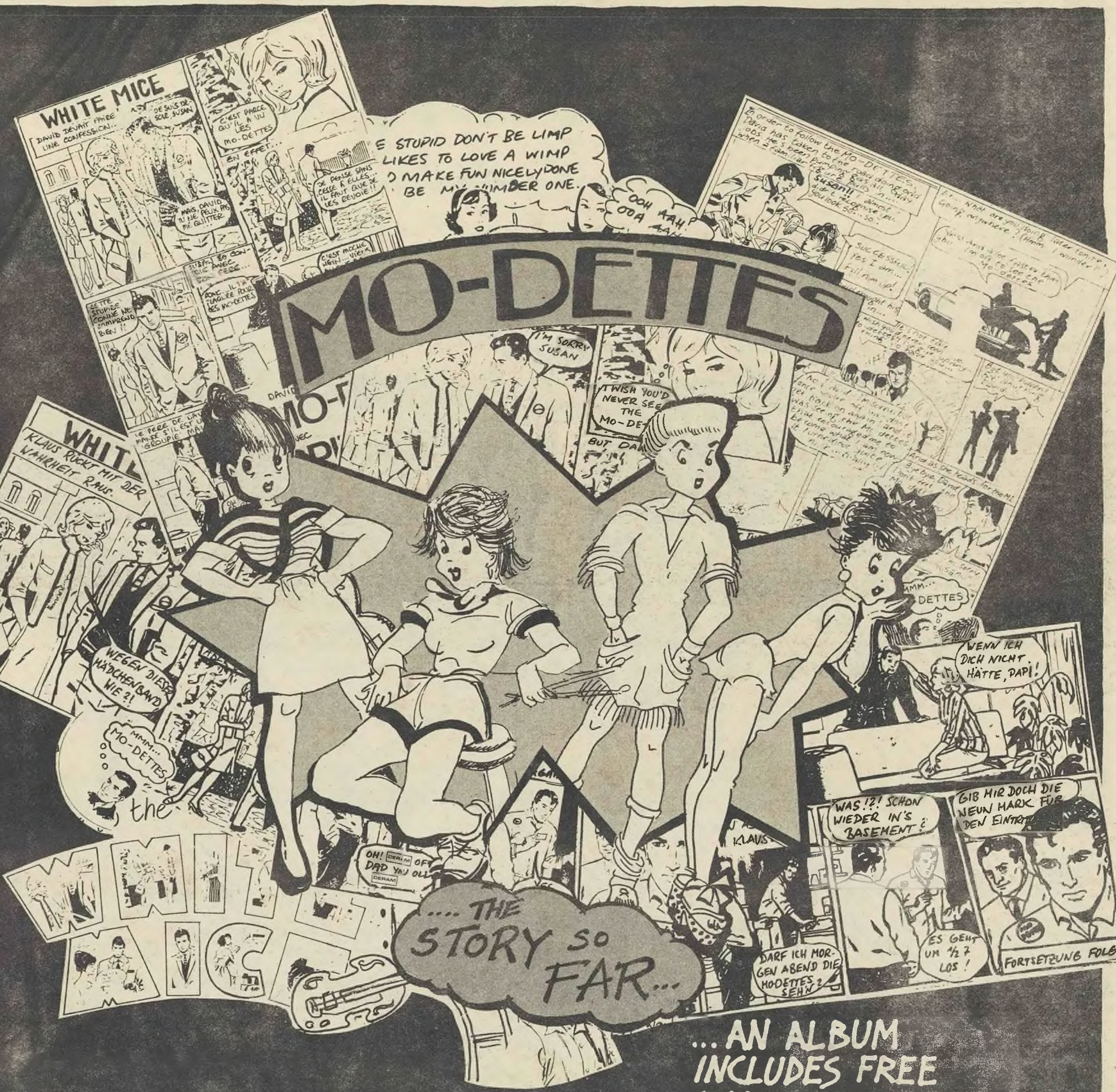


Mecano

Young Lions is "working in a certain way", the discipline they work under. In this case, it resulted in eleven basic song-structures being composed in a single day. How many other groups do you know who'd even try that?

INTERIOR are a different ball-game entirely. They too have had a six-track 12" EP released on Plurex (called simply 'Interior'), but there the similarity ends. Theirs is fairly straight-ahead, up-tempo new wave with a stridency and edge similar to Talking Heads.

They are Peter (bass, sax), Roger (guitar), Martin (guitar, vocals) and a drummer whenever they can get one. Still at school, they started out playing parties, galleries and the like before Wally asked them to make a record. The resulting single was a

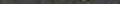


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Reader's Digest

by Ian Penman

● **Inside Information** by Hugh Cornwell (Strangler's Information Service, New Hibernia House, Winchester Walk, London SE1 9AG). Slim, straightforward account of Hugs' drugs burst, scarey trial and subsequent 3 months in Pentonville. Not a *Darkness At Noon*, not meant to be, and pretty readable for it.

● **Coping with the System — A Brief Citizen's Manual** by Robert Leach (Inter-Action Inprint, 15 Wilkin St., London NW5 3NG, £1.95 + 35p p&p). Not being deliberately militant — these two just fell together. This one deals factually with, as it says, 'Housing', 'Legal Problems', 'Health Services', 'Benefits', etc etc.

● **Kate Bush — An Illustrated Biography** by Paul Kerton (Proteus, £3.95). Stick to the Fred & Judy Vermorel one, it's funnier, cheaper and less precious.



— Sid aged 8.

● **Sir Henry at Rawlinson End (and other spots)** by Vivian Stanhall (Eel Pie, £3.95). This doesn't deal with anything whatsoever. Seen the film yet?



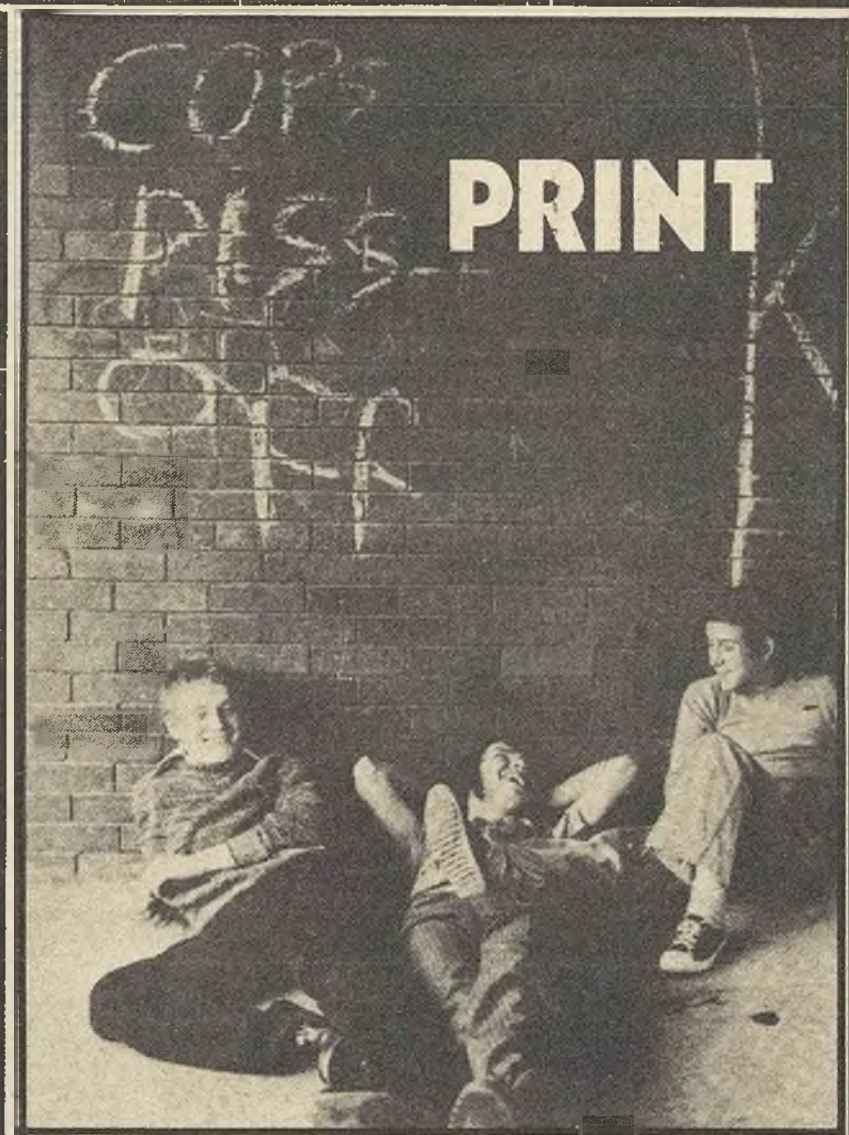
Convict Cornwell tells of his life issue.

● **Malcolm Poynter — Life & Work** by Fred & Judy Vermorel (Buccaneer Books, £1.95). Very tedious "most restless and disturbing" young "artist".

● **The Sid Vicious Family Album** by Anonymous (Virgin Books, £1.95). Shoddiest of the shoddiest marketing scam in memory. Photos of the deceased from toddler to dooper.

● **Inglan Is A Bitch** by Linton Kwesi Johnson (Race Today, £1.50)

● **Poetry Olympics** (New Departures, 75p + 25p p&p from Piedmont, Bisley, Stroud, Glos GL6 7BU). *Inglan* is a neat and tidy compilation of Johnson poems previously renowned for their incarnation on his last two albums. Two not included — 'Two Sides Of Silence' and 'All Wi Doin Is Defendin' crop up in the Michael Horovitz compiled designed & edited *Poetry Olympics* anthology. As well as including work(s) by people involved in the Olympics Westminster Abbey 'event' (a short extract from John Cooper Clarke's "precocious autobiography" *Ten years In An Open Necked Shirt* for instance) it spans short contributions from Sam Beckett to Heathcote Williams. Pretty scrappy presentation really — can't see it enticing the unconverted un(sic) poetic audience.



The Book of the Year

Edited by David Widgery (Ink Links, Ltd. £5.95)

Young trainee management contemplate life under the new Tory banana republic? Just one of a selection of festive scenes from *The Book of the Year*, edited by Doctor David Widgery of London's bad parts. His is the no-work, no-hope forever-grim-but-defiant reminder of jackboot UK 1980. Widgery's items come from the *Time Outs*, the *Spare Ribs* and more 'subversive' news sources. Practically all testify to the fundamental agony of the modern-day Briton. It shows him and her marching, scowling or just standing around on street corners fervently wishing for a job to go to. It also jabs a finger in the eye of the popular 'myth' media, who might even deserve it.

The period covered is this year September '79 to September '80, with a chronology of daily events at the back in smaller type. Drop one in the stocking if you can afford the £5.95 paper-covered edition and if you want the sock-'em dead straight facts on the new fascism, defence spending, Big Brotherism, Ireland, unions, chain-smoking stray youth etc. But expect no belly laughs. This is bad news.

Andrew Tyler

The Jam: The Modern World By Numbers

By Paul Honeyford (Eel Pie & £3.95)

NESTLING alongside the Kenny Dalglish soccer annual and Pennie Smith's Clash photofile on the chainstore bookshelves this Christmas will be what is supposedly the definitive Jam biography.

Compiled by the previously-unheard-of Paul Honeyford, whose own band The Start supported The Jam recently in Manchester, and with

the official backing of the group themselves and their management, the book was an ideal choice to offer a few new insights into Britain's number one band, an opportunity which has gone largely to waste.

In fact, one of the few redeeming features of the book is also the one thing it has in common with the Clash paperback — Pennie Smith's pictures, which make up the majority of the illustrations.

As for the content, most of it is stuff any self-respecting Jam

fan will be well familiar with. Honeyford's approach to his subject, meanwhile, is often hackneyed, his style clichéd and his garbled interpretations of Weller's lyrics regularly well wide of the mark.

Some of the lyrics themselves are even misquoted, the opening lines of 'When You're Young', for example, being given as "Life was so good when you are young", the correct version being, of course, "Life is timeless, dreams are long, when you're young"! The Jam — not to mention

their legion of fans who will no doubt buy this — deserve better.

Probably more worthy of investigation is the final publication from Weller's own publishing company Riot Stories. Following the Dave Waller book of poems earlier this year, *Mixed Up Shook Up* is the long-awaited anthology of the work of an array of budding young poets.

Me? I'll stick to the Kenny Dalglish album for Christmas.

Adrian Thrills

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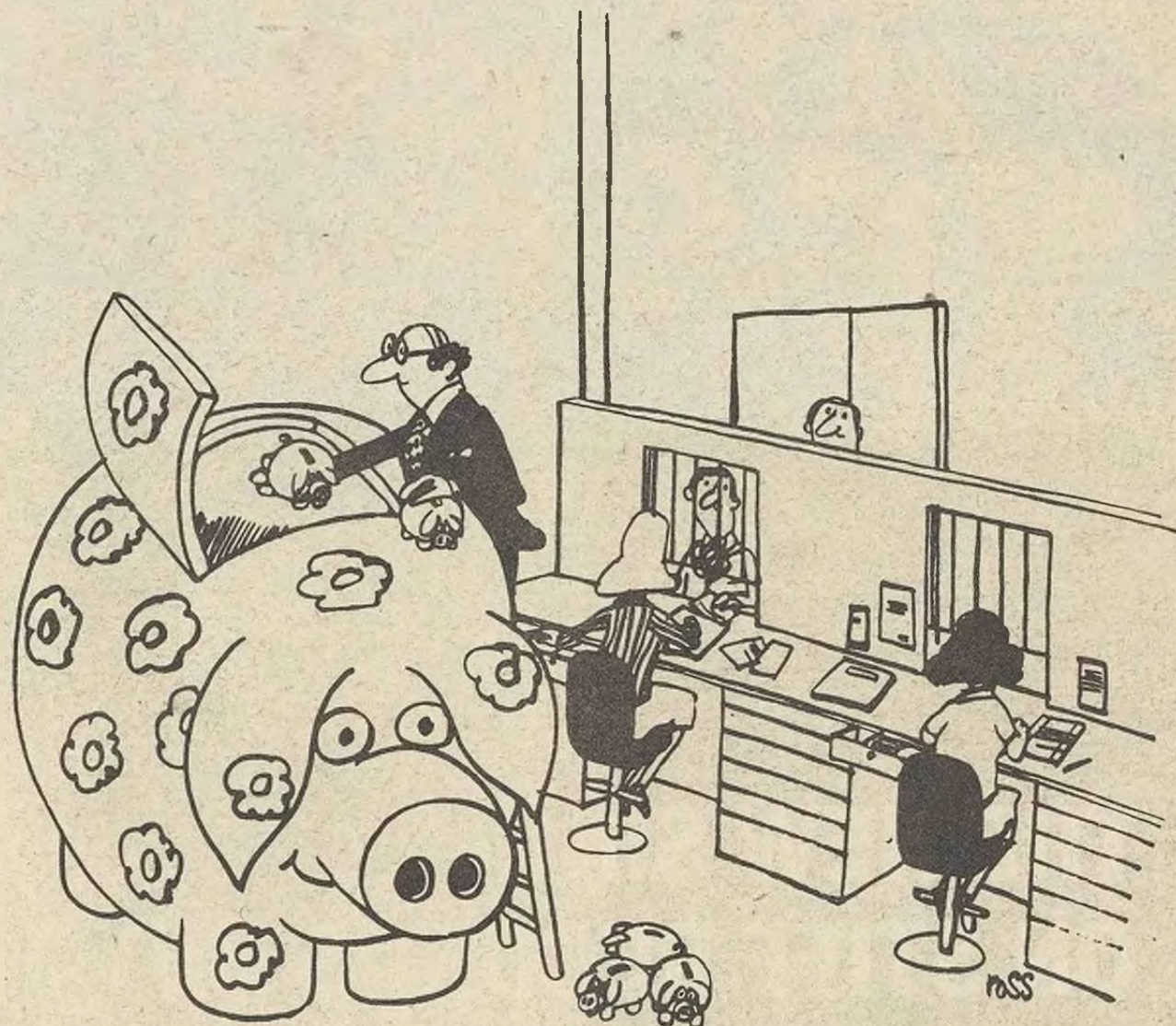
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English as tuppence, changing
yet changeless as canal-water,
Nestling in green nowhere,
armoured and effete,
Bold flag-bearer, lotus fed Miss
Havishambling,
Opsimath and eremite, feudal-
still reactionary

Rawlinson End.
The story so far.
Dot dot dot.

ONE DIM EVENING I was coercively transported, via a few good goblets of Guinness and Bronchial Mixture — commonly ordered as a Black 'n' Phlegm — to the preview of a new film written by famous old Bonzo Dog and lapsed anarchic humourist Vivian Stanshall called *Sir Henry At Rawlinson End*. I'd heard of this pet project through its episodic airings on the John Peel Show — but beyond this was not especially equipped with an extensive knowledge of the man.

Less than half a week and a second viewing later I was still guffawing — this was a seriously good film and the chap behind the script was a devil of a scribe.

Now read on . . .

Sir Henry's Rawlinson End — born of broadcast, caught in stage, record, book and now motion picture — is a grey, bloated, beached, bequeathed satchel of colonial memories. A squirearchical pedestal upon which sits an oft optical testament to its owner's taste in liquid refreshment.

Sir Henry is a brilliant character creation, mind, a crusty pork pie of prejudices, revulsions, visions and dwarf scar tissues of recall. His Rawlinson End is an Empire idyll with shingles, a mythological oasis in a site which knows nothing of canned foodstuffs, pop music, decimalisation or paperbacks.

Henry's pride and joy, a small but daunting P.O.W. camp in the grounds of Rawlinson, did actually contain prisoners of war: two German parachutists who had been unfortunate enough to land on the estate . . . They lived well enough — first rate food and drink and all the Health And Efficiency they could read. But in return, they were expected to escape periodically, be re-captured, and receive the occasional thrashing.

Sir Henry is played by Trevor Howard in the new film of the saga and — although Bernard Youens, the actor who plays the Elephantine Stan Ogden of *Coronation Street* was Stanshall's proposed choice for the part — the resultant marriage comes over as one made in heaven, albeit a somewhat gouty heaven.

Henry, now refuelled with several great gulps of Southampton Red Rum — a brainstorming cocktail involving a large port, vodka rum and horseradish sauce — continued. "Personally, when you're dead you're gone — after life, after shave, don't hold with any of it . . ."

Henry is lord of a manor and manner each as olde English as tea and macaroons, Marmite and Anthony Blunt. He oversees a mythical parish, a mystical cricket field plane scattered with stumps hewn from both tree and limb; stocked with crumbling spires, personalised demons and a multitude of rustic tongues.

The quality of Stanshall's script truly seduces one's attention — the facility of expressive language, the tender and tarnished development of character and serpentine plot. A changeling fiction. Stanshall uses idiom, folklore reference, pun, rhyme and rhythm with severely disciplined abandon — the anarchy at Rawlinson End is an immaculate conception. The language is bursting at its seams — as erudite and dense as the contemporary epic novelists like Barth and Pynchon, as twisted and playful as Flann O'Brien, James Joyce. (Stanshall is Irish on his mother's side). A supremely childlike and corrupted comic syntax.

Everything about *Sir Henry At Rawlinson End* is exaggerated, buffo, caricature. Everything is at the same time secret, revered, underground.

Will this idiosyncrasy be explicated in: *The Meeting By The Thames?*

UNDER THE LATE autumn canopy of tall trees by the Thames, in a plush hotel's lounge, are distributed a small variety of people: a tall bacon rasher of a man with a knotty long beard and makeshift plus fours, his wife and their 14-month-old child, a record company press officer, a newspaper photographer and a young journalist with pimples,

uncombed hair and a permanently slurred look.

Their banter has subsided into a prolonged bout of amicable to and fro; the interview tapes run and run like *Coronation Street*. The newsfangled young writer rather cares for the salty old poet: people who dress up as 'bizarrely' as they want have a *savoir vivre* — not to mention personality disorder — that he somehow recognizes.

Evening wraps around and ale sinks deep into the linings of already zestful minds. Crepuscular humour, potty potted histories and boozo, more boozo, all conspire to deconstruct the solemnity of this professionally ordained meeting. Transcribable sense comes on in cold flushes that jab in and out of sleepy farce.

But not for you, dearest reader, tales anent the enigmatic girl in the beret and the phantom fake *Vogue* sub-editor, the Phillipino waitress and the truths of brown bread, or the propagandist's swollen gums . . .

"I wanted to get a sort of middle class folly kind of thing, something that was either the aristocracy, or made a living importing barrels of teeth."

A perverted Ealing film?

"Making it into a film was quite a surprise. I thought it might have made a cartoon, but all of the people that I would have liked — all of the painters and all of the emotional madmen who made woodcuts — they're all dead. I didn't want someone like Steadman to do it — or Scarfe. I thought I was going to have to do it myself — and that was going to take years."

How did you get Trevor Howard?

"He was got because we needed a

Ah! Reg Smeeton, I presume

Scholar Ian Penman encounters the pithy wit of Sir Henry me 'blinkin' Rawlinsunshine, a dashed rum cove who labours under the misapprehension that he's also cad-about-town Vivian Stanshall and oft-times known as Reg Smeeton.

star name to flog — you need one to flog any picture. The script got bunged around and I had what was laughingly called 'character control' and truthfully I'd never have thought of Trevor Howard . . ."

He seems perfect.

"Well, yes. He is much more like Sir Henry off screen than on — he's a monstrous boozier and wildly patriotic and emotional. He was very keen on making a British picture written by a Briton, and he was proud to do it. It was back to *Cockleshell Heroes* for him — I saw him in tears. He was proud that the British film industry, such as it is, could afford to make a British film."

When did you first start writing Sir Henry?
"I didn't start writing *Sir Henry* . . . I've just always been talking to m'self out loud. I wrote stories when I was nine, 10 . . . I've always written bits and pieces but I didn't conform it till I started doing Sir Henry on the John Peel Show."

"For the book I worked out a genealogy and a map so I know where everyone is and how they posture and . . . it's just me talking to m'self. I'm a hypochondriac, I'm a fascist, I'm a humanitarian, a spear-throwing-driven-to-the-mountains Celt, a Viking . . . all of these warring differences. And I suppose so that I wouldn't make a commitment, say, 'Well now, this is my attitude apropos Iran', or whatever, I'd rather have an English patriot or any of the people I've previously described. Cos I don't believe m'self. I change my opinion all the time. So I talk to m'self . . ."

So Sir Henry is just you talking out loud?

"I am Sir Henry, but equally I'm Reg Smeeton, who reads up on all these . . . did y'know that Beethoven was a terrible dancer? and all this."

Where do you get all those — all his — ridiculous 'facts' from? Do you make them up or — ?

"No, a lot of them are true. I

dunno, where do I get them? The *Daily Mirror*, *Ripley's Believe It Or Not* . . . reading, I read a lot. Book I like a lot is *The Crazy Mixed Up Nude*, which I bought because it was called *The Crazy Mixed Up Nude*. Out of it I got 'Big Shot' which typified for me the kind of man that would actually go to the *Playboy* club and actually reckon the birds that had been airbrushed into some kind of cuntful magnificent . . ."

"I've got a book I bought recently called *Dig That Crazy Corpse (Death Is Just Around The Corner)* — it's absolute rubbish. But I read serious books too. I just pull out bits and pieces — things like *Edith Sitwell's English Eccentrics*. I mean, there was a bit in the *Daily Mirror* recently about Colonel somebody or other, who said that when we went down our nuclear safety holes before the big bomb dropped, he suggested that people bought *ferrets*. So that when the holocaust arrived the ferrets, you see, go out and bring in

rabbits. Thereby you can eat . . . doesn't occur to him that these rabbits are either going to be dead or so rotten with radiation that it doesn't matter. But this man seriously suggests — look after your ferret!

"So I keep a scrapbook of bits and pieces. I invent 80% of it but, as I say, you can't make it up quick enough before it's been done."

What 'serious' books do you read?
"I'm interested in African history. I do think that Africa spawned the civilised world — I think that's where it all started. I'm interested in Shaka — the man who got together the Xhosa (pronounced Sousa), all of the Bantu speaking tribes. They pushed down from North to South, and he managed to get together a nation that were highly moralistic and a war machine. He was a large man but a large moralistic man. In a way he was like the Fuhrer but

Continues over



Pix Peter Anderson

Ah! Reg Smeeton



From previous page

doesn't have the same morality."

How was Africa responsible for the civilised world?

"I can talk with some education about the Zulu wars — which we lost not only on the ground, but we lost spiritually. Shaka, as well as being a moralist — those nations had a great spiritual and artistic conscience. And we don't have that now — which is a great pity."

When did we last have it?

"Well, I suppose with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, but then we were riding on the wave of the Industrial Revolution, and, save *The Diary of A Nobody*, it was all to do with winning. There's a big spiritual thirst now. People can't contend with the fact that they're going to be unemployed; having nothing to do is a fearful problem."

"EVERYTHING I'VE ever written, everything I've ever knocked off, has got at the back of it something — if you pick at my stuff

there's Celtic religion, and there's a reason I use an obscure word . . .

"I can't see any point in using obscure words to you now in conversation — I can't see any point in using obscure words in conversation full stop. But there is, rhythmically, a reason for saying . . . OK: in the prologue to *Rawlinson End* I use *opsimath* and *eremite*. Those are not words in common parlance — but 'hermit' or 'recluse' or whatever don't rhyme or chime properly for me. I also think in a book or a record you can listen or read again and again, you can look it up and see what it means or whatever."

"I got asked yesterday why was the language in the film *difficult* or *arcane* or *esoteric* or . . . You wonder why it should come down to a particular level. Now if a thing is going through very fast — a radio broadcast or a TV show going out at once *then* you tailor the language to something that is immediate."

Do you get pissed off being written about just as the proverbial 'old English eccentric' and not being assessed as a writer?

"Honestly, I'm not bothered. I've been called a genius quite a few times in the past two or three years and I don't think I'm a genius. I consider the big boys . . . I find it all very frightening."

Someone like James Joyce used language in a similarly, say, playful way as you. Wouldn't you like to be regarded in the same way?

"No, because it would make me feel that I ought to do *clever things with words* . . ."

Don't you think you do already?

"Yes, I know. I'm not an idiot, but . . . I'll be in the bath with my daughter making splashes, just the joy of being in water and making shapes, feeling splashes coming against you. I like *being a kid*. So I know more words than she does — *she's* 14 months old. All I'm doing is the same thing my daughter'll do — demonstrates 'nonsensical' verbals —" which is closer to music than language.

"I get frightened about telling you who I like, cos if I told you I liked Joyce and Pinter and Beckett . . . because *The Guardian* or whoever has told people how *important* those people are . . . It's like, I formed this thing with Adrian Henri called G.O.G. which is the Grand Order of

Guffawers and what we'd do is go to somewhere like the Paris Pullman — where my film is now showing — and before the subtitles on some foreign film like *L'Enfants Du Paradis* came up, before they came up on some line, we'd laugh, and find that 70% of the audience would laugh as well. Well, that's truly depressing."

"I like . . . oh, Flann O'Brien. But y'see, someone says to me *You're like this and you're bound to know this* . . . I get frightened. I don't want to read it. I don't want to nick it and I know that subconsciously I'll probably nick it and it'll come out."

I asked timidly about the terrifying ceremonial centrepiece of the film's narrative — a blood-soaked ritual led by Sir Henry named *The Blazing*.

"The Blazing? OK. At the end of the Celtic year fires were lit so that through winter the sun would find its way back. The Blazing . . . you went to secret places and begged the sun to come back. The sun was then and still is a big deal."

Does this still go on?

"Sure it does."

How did you get interested in Celtic mythology?

"I'm interested in being English. White bread — you spurned it earlier. In the 15th century when we had big trouble with keeping meat, flesh . . . *long beer-supping preamble* . . . if it hadn't been for pepper we wouldn't have discovered

America."

How come?

"Because it was a new way to the Indies, the spice islands. Columbus went off to get a load of pepper — he didn't know there was a great big land mass in between . . . and, I mean, all this explains why the English love curry. And HP sauce. We cover everything in it. It's based on killing the taste of the filthy muck we eat."

So saying, the bard chomped into another beef and lettuce sandwich — white bread, no mustard.

At some point during the proceedings I produced, Paul Daniels like, from my splitting plastic carrier bag, a tattered paperback edition of Nietzsche's *Twilight Of The Idols*, and read the following passage out loud to the assembled company:

A foreigner passing through Athens who knew how to read faces told Socrates to his face that he was a monstrosity — that he contained within him every kind of foul vice and lust. And Socrates answered merely: 'You know me, sir!'

Well, it seemed appropriate at the time.

All Rawlinson extracts from either the LP (*Chrysalis*) or book (*Eel Pie*), both named Sir Henry At Rawlinson End.

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HORROR SPECIAL

THE HACK HOUSE OF HORRORS

Monty Smith susses out the bad, the ugly and the also rans in the current outbreak of gory thrillers

He Knows You're Alone

Directed by Armand Mastroianni
Starring Don Scardino and Caitlin O'Heaney (CIC)

Terror Train

Directed by Roger Spottiswoode
Starring Ben Johnson and Jamie Lee Curtis (20th Century Fox)

When A Stranger Calls

Directed by Fred Walton
Starring Charles Durning and Carol Kane (United Artists)

EVEN THOSE with only a passing interest in cinema must have noticed the recent surfeit of horror movies on the circuit; or, more precisely, films designed to frighten. Why the glut of gore, why now?

Well, it's merely another instance of the old Hollywood axiom actually being put to use: nothing succeeds like excess. It's formula film-making gone mad, and it happens every few years.

Just as religious epics dominated the early '60s after the success of *Ben-Hur*, just as Italy's spaghetti *Dollar* things ushered in an era of ludicrous Westerns from such unlikely places as Spain and Germany (oh, Clint, how could you hang 'em so low?), just as *Bonnie And Clyde* paved the way for the romantic 'realism' of late '60s cinema, just as 1970's *Easy Rider* spawned an inchoate gaggle of 'youth' pictures, just as *Star Wars* — and not, significantly, the infinitely superior, daringly serious *2001* a decade earlier — heralded an explosion of juvenile SF fantasies for the late '70s, so John Carpenter's surprising box office hit *Halloween* hung out a life-line for numerous moribund studios across America: "The kids have had it up to here with that popcorn space-opera stuff, and besides, we can farm out that sci-fi junk to the TV networks, right? Now the kids want to be scared, and we can scare them shitless,

BOX OFFICE

London

1. *Caligula* (Directed by Tinto Brass)
2. *The Elephant Man* (David Lynch)
3. *The Blues Brothers* (John Landis)
4. *Dressed To Kill* (Brian De Palma)
5. *The Changeling* (Peter Medak)

Regions

1. *Dressed To Kill* (Brian De Palma)
2. *The Elephant Man* (David Lynch)
3. *The Blues Brothers* (John Landis)
4. *Close Encounters — Special Edition* (Steven Spielberg)
5. *Emmanuelle* (Just Jaeckin)/*Emily* (Henry Herbert)

(Screen International)

right? And it's a damn sight cheaper than lasers." So...

So if I was John Carpenter, I'd be hopping mad. If you haven't yet seen *Halloween*, now's the chance to judge for yourself its considerable merits, since it's currently in re-release on an excellent double-bill with *Assault On Precinct 13*. If you have seen *Halloween*, the inept plagiarism on display in this current crop of shockers will make you want to puke.

We've already had *Friday The 13th*, an efficient exploitation effort that's devoid of any genuine saving graces (little things like originality or surprise or humour or someone who knows where to put the camera). And on the horizon are such worthy products as *Fade To Black* ("People used to laugh at Eric Binford — now with every performance he knocks them dead"), *Blood Beach* ("Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water, you can't get across the goddam beach") and *Motel Hell* ("It takes all kinds of critters to make Farmer Vincent fritters — you won't know whether to laugh or barf"). And there's lots more of this subtle stuff: *Prom Night*, *Don't Answer The Phone*, *Silent Screams*, *Strip Nude For Your Killer* — all aimed apparently at white middle class students.

According to Cynthia Rose, NME's token American, the plots of all these 'thrillers' can be traced back to fright-time tales told to one another by schoolkids at slumber parties (a bit like pyjama parties except that you're supposed to wet yourself in terror). It's tempting to suppose that US producers really are so bereft of ideas they'd use source material as skimpy as that. It would also explain why so many of these films are so childish.

OK, *Halloween* itself was based on a childish folklore — the Bogey Man's in town! — but it would be almost sacrilegious to compare that stylish, witty example of the art of scaremongering with this latest batch of hack horrors.

The worst first: *He Knows You're Alone* is the one with the jilted psycho going around slicing up brides-to-be on their pre-nuptial nights. It has a quite good phoney opening, but that's the high spot — a cheat on the audience. From there on, it's as edifying as a snuff movie.

The characters at the receiving end of the psycho's slashings are invariably unsympathetic, spotty students, and that is all you ever find out about them (or would want to); they are characters that cast no shadows, cardboard cut-outs whose sole reason for being on screen is to be wiped out. Pretty suspenseful, huh? Pretty damn worthwhile? *He Knows You're Alone* is perverted muck, visceral eviscerations for people as irredeemably jaded as this film's makers.

Terror Train is a bit better, but not much. It at least attempts to be funny, even though the humour is resolutely inane. This is the one that begins with a typical medical student-type gag and sort of goes off the rails from there: a train-load of (white) pre-med pranksters is terrorised by a lone stowaway psycho who dons a succession of silly disguises in which to carry out his grisly deeds. Pretty original, huh? Pretty damn funny? (Collegiate humour — don't you just love it?)

The only twist in this murderous mayhem is that you end up rooting for the psycho — honestly, this particular bunch of arseholes ask for all the pain and death they get. In the end, what with the killer refusing to lie down © *Halloween*, copied in *Friday The 13th*, *He Knows You're Alone*, etc), it's a case of the psycho outstaying his welcome, not so much for the unfortunate actors (Ben Johnson and Jamie Lee Curtis must be proud of this one) as

for the beleaguered audience.

Further unnecessary distractions include the ugly, cheap quality of the colour stock and the ill-lit interiors — and since this takes place on a train, there are plenty of those. And considering director Roger Spottiswoode has previously worked on the editing of several Sam Peckinpah films, there are some awfully long quarter hours in between the murders.

When A Stranger Calls is the one that uses the old 'Seven Years Later' schtick half-way through (*Terror Train* settles for a three-year-time lapse), after a babysitter's been threatened on the phone by an asthmatic English seaman (yes, he's a psycho, too).

But to be fair to this modest little thriller, it doesn't really belong in the pure exploitation class. Until it suffers from an overdose of *deja vu* towards the end, it's quite tightly plotted and boasts several good performances: Carol Kane's nervous reticence, Charles Durning's gruff practicality, Tony Beckley's consumptive menace.

Ultimately, though, it all falls apart and in any case, any film in which the telephone is a major dramatic constituent is surely suspect. Still, compared to the other two horrors, *When A Stranger Calls* is a bloody masterpiece.

But if these three films, with their knife-wielding crazies as the main attraction, actually are indicative of the kind of 'entertainment' that people are craving at the moment, then the 1980s really are going to be a bit desperate, aren't they?



He Knows You're Alone: a bored Caitlin O'Heaney waits to be scared shitless. (Long wait, dear).

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RECENTLY YOU CAN'T have failed to notice that the word on the lips of the fashion-conscious is Scotland.

For the past three months, points north of Hadrian's Wall have been mined for musical minerals that were not thought to have existed (or mattered) this time last year. Inexorably, the claws descend for fresh meat.

This then is another article about another band from Scotland — except The Delmontes, a five-piece from Edinburgh, are not just another band.

The Delmontes — Julie Hepburn (vocalist), Mike Berry (guitar), Gillian Miller (Vox), Gordon Simpson (bass), Bernice Simpson (drums) — have spent the last eight months rehearsing, producing a demo, playing sporadic gigs and just now releasing their debut single, 'Tous Les Soirs' b/w 'Ga Ga' & 'Infectious Smile'. Previously four fifths of them were known as Strange Daze, a dull name that was almost a Doors song, as they later discovered.

They are five people of disparate tastes who "never started out to be anything" according to guitarist Berry. That they have actually amounted to something is a fact they are reluctant to embellish, being disillusioned with the music press, with interviews, with the unwelcome bracketing of groups because they happen to come from Scotland.

Gordon Simpson: "People have criticised Edinburgh because they think the scene is precious. It's really diverse, no two bands sound the same. They should be given individual attention and not be labelled 'Scottish'. There's no similarity between Josef K, Fire Engines, The Visitors or Orange Juice (from Glasgow). There may be a certain kind of rivalry between them..."

Taken in a wider context, Delmontes music doesn't fit into the new order very easily. Not only can Julie Hepburn sing in tune into a microphone, but she has a strikingly pure and deep voice that she uses as an instrument for creating an effect or an atmosphere; she doesn't rely on garbled histrionics or cold slogans.

The band have an equally melodic and distinctive sound that's

A dishful of Delmontes (L-R): Bernice Simpson, Gordon Simpson, Mike Berry, Gillian Miller, Julie Hepburn



Pic: Laurie Evans

CANNY SCOTS

WITH PEACHY IDEALS

exhilarating when you want to dance and moody when you just want to listen; it's natural pop music but they don't think it's anywhere near perfect yet.

Berry: "I want us to improve our rhythms, they should be harder. The demos we made were too nice, a bit forgettable. All our songs are good but I'd like them to be great."

We were speaking in a small room backstage at the Lyceum, a few hours

before The Delmontes went out to play their second ever London gig (the first one had been the week before at the French Youth Centre). Buzzcocks were top of the bill, Orange Juice in the middle. Despite some nerves and a sound system that was sporadically functional, The Delmontes were more than fun and less than spell-binding. The audience took to them cautiously

Why The Delmontes will cling to you — a juicy feature by Max Bell

and the 6.30 start didn't help. They were still the most enterprising group on the bill.

SO FAR THE DELMONTES aren't impressed with London. According to Gillian, "the biggest thrill about playing there was playing Edinburgh again".

The single had come out two days before the Lyceum date. 'Tous Les Soirs' is the first record on manager Allan Campbell's Rational label, a good place to start even if it represents a part of their set which they want to update. Berry says that they "don't have enough good songs for an LP."

Berry and Gordon Simpson like '60s music, even the kind that it's supposedly OK to tolerate but not to emulate. Gordon couldn't care less that he enjoys The Thirteenth Floor Elevators, Electric Prunes or The Seeds.

Bernice, Gillian and Julie don't confirm those tastes, but they share a distrust of a lot of what passes as vital. Gordon shies "away from humourless, depressing music... the bands that sound as if they want the audience to slash their wrists."

Julie Hepburn: "I just find it extremely tedious, all that drama drama. Of course a lot of bands take us as a joke. We don't want to be taken too seriously. I couldn't sing a lot of preaching or political doom, doom, doom."

Some Delmontes songs were written by a friend called Pete Watson whose subjects range from the deadpan vampire on the single to the properties of 'Lemon Verbena Tea' and rubber plants. Julie wants to write more herself now, although she insists that most of her lyrics are terrible and that she can't sing: "It was a question of getting up and doing 'Stepping Stone'. I can't reach high notes though. I'd like to sing like Cleo Laine." She admires stylish vocalists — Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald, Sinatra, Mathis and Perry Como (much to Berry's disgust).

All The Delmontes are 21 and younger, either at work, or college in Bernice's case — yet already Julie Hepburn reckons that "we've lost a lot of what we had".

What's to come is destined to be better. When minds begin to click you'll feel the rhythm.

BEGGARS ARE CHEAPER!

New Releases This Month

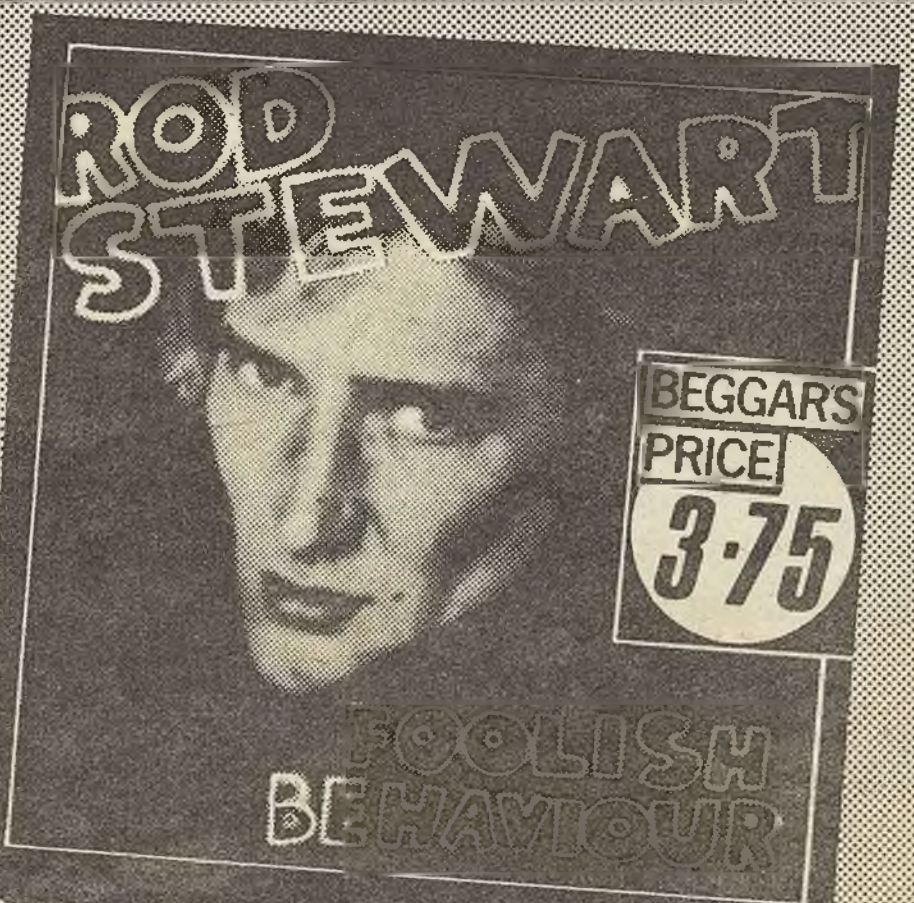
BEGGARS ARE CHEAPER!



Blondie—Autoamerican



Clash—Black Market Clash (10" LP)



Rod Stewart—Foolish Behaviour

The Column To Watch For Better Bargains

Artist	Title	BB Price	Artist	Title	BB Price	Artist	Title	BB Price
Clash	Black Market Clash (10" LP)	2.99	Stevie Wonder	Hotter Than July	3.95	TOP SELLERS AND SPECIAL OFFERS		
Rod Stewart	Foolish Behaviour	3.75	Neil Young	Hawks and Doves	3.75	David Bowie	Scary Monsters	3.95
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WELCOME TO THE BUNNYHOUSE

TALES FROM THE ZOO RECORDS
TALENT MENAGERIE



WHEN ECHO And The Bunnymen end their British tour with a date at Liverpool University, the Mad Hatter photographer (Joe Stevens) and I travel up to see them play in their home warren.

For nearly two decades, of course, the massive shadow of The Beatles has hung over every band that has tried to make it on Merseyside. Before any vital young talent could emerge, a sufficient time-gap was needed for the intimidating, inhibitory memory of that band to fade. And before any band could ask to be considered as a continuance of such a mighty tradition they'd need a supreme sense of self to be able to ignore that same heritage.

Echo And The Bunnymen possess the necessary alchemical mixture of exceptional, youthfully innocent ability underpinned by egos which, for all their arrogance remain clear-sighted.

Vocalist Ian 'Mac' McCulloch's views on the supposed new Liverpool scene pinpoint this necessary, brash realism: "It feels like there's

hundreds of bands in Liverpool. There's some okay ones. . . But really we're about the only one I can think of as being a potentially great band. . ."

Mac seems very pleased when I tell him that at the university show I am informed on no less than four occasions, by sharply dressed fanatics 'Scouse followers of the group, that the Bunnymen are "dzuh best band to cum outa

Liverpool since dzuh Beatles" (Which certainly sets the tone of things, even if it is going a bit far.)

As vocalist, rhythm guitarist, and — most importantly — lyric-writer, the androgynously pretty, garrulous McCulloch possesses all the essential attributes of the potential poet rock star. Even guitarist Will Sergeant, bassist Les Pattinson, and drummer Pete de Freitas are, in their moody, broody visual way, perfect images for the instant rock'n'roll mythology of the '80s.

On the cover of 'Crocodiles', their first and only LP, the Bunnymen are placed in poses of histrionic despair in a near-neurotically gothic woodland that evokes memories of elfin glades and fabled Arthurian legends. Their live shows reinforce these impressions with the camouflage-netting overhanging the khaki-clad musicians, the deep, intense stage lighting, and the sometimes Cecil B DeMille-like wall of

"There was even talk at one point of getting Del Shannon to produce the first album."



sound the Bunnymen create, all suggesting an *Apocalypse Now*-like journey to the Heart Of Darkness itself, to the primal origins of the unconscious even!

This is intensified by the smoke that sporadically pours out about the onstage musicians — some claim that so powerful is the psychic intensity put out by the group that the result is spontaneous combustion all about the stage area. (For there is no smoke without fire. . .)

"People have started speaking of us as leaders of The New Underground," says Mac, "but I've never thought of it like that — I don't think there is an underground. Of late we've had really good press, and people have come to see us believing it. They also believe what they've read about us supposedly *hinting* at psychedelia. On the other hand, some seem to think we're a teen idol band."

"Also, it used to be said that we were a group with no image. . . Which I thought was pretty good, too. But we've changed a lot: onstage we're really powerful now."

"When the set was first mentioned I imagined it to have a sort of cavernous quality, and it's worked like that for much of the time. Like a grotto in fairyland. But that's just the set, y'know. It complements us, and we complement it. I'd love to be able to see it."

THE MORNING after the Bunnymen have played an exemplary set at the university, a set marred for the band but not the audience by a PA failure, a third of the way in, the Mad Hatter photographer and myself are watching *Tiswas* on the TV in our hotel. Sally James is dressed as a rabbit and cracking a joke of which the punch-line is "Hare today, gone tomorrow". This seems an appropriate moment for us to go down to Zoo Records, Hutch Central for the Bunnymen.

In Zoo's tatty, one-room upstairs office in Liverpool town centre we find Will Sergeant, Les Pattinson and Pete de Freitas. As is usually the case, apparently, Mac is late. It's believed that the cause of this is that, in readiness for the photo session, he is washing and arranging his hair. To arrive at the elaborate tonsorial structure that is something like a Ronettes bouffant crossed with an '80s version of a Rod Stewart out a complex process is involved, with Mac wrapping a towel around the sides of his wet head and allowing the top of his hair to dry, and then tousling with his fingers the still damp sides and front until the desired deliberately ragged look is achieved. One trusts that the similarities to Rod Stewart go no further than that, though there are nagging doubts about the singer's desire to make a consistent dramatic entry.

Anyway, the rest of the band, and the Hatter and myself cross the road from Zoo to an upmarket snack bar, and sequester a corner table and a pot of coffee.

Though both Will and Les shy away from what they see as the forced nature of the formal interview, their double act is an object lesson in the art of delivery of dry Scouse one-liners. Of course, they, and Mac also, have the advantage of the Liverpool accent's tendency to lend a whacky twist to every phrase.

Pete de Freitas presumably has realized the benefit of such a drole tone — a Merseyside tang now drifts pollutedly across the Berkshire correctness of his speech. Originally from Goring-On-Thames, nineteen-year-old Pete, who is industrious and meticulous in the studio, but speaks hardly a quotable word during this interview, was living in Liverpool whilst deciding whether to go to university, when in

October of last year it was decreed that he should be the man to replace the group's drum machine.

It is guitarist Sergeant and bassist Pattinson who provide the raw material in the sound of Echo And The Bunnymen. Between them there is that intuitive understanding and telepathy that exists amongst long-time friends. Both from villages some ten miles outside of Liverpool, the two 22-year-olds were class-mates in the same secondary modern. "The pair of us was always The Wittiest Turd in class," recalls Les, a photography buff who surprises the Mad Hatter by afterwards informing him of exactly what he'd been doing with his camera during the photo session. In fact, so engrossed is he in technical discussions with the photographer that he hardly enters the cafeteria conversation after Mac turns up.

It was in an English class that the deceptively dour Will Sergeant first exposed his newly discovered infatuation with The Velvet Underground: "We were asked to do a speech in front of the class and I did mine on the Velvet. I'd just got that compilation album, 'Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground featuring Nico' — I only got it in the first place because I liked the cover."

"Anyway, I did me speech and then the teacher looked at the album cover and realised I'd just cribbed it all from the sleeve notes."

"I did my speech on volcanoes," adds Les. Leaving school when they reached 16, the mild, self-contained Les became an apprentice boat-maker whilst Will learnt to be a chef in the restaurant of a Liverpool store. In their new jobs they lost touch with each other for some time. It was difficult for Will to see much of his mates as he was working on Saturdays, with Thursdays as his day off, when he'd take his track-bike down to the sand-dunes between Liverpool and Southport — later, Will and Les choose these dunes as the ideal location for a photo session. One day early in 1978 though, Will came over to Les's house. Will had been going down to Eric's, the renowned Liverpool punk club and once a week the pair started visiting the club together.

Will had also bought a guitar, a tape recorder and a drum machine, and along with one Paul Simpson on keyboards, was experimenting at his home with sound techniques, operating under the collective title of Industrial Domestic. One suspects that it is the influence of Will, a long-time Eno admirer, that has resulted in the Bunnymen's pre-set music being the Eno and Jon Hassell LP. Will is currently recording a solo album of Industrial Domestic-type music, which will be released on Zoo.

Even now it's only two and a half years since Will, fired by the possibilities shown by early punk, first started playing the guitar: "I still don't regard myself as a guitarist — I'm a non-guitarist really, la'. I'm more interested in the Echo-ology of it all."

Mac said to someone in an interview that he thought music should come from the heart, but I like it more if it's coming from the head.

Actually, everyone says Eno's stuff just comes from the head, but I think it's the other way round. Those melody lines of his are definitely from the heart."

Although he cites Tom Verlaine as his major influence as a guitarist, Will, like many of the UK's New Rockers, has developed a fascination for Captain Beefheart: "I used to think that Beefheart was all random stuff until I had a good listen to it. It's fuckin' brilliant! Julian Cope from the Teardrops played me 'Trout Mask Replica' when we were down at Rockfield doing 'Crocodiles', and I went off and bought it and 'Lick My Decals'. Brilliant!"

Spurred on by his friend's burgeoning musical prowess, Les Pattinson evolved the idea of an all-vocal non-instrumental group that

would feature himself as lead singer with assorted girls on backing vocals. Though the band saw several rehearsals, The Love Pastels never actually made it onstage. "That really was psychedelic, funnily enough," says Les, "though I envisioned it as more like sort of cartoon fantasy psychedelic — Bowie 'Images' sort of stuff."

By the end of the summer of '78, Les and Will were working together. "We started writing stuff together," continues Les, "and I began to learn the bass at the same time — I actually bought one for the first time three days before we played our first gig as Echo And The Bunnymen. It meant though, that the way the early Bunnymen songs evolved was very natural, because we were both learning to play and didn't feel at all restricted."

"Lately we've tended more and more to write songs round riffs we've come up with in the rehearsal room, rather than having some initial idea for a number. There's been a bit too much pressure to come up with new stuff of late."

BEFORE THEN though, in May and June of '77, Ian McCulloch on vocals, bassist Julian Cope, guitarist Pete Wylie (now of Wah! Heat), and one Stephen Spence on drums had comprised The Crucial Three, another band that did little but rehearse.

A year later, Cope and McCulloch — at that time sharing a flat in Liverpool's Penny Lane with Wylie, Mick Finkler and Gary Dwyer, both later in The Teardrop Explodes — had put in a spell roadying for Manchester's The Fall, and from July to September of '78 came together again musically in A Shallow Madness. As well as Finkler and a Dave Pickett on drums, A Shallow Madness had Will Sergeant's former keyboard partner Paul Simpson on organ.

A Shallow Madness rehearsed a lot — though, once again, no gigs were played — and eventually a crisis was reached between the Scott Walker-influenced Cope and the Leonard Cohen-loving Mac. Mac was kicked out: "At that point I was really put off the idea of becoming a rock musician — until it made me realize that it was up to me to do something."

He met up with Will: "I went round to his house and we started making some tapes with a drum machine. And it was out of that that came the idea of Echo And The Bunnymen."

According to Will, when he came across Mac after his ejection from what was about to become The Teardrop Explodes, he asked him what he was intending to do. Mac's reply was, "I'm waiting for the gift of vision."

This poetic remark referred not to any artistic inspiration Mac was expecting with the next post, but to the main cause of the Ace Face Bunnymen's sensitively round-eyed, perpetually blank gaze — a most acute short-sightedness. Something akin to simple narcissism has always prevented him from wearing glasses, and after finding he was unable to wear hard contact lenses Mac is now thinking of trying to get his eyes to adjust to a pair of soft ones. Somehow he managed to get through school in such a myopic state, and ended up with 'A' Levels in Art and English



"The pair of us (me and Will) was always the wittiest turd in class."

"Industrious, meticulous, but speaks hardly a quotable word."



"I still don't regard myself as a guitarist — I'm a non-guitarist really, la'. I'm more interested in the Echo-ology of it all."

Literature — he failed Spanish. Later, he describes now in class he would sit near the front, away from his mates, and pull at the sides of his eyes to tighten the muscles! When there were eye tests at school, he'd take a look at the chart beforehand and memorise it!

It is when we have got to this point in the group's saga that lanky Mac finally lopes up to our table, his hair gleaming squeaky clean, something like an hour after the other three had first turned up.

ON NOVEMBER 11th, 1978, Echo And The Bunnymen played their first ever gig at Eric's, as support act to The Teardrop Explodes. They had three songs. The next two Bunnymen gigs were also at Eric's. They had five songs for those shows. After they'd played only ten dates Sire Records' Seymour Stein saw the Bunnymen and signed them immediately. Financial pressures within Sire resulted in the group eventually having its records released on Korova, a label half-owned by Rob Dickens, who had already signed the group's publishing, and half by Stein, whose Sire label is involved in some equally convoluted financial arrangement with Warner Brothers.

In March, 1979, Echo And The Bunnymen put out 'Pictures On My Wall' backed with 'Read It In Books' on Zoo, co-owned by their manager, Bill Drummond. Drummond was guitarist with Liverpool outfit Big In Japan, which also featured vocalist Jayne Casey, now of Pink Military.

A former theatre stage designer, the energetic, likable Drummond is a vital part of the Bunnymen set-up. As half of The Chameleons he co-produced the 'Crocodiles' LP with Teardrop keyboard player Dave Belf, and it's his vision that is behind the group's visual appearance. The stage lighting, one of the most atmospheric set-ups that any rock band has ever had, comes courtesy of a very adept former stage lighting crew of Drummond's acquaintance.

Wearing his other hat as manager of The Teardrop Explodes, Drummond steers a precarious political path amidst the rivalries of the two ambitious groups.

At the Bunnymen Liverpool University show, an ardent supporter of the group had knowingly informed me that the band's 'Villiers Terrace' song is about the Teardrops. He was presumably reading into its references to drug-taking, a satirical jibe at the supposedly hedonistic outfit Cope runs — contrary to the "psychedelic" tag that the Bunnymen unhappily find hanging about their collective neck, the group's intake of stimulants is restricted, according to Will Sergeant, to "the occasional bevvie."

In fact, says Mac, 'Villiers Terrace' isn't about the Teardrops at all. Disappointingly he tells me that there isn't even a Villiers Terrace in Liverpool — "I just thought it sounded like a good pair of words."

Also, claims Mac, there's no real animosity between him and Cope: "When he kicked Mick Finkler out of the Teardrops I thought it was really horrible though. I fell out with Julian over

that, because I liked Mick and I thought he was really good. We were all close, really, but now it's gone a bit sour because of that."

"I thought the way they got rid of Mick was done really badly. They all broke it to him together, and he thought they were joking. He just couldn't believe it. I thought it was so horrible."

"I couldn't understand how they could kick him out and still carry on being Teardrop Explodes — I don't think they have, actually. He'd been with them for two years, and just before they sign a contract — which they get on the strength of what they'd done with him — he gets kicked out."

"Mind you, he kicked me out, too. Though now I realise I had to go. But I hated it at the time — I felt really embarrassed about it. I think Julian gets worried when he doesn't have complete control. It's probably 'appy now."

"Because of the punk thing," continues Mac, "a lot of people formed bands because that was the thing to do, except that maybe some people formed them with the wrong people. There are an awful lot of duff bands everywhere, plus loads who seem to get praised a bit too much."

"I mean, even Joy Division are a bit over-rated, I think. They're very good live, but on record. . ."

"Actually," his thoughts jump, "we've had all these New Doors accusations — and I've never thought of it as a slag-off: it's usually been said pretty complementarily — but Joy Division, who've only had that said about them to a very slight extent, are so much more like The Doors than us."

Mac, in fact, knew little of The Doors' music until some twelve months ago when Will, as obsessive as any Doors fan can be, made up a set of tapes of the group's music for listening to in the van as the Bunnymen were travelling to shows. "I was always really dubious about them actually," says Mac. "I'd heard some of Morrison's rambling poetic stuff, and I thought it was really pretentious. . . But now I think they're a great group, I must admit."

"In the Musicians Wanted Column," says Will, "in the music papers about half of the ads say, 'Must be into The Doors'. . . I ate that. I don't see how anyone can want such a specific thing. Stupid!"

Though *Star Trek* aficionado Will is certainly the musical purist in the group — he was very dubious at first about the Bunnymen signing with a major label — he doesn't offer any resistance when Mac speaks out soundly against the currently fashionable denunciation of rock'n'roll. John Rotten in particular, I point out to him, favours such a view.

"That's a load of crap. PIL are a rock band. There's no getting away from it. I hate that naive way people like him feel they have to say something like, 'Rock is dead!'"

"I mean, rock'n'roll draws on the past and I know he says that it's just living off former glories when it should be going forward. But what about films? They draw just as much on what's already been done. It doesn't stop good new films, either."

"People want rock'n'roll to be a rebellious form of music, and perhaps they're too bothered about a continuous form of rebellion

HOP OVER PAGE

CHRIS SALEWICZ holds up the Bunnymen by the ears and gets them to rabbit on.

JOE STEVENS brushes the pellets from his lenscap and takes the snaps.

And bad jokes breed like rabbits



HOPPING ON

they feel has to be within it. They get a bit stupid about it — it's only Rotten saying that, after all. Bowie said it about four years ago, and came back with a rock album next time round.

"People ask us what sort of band we are, and I always say 'We're a rock band'. Because I'm proud of that... but a lot of people seem to be embarrassed about it. I like rock music. I much prefer good basic drums, bass guitar, guitar and vocals to good electronic/experimental stuff. I prefer being good or great within that basic format. I like a lot of experimental stuff, but in the end I just prefer basic songs."

To underline what he is saying, Mac points out that during the Bunnymen's live set, snatches of the instant magic of Chuck Berry's 'Rock'n'roll Music' and Del Shannon's 'Runaway' are often included. "And those original records still sound fantastic! There was even talk at one point of getting Del Shannon to produce our first album. We thought about it for a while, even though Seymour Stein really loathes him."

In keeping with the somewhat Hollywood-esque primordial visuals that Bill Drummond has created about the band, such a proliferation of exotic and endangered wild-life prowls about the outfit's history that perhaps this really should be a cover story for *The Beast*: apart from the album title track, there's the Bunnymen name, the 'Monkeys' track, the

production team of The Chamelons, Zoo, Korova's cow-logo... They all ought to be vegetarians.

"Actually, I'm getting fed up with meat," admits Will. "I'm thinking of giving it up... Well, sausages anyway..."

AFTER THE journey out to the windy dunes for the photo session, at which Will cracks everyone up with his "I've never seen an American pissing before" remark as the hapless Hatter takes a leak, we end up at Bill Drummond's Victorian terrace house off Penny Lane.

On my own with the twenty-year-old Mac, I ask him how the other three band-members react to the way in which media attention focuses on him.

"It did cause problems at one point," he admits. "Part of it was down to the name of the group — people tended to think I was Echo. That's why we named the drum-machine Echo because I definitely wasn't."

"I think the others don't mind now, though. I do seem to be looked on as the focal point, but most singers are. I think they understand that — it's alright so long as I don't get looked on as the leader."

"Will and Les are very different blokes to me."

They've got real enthusiasm for things that I can't get into at all — like going down to the beach and getting cold! They've still got that youthfulness that I never really had — into things like beaches and rollerskates: they've each got a pair. But I think it's dead good that they're like that, because it makes a good contrast to me."

Mac shrugs his shoulders uncertainly when I ask what sort of things he got into as a kid: "... Nothing much. I liked watching television a lot. I liked reading a lot, too, but I never got round to reading important things."

All things considered, it seems appropriate that Mac expresses a desire to read 'Alice In Wonderland'...

"I'm basically," he concludes, "an 'appy person, but I'm just not into fun things that much."

Although within the band itself Will is probably the greatest musical force, Mac — whatever he may say — is quite clearly the wilful, outward-driving strength in the outfit. Though there are rare, genuinely democratic exceptions, such a dominant position is inevitably filled by one individual in every group. During the interview in the caff, for example, he'll chide the others with an almost school-masterish "Come on, let's get on to more important matters!" when the conversation wanders.

It's logical that that role should fall to Mac: there is a quiet desperation in his need to be a rock star. After he finished in the Sixth Form at school, and despite his assurances to his mother that he was shortly to apply for art school, he was on the dole for two years waiting to become one. "It wasn't just a question of being in a group. It had to be the best band. I always imagined it would be a band I could respect, playing music that I really liked — though I suppose everyone wants that."

"It was just a vague idea," he adds, perhaps wary of appearing too egotistical, "I wasn't really obsessive about it."

Mac comes from a strongly working-class family — his father was a shop steward in the car industry. He writes most of the lyrics on the train on the way to see his long-standing girlfriend who lives in Warrington. This is the same stretch of railway line on which Paul Simon wrote 'Homeward Bound'!

"People seem to think that my lyrics are all deadly serious," he says. "But almost every line is meant to be ironic. I like dealing with something serious by making it really humorous. It's much more effective like that."

If any lyricist has a direct effect on Mac, it is David Bowie, even more than Leonard Cohen, whose vocal timbre he attempts to emulate. Mac is such a Bowie fan that he saw *The Man Who Fell To Earth* twenty times!

"I wasn't into glam-rock," he hastily explains.

"I was just into him. I never really saw him as glam-rock. Actually, I liked T Rex, too. 'Electric Warrior' was great."

"But Bowie really made me think. I just got lost in it — 'Man Who Sold The World', 'Hunky Dory', 'Ziggy Stardust' — that era. I thought it was just magical, although," he adds, perhaps careful of his image, "I was dead impressionable then."

"But, I thought he looked brilliant — I still do. I hated the following he had though, especially around the 'Aladdin Sane' era — it just destroyed his mystique. He doesn't hold that mystique for me now — he's just a normal bloke, I suppose."

"But I remember in 1972 when he was on the telly doing 'Starman' — I couldn't believe it! It was like nothing I'd ever seen before. It's meant to be a bit of an embarrassing admission now to have liked that kind of thing, but I really did. And I remember when I grew out of it and I couldn't get into 'Ziggy Stardust' the way I used to. I felt really sad about it. I played it and nothing happened."

In America particularly, it seems, there is no way that Echo And The Bunnymen can be prevented from being a hugely successful group. Warners in the States are said to regard the outfit as their major signing of the year, and all the appropriate angles will no doubt be pulled to ensure that none of the enthusiasts at the company experience any loss of face.

In England, it's a slightly different story. Despite being probably the best album this year by a British band, 'Crocodiles' has so far only sold about 20,000 copies and sources outside the group claim that at Warners UK HQ there is a lack of understanding about the Bunnymen's merits. The kids who work in the company's post-room know what's going on though: for the Liverpool gig the not exactly over-paid Warners post-boys paid for their own train-fare up north to see the show.

"It's almost exactly like the situation The Clash experienced at CBS," someone within Warners told me. "They didn't realise what sort of group they had there until their post-boys told them who was the best act on the label."

Clash-like conflicts have arisen, in fact, between the group and Warners executives. It was to prevent 'Villiers Terrace' being taken as a second single off 'Crocodiles' that the group quickly released the somewhat predictable 'The Puppet'. "We'd already put out 'Rescue' off of the album," says Pete de Freitas. "It really wouldn't have been fair to put out yet another single."

"Besides," adds Mac, "I really don't like 'Villiers Terrace' all that much. It's dead linear — except for the ending."

The ending — with one vital question still lingering. In his quest for rock stardom can Ian McCulloch avoid artistic myxamatoxis?

Whistle and Pop.

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THE EAGLES

Eagles Live (Asylum/WEA)

THE comparative swiftness with which this live double album has been knocked together and tossed out to the general public pinpoints what can only be a group in the stages of ongoing commercial desperation. The figures have yet to be printed in black-and-white, but in 1980 the likes of The Eagles, Fleetwood Mac and Linda Ronstadt have suddenly found their once-luxurious mega-platinum sales-potential fractured to such a degree that serious thought is called for. The Eagles have responded with the oldest ploy currently available to a group of their wretchedly reactionary status.

This behemoth known as 'the live two-record set' has long been viewed as a most spurious option by the discerning rock pundit. 'Eagles Live' simply takes all the shortcomings previously noted and spreads them over four sides of vinyl.

The Eagles have always been pretty much a studio band, clumsily attempting to work up a separate identity for stage-work primarily by utilizing the presence of Joe Walsh to provide humour and a few rough edges. With 'Eagles Live', however, the band drop any pretensions of toughening up and using old songs as vehicles for 'the radical reinterpretation' — probably because the songs themselves are so indelibly tied to all the flakey flotsam that embellishes their measly clout that, like a wax works museum in the Mojave Desert, the efforts would simply evaporate if taken out of their cosy vacuum.

Versions of the 'Hotel California' and 'The Long Run' material are virtually all note-for-note rehashes that inject absolutely nothing to the spirit and execution of their studio archetypes. Listening to 'Live's runthrough of 'New Kid

In Town' one can only scratch the old noggin bemusedly at the fact that the effort sounds like a brusque remix of the track gracing 'Hotel California'. There's even a fade-out so obviously 'studio'-created that the audience isn't allowed one appreciative yelp.

There's only one new song — a Steve Young composition called 'Seven Bridges Road' — and that's so light-weight you almost expect the vinyl it's cast in to rise and bubble like a soufflé. One could add that Joe Walsh at least tries — on 'Life's Been Good' and the mildly rumbustious 'All Night Long' — to communicate but he ultimately just ends up getting lost in the cold vacuous precinct of MOR product.

The live double album has had its moments, notably of late with Neil Young's 'Live Rust' and Joni Mitchell's 'Shadows And Light'. Both artists used the format to drastically refashion previous compositions, to readdress and re-evaluate the conceits inherent in certain old statements and generally ensure that those songs sustained their vitality. Young and Mitchell however are 'artists', always refusing to get boxed inside a musical / conceptual cul-de-sac. The Eagles are all glib, calculating gestures of no real value. 'Eagles Live' 's only achievement is that it hits a new low in worthlessness.

Nick Kent

ALBUMS

POLY STYRENE

Translucence (UA)

STRANGE THINGS are happening in the aftermath of punk, but for all the occasional left-field excellencies that surface there's been little to match the excitement and purpose of that earlier peak. X-Ray Spex, led by Poly Styrene (aka Marion Elliott), were part of that peak, dancing in the face of authority with superb critical anthems like 'Oh Bondage' and 'The Day The World Turned Dayglo', before they went their separate ways.

Now we have a Poly Styrene solo album but, as CSM said in his recent feature, 'Translucence' is less a Poly Styrene than a Marion Elliott album. My first response was that it was almost a Kate Bush LP, every bit as bad as its awful name suggests. But on reflection, that's unfair. Elliott may be unduly whimsical and close to bland but she has none of Bush's coyness, smugness or pretension, and there's no trace of those neurotic undercurrents that make Bush's work such a creepy pleasure (or a pleasure for creeps?).

But neither is there any trace of Spex' vision or power: all that Poly Styrene shares now with her co-punk pioneers is a common failing — a dissipation of energy, a loss of focus. It's as if they've thrown away a great victory by not knowing what to



Pic: Pennie Smith

"No, I can't tonight, I'm drying my hair."

Goodnight, Styrene

do with it.

'Translucence' is a very personal album, not in the sense of intimate revelation, but in its indulgence of whimsy, its word-play, its dream-like landscapes. Most of the songs have an almost nursery-rhyme quality that many will find jarring but I think their charm works if only because Elliott makes no big deal about it. Lines like 'Will you set sail in a glass bottom ship/Searching for mermaids and asparagus tips' are so patently nonsensical that, like Edward Lear's nonsense-verse, they become a playful menagerie of absurd images. Only on 'Essence' do these sensuous language games degenerate into pseudo-poetic 'statements': nearly all the rest is like an albumful of 'Octopus's Garden'-type songs, their sheer meaninglessness preferable to the odd token humanism that breaks out on 'Age' and 'Goodbye'.

The music for this soft-core exotica is a jazzy muzak — all discreet murmurs, swaying flutes and ticking percussion. Elliott sings well — in tune, too — her voice stretching languorously around the syllables. Her gift for insidious melodies remains undimmed, though the tunes are cushioned by the cosy pleasantries of the arrangements.

I guess a lot of people will hate 'Translucence' and I'm still surprised that I don't. By all rational criteria, it's a turkey — and yet its charm sneaks through to undermine them. Even so, it is a cul-de-sac. The next album will need to be vastly different since I doubt if even Poly's most ardent fans will put up with two helpings of such insubstantial flim-flam. If it sounds the same, we'll know 'Translucence' is less a set of fruitful, or at least harmless, doodles than a serious case of lost bearings.

Graham Lock

Fantasies for the over-40s

JOHN LENNON & YOKO ONO

Double Fantasy (Geffen)

IN THE cocoon, something stirs. John Lennon — one of the people who used to be in The Beatles, a group reckoned to be hot socks when I was a kid — and Yoko Ono break a five-year recording silence to announce that everything in their garden is wonderful, but wonderful. For people imprinted with the passions and preoccupations of the Beatle Years, the release of 'Double Fantasy' is of necessity An Event, though maybe not a happy one. Everybody else: straight to the next review, please.

Lennon and Ono appear on the cover clamped in a passionate embrace, resembling nothing so much as the Streisand/Kristofferson *Star Is Born* clinch. The album celebrates their mutual devotion to each other and their son Sean to the almost complete exclusion of all other concerns. Everything's peachy for the Lennons and nothing else matters, so everything's peachy QED. How wonderful, man. One is thrilled to hear of so much happiness.

Criticism along orthodox social-realist lines may seem boorish and pompous: after all, anyone can make a record about anything they wish, and if the Ono Lennons find their own domestic and parental bliss to be the only worthwhile subject for their music, then they are perfectly within their rights to finance their next decade with an album that deals purely and simply with their own highly finite universe. The trouble with music that is

self-centred to the point of utter solipsism is that one cannot criticise the art without also criticising the life on which the art is based.

So the Lennons choose their roles and play them to the hilt. John croons his love for his son on 'Beautiful Boy', apologises to Yoko for ever having been horrid to her, expresses his devotion as debasement. He is besotted and abject (the old bugger still has a wonderful voice, by the way).

On 'Watching The Wheels', he explains that he's perfectly happy not giving a shit about either the rock business or the world events that inspired him to produce 'Some Time In New York City' and that astounding series of late- and post-Beatle solo singles of the early '70s, but by coming out of retirement and releasing an album, he's 'playing the game' whether he admits it or not. Anyway, let's waste no more time on John Lennon. On this showing he can get back to the kitchen and mind the kid and the cows, because all the most interesting material on 'Double Fantasy' is Yoko's.

She answers hubby's 'Beautiful Boy' with her own 'Beautiful Boys', a tripartite essay which devotes its first verse to young Sean, its second to Big John and its third to all the male egos which run the world at the expense of their own and everybody else's humanity. Her verse about Lennon demonstrates that her love and admiration for her husband are considerably more clear-eyed than his for her: he writes about her as an omnipotent, benevolent life-giving Natural Force: she



"No, John, this morning was my turn to commune with nature and your's to do the dishes."

writes about him as a gifted human who is still a child (he says the same thing of himself in another song). Yoko is Mom to both of them: she jestingly depicts herself in just this all-powerful Supermom role in the jokey, Nilssonesque 'I'm Your Angel.'

Yoko Ono's entry into rock in the early '70s was heavily attacked by most mainstream rockcrits of the time because even by the eclectic standards of post-hippie art rock her music sounded totally unrocky. In the '80s — post-Slits etc — her music sounds vastly more modern and considerably more interesting than Lennon's. In particular, 'Kiss Kiss Kiss', 'Give Me Something' and the freezingly eerie 'Every Man Has A Woman Who Loves Him' — an ode to Romantic Destiny, would you believe? — are easily the album's best moments.

Still, Yoko's vision is by no means unflawed. To say the least, anyone who can seriously serve up a song entitled 'Hard Times Are Over' is being a trifle subjective. For those of us still to make our first million, hard times are only just beginning.

'Double Fantasy' is right: a fantasy made for two (with a little cot at the foot of the bed). It sounds like a great life, but unfortunately it makes a lousy record. Still, who said that rock stars — and Lennon is one of those for life whether he wants it or not — were under any obligation to provide record buyers with anything 'useful'? Of course they're not, but people like Paul Weller do so whether there's an obligation or not.

That's why I look forward to a Yoko Ono solo album, why I wish that Lennon had kept his big happy trap shut until he had something to say that was even vaguely relevant to those of us not married to Yoko Ono and why I'm pissed off because I haven't heard the Jam album yet.

Now bliss off.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE JAM Sound Affects (Polydor)

NOT ANOTHER Jam album? Well, no, actually. There's never been "just another Jam Album", and 'Sound Affects' is no exception. Like each successive release of their career, this album takes the band forward, just as 'Setting Sons' did from 'Mod Cons' did from 'Modern World' did from 'In The City'. 'Sound Affects' isn't a perfect Jam album, even if it is a great one, but above all it's a brave departure and an earnest effort to break new ground. 'Sound Affects' is The Jam today, and that's what we need most of all.

The new songs represent a band that's as vital and as capable of anger as ever; but more than ever before The Jam's attacking spirit is being allied to melodic invention, and to lyrics that are increasingly thoughtful. Ignore any suggestions that they're going soft or '67. That dense, heavy Jam sound which found its climax in 'Going Underground' and in the last album has been cut back, stripped down to only its most basic parts. Instrumentation is stark, spare and hard — though any bleakness that might imply is amply compensated for by the richness of the playing and by the depth of the writing. The new songs include some of the simplest the band have ever done, yet also the most memorable.

Side one opens with 'Pretty Green', already an established feature in the live set. Built on a terse, insistent rhythm (inspired initially by Weller's liking for Michael Jackson), its lyrics describe an innocence that comes quickly to grasp the cash nexus: luxury or necessity, "this is society / You can't do nothing, unless it's in the pocket". By way of complete contrast comes 'Monday', a beautiful love song that climbs up to classic status via some soaring chorus harmonies, culminating in Weller's impassioned declaration: "I will never be embarrassed about love again", perhaps the record's most significant line.

Paul Weller's frank admiration for middle-period Beatles is evident throughout 'Sound Affects', especially in the guitar work. 'Start' we already know about (included here in re-mixed form) and another driving love song 'But I'm Different Now' comes stuffed with 'Dr Robert' riffing and 'I Feel Fine' ripples. The crucial point, though, is that these influences are incorporated only to enrich what's already there, and remain firmly subservient to Weller's own songwriting gifts and to the distinct, powerful identity of The Jam. As with The Who touches in earlier work, whoever they look to for inspiration it's always The Jam themselves who come out on top.

'Set The House Ablaze' has an 'Eton Rifles' feel, strident Buckler beat and marching army whistling. Its words, too, echo themes from 'Setting Sons' — old mate joins army,

STEELY DAN Gaucho (MCA)

THE COVER to this, the seventh Steely Dan album (discounting the 'Greatest Hits' compilation), features a painting or anaglyph of a dancing couple of presumably latin derivation. It's charged with a kind of flamboyant, ritualised melodrama (a touch of macho in the hands?), and it fits the title well.

It fits the music, too — over-arranged, formalised, corsetted "cool" which never puts a foot wrong, but appears so casual, so blase. Ain't no-one hipper 'n th' Dan, right? Okay, okay. What worries me is the pale pastel blue border: if anything, that fits the music even better.

The Dan and I started to diverge with 'Aja' — no matter, all good things come to an end — and, sad to say, 'Gaucho' shuffles a few steps further away, despite its undoubted merits in some respects. The playing, for instance, is typically impeccable — and thoroughly lifeless; an almost perfect blandness.

This is a major fault with 'Gaucho': the music is a session-man's idea of perfection, an ultimately sterile enterprise. (Ever heard a Tom Scott album?) But there's an irony here,

because that kind of mentality is the one either celebrated or satirised on several of the tracks on 'Gaucho': are Becker and Fagen playing the smartass again, and if so just who is the joke on?

The album opens with 'Babylon Sisters', an alternative 'California Girls' for the promiscuous age. A cool, sparse start — the Dan's intros are always good — soon gets bedecked with a large horn ensemble, a stop/start beat of neat complexity, and the kind of deliberately obtuse scansion The Monochrome Set try for, but just can't manage with this class. Nonetheless, there's a slight ungainliness about the track which dissatisfies.

'Hey Nineteen' is better, a cameo about an old hepcat trying to get inside the pants of the teenager of the title: "It's hard times befallen / The sole survivors / She thinks I'm crazy / But I'm just growing old", and having to fall back on the old lures: "The Cuervo Gold / The fine Colombian / Make tonight a wonderful thing". It says a lot about the current Steely Dan ambience that this track would fit perfectly into 10; theirs is now the soundtrack for the well-off lifestyle, a connoisseurs' hedonism celebrated and served: the musical

accompaniment to the Libertarian Party manifesto.

This theme continues on to 'Glamour Profession', an update of 'Kid Charlemagne', an everyday story of coke-dealing folk, a paean for a few more wasted West Coast lives: "It's a glamour profession / The L.A. concession", packed with "Illegal fun / Under the sun". And, of course, the correct backwash to that kind of life, the right overtones of "class" and "sophistication", are perfectly embodied in the Dan's mild, emasculated CTI fuzak. The trouble is that although they're undoubtedly satirising (or at least commenting wryly on) the Jacuzzi lifestyle, they're also being sucked deeper and deeper into that hot tub of hedonism themselves. There's nothing on 'Gaucho' to suggest that the soundtrack functions as other than autobiographical. There's none of the cut and thrust of earlier stuff like 'Show Biz Kids', 'Fire In The Hole', 'Razor Boys' or 'Reelin' In The Years'. It's for real nowadays. Turn up the Dan, the neighbours are listening...

The pace of the album as a whole never rises above a casual latinate shuffle — a Dan predilection, for sure, but rather wearing this time round. 'Gaucho' itself has a certain erratic

stateliness, as of a tango, and convoluted lyrics which read — and sound — like another daft Zappa in-joke: "Who is the gaucho amigo / Why is he standing / In your spangled leather poncho / And your elevator shoes".

Of the three remaining tracks, the closer 'Third World Man' is the only one of note, this album's 'Deacon Blue', in that Fagen somehow lets a tinge or two of emotion colour his vocals. A slow, mournful lament, the song seems to be about a Vietnam vet regressing and wreaking havoc a la 'Taxi Driver', and it's easily the best thing here, the only one which passes over flippancy in favour of seriousness.

Judging by the credits, a lot of wage-slips are riding on 'Gaucho', which reportedly cost \$750,000 to make. This is excessive: 'Gaucho' isn't worth it, and would probably have been a better record if the purse-strings were a little tighter. After all, 'Can't Buy A Thrill' and 'Countdown To Ecstasy' together can't have cost that much. Or maybe it wouldn't have made that much difference — maybe the problem goes deeper, into areas of stained sensibilities, tainted consciousness; perhaps the Dan should move back east — spiritually.

Andy Gill

Pic: Anton Corbijn.



Paul Weller about to indulge in another bout of fence-sitting.

Beatle riflers

"Whoever they look to for inspiration it's always The Jam themselves who come out on top."

indoctrination sets in, communications breakdown follows. The tone is bitter, but with frustration not hatred.

'That's Entertainment', which closes the first side, must rate as one of Paul Weller's finest pieces to date. Mellow, soothing harmonies underscore the chorus / title-line, brutally thrown into an ironic light by the verses, which amount to a jarring litany of snapshot images seen through a young man's eyes in contemporary England, some violent, some sordid, some tender. "A police car and a screaming siren ... Paint splattered walls and the cry of a tomcat ... That's entertainment". No point me labouring songs that speak well for themselves, but it's been a perennial aspect of Paul's lyrics, this trick of taking the individual-in-a-crowd and throwing his perspective into sudden isolation, the participant as spectator ('In The Crowd', 'Away From The Numbers', 'Tube Station', 'Wardour Street') retreating into himself. Sufficient to say that he's observing with more vivid descriptive ability than at any time previously.

Side two starts with a couple of similarly excellent numbers, but overall it fails to maintain the standard of the first. 'Dream Time' is harsh and abrasive, more traditional Jam in style. 'Man In The Corner Shop', another gorgeously memorable tune, returns to some gently sardonic reflections on the English class system: as always, the view-point is a humane, personalistic one rather than political in the mass, didactic sense.

Although there are no Bruce Foxton compositions this time around, 'Music For The Last Couple' is credited as a group effort. Essentially a studio session, it makes great play of the 'sound effects' parodied in the LP's title and cover art. Very loose in construction, with few words to speak of, it's the album's one lapse into self-indulgence; it's a pressure drop and, really, it lets the side down.

But the final tracks — 'Boy About Town' and 'Scrape Away' — also represent a tailing off. The former is strangely out of place, almost like one of those jaunty mod anthems that Jam imitators were churning out all last year. The lyrics do work to undercut the self-confidence of the chorus somewhat — but even the addition of 'Penny Lane' brass doesn't lift the song much above average. 'Scrape Away', meanwhile, is disappointingly negative and vague. Like 'Last Couple', it gives an uncomfortable impression of being rushed through to beat a deadline.

But let's end on a positive note. Where 'Sound Affects' is good it's great, and where it's not so good it's still good. The Jam should go on being number one in our hearts and charts because they go on earning the right to be. I've got 'Sound Affects' and I'm chuffed with it and all I want now ... is another Jam album.

Paul Du Noyer

Totally auto lunch

BLONDIE Autoamerican (Chrysalis)

IT WAS late in the '30s when New York cemented its claim as America's most energetic and insistent symbol of urban eroticism and urbane careerism. And a photographer of the time, Berenice Abbott, catalogued the city's obsessive replacement of the new with the newer as "a native fantasia emerging from accelerated greed." That phrase could usefully serve as a description of 'Autoamerican', the personal Manhattan Project of Blondies Chris Stein and Deborah Harry — with associates Nigel Harrison, Clem Burke, James Destri and Frank Infante.

These folks' earliest and best work was as rooted in the '60s as New York copywriter Shirley Belding's prophetic 1961 slogan for Clairol hair dye: 'If I've only one life, let me live it as a blonde!' But those socio-musical roots proved as fickle as Debbie's own; since

the first Private Stock album, the band have drifted steadily further and further into 'eclectic' experiments which found them waxing patriotic in the express lane, and treating the world — musical and material — as one vast quarry from which it was OK to take more and more and cool to give less and less. 'Autoamerican' is the reductio ad absurdum of this O Sweet Land of Circuitry-style of New York minimalism and pretension.

It has only the vaguest of ideas — so vague you forget them as soon as they're heard — but they're offered up for sale with full conceptual cheek: as if their very vagueness meant the offer of maximum leeway to the listener.

Besides the winning of your wallet, the 'concept' behind the speedily recorded 'Autoamerican' seems a sort of post-Moroder haiku, sound-of-one-gear-idling thing sired by the mega-success of 'Call Me' and fired by Chris Stein's avant-le-cable-TV type

aspirations. (Stein's kickoff track, 'Europa', makes an overblown stab at film scoring but comes off as pure Woolworths' Wagner). *Après-Moroder*, the band is still beached on the cold white sands of disco (viz the criminally 'ephemeral' 'Live It Up', backed by Toronto's B-Girls; Jimmy Destri's Little Egyptian snake charmer stuff on 'Do The Dark'; and 'Rapture', where Debbie raps about men from Mars eatin' cars and bars and guitars over a relentless dullard's pulse with only Tom Scott's session sax for relief).

But disco isn't all there is. There's the sugar-coated version of John Holt's reggae rouser 'The Tide Is High'; a pretty, 'As Tears Go By'-type tune called 'Angels On A Balcony' contributed by Destri and Laura Davis; a Stein/Harry pastiche of '40s Big Band bravado called 'Here's Looking at You'; a failed crooner entitled 'Go Through It' ('I love you, honey/Gimme a beer'), and a would-be blues number,



Pic: Pennie Smith

Sourpuss in boots.

'Faces', on which Harry emotes like an auditioning singing waitress with a collection of Billie Holiday records under the bed at home and a distinct complex about encroaching age.

Two songs on 'Autoamerican' recall the fast-receding Blondie of yesteryear: Destri's 'Walk Like Me', where Debbie gets down to doing what she always seemed to enjoy best — spitting out aggressive lyrics rather than singing things; and 'T-Birds' (Harrison/Harry), the only track where Blondie sound like a band (albeit one who've already taken plenty of questionable decisions).

Blondie's output has developed into DOR (Dentist's Office Rock) and easy ironies — ironies that may well "democratise" as Stein and Harry claim, but which also deny any musical history, sociology or participation that isn't 'instant' — ie banal. The sessionmen on this album play on *adverts*, for Chrissake! And the blanded-out, blase tone of the thing is aimed at *you*, don't forget. 'Autoamerican' is just a half-baked (cable) TV dinner, and it's full of unhealthy preservatives and artificial sweeteners. So leave it in the fridge where it belongs and don't take it out to thaw — no way should this band be taking the temperature of your present.

Cynthia Rose

TOM ROBINSON Sector 27 (Fontana)

AND RIGHT away The Biz raises its head: from the outset, Tom Robinson's oft avowed intent has been that Sector 27 should not be another TRB, rather a conspiracy of equals. And thus he handled it until promoters began billing the group as "Tom Robinson With" or "featuring Tom Robinson", and Phonogram — who took up the album after two indie singles and an EMI nudge towards the

dumper — have so placed Tom's name on the front and spine of the album sleeve as to give the impression that 'Sector 27' is simply the name of the new Tom Robinson album. So let's begin again:

SECTOR 27 Sector 27 (Fontana)

THAT'S BETTER, and it is: the best music of Tom Robinson's career is on this album. In his capacity as songwriter (precise credits for each song are unavailable, since the test

pressing to which I've been listening boasts only a bloody great '1' and '2' on the label). Robinson has broken through that barrier which prevented him from making a 'relevant' song anything but didactic: 'Where Can We Go Tonight?' says more about the political, sexual and economic restrictions placed on teenagers than any of that clenched-fist sloganeering he was peddling during the great summer of Speed Paranoia, and the opening 'Invitation' ('What have we got to lose if we try it on? None of them bastards

notice when we're gone") is a fine, courageous statement of intent.

Nevertheless, this music doesn't fit, and neither does Tom Robinson. The S27 instrumentalists — bassist Jo Burt, drummer Derek Quinton and Stevie B on many guitars — are the sound of the New Mainstream, a hard-rock plod enlivened by a judicious selection of modern devices initiated by the post-Gang Of Four, post-Joy Division crop of bands. Their sound is neither the shock of the new nor the reassurance of the old: the

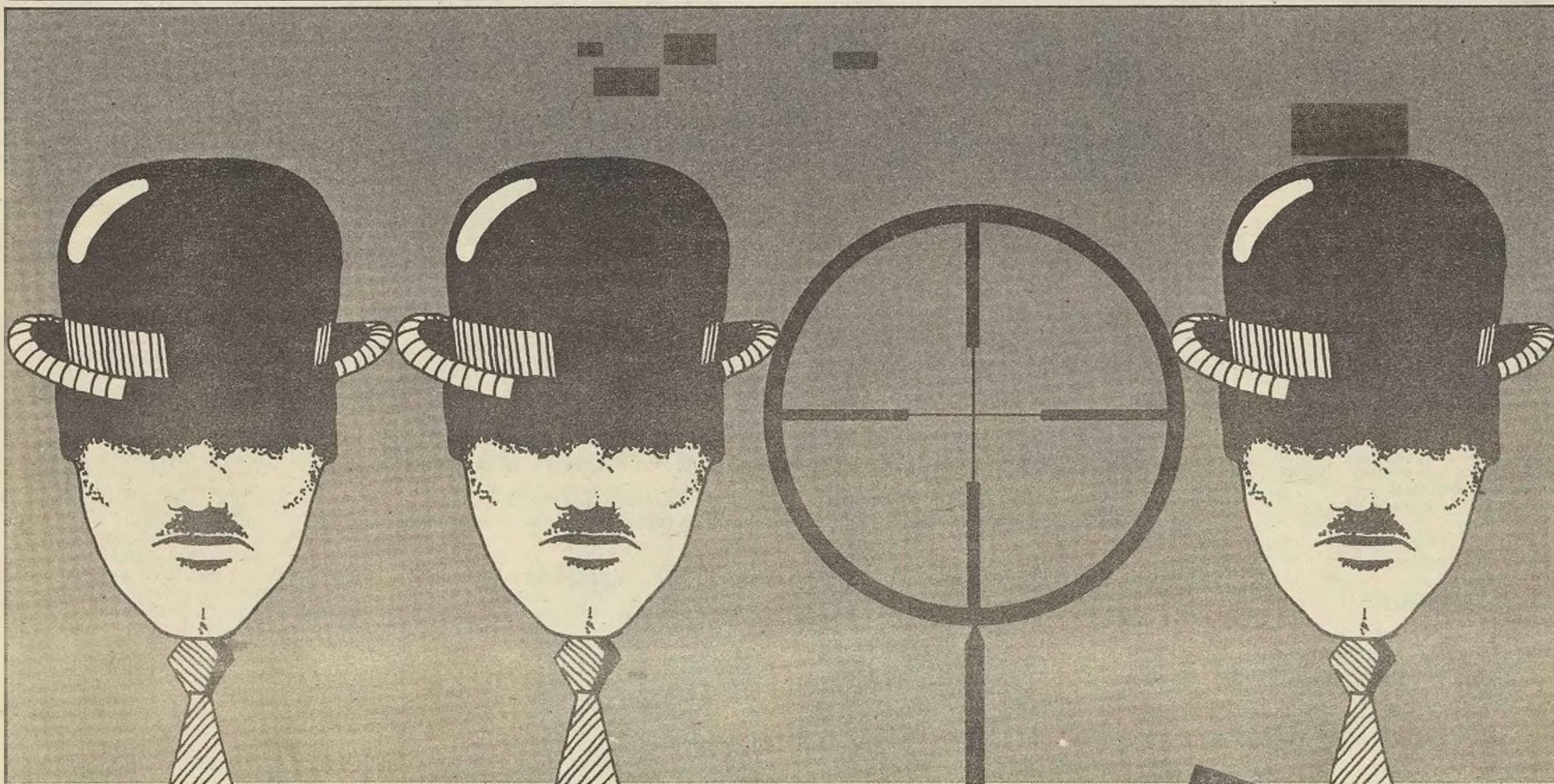
impression given is that they sound this way because they feel that they ought to, that this is way that groups should sound.

Tom Robinson is someone whose work one desperately wants to like: none of his concern is fraudulent, he is one of the nicest people ever to touch ground while walking, no self-seeker. And yet he's beaten at the starting post because his singing voice is almost always irritating at worst and boring at best. It is inflexible, it creaks while the band plod. And that's something that nothing short

of throat surgery could ameliorate.

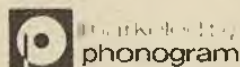
When TRB collapsed, he formed his new band low-key and low-budget: he listened to everything that was going on and attempted to create a music that could be part of what was going on, that was affected by the music that affected him. 'Sector 27' is likeable and in many ways even admirable, but despite everybody's best efforts and intentions they're still trapped in the stodge. One wishes devoutly that it was otherwise.

Charles Shaar Murray



CITY BOY NEW ALBUM HEADS ARE ROLLING

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The body electric gets rewired

WEATHER REPORT
Night Passage (CBS)

THE FRONT cover is a photomontage: a volcano near Reykjavik flares above Buenos Aires. The compound image and its distorted perspectives don't threaten though, they tantalise. They juxtapose the essentially familiar in an unfamiliar way, speculate inscrutably about some other possible present.

It's as if we've suddenly been thrust into a nearby parallel universe, one in which old and new, north and south, nature and upstart *homo sapiens* all co-exist on improved, equal terms. Our imagination happily, greedily accepts the quantum jump, and 'Night Passage' extends and enriches the visual analogy. It's really its own musical whole earth catalogue, stupendous in its variety and vitality. By (unfair?) comparison, Eno and Byrne's recent rummagings through the ethnic African songbook seem paltry, brittle chaff blown on an arid wind.

Weather Report have never had it so good. 'Night Passage' brims, almost bursts with a startling freshness and a tremulous air of expectancy that the band hasn't captured on record with any regularity since 1974's 'Mysterious Traveller'.

Much of the credit for this upswing at a time when many, myself included, were resigning themselves to the prospect of Josef Zawinul, Wayne Shorter & Co jogging indefinitely on the spot must go to Peter Erskine, the band's most forceful and dynamic drummer since Eric Gravatt in the early '70s. As parts of the recent 'Mr Gone' album clearly showed, Weather Report are reduced to a state of virtual leglessness without a resourceful rhythm section that can interpret its elder statesmen's compositions with the sensitivity they deserve. Similarly, the three live on stage sides of last year's '8.30' can now be seen for what they were: not so much a stop-gap as a clear-out, the end of an era.

Bar 'Night Passage' and 'Madagascar', the new album was recorded live in the studio with minimal overdubbing; it's immediacy itself. Like Gravatt, Erskine is jazz-schooled but, unlike him, seems infinitely adaptable to Weather Report's ever-changing needs. New percussionist Bobby Thomas shares Erskine's ability to swap urgent, insistent attack for

studied reserve. Their paired contribution is vital.

Five of the eight pieces here are Zawinul's. 'Passage' is distantly reminiscent of 'Birdland', like which it manages to condense an enormous amount of musical information and emotional resonance into a relatively small space. It's all cumulative structure, layer upon lavish layer. 'Passage' has hooks — curling peacock plumes of melody that constantly, almost imperceptibly phase in and out of focus with one another — and Erskine's pinpoint swing and Thomas' chortling commentary give it an irresistible groove.

Recorded on two-track in Osaka and testimony to the enthusiasm of Japanese audiences, one that the band fully reciprocate, 'Madagascar' is lengthy and schematic, Zawinul at his most expansive. His keyboards mark the changing moods, dream equatorial dawns at the outset, trill petulantly through the boppish funk sections, supercharge the coda moonshot. This one will run and run.

Breathlessly energetic, 'Fast City' is a gift to Shorter, whose knowing tenor negotiates its stop-go traffic effortlessly, like a Checker cab. Shorter, Rollins and Coltrane share a spirit, and it shows. 'Dream Clock' and 'Forlorn' are ballads, controlled statements of descriptive intent. Zawinul calls 'Forlorn' an abstract blues; it's more, its counter-melodies and keys carping at each other with a desperate, hungry melancholy. On stage the piece is inseparable from the band's delirious rush through Ellington's 'Rockin' In Rhythm' whereas here you have to take the side break into account. A pity, but there's over 48 minutes of music on the album, so you can hardly quibble.

Shorter's 'Port Of Entry' is curt and abrasive, piano, bass and tenor predatory above the rhythm section. Jaco Pastorius' 'Three Views Of A Secret' is muted, intensely lyrical. Compare both pieces with Zawinul's and you'll hear how strong Weather Report's consensus is these days. This band must be almost rubbing shoulders with Zawinul's ideal, one in which solo and ensemble playing become irrelevant distinctions in the awesome totality.

Weather Report have rarely been a more going or growing concern. Their complete creative renaissance is unbelievably welcome.

Angus MacKinnon

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Josef Zawinul: Mr Going - Going - Gone.



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Jazz

Let's get some perspective here. The attention devoted to ear-catchers like Ulmer, Arthur Blythe and Art Pepper is necessarily welcome, but it's the open-endedness of the new jazz that makes it so inviting. Traditions old and modern are there to be tapped, tested, learned from, broken. There are many conceivable stop-overs.

Like pianist Cecil Taylor, a guaranteed volcano of ideas. 'One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye' (Hat Hut import) is a 2 1/4 hour sextet performance from a 1978 concert in Stuttgart, spread over six sides. Apparently a certain amount of shit went down prior to the gig — Taylor was refused use of the grand piano — and it shows in the piano — there are many climactic passages of black, unforgiving anger embedded within a multi-storied design of incredible intensity — even by Taylor's supremely exacting standards.

Most of the action comes from the central trio, Taylor, the brilliantly inventive Sirone on bass and Ronald Shannon Jackson, whose tightly ordered yet wildly dramatic drumming trails the piano's attack at every step. There's telling playing too from Raphe Malik on trumpet, Jimmy Lyons' alto sax and Ramsey Ameen's violin. But individual moments of greatness — Lyons' unflinching riff-juggling over a tumultuous charge from the trio, Ameen's affecting final duet with Taylor — are made to seem almost commonplace within the monumental sweep of the edifice.

What you remember at the end is the tireless downpour of notes, a towering imagination

somehow transmitted through the fingers of a diminutive woolly-hatted figure at a keyboard. As music, as documentary, it's completely overwhelming.

In a just world Taylor would receive more of the acclamation accorded Keith Jarrett, whose 'Sacred Hymns Of G I Gurdjieff' is one of a new batch from ECM. Jarrett's recent output amounts to little more than drawing-room tinkling and this lacklustre set of transcriptions only cements the idea. A lot of wanly pretty melodies receive a suitably rapt treatment but there's nothing to set a torch to



Pic: Jak Kilby

Don Moye the merrier.

the soul. The ravishing 'Koln Concert' remains Jarrett's one essential record.

ECM seems to polarise into two extremes these days. Eberhard Weber's brand of weepy impressionism is somewhere in the middle, as evidenced by 'Little Movements'. Timewise at least it's been accurately released, an ideal soundtrack for a drizzly autumn day. Charlie Mariano's fluid soprano ices the windswept keyboards of Rainer Bruninghaus and Weber's tunes refurbish his old trick of overlapping riffs. ECM's glittering prizes this time rest with drummer Jack DeJohnette's 'New Directions In Europe', four long tracks from a concert in Willisau. Some numbers grow at a rather leisurely pace: 'Salsa For Eddie G' opens with a studied drum solo but bursts suddenly to life with the bassist's leap into the music. Eddie Gomez has a heroic touch with the big violin, solos that snap like a disgruntled turtle and a snakey drive in the ensemble.

John Abercrombie is a mite disappointing on guitar — some good fills but long solos have him winded. It's the Art Ensemble of Chicago's Lester Bowie who cops the gold star. His trumpet musters a Latinate chrome gleam on 'Salsa', an imperious, smeared elegance on 'Bayou Fever'.

Also on furlough from AEC are Joseph Jarman and Don Moye for 'Black Paladins' (Black Saint import). Johnny Dyani, a bassman of gnomish exuberance, supplies the bottom lines and some rather wayward piano but it's mainly a feature for Jarman's huge vocabulary of expression on saxes and flutes and Don Moye's nimbly forceful drums. A finely-balanced set: the wistful folkiness of 'In Memory Of My Seasons' is matched with the rough-grained confrontation of the title cut and 'Ginger Song'. A good way of toeing the water before the (essential) plunge into the AEC

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Pic: Valerie Wilmer.

Cecil Taylor does his famous impersonation of Mahatma Gandhi.

whirlpool.

After all these Americans in Europe, a European in America, 'Evan Parker At The Finger Palace' (The Beak Doctor import). This is a 45-minute soprano saxophone solo split by the hole in the middle. I might mention that nobody (but nobody) plays sax like Parker; and somewhere within his infinitely variegated mosaic of

roaring clusters and labyrinthine explorations of harmonics and overtones a gyroscopic balance is maintained. At times Evan seems like Terry Riley, an experimenter in rates of change; new frames of sound seem to slowly emerge from behind what is at present before you.

Is there a heart in this

cerebral, almost neutered music? Evan says he'd like, ideally, to disappear while playing: the music must stand on its own. But is it possible on a saxophone, the most human of instruments? I don't think this is easy music for player or listener. But I wouldn't be without some of it. Go on — you decide.

Richard Cook

JON ANDERSON Song Of Seven (Atlantic)

JON ANDERSON is the Demis Roussos of the cosmic package tour market. Now that he's left Yes, that seems truer than ever. He still sings twee hippy escapist lyrics in a high-pitched melodic way, but for some reason he sounds more precious than ever.

At least with Yes the other boys in the band had a say about how the songs should sound, so while Anderson was being all perfumed and

fragrant, you'd often find they were performing in a somewhat earthier way. As a result, Yes never quite managed to lose themselves in an elfin glade. In contrast, Anderson on his own tiptoes through pixie pastures without an OS map.

The trouble is that Anderson is now free to select his own musical context for his lyrics. So when he's being hideously sentimental, the synthesisers are getting dewy-eyed alongside him.

He's still coming out with stuff like: "Suspended in the

realm of infinity/ Soul and light charged together/ In form called life adorned". On the other hand, he's also writing less cluttered love songs with such lines as: "Suddenly the moment's there/ To hold you close/ Babe you're the most".

The snag with simpler sentiments is that they made explicit what was once more implicit — Anderson is an incurable soppy romantic in a way that makes Barbara Cartland seem downright brutal. Escapism is one thing. Emotional wallowing quite another. 'Song Of Seven' is enough to make a gnome nervous.

Bob Edmonds

Californian Irish go Dutch

XDREAMYSTS Xdreamysts (Polydor Import)

IN 1978 when Northern Ireland began to respond to the British punk rock explosion (or was it just an impolite fart?) The Xdreamysts must have seemed totally at odds with the rest of the province's groups. Their conservative and mannerly brand of rock music was hardly the product of questioning, anxious or disillusioned young people.

Fact is the group had been playing the NW coast town of Portstewart for a few years before the late '70s upsurge and when it came around their music stayed the same, though they changed their name and earned some self-propagated publicity after playing a local convent school. 'Punk band desecrates convent' read the headlines and that could surely be the only place that this ageing and anaemic music would cause that sort of reaction.

Their music is in the American West Coast tradition but bereft of any distinctive qualities. I don't object to the style, even though it is a trifle dated. Dave Mason, Steely Dan and Steve Miller have all made records that were and still are enjoyable but Xdreamysts simply plunder and emasculate their source music. Lip-service is a feeble pastime especially when it's practised five years too late.

The 'Stay The Way You Are' single opens the album and it's the best of a bad bunch. The first side is intermittently melodic but that's usually when the tunes are such straight steals you wonder why they bothered in the first place. By the time side two comes around they give up the pretence entirely and start to pull out the old HM calling cards — chunky rifferama and double-tracked chants for that primeval feel. 'Reality Blues' sounds like a tribute to Whitesnake.

Polydor's faith in the group is such that they've only released the album as an import from Holland. Dutch nuns be warned!

Gavin Martin

SAXON Strong Arm of the Law (Carrere)

SAXON are often confused with Samson, a group whose drummer wears a rapist's mask and sits in a cage onstage. This quite unfair. Saxon are much more crass.

For starters, of course, there's the album title's implicit approval of police strong-arm tactics. Then there's the little matter of a picture inside the gatefold sleeve that has the boys posing in front of Nazi uniforms. Also, there's the name of the band's fan club: the "Saxon Militia Guard".

Such nastiness carries over to the music. Titles like 'Heavy Metal Thunder' and 'To Hell and Back Again' are familiar enough in the metal morass, but Saxon also offer 'Sixth Form Girls' as a measure of their sexual sophistication and 'Dallas 1 PM' (about John Kennedy's assassination) as a guide to the depths of their political insights.

The album's only virtue is that the band play fast throughout and finish their songs more quickly than HM groups used to in the early '70s. However, this is small consolation, as you just get more tracks per album.

Bob Edmonds



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THE CARPETTES Fight Amongst Yourselves (Beggars Banquet) THE CRAVATS In Toytown (Small Wonder)

THE TURKEYS are being served up a little early this year!

The Carpettes are unknown, and deservedly so. There are three of them, and they'd like to be The Jam, except there's a conspicuous absence of a Weller in their midst.

Nowadays, they'd also like to be The Police, judging by the flanged guitar on the title track, and that dead-giveaway honky-reggae beat on the aptly-titled 'False Foundations'. Their riffs are *never* surprising, just like their songs, whose jolly didacticism jars after the first couple of runs through. These are token motions of disaffection by boys who're

really quite satisfied — or who will be, if you buy their record. (That's what "punk's" all about surely?).

The Carpettes are nice boys who want to make a lot of money by copying others and removing any threat present in the originals. 'Fight Amongst Yourselves' is for neat, malleable punks who'll pogo to order next time.

I heard The Cravats' 'Precinct' on the radio once, and found something texturally interesting about it. On 'In Toytown', anything vaguely interesting is submerged beneath the surface of sax riffing which characterises their sound and ultimately drowns all the songs. This wouldn't be so bad were the saxist not such a total incompetent.

The vocals are strident and punkified, with little to recommend them, and the songs — which are obviously written as *poems* rather than lyrics, and dreadful 3rd Form doggerel at that — are boring

rants at easy targets like TV commercials (anyone *really* concerned about such things has far too little to think about), spiced with the occasional customary declamation that the singer is vital, alive, and an individual.

On the contrary, all the available evidence shows that he's really just like a million other boring young farts, mumbling, rumbling and clattering along mundanely with little or no foresight beyond the tip of his nose.

Andy Gill

Halfcock Roches

THE ROCHESES Nurds (Warner Bros)

A LOT of people dislike The Roches and it's easy to see why. Their lyrics are often precious or obscure, their harmonies can be a nasal dirge and they take many songs at a loose, jog-along pace that is far from compulsive listening.

On the other hand, The Roches *can* be very good and 'Nurds' is wittier, livelier and more adventurous than the Fripp-produced debut that last year won them a degree of cult notoriety.

Their approach is essentially unchanged — the sisters harmonising over the barest instrumental backing — but the songs here are stronger, their humour more apparent: ranging from the fine ironies of 'This Feminine Position' to the comic gusto of 'The Death Of Suzy Roche' or 'Bobby's Song', which also boasts effectively unpredictable harmonies.

Best of all is their acapella version of Cole Porter's 'It's Bad For Me', a refined swing and delicate tongue-in-cheek barbs — 'It's so sweet for me, it's swell for me/To feel that you're going through hell for me'.

The rest is less exhilarating fare. 'Factory Girl' is a dreary stab at trad folk while 'Louis', 'The Boat Family', 'One Season' and 'My Sick Mind' leave one rather puzzled as to their point — minor and occasionally mystifying works.

There's no doubt that The Roches are an acquired taste; too arch and too austere for rock's down-to-earth sensibilities. But tracks like 'It's Bad For Me' hint that The Roches may yet be worth a little future attention.

Graham Lock



Maggie Roche

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DATA CONTROL



Police: Record News

NINE-PAGE HARD INFORMATION GUIDE

Hello and howdy to the second DATA CONTROL. After last week's debut for this section we received about 4.6 billion queries as to what DATA CONTROL is all about. Well perhaps it's easier to say what it isn't about. DATA CONTROL *isn't* an Italian lonely hearts bureau and neither is it a sedation service for a middle eastern fruit.

What it is is a section of hard gag-free information gathered together to save you searching through the classifieds and in the margins to find out who's playing your local fleapit this week. Plus record news — like 'Sgt Peppers' is still available, whereas Ned Socroon's 'Songs By Lou Brimble Done The Socroon Way' is not — and piles of files on upcoming tours, independent releases, imports and even dire, sorry dear, old Information City. Now look, DATA CONTROL is shaping up to be the most comprehensive rock guide around so start getting familiar, eh? DATA CONTROL lets your fingers take a taxi . . . well something like that . . .

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Kate Bush: Record News

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS 1

Buzzcocks promoting own dates

PHASE TWO of The Buzzcocks' tour by instalments will take in half-a-dozen dates during the period December 13-20. Although it's already known that the series will climax at the new Bolton Sports Centre venue on December 20, the rest of the gigs are still being finalised. The reason for the delay is that the band are lining up the dates themselves — but they do promise the full schedule next week. Meanwhile, Part III in their series of related singles is released by Liberty next Monday (24), comprising 'What Do You Know' and 'Running Free' — the former title featuring an added brass section.

Burning Spear December gigs

WINSTON RODNEY, possibly better known as Burning Spear, has been confirmed for his first British dates for three years — including a headliner at London Rainbow on Thursday, December 11 (tickets priced £5, £4.50 and £4 go on sale this weekend). Other gigs set so far are at Bristol Romeo & Juliet's (December 10), Birmingham Bingley Hall (13), Derby Tiffany's (15), Brighton Top Rank (17) and Huddersfield Cleopatra's (20), with more still being finalised. Throughout January he'll be touring Europe, but will be returning to the UK in February for further appearances.

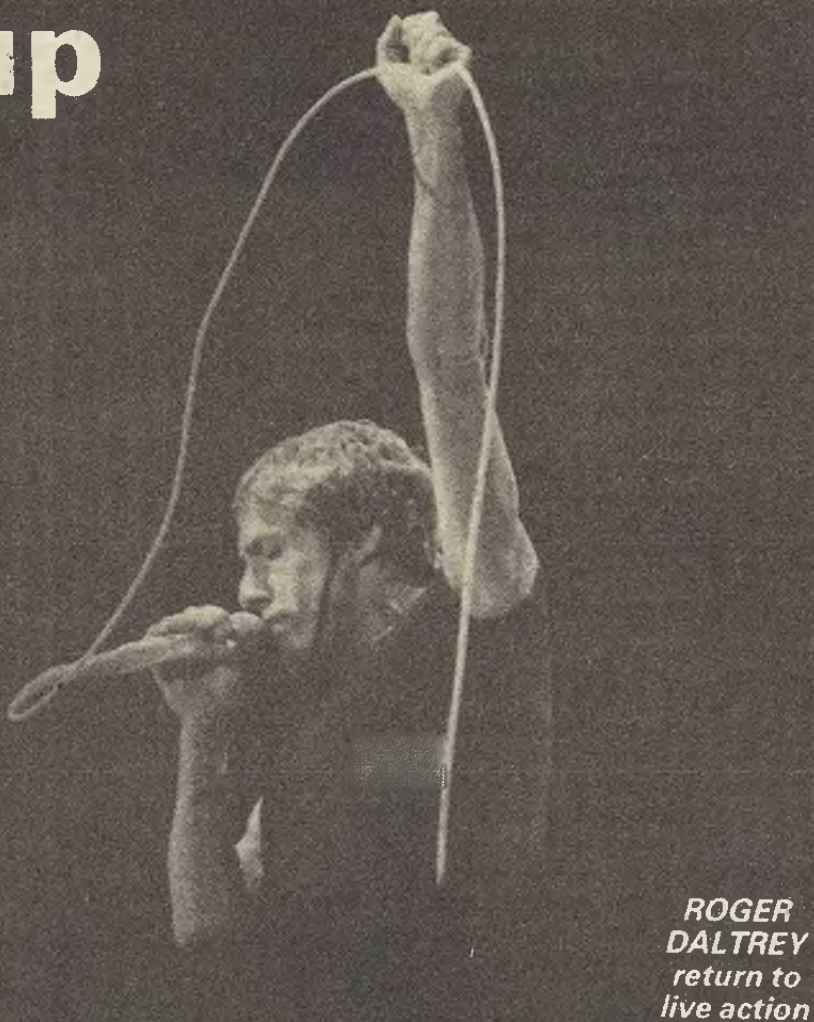
OTWAY ON WAY

JOHN OTWAY and Wild Willy Barrett are playing a short series of pre-Christmas dates which, insists Otway, have nothing to do with the release of his new Stiff single 'Green Grass Of Home'. They visit Bath University (this Saturday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (November 29), Salford University (December 5), Sheffield University (6), London Victoria The Venue (12) and Farnborough Technical College (13).

Who: extensive tour being set up

THE WHO have at last put an end to the widespread speculation concerning their on-off tour plans, which have kept the rock press guessing for most of 1980, by announcing officially that they'll be going on the road early in the New Year. Their spokesman confirmed this week that dates are being fixed right now, and that the tour will be an extensive one. It's understood that the schedule, expected to begin in late January, will take in most of the regular large venues on the concert circuit — such as Glasgow and Manchester Apollos, Newcastle City Hall and Liverpool Empire, plus a string of London dates.

The band's new album, their first with Kenny Jones on drums, is now almost completed and will be released to coincide with the tour. But there's some uncertainty regarding the label on which it will appear, because apparently The Who and Polydor are not seeing eye to eye at the moment — and manager Bill Curbishley has recently been talking to various executives from other companies, including CBS and WEA. So it's conceivable that the new LP — said to feature some of Pete Townshend's best material for years — will involve a label switch.



ROGER DALTREY return to live action

— and Wings plan 1981 trek

WINGS, conspicuous by their absence from the UK concert circuit this year, will be returning to live appearances in 1981. An exact period hasn't yet been finalised, as their first priority for the New Year is to record a new album, for which a batch of new material has already been written — and it seems likely that their projected concerts would tie in with the LP's release. Their spokesman confirmed this week that touring plans are "high on their agenda".

Meanwhile, Paul McCartney is busy working on his latest venture, a full-length cartoon film of *Rupert The Bear*. He personally owns the film rights to the popular *Daily Express* character, who this year celebrates his 60th anniversary. Besides contributing 11 new songs and all the incidental music to the movie (currently being recorded with a 38-piece orchestra and George Martin producing), McCartney has also written the story line.

JOE COCKER has slotted in a major London concert early next month, following the sell-out success of his recent two nights at The Venue. He

Cocker tops Rainbow gig

appears at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, December 6 — and tickets go on sale at the box-office from today (Thursday) priced £5, £4 and £3.



Hot Rods back in action

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS emerge from another lengthy hibernation, and set out next month on their 'Fish'n'Chips Tour' — so called because they intend to "batter most places around the country"! Dates so far confirmed are at Manchester University (December 4), Sheffield University (5), Edinburgh Nite Club (6), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (11) and London Central Polytechnic (12). More dates are being confirmed for the tour, which will climax in a Christmas show in their home town of Southend. To tie in with this activity, the band's first single under their new deal with Thorn/EMI Industries is released next Monday (24), titled 'Wide Eyed Kids'. An album is scheduled for the New Year.

HERE & NOW ON THE ROAD: WHERE & WHEN

HERE & NOW set out on their 'Xmas Stocking' tour at the end of this month and, in contrast to their recent outings, they'll be charging an admission fee on this occasion ("because we're broke") — though the maximum will be £1.

They'll also be introducing their new line-up, following the departure of Steffy Sharpstrings, who's now been replaced by guitarists Des O'Barbican (ex-Entire Cosmos) and Dino Ferrari (former Here & Now knob twiddler).

Confirmed gigs are at London City University (November 28), Brighton Sussex University (29), Bristol Trinity Hall (December 4), Bangor

University (5), Bolton Institute of Technology (6), Huddersfield Polytechnic (8), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (10), Edinburgh George Square Theatre (11), Newcastle La Dolce Vita (13), Hereford Market Tavern (15), Liverpool Brady's (16) and Manchester Polytechnic (17), with more being finalised.

Support acts will vary from one venue to another, but will include The Astronauts, The Androids Of Mu, The Entire Cosmos, Danny & The Dressmakers and The Hamsters.

□ SIOUXSIE & The Banshees are planning a post-Christmas London concert on December 30 — details expected shortly.



Tygers debut new singer

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG introduce their new vocalist John Deverill, when they play London Marquee on December 16, in what's expected to be their only date for the rest of the year. The line-up change became necessary when, after their recent headline tour, Jess Cox left to form his own outfit. Deverill — who hails from Cardiff, where he fronted his own band Persian Risk — is currently rehearsing with the other members, prior to recording sessions for their second album — and more gigs are planned for the New Year. Our picture shows the Tygers' revised line-up comprising (left to right) Rob Weir, Rocky, Brian Big Dick, John Sykes and John Deverill.

Saxon add six; Vardis extension

SAXON have added six more dates to their extensive UK tour, starting this weekend, as the result of heavy demand. They include a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 20, to be billed as a special 'Christmas Offensive'. The other extra gigs are at Carlisle Market Hall (December 12), Malvern Winter Gardens (18), Nottingham Kimberley Recreation Centre (21), Peterborough Werrina Stadium (22) and Hull City Hall (23). Tickets for the last three shows go on sale this Saturday, limited to four per person — elsewhere they are on sale now.

□ VARDIS have added more dates to their own headline tour, reported last week — at Bath Tiffany's (December 7), Swansea Circles (8), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (9), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (11), Scarborough Penthouse (12), Malton Milton Rooms (13), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (14) and Bolton Aquarius (15). This means they won't now be appearing at London Lyceum on December 7, but another London gig is being set. They also support Black Sabbath at Leeds Queens Hall (January 3) and Stafford Bingley Hall (4).

Scala all-night plan thwarted

THE TWO all-nighter concerts — planned for London's Scala Cinema on Fridays, November 28 and December 5 — have been cancelled. As reported two weeks ago, five acts had been lined up for each show — including such names as Richard Strange, Naked Lunch, Clock DVA and Blah Blah Blah. But following a recent Scala gig, when toilets and other artifacts were smashed, the venue is now unable to obtain insurance cover for live performances. This comes as a further blow to promoter Stevo, who recently had two shows called off at the Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith, when it closed at short notice.

DATA CONTROL

□ **MATCHBOX** headline a special one-off concert at the London Palladium on December 5, their last UK gig of the year. It will act as a launch pad for their new single, a re-working of the standard 'Over The Rainbow' (their first ballad A-side), issued by Magnet this weekend — with two tracks on the B-side, 'Don't Break Up The Party' and 'Stay Cool'. They devote the whole of January to recording, but will be playing at selected British venues in February and March, while in April they appear in a series of Mervyn Conn country festivals.

□ **BUDGIE** have added still more dates to their current UK tour — at Farnborough Technical College (this Saturday), Aberystwyth University (November 26), London Guy's Hospital (28), Bradford Palm Cove (December 1), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (5), Reading Top Rank (10) and Rayleigh Crocs (19). The tour, promoting their Active/RCA album 'Power Supply', will climax in a London show at Christmas — details to follow.

□ **PRESSURE SHOCKS**, who've been absent from the circuit for some time, are starting a new series of gigs to preview their New Year debut album. So far set are London Oxford St. 100 Club (December 4), Oxford University (5), Derby Tiffany's (7) and Leicester Highfield Centre (12). The reggae band will also be gigging extensively from mid-January onwards.

□ **ASWAD** headline a Christmas reggae concert at London Rainbow on Friday, December 12, with Hugh Mundell and Misty in Roots among the support acts. Tickets are on sale now, priced £3.50 and £2.75.

□ **THE STRAY CATS** have had to cancel their projected gig at Nottingham University on November 29, but have added nine new dates — at Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (November 28), Southend Shrimpers (30), Grimsby Community Hall (December 2), London Dartmouth (7 and 8), Sheffield Polytechnic (10), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (11), Liverpool Brady's (12) and Blackpool Norbreck Castle (13).

□ **ICARUS**, the six-piece London reggae band, are undertaking a short tour to coincide with the November 28 release of their second single 'Tower Block Kid'. First confirmed dates are at London Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Durham University (November 29) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (December 7).

□ **THEATRE OF HATE**, the five-piece band formed by ex-Pack vocalist Kirk Brandon, are playing their first tour with gigs at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (this Saturday), Brighton Tiffany's (Sunday), Newport Stowaway (November 24), Nottingham Boat Club (25), Maidstone Art College (26), Exeter St. George's Hall (December 4), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (5), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (8) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (18). Their debut single, the double A-sided 'Original Sin' / 'Legion', is out this week.

Shakin' all over

SHAKIN' STEVENS, who recently scored a Top Twenty hit with his single 'Marie Marie', headlines an 11-venue concert tour next month — including a major London show. Dates are Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (December 1), Chatham Central Hall (3), Slough Thames Hall (4), Morecambe Grand Floral Hall (5), New Brighton Floral Pavilion (6), Ipswich Gaumont (8), Middlesbrough Town Hall (9), St. Helens Theatre Royal (10), Cardiff New Theatre (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14) and London Victoria Apollo Theatre (16). His new single 'Shooting Gallery' and album 'Marie Marie' have just been released by Epic.



□ **JERRY LEE LEWIS** returns to Britain for a series of concerts early in the New Year, promoted by Mervyn Conn, who's also bringing in Carl Perkins at about the same time. Conn is also lining up six January dates by the Joe Sun band Shotgun, whose line-up includes ex-Meat Ticket guitarist Ray Flacke. And for country freaks, there's a two-month tour by George Hamilton IV starting in mid-January. In all cases, dates will follow shortly.

□ **THE BARRACUDAS** add Torquay 400 Club (December 6) and Bath Moles (8) to their current one-nighter series. And they're in the process of re-scheduling their gig at Leeds Fforde Green Hotel, which they were forced to cancel a couple of weeks ago. The band's new single 'I Wish It Could Be 1965 Again' is issued by Zonophone this week.

□ **HUANG CHUNG** are back in action again, after a spell off the road while their drummer Charles Darwin was hospitalised. They have London gigs at Strand King's College (tomorrow, Friday), Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar (Saturday) and Fulham Greyhound (November 26). More dates are being finalised for December.

□ **MODERN MAN** support their debut album 'Concrete Scheme', produced by Midge Ure and issued by MAM Records this week, by headlining at London Victoria The Venue on November 26. Another London gig this month is at Clapham 101 Club (29), and a string of dates is now being put together for December.

□ **JIMMY LINDSAY** — currently supporting Steel Pulse on their UK tour, and promoting his new single 'It's Hard' and album 'The Children Of Rastafari' — headlines at London Victoria The Venue on December 9. . . **THE BOOKS** are also appearing at The Venue and their date is December 16, when they promote their single and debut album, both titled 'Expertise'.

□ **THE THREE DEGREES** are playing a one-off London date next month, hot on the heels of their smash hit album 'Gold'. It's at the Wimbledon Theatre on Sunday, December 7 — two performances (6.15 and 8.45 pm) and tickets are £7, £6, £5 and £4.

□ **LINX** will be playing their first live dates in February, visiting a dozen venues around the country, tied in with the release of their debut album. As previously reported, their new single 'Rise And Shine' — the follow-up to their hit 'You're Lying' — is issued by Chrysalis this weekend.

□ **TAURUS**, the up-and-coming heavy rock band, have a string of one-nighters at Mansfield High Oakam Rock Club (this Saturday), Walsall Town Hall (November 28), Stroud Marshall Rooms (29), Worthington Down Under (December 18), Sunderland Locarno (19) and Nottingham Boat Club (27). And they'll be undertaking a major tour in January to coincide with the release of their debut single.

□ **CHELSEA** headline at London Oxford St. 100 Club on November 25, at the outset of a new series of Tuesday night rock gigs to be presented at that venue. December bookings are The Dance Band (2), Supercharge (9), Delta 5 (16), Wha! Heat (23) and The Vibrators (30).

□ **A I Z**, the Manchester heavy rock band signed by Polydor during the summer, support Iron Maiden on their UK tour starting this weekend — and their first album, a live recording called 'The Witch Of Berkeley', is released to coincide. Next month, they play their own headline dates, including Salford University (December 5), Carlisle Twisted Wheel (6), Carlisle Coach House (7), Liverpool Brady's (11), London Kingsbury Bandwagon (12), Oldham Tower Club (13), Southend Crocs (19) and Manchester Commercial Hotel (20).

□ **BLUE ORCHIDS** are playing a number of dates now that they've finally settled down as a four-piece, following the departure of Steve Toyne — they're at London Covent Garden Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday) and Luton Christchurch Civic Centre (Saturday), with more being set up. The line-up upheaval means that Rick Goldstraw, who previously played with The Fall, has switched from second guitar to bass. Also in the band are Martin Braham (guitar and vocals) and Una Baines (keyboards), both founder members of The Fall, plus drummer Joe Kin. Their debut single 'The Flood' / 'Disney Boys' is out this week on Rough Trade.

TOUR NEWS 2

Magazine opt out

MAGAZINE have now decided to scrap plans for a series of pre-Christmas UK dates, as they want to devote all their time to writing, rehearsing and recording a new single (to be issued in late January) and album (spring release) — which means their previously announced December gigs are cancelled. They say they need the extra studio time, because they intend to pursue a different musical direction on the new LP (yet again). British gigs are now unlikely before the album comes out — but meanwhile, their live album 'Play' — recorded in Australia in September — is released by Virgin on December 5.

Christmas Manoeuvres

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark, who last week climaxed their UK tour with a concert at the London Apollo, have now confirmed a one-off London Christmas date. It's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, December 17, and it's been slotted in as the direct result of the chart success of their single 'Enola Gay' and album 'Organisation'.



PIRANHAS HEADLINING

THE PIRANHAS, who've just completed an extensive UK tour as support to The Jam, have now lined up their own series of headlining dates in December. This follows their visit to New York at the end of this month when, as previously reported, they'll be filmed by Southern-TV cameras for inclusion in an upcoming documentary on the band. They promote their new single 'I Don't Want My Body' and current album 'The Piranhas' at Liverpool University (December 3), Tadcaster The Forge (4), Birmingham Polytechnic (5), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (6), Doncaster Romeo and Juliet's (7), Keele University (8), Southampton University (10) and London University Union (15), with the likelihood of more being added.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

RECORD NEWS

Planets travels

THE PLANETS, who've now completed the first half of their headlining UK tour, have confirmed the dates and venues for the second leg of their outing. They visit Southend Zero 6 (November 24), Nottingham Clifton University (25), Portsmouth South Pier Pavilion (December 1), Winchester King Alfred College (4), London Marquee (5), Cambridge Technical College of Art (6), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (9), Liverpool College of Higher Education (10), Walsall West Midlands College (11), Dudley J.B.'s (13) and London City University (17).

□ **CANIS MAJOR**, whose debut album 'Butterfly Queen' is scheduled for January release by Gem Records, are to support Steeleye Span on their reunion tour starting December 3.

□ **MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS** are now supporting Robert Fripp's League Of Gentlemen on their current tour, replacing Restaurant For Dogs, and they're featuring their new bass player Ruth Jones. The band will be headlining their own tour in January.

□ **PATRICK FITZGERALD GROUP**, who support Roy Harper on his UK tour starting tonight (Thursday), have added three more dates to their own tour next month — at London Cockfosters Cat Hill College (December 11), Oxford Polytechnic (12) and London College of Printing (19). They're also busy recording material while, at the same time, negotiating a label deal.

□ **JON ANDERSON** has postponed the first two dates in his first solo tour since leaving Yes earlier this year — at Ipswich Gaumont (tomorrow, Friday) and Wolverhampton Civic Hall (Saturday). These have now been switched to December 9 and 10 respectively, and existing tickets are valid for the revised dates. The tour now opens at Bristol Colston Hall next Monday (24).

□ **U2** are to support The Talking Heads in their two London dates early next month — at Hammersmith Palais (December 1) and Hammersmith Odeon (2). They've also added two London dates to their current headlining tour — at the Marquee Club on November 26 and 27 (tickets £2).

● **Dennis Brown** has his new album 'Spellbound' rush released this week by Laser Records (distributed by WEA). With Brown on vocals and rhythm guitar, the LP also features Ansel Collins on keyboards and Sly Dunbar on drums.

● **Fleetwood Mac Live** — the double album on which *NME* reported last week, is now officially set for December 3 release by Warner Brothers. It contains 17 tracks recorded during the course of the band's two most recent world tours — in eight American cities, plus London, Paris and Tokyo.

● **Black Slate** follow their recent hit 'Amigo' with a new single issued by Ensign this weekend — titled 'Boom Boom', it's taken from their recently released album, and comes in both 7" and 12".

● Out next month on Beggar's Banquet is an 18-track album by the now-defunct *Lurkers*, rejoicing in the title of 'Greatest Hit' and selling at £3.20. From the same label comes the second single by *The Carpettes* called 'The Last Lone Ranger'.

● A 12-inch version of **Bob Marley's** latest Island single 'Redemption Song' will be available from next Monday. It contains an extra track, a previously unissued live version of 'I Shot The Sheriff', recorded at London Rainbow three years ago.

● **'Dr Hook** — Greatest Hits', released by Capitol next Monday, is an 18-track set spanning the band's career from 1972 to 1979. And it's to be the subject of a massive two-month advertising campaign, including widespread TV commercials.

● **The Damned** have a three-track single issued by Chiswick next Monday (24), on which the main title is 'There Ain't No Sanity Clause'.

● The new single from **Gloria Jones** is the first since her self-imposed exile in California, after the death of Marc Bolan three years ago. Titled 'Listen To Me' and issued by Liberty this weekend, it features guest appearances by David Essex, Cat Stevens, Susan George and Maxine Nightingale.

● **Misty In Roots**, who'll be undertaking a major UK tour in January, have their single 'Zapatta' issued on November 28 on their own People Unite label.

● The third **Spherical Objects** album 'Further Ellipses' is released on November 28 on the Manchester-based Object Music label, distributed by Spartan. Same label has just issued the first European release by New York band **Tirez Tirez**, an LP called 'Etudes'.

Queen soundtrack score

QUEEN have a new single, coupling 'Flash' and 'Football Fight', issued by EMI next Monday (24) — both numbers are taken from the soundtrack of the film *Flash Gordon*, for which the band composed, performed and produced all the music. The soundtrack album is set for December 8 release, two days before the movie has its royal premiere in the West End, while Queen themselves begin their UK concert series (already reported) in Birmingham on December 5.

Kate spins her seasonal spell

KATE BUSH has a special seasonal single rushed out by EMI this week, titled 'December Will Be Magic'. It was actually written last year, but not sufficiently early for it to be scheduled in time for last Christmas. The B-side is another 1979 composition called 'Warm And Soothing'.



Police on the Xmas beat

THE POLICE rush out a new single this weekend, now that their No.1 hit 'Don't Stand So Close To Me' is on the way out. And it's certain to be a contender for Christmas chart honours, even though it's a track from their smash hit A&M album 'Zenyatta Mondatta' — titled 'De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da'. However, the B-side is a previously unissued track called 'The Sermon'.

● One of the kingpins of the 1960s R&B movement, slide guitarist and harmonica player **Brian Knight**, has been signed by PVK Records and will have his debut album issued early in the New Year. Many of his contemporaries — including Charlie Watts, Ian Stewart, Peter Green and Dana Gillespie — provide the backing. He's also formed the Brian Knight Group and will promote the album on the road.

● A new version of **Toots & The Maytals'** live album, recorded at London's Hammersmith Palais on September 29, will be available from December 1. The first pressings were in the shops within 24 hours of the gig, but Island have now remixed the tapes and added one track, '54-56 That's My Number'.

● **Delta 5's** third single is the double A-side 'Try'/'Colour', for release by Rough Trade on November 28. They're currently rehearsing material for their debut album, which they start recording at the end of this month.

● **Randy Meisner**, who was one of The Eagles' founder members, has his debut solo album 'One More Song' issued by Epic on December 5 — and two current Eagles members, Don Henley and Glenn Frey, are featured on the set. A single culled from the LP, titled 'Gotta Get Away', is out this weekend.

● **Steve Winwood's** long awaited second solo album 'Arc Of A Diver' is set for release by Island on December 29, three years after his debut solo LP. All the music on the album is written and performed by Winwood himself.

● **Rocking Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters** have their new album released this week by Sonet Records, titled 'Big Bad Zydeco'.

● **Gilbert O'Sullivan** follows his recent chart hit 'What's In A Kiss' with a new single, issued by CBS this weekend, titled 'I Love It But'. He's also starring in a one-hour BBC-TV special, with Barbara Dickson guesting, to be screened over Christmas.

● London rock'n'roll band **Yakety Yak** have a new single out this week, their first for almost two years — it's a double A-side 'Please Don't Ask' and 'Back Together Again'. Issued at the same time is the debut single by rockabilly band **Vernon & The G's**, titled 'I Wanna Be A Ted'. Both are on Chick-A-Boom Records, distributed by Mainline and Tonal Records.

● **Telly Savalas**, who had a No. 1 hit in 1975 with 'If', returns to the record scene now that *Kojak* has been axed. His single 'Some Broken Hearts Never Mend', already a chart-topper in some countries, is now released in Britain by Satrii Records.

● **Michel** — a former London busker who now lives in Los Angeles, where's he been taken under the wing of Mohammad Ali, has his album 'First Flight Of The Gizzelda Dragon' out on the Camelion Music label, distributed by Spartan.

● All-girl trio **The Flatbackers** release their follow-up single to 'Pumping Iron' — it's the self-penned 'Buzz Going Round' on Red Shadow Records.

● Release of the **Nick Straker Band's** debut album, 'A Walk In The Park' has been put back to December 5, and the second single by **Grand Prix** 'Which Way Does The Wind Blow?' is now delayed until January. Both were originally due out this month.

● A live blues session by **Clayton Love** (one of the founder members of Ike Turner's Kings Of Rhythm band), recorded two years ago at the St. Louis Carousel Club in Missouri, is issued as a ten-inch album by Red Lightnin' Records. The same label has set January release for an album by blues guitarist **Roy Gaines**, recorded in London recently with members of The Crusaders in the backing line-up.

● Heavy metal band **Weapon**, currently touring with Motorhead, release their first single on their own Weapon label. Titled 'It's A Mad Mad World', it was produced by Live Wire's Simon Boswell.

Nick Kent feature

NICK KENT, whose name will not be unfamiliar to *NME* readers, has got together a band called **The Subterraneans** — and their debut single 'My Flamingo'/'Veiled Women', both titles penned by Kent, is issued on November 28. It's the first release on **Demon Records**, a subsidiary of **Elvis Costello** and **Rockpile's** outlet, **F-Beat Records**.

New label nets Slits, Au Pairs

THE SLITS, **The Au Pairs** and Birmingham band **Dangerous Girls** have all signed with the new Human Records label and have singles released this week — 'Animal Space', 'It's Obvious' and 'Man In The Glass' respectively. The label has been launched by Steve Melhuish, boss of the Bonaparte record shop chain, in conjunction with the Stage One distributing organisation. An American outlet has already been set up, with Skydisc distributing.

● **Caravan**, currently nearing the end of their UK tour, re-emerge on the record scene this week with a single 'Heartbreaker' and LP 'Caravan — The Album'. Both are on the new Kingdom label, a division of the TKA Group, headed by agent Terry King.

● **Killing Joke's** debut single 'Nervous System' / 'Turn To Red', originally released last winter, is being reactivated by Island from next Monday to coincide with the band's UK tour (reported two weeks ago). A 12-inch disc mix version, also featuring 'Almost Red' and 'Are You Receiving', will be in the shops the same day.



● **Stevie Wonder's** next single, due for release by Motown in December, is expected to be 'Happy Birthday' — the song he has dedicated to the late Martin Luther King. It's featured on his chart-topping LP 'Hotter Than July', which has now gone Gold.

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27 DERBY Assembly Hall
28 HANLEY Victoria Hall
29 SHEFFIELD University
30 MANCHESTER Apollo

Without Iron Maiden

December 5 SALFORD University
6 CARLISLE Twisted Wheel
7 CARLISLE Coach House
11 LIVERPOOL Brady's
13 OLDHAM Tower Club
19 SOUTHEND Crocs Club
20 MANCHESTER Commercial Club



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DATA CONTROL

GARAGELAND

SINGLES

■ **The Thompson Twins**, the London quartet who recently toured with The Teardrop Explodes, have released their second single on the new independent Latent label.

Entitled 'She's In Love With Mystery', the single is backed with 'Fast Food' and a dub version of the latter song, 'Food Style'. It is available for £1 from Phil Shaw, 8 Huguenot Mansions, East Hill, London SW18.

The band's first single 'Squares And Triangles' made a considerable dent in the independent charts and was also featured on the 101 Club compilation album 'Band It's At 10 O'Clock'.

■ **West End**: 'The Servant', the first single on the newly-formed Continental Records, available through Rough Trade and Fresh.

■ **A Sudden Sway**: 'Jane's Third Party'/'Don't Go' (Chant Records).

■ **Beatpump**: 'The Five Month Plan' EP, available through Rough Trade or direct from Slow Lorries Records, c/o Max, 5 Richmond Road, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

■ **Kan-Kan**: 'Film Noir' (Kabaret Records).

■ **The Industrial Chipmunks/Agazara**: 'More Songs For Lovesick Earthworms', a two-group double A-sided EP, available for £1.25 from Mauled By Iguana Records, 3 Brookfield Park Road, Cowbridge, South Glamorgan, Wales.

■ **Theatre Of Hate**: 'Original Sin' (SS Records).

ALBUMS

■ **Manchester's Object Music** release two more albums this month following the critically-acclaimed 'Pindrop' by The Passage. They are a new Spherical Objects LP — their third — entitled 'Further Ellipses' and the first European release by Tirez Tirez, a New York band. The latter is entitled 'Etudes' and both LP's should shortly be available through Rough Trade and Spartan.

■ **Birkenhead's Skeleton Records**, meanwhile, are releasing their first LP, a budget-priced sampler featuring 15 tracks from an array of local groups. Entitled 'A Trip To The Dentist', the album costs £1.99 and is available through the usual outlets.

CASSETTES

■ **Gary Silver**: 'Working For Fords' an eight-track cassette album available for £1.50 from Gary himself at 363 Bastable Avenue, Thames View Estate, Barking, Essex.

■ **Allen Brains**: 'Der Blaunke Teps' and 'Totentanz', two C90 tape albums by a Dutch band, available at £1.50 each from Nigel Jacklin, 83 Milton Road, Hanwell, London.

■ **Arm Pit Juices**: 'Now I'm A Megastar Don't You Want My Autograph' and 'Hosepipe Methods', two C60 albums available



The Pop-Tones: Mick Reed and Slick Vinex.



Rockburgh, the label behind the 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation album of a few months ago re-emerge this week with a pair of singles on their Square Records outlet. They are 'Move In Rhythm' by Aircraft (below), a re-recorded version of the track featured on the 'Hicks' LP, and the debut single by Pop-Tones, 'Wooden Heart'.

The Pop-Tones (above) are described as "a dynamic duo from Dewsbury" while Aircraft, who hail from Halifax, released their debut EP almost a year ago, before they appeared on 'Hicks'.



for a blank tape/SAE from Baby Is Dead Records, 31 Ton Row, Ton Pentre, Rhondda, Mid Glamorgan, Wales.

■ **Two Daughters**: 'Ladder Of Souls', an eight-track C60 available for £2.50 from Rough Trade or direct

from Two Daughters at 119 Railton Road, London SE24.

■ **Hand-Made Electronics**: A series of three tapes, released at two monthly intervals, available at £3 for the set from Ptose Prod Presente, 12 Rue Chabaudy, 79000 Niort, France.

Independent Recording News by Adrian Thrills.

IMPORTS

The Sons of Southside and Springsteen

THE SPIRIT of Springsteen and Southside Johnny pervades 'Sounds Of Asbury Park' (Visa). Hardly surprising really, for the album contains a collection of offerings from various New Jersey-based singers and musicians, many of whom, including David Sancious, Garry Tallent, Vini Lopez, Kenny Pentifallo, Richie Rosenberg, Ed Manion, Bob Muckin, Lisa Lowell and Patti Scala, have registered various degrees of studio time with either the Jukes or the E-Streeters. Items that register most immediate impact are those by vocalist Paul Whistler, whose 'Move It On Up' update on 'La Bamba' sports spirited hornwork by Muckin and team; a couple of cuts by the Lord Gunner Group, a potent five-piece whose work seems likely to bring further glory to boardwalk rock; and a decidedly palatable re-run of The Animals' 'Help Me Girl', that comes courtesy of a pick-up outfit headed by guitarist-vocalist Sonny Kenn, whose Sonny and The Starfires, with a kid named Vini Lopez on drums, sparked off the whole Jersey Shore scene in '64. Even the unlikely-sounding Kog Nito and The Geeks, a unit formed by Jukes roadie Ben Newberry in his off-duty hours, proves to be of happy countenance and, give or take a dull point or three, 'Sounds Of Asbury Park' is one of the more palatable packages of all-sorts to make its way out of Reagan territory in recent months.

● **RICHIE COLE** 'Hollywood Madness' (Muse). A Tim Hauser production on which jazz reedman Cole slots in his warm-toned, free-flowing, but lacking-in-depth alto playing alongside some brief vocal excursions by Manhattan Transfer and vocalise pioneer Eddie Jefferson, whose death took place not long after these studio dates. Tom Waits too nearly made the sessions and is heard (after a Lambert, Hendricks and Ross-like opus titled aptly 'Waiting For Waits') explaining: "Eddie baby, Ah'm sorry, man. Ah'm deeply apologetic, man. But I ended up on the corner of Heart Attack and Vine, man, and there was this

chick Lola and we were drinking some green chartreuse . . ." mumble, scratch and fade.

● **VARIOUS ARTISTS** 'Silver Meteor' (Sierra Briar). Progressive-country collectors' items, including 'I'm On My Way Home Again' and 'Cuckoo Bird', two cuts that the Everlys did with The Byrds; some unissued tracks from the album Clarence White was working on at the time of his death, with Ry Cooder chipping in 'Why You Been Gone So Long?'; and others from such superpickers as The Blue Velvet Band. The music's a lot better than the album's sleeve design.

● **ENGLISH BEAT** 'I Just Can't Stop It' (Sire). Just The Beat's debut album dressed for U.S. consumption. Apart from the inclusion of two extra tracks — 'Tears Of A Clown' and 'Ranking Full Stop' — you'd hardly notice the difference.

● **TEENAGE HEAD** 'Frantic City' (Attic). Two pretties, a spotty and a Suggsy form Head, currently rated among Canada's front runners. But their music comes at you from as many directions as a well-angled squash shot, rockabilly, Merseybeat and grittier contemporary sounds all sharing track-time. Disconcerting but good.

IMPORTS TOP 10

- 1 Clash..... Black Market (Epic)
- 2 David Coverdale..... Whitesnake (Vogue)
- 3 Patrice Rushen..... Posh (Elektra)
- 4 Stranglers..... Stranglers IV (A&M)
- 5 Earl Klugh..... Late Night Guitar (UA)
- 6 Beatles.....
- 7 Elvis Costello..... Taking Liberties (Columbia)
- 8 Moon Martin..... Street Fever (Capitol)
- 9 Alice Cooper.....

Welcome To My Nightmare (Atlantic)
10 Leonore O'Malley..... First Be A Woman (Polydor)
Also selling: Jim Carroll Band 'Catholic Boy' (Atco), Hubert Laws 'The Family' (Columbia), Jack Bruce and Friends 'I've Always Wanted To Do This' (Epic), Yello 'Solid Pleasure' (Ralph), Easybeats 'Rock Legend' (Australian Polydor), Hiroshima Fukumara 'Hunt Upwind' (Inner City).

Chart courtesy: HMV Oxford Street, Virgin Megastore Glasgow, Stage One Records, Heslamers.

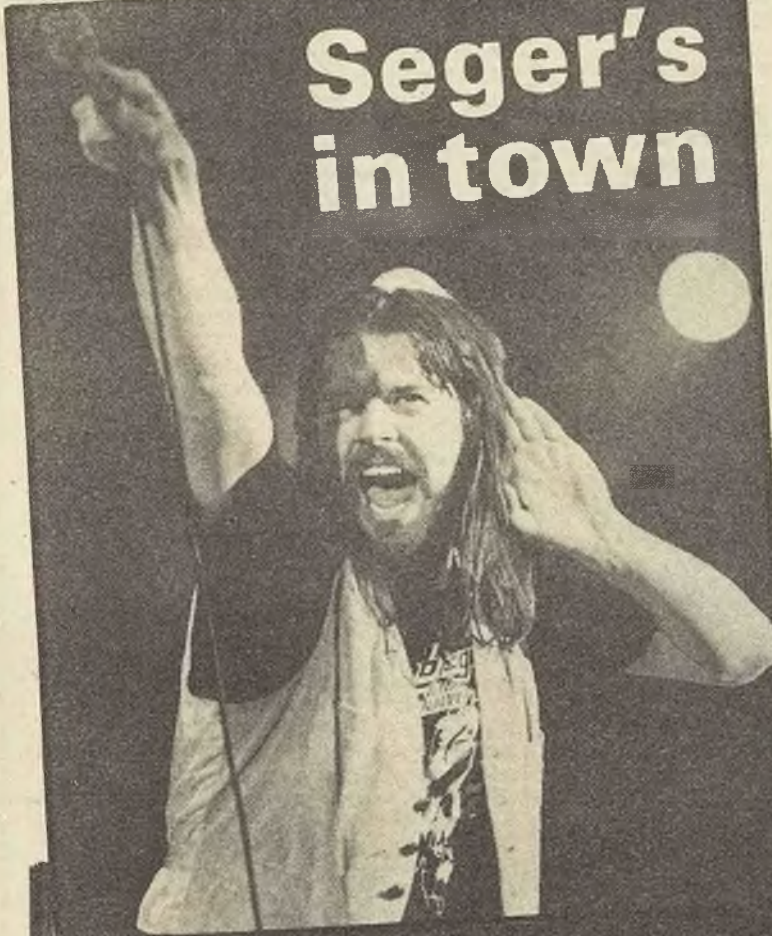
DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Fall**
 Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Soft Asylum**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Yes**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
 Birmingham University Union: **Streets Ahead**
 Blackpool Polytechnic: **U2/Medium Medium**
 Blyth Golden Eagle: **Erogenous Zones/The Grip**
 Bolton Aquarius: **The Rhythm Section**
 Bradford Palm Cove: **Surfin Dave/Eaten Alive By Insects**
 Bradford Princeville Club: **Chinatown**
 Bradford University: **Cameras In Cars**
 Brighton Dome: **Barbara Dickson**
 Brighton Hungry Years: **Suspect**
 Bristol Granary: **The Paykillers**
 Bristol Hippodrome: **The Nolans**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **The Moondogs**
 Burntwood Troubadour: **Doctor Max**
 Canterbury College of Art: **Friendly Valley/The Lines**
 Chorley Joiners Arms: **Panther 45/The Custom**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Queen Ida**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
 Cumbernauld Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
 Derby Kings Hall: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
 Dublin Simmons Court Pavilion: **Rod Stewart**
 Dudley & Weatslade Club: **Stiletto**
 Edinburgh Cavendish Club: **The Delmontes**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Vardis**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **Real To Real**
 Exeter St. George's Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Exeter University: **Wasted Youth**
 Glasgow Burns Howff: **The Androids**
 Glasgow University: **Caravan**
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: **H20**
 Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's: **B. A. Robertson/The Expressos**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Arrogant**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
 Kidderminster Town Hall: **Dangerous Girls**
 Kingston Three Tuns: **The Kicks**
 Leamington Crown Hotel: **Chainsaw**
 Leeds Cosmo Club: **Vice Versa/MRA**
 Leeds Fan Club: **Another Pretty Face**
 Leeds Polytechnic: **Adam & The Ants/God's Toys**
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
 Liverpool Brady's: **The Games**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Acton White Hart: **Gun Control**
 London Archway The Wellington: **Bad Publicity**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Robert Fripp's League Of Gentlemen**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **First Aid**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Fix/The Klones**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Blue Orchids**
 London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Stan Tracey Quartet**
 London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Invisible Sex/Zip Code**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (downstairs): **Killer Hertz**
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **O-jah**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins/TV21**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Atrix**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
 London Marquee Club: **UK Subs**
 London North Polytechnic: **Red Rage**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bryan Williams Big Band**
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Clint Eastwood**
 London Putney White Lion: **Salt**
 London Richmond Brollys: **A Certain Ratio/This Heat**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **World Service**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **Jethro Tull**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Wilber/Pug Horton/Lars Erstrand**
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Moonshine/The Sharks**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Seven Year Itch**
 London Strand Kings College: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Aretha Franklin/Light Of The World (until Sunday)**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Hill**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London Wembley Arena: **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Nips/The Idiot Dancers**
 London Wimbledon School of Art: **Ski Patrol**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Lightning Raiders/The Deaf Aids/The Pick-Ups**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **Chuck Farley**
 Lye Bulls Head: **Metallic Wolf**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Barbara Thomson's Paraphernalia**
 Manchester Carousel Club: **Ruts D.C.**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Notsensibles**
 Manchester (Mossley) Buckton Castle: **The Relatives**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Roy Harper/Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
 Manchester Rafter's: **The Comsat Angels**
 Manchester (Romilly) Grey Horse: **The Critics**
 Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Eddie Stanton**
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Damned**
 Newport Bailey's: **Sploognessabounds**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **The Stray Cats**
 Norwich Tudor Hall: **Sweet Sensation**
 Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Nightdoctor**

Seeger's in town



No sparing the Rod



B-52's attack UK cities



Gig Guide hits pre-Xmas peak

IT'S ALL HAPPENING AGAIN this week — with another batch of pre-Christmas tours setting out, several major one-off events, and a grand total of almost 700 gigs. It's the last peak week before the holiday period, as colleges start closing down for the vacation, and the spate of tours eases up. Meanwhile, though, here's the menu for the next few days.

- **ROD STEWART** begins his eagerly awaited sell-out tour with a couple of shows in Eire, then moves on to Scotland for a string of three concerts in Glasgow from Monday.
- **IAN DURY & The Blockheads** also visit the Emerald Isle, taking their 'Song And Dance Tour' to Belfast (Friday) and Dublin (Sunday and Monday), before beginning their mainland jaunt in Edinburgh on Wednesday.
- **JON ANDERSON** headlines his first solo outing, after his recent departure from Yes, and — together with his New Life Band — plays Bristol (Monday), Southampton (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday). See also news story on page 51.
- **THE DAMNED** are playing their most important tour to date, tied in with the release of their double LP 'The Black Album'. Catch them initially at Newcastle (Thursday), Wakefield (Friday), Cromer (Saturday),

Sheffield (Sunday), Southampton (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and St. Austell (Wednesday).

- And among other big names going on the road this week are heavy metal specialists **SAXON**, who open at St. Austell on Thursday; **PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY**, back in business again from Friday in Newport; and **KILLING JOKE**, who commence their first major headlining outing in Brighton on Sunday. One-off, two-off or mini-tour events of special significance include:
- **THE B-52's**, who fly in from the States to play just three gigs here — one in Edinburgh (Sunday) and two in London (Monday and Tuesday).
- **BOB SEGER & The Silver Bullet Band**, who restrict their long awaited British visit to just two nights at the Wembley Arena on Thursday and Friday.
- **OTIS RUSH**, arguably the greatest of all Chicago blues guitarists, who plays his first-ever date in this country in London on Friday.
- **JETHRO TULL**, who are only appearing in London on this occasion — at the Royal Albert Hall on Thursday and Friday.
- **CHARLIE DANIELS BAND**, who interrupt a European tour to headline at London Rainbow on Friday, with The Inmates guesting.

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Motorhead**
 Poole Brewers Arms: **The Skavengers**
 Poole Wessex Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
 Portsmouth Locarno: **Games To Avoid/The Motifs**
 Port Talbot Troubadour: **Black Slate**
 Salford Pinkies Club: **The Salford Jets**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **The Barracudas**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **Emotion Pictures**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Talkies/The Techniques/Xena Zerox/Sparkers/Skool Bus/X.S./The Ak Band**
 Southport Theatre: **Peggy Lee**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Exploding Seagulls**
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Saxon**
 Telford The Star: **Emotion Pictures**
 Winchester Railway Inn: **The Strollers**
 Worcester College of Higher Education: **Wasted Youth**

FRIDAY

Bath Moles: **Street Ahead**
 Beckham Public Hall: **Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger**
 Belfast Mayfield Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Firing Squad**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Wasted Youth**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Manitou**

Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Showaddywaddy**
 Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Quads**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
 Birmingham Top Rank: **Black Slate**
 Blackpool Jenks Bar: **The Odds/Zanti Misfitz**
 Bradford Queens Hall: **The Whips**
 Bradford Splash One Disco: **Shake Appeal**
 Bridgewater Arts Centre: **Recorded Delivery/Grief/Fractured Entertainment/Aint In Spain**
 Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites**
 Brighton Dome: **The Spinners**
 Brighton Lewes Rd Inn: **Yakety Yak**
 Brighton Stanford Arms: **Ijax Allstars**
 Canterbury Nonington College: **David Frost & The Flamingos**
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **New Apartment**
 Chelmsford Tracks: **Bastille**
 Chester Albion Hotel: **Zorkie Twins**
 Chesterfield Hardsoft Shoulder of Mutton: **Eddie Stanton**
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Stingrays**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Vision Collision**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streets Ahead**
 Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
 Dublin Simmons Court Pavilion: **Rod Stewart**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 Dunstable Half Way House: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 Durham University: **Ruts D.C.**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **U2**
 Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Roy Harper/Patrik Fitzgerald Group**

Edinburgh University: **Caravan**
 Egham Royal Holloway College: **The Mighty Stripes**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **Ian Campbell Band**
 Falmouth Green Lawns Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Fareham Technical College: **Games To Avoid/The Motifs**
 Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Androids**
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Frenchways**
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Don Williams**
 Guildford Surrey University: **New Musik**
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
 Hereford Market Hall: **Dangerous Girls**
 Hull University: **The Planets**
 Leeds Ford Green Hotel: **Queen Ida**
 Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Chinatown**
 Liverpool Brady's: **Ruts D.C.**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
 Liverpool James Parsons Hall: **Dick Smith Band**
 Liverpool Stanley Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
 Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
 London Brixton George Canning: **E.T.A. Thieves**
 London Camden Music Machine: **Girl**
 London Camden Royal Exchange: **Seven Year Itch**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Filthy McNasty**
 London City University: **A Certain Ratio/Creation Rebel/Medium Medium**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Modern Jazz/The Nuggets**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Ram Jam Band/Metro Glider**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/Resistance**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Ian Mitchell Band**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **No Meen Feet**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Sound/Code Name Borealis**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
 London Kensington Imperial College: **The Fix/Park Avenue**
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
 London Marquee Club: **The Dance Band**
 London Middlesex Polytechnic: **B.A. Robertson/The Expressos**
 London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Kicks**
 London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
 London North Polytechnic: **The Fall**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Brian Davy Quartet/New Era Jazz Band**
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
 London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **Charlie Daniels Band/The Inmates**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **Fish Turned Human/Avant Gardner/The Tronics**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **Jethro Tull**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Wilber/Pug Horton/Lars Erstrand**
 London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Attendants**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Strand King's College: **Huang Chung**
 London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Otis Rush Blues Band**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Young Revelation**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Aswad**
 London Wembley Arena: **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Brian Brain/The Lines**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Apocalypse**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **Twice Shy**
 Luton Cotters: **The Elements**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Angel City**
 Manchester The Squat: **Fad Gadget**
 Manchester University: **Classic Nouveaux**
 Manchester Valentino's: **Sweet Sensation**
 Matlock Northwood Rock Club: **Race Against Time**
 Morden Baptist Free Church: **Sky Rider**
 Motherwell Civic Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
 Newcastle Polytechnic: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Newport Harper Adams College: **Punishment Of Luxury**
 Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Talon**
 Northampton Roadmender Club: **Ludus/Diagram Brothers/Eric Random**
 Northwich City Hall: **The Drones**
 Oldham Lancashire Vaults: **The Relatives**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spring Offensive**
 Oxford Polytechnic: **On The Air**
 Paignton Festival Theatre: **The Nolans**
 Reading Target Club: **Twelfth Night**
 Rochdale College: **Tractor**
 Ruislip Youth Centre: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
 Sandgate Windsurfers Club: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
 Scarborough Penthouse: **The Barracudas**
 Scarborough Taboo: **Gary Glitter**
 Sheffield Medical School: **The Fabulous Poodles**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
 Sheffield Royal Hotel: **Sexual Lotion/Objet d'Art**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **Panther 45/The Custom**
 Slough College: **Worlds Apart**
 St Hyde Lowry's Club: **Thin Ice**
 Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Comsat Angels**
 Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Vardis**
 Taunton Odeon: **Saxon**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **Iron Maiden**
 Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Damned**
 Washington Biddick Arts Farm: **Erogenous Zones/The Grip**
 Weybridge National College of Food & Technology: **White Light**
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
 Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **Close Rivals**
 York Alquin College: **Nightdoctor**

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Adam & The Ants / God's Toys**
 Bath University: **The Fabulous Poodles / Eddie Stanton**
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Chinatown**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Classix Nouveaux / Helpless Huw & The Hesitations**
 Birmingham (Digbeth) Eagle & Tun: **Soft Asylum**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Wide Boys**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Motorhead**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
 Birmingham University: **Roy Harper / Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
 Blackburn The Greaves: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Gary Glitter**
 Blyth Golden Eagle: **The Breathers**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Spinners**
 Bristol Bridge House: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 Cambridge College of Art: **The Gas**
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Spring Offensive**
 Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall: **Peggy Lee**
 Canterbury Christchurch College: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

DATA CONTROL

Cardiff Mels Showroom: **Tanzschau**
 Chester Albion Hotel: **Zorkie Twins**
 Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **21 Guns**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Real To Real**
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Damned**
 Deeside Leisure Centre: **Yes**
 Droylsden White Hart: **Private Sector**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Wasted Youth / The Cheaters**
 Ebbw Vale The Level: **Andy Pandemonium**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Cuban Heels / The Shaking Pyramids**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **Sad Cafe**
 Effingham Lord Howard: **Prime Suspect**
 Ellesmere Port Vauxhall's: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Spoilers**
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Queen Ida**
 Glasgow Technical College: **Nightdoctor**
 Glenrothes Lomond Centre: **Dick Smith Band**
 Harrogate Royal Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
 Hertford Castle Hall: **Atomic Rooster**
 Hornchurch The Bull: **Bad Publicity**
 Huddersfield Albion Hotel: **Shader**
 Hull University: **The Corpses**
 Ilford The Cranbrook: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
 Ikeston White Lion: **Breakdown**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Don Williams**
 Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
 Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
 Lancaster University: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
 Leeds Forde Green Hotel: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 Leeds The Pack Horse: **The Escorts**
 Leeds University: **Iron Maiden**
 Liverpool Brady's: **U2 / Medium Medium**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **The Games**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Den Heggarty & The Random Band / The Mighty Strypes**
 London Camden Music Machine: **Sploogenesisounds**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Filthy McNasty**
 London Chelsea College: **Aswad**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **Dana Gillespie / Telemacque**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Decorators / Ludus / Diagram Brothers**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Essential Logic / The Mistakes / The Din / K-O's**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **On The Air**
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Atrix / Zilch**



IAN DURY: on the road

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
 London Marquee Club: **Angel City**
 London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Oral Exciters**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Kim Lesley Quartet / Panchito & The High Rockers**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Earl Okin**
 London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Andrew Cronshaw & Ric Sanders**
 London Rotherhithe The Waterside: **Those Helicopters**
 London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Huang Chung**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Wilber / Pug Horton / Lars Erstrand**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Accidents**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **John Williams / Inti Ilumani**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Young Revelation**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun / Will Gaines**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Elgin Marbles / Boys Will Be Boys**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
 Luton Baron of Beef: **The Elements**
 Luton Christ Church Civic Centre: **Blue Orchids**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
 Manchester Denton Leisure Centre: **Vardis**
 Manchester Mayflower Club: **The Immediate**
 Manchester Millstone: **Panther 45 / The Custom**
 Manchester The Squat: **X-O-Dus / Scorched Earth / White Dice**
 Manchester University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
 Manchester Valentino's: **Sweet Sensation**
 Manchester (Wythenshawe) Bench Hill: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Comsat Angels**
 Millom Ritz Club: **Mistress**
 Newcastle University: **Black Slate**
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bear Hotel: **The Immortals / Madmen**

Nottingham Forum Leisure Centre: **Girlschool / Angelwitch**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Twelfth Night**
 Oxford Merton College: **Sonic Tonix**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Marillion**
 Poole Wessex Hall: **Uriah Heep / Samson**
 Portsmouth Furze Lane Bar: **Xena Zerox**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Moondogs**
 Reading Target Club: **Metro Glider**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Punishment Of Luxury**
 Salisbury King & Bishop: **Talon**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **+b.c.**
 Solihull West Warwickshire Sports Club: **Briton**
 Southampton Solent Suite: **Games To Avoid / The Motifs**
 Southport Theatre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourne**
 St. Ives Rugby Clubhouse: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Stourbridge Norton Church Hall: **Split Image**
 Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Sub Zero**
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Nolans**
 Sunderland Empire Theatre: **The Dooleys**
 Sunderland Polytechnic: **The Planets**
 Swindon Leisure Centre: **Saxon**
 Watford Red Lion: **Worlds Apart**
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **U.X.B**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **The Set**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Ruts D.C. / The Lasers**

SUNDAY

Bath Tiffany's: **Ruts D.C.**
 Bicester Red Lion: **Twelfth Night**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Motorhead**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
 Birmingham Star Club: **Vision**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Beast On The Hill**
 Brighton Alhambra: **Daddy Yum Yum**
 Brighton Jenkinson's: **Killing Joke**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Caerphilly The Crown: **Andy Pandemonium**
 Carlisle Assembly Hall: **The Dooleys**
 Chelmsford Odeon: **Saxon**
 Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
 Dublin Grand Cinema: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
 Dublin Olympia: **The Roches**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Nightdoctor**
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The B-52's**
 Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): **Milenberg Band**
 Folkestone Pullman Wine Bar: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
 Glasgow Cumbernauld Theatre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourne**
 Glasgow Gigs: **Johnny & The Roccas**
 Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **The Androids**
 Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Breathers**
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: **World Service**
 Hattersley Four In Hand: **Private Sector**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Worlds Apart**
 Kingston Three Tuns: **The Atrix**
 Kirkcaldy Country Club: **Queen Ida**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
 Leeds Staging Post: **The Whippies**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **Dick Smith Band**
 London Acton Kings Head: **B-Film/Red Box/The Chevrons**
 London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beans & Rice**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter/Chinese Wasps**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (four four days)**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers/Dirty Strangers**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Scoop/Black Market**



JETHRO TULL: London gigs

London Dulwich Cherry Tree: **Shadowfax**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Nash The Slash**
 London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Don Williams**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Barrucas**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **BIM**
 London Marquee Club: **Praying Mantis**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Real To Real**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Rocket 88**
 London Putney White Lion: **The C-Sharps**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**

London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Apocalypse**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Changers**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Adam & The Ants/Cuddly Toys/God's Toys**



OTIS RUSH: UK debut

London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Caravan**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Battlefield Band**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Dick Charlesworth & His Brothers**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **Paz**
 Luton The Unicorn: **Chinatown**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
 Manchester (Ashton) Golden Eagle: **Panther 45/The Custom**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Dr. Filth**
 Manchester Portland Bars: **Zanathus**
 Nantwich Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Uninvited**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Norwich Theatre Royal: **Jasper Carrott (for five days)**
 Nottingham Playhouse: **Roy Harper/Patrick Fitzgerald Group**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Metro Glider**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Defiant Pose**
 Pynton Folk Centre: **Jake Thackray**
 Reading Cherry's Bar: **Motley Crew**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Enid**
 Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Iron Maiden**
 Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
 Sheffield Top Rank: **The Damned**
 St. Albans Goat Inn: **Roy Bailey**
 Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Peggy Lee**
 Stockport Romiley Cricket Club: **The Twisting Ferraris**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Briton/Fripp's League Of Gentlemen**
 Birmingham Cedar Club: **Robert Frupp's League Of Gentlemen**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Split Image**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Swakara**
 Brighton The Richmond: **The 45's**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
 Camberley The Agincourt: **Chinatown**
 Cheltenham Eve's Club: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
 Chesterfield Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton: **Vardis**
 Codicote Bell Hotel: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **The Wild Boys/Protege**
 Coventry Polytechnic: **U2/Medium Medium**
 Doncaster Rotters: **Adam & The Ants/God's Toys**
 Dublin Grand Cinema: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Black Slate**
 Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
 Exeter University: **The Stray Cats**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Rod Stewart**
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Defiant Pose**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Saxon**
 Hull City Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourne**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Knife Edge**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Yes**
 Liverpool Brady's: **The Comsat Angels**
 London Acton White Hart: **The Spoilers**
 London Camden Brecknock: **Shader**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Gravenites**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Nips**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Bernad Weber & The Last Resort**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kevin Coyne**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Mechanics/Taurus**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Back Door Man**
 London Hammersmith Palais: **The B-52's/The Au Pairs/Pearl Harbor**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Barrucas**
 London Marquee Club: **Wasted Youth**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bac Band**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **Manipulator/The Nuggets/Odd Hits**
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Helen Hughes/Victor Feldman Quartet (for two weeks)**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The C-Sharps**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
 London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Joe Stead**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Rab Noakes**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **One On One/Zero Zero**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Gas**
 London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**

London W.14 The Kensington: **The Kicks**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Drones**
 Manchester Ratters: **Queen Ida**
 Market Harborough Coach & Horses: **Religious Overdose**
 Newport Stowaway: **Ruts D.C.**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
 Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **B. A. Robertson/The Expressos**
 Skegness Youth Club: **The Moondogs**
 Slough Studio One: **Twelfth Night**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Damned**
 Stafford Malt & Hops: **Firing Squad**
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Salford Jets**
 Taunton Odeon: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
 Wallasey Labour Club: **Dick Smith Band**
 Warrington Britannia: **Zorkie Twins**
 Watford Bailey's: **The Hollies (for a week)**
 York Jaspers: **Dangerous Girls**

TUESDAY

Bathgate The Green Tree: **The Breathers**
 Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brulo**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
 Blackburn (Rishton) Bayhorse New Inn: **The Whippies**
 Bolton (Bromley Cross) The Railway: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
 Brighton Basement Club: **Section 25**
 Bristol Berkeley: **The Stray Cats**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Robert Frupp's League Of Gentlemen**
 Bury The Derby Hall: **Jazz Fusion**
 Canterbury Kent University: **The Comsat Angels**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
 Cardiff Top Rank: **The Damned**
 Crawley Leisure Centre: **Motorhead**
 Edinburgh University: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourne**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **Motley Crew**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Rod Stewart**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **The Flatbackers**



JON ANDERSON: solo outing

Gloucester Leisure Centre: **The Nolans**
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Tel Aviv Quartet/Base 3**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Soft Cell**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Yes**
 Leicester University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
 Liverpool Brady's: **Dick Smith Band**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Queen Ida**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Gravenites**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The 45's/The Case**
 London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kevin Coyne**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Androids Of Mu/Hardware/Table 12**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Ram Jam Band/Toys**
 London Hammersmith Palais: **The B-52's/The Au Pairs/Pearl Harbor**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Transit Company**
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazz Band**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lonesome No More**
 London Lee Green Old Tigers Head: **Yakety Yak**
 London Marquee Club: **Ruts D.C.**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Original Touch**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chelsea/The Pictures**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Sound Of Seventeen**
 London Putney White Lion: **Richard Newman Band**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **Medium Medium/The Cymbelines/Popular Theory**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dead Airmen/Alan Peelay The Queen Of Zargon**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
 London W.1 Whiskey A Go Go: **Carey Duncan Band**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **F.X. Malvern Phoenix Club: And Also The Trees**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Sadler**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Nottingham Boat Club: **Killing Joke**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Brendan Kidulic & The Stroll**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Adam & The Ants/God's Toys**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Wasted Youth**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**

Southampton Gilbey's: **The Skavengers**
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Drones**
 Warrington Britannia: **Zorkie Twins**
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Saxon**

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Iron Maiden**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Brighton Dome: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
 Bristol Berkeley: **The Comsat Angels**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Blue Monday**
 Cardiff Casablanca: **The Stray Cats**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Saxon**
 Chatham Scamps: **The Spoilers**
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
 Derby Blue Note: **Wasted Youth**
 Dublin Stadium: **Barbara Dickson**
 Durrington The Plough: **Chinatown**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
 Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
 Exeter Boxes: **Metro Glider**
 Exeter New Victoria Hotel: **David Marx & The Mix**
 Exeter St. George's Hall: **Adam & The Ants / God's Toys**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Rod Stewart**
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Breathers**
 Halifax Shay Club: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 Hereford Rotters: **The Naturals**
 Huddersfield White Lion: **The Elements**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 Kingston Three Tuns: **Bernad Weber & The Last Resort**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Nightdoctor**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
 Liverpool Brady's: **Roy Harper / Patrick Fitzgerald Group**
 Liverpool Scamps: **Stun The Guards**
 London Acton Kings Head: **The Decorators / A-Z**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida**
 London Camden Music Machine: **The Drones**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Broadcast / The Divers**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **BIM**
 London Ealing The Earl Granville: **Bad Publicity**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Huang Chung / T.V. Smith's Explorers**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Sole Distributors**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Nervous Germans**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Apocalypse**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
 London Marquee Club: **U2**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **Mass / Five Or Six / The Pinkies**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage Quartet**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Back To Back**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Dana Gillespie**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Modern Man / Cheap Thrill**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Havana Lets Go / Cooper S**
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Nick Gravenites Band**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Witchfynde**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **Southern Comfort**
 Maidstone College of Art: **Killing Joke**
 Manchester Beach Club: **The Renegades**
 Manchester Comanche Students Union: **The Mirror Boys / The Rip Offs**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Black Slate**
 New Romney Greatstone Seahorse: **The Pulsators**



THE DAMNED: major tour

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Worlds Apart**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Uriah Heep / Samson**
 Oxford Scamps: **Talk Over**
 Ramsgate Sands Wine Bar: **David Frost & The Flamigos**
 Rugby Benn Memorial Hall: **Vardis**
 Sheffield City Hall: **The Spinners**
 Sheffield Royal Hotel: **The Chant**
 Sheffield Top Rank: **Girlschool / Angelwitch**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **Talon**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Damned**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Chevrons / Red Box / B Film**
 Winchester Art College: **Medium Medium**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Wasted Youth**

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 D1-437 6003

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 20th Nov (Adm. £2.50)

UK SUBS

Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Fri 21st Nov (Adm. £1.50)

THE

DANCE BAND

Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sat 22nd Nov (Adm. £2.00)

From Australia

ANGEL CITY

Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Sun 23rd Nov (Adm. £1.75)

PRAYING MANTIS

Plus support & Mandy H

Mon 24th Nov (Adm £1.50)

WASTED YOUTH

Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues 25th Nov

For One Night Only

THE RUTS DC

Plus friends & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members
£2.25

Non members on the door £2.50

Wed 26th & Thur 27th Nov (Adm £2)

Welcome Return Of

U2

Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

the B-52's

Pearl Harbour

AU PAIRS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6

MON/TUES 24th/25th NOVEMBER at 8-00

TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 740 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE
TEL: 01-387 0428/9

Thursday 20th FAD GADGET + Soul Boys + Blancmange Admission £1.70	Sunday 23rd Neil Kays HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE 7.30 — 11.30 Admission £1.00
Friday 21st GIRL + Surprise Guests + Tora Admission £2.50	Monday 24th Admission £1.20 FRUIT EATING BEARS + The Wasters + The Locaters
Saturday 22nd SPLODGENESSABOUNDS + The Twits + Strictly Business Admission £2.50	Tuesday 25th CLOSED
	Wednesday 26th Admission £1.20 THE DRONES + Foreign Press

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday, 21st November **£2.00**
DISCHARGE + Support

Saturday, 22nd November **£2.00**
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY + Support

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6

Wednesday 19th November BLUE ORCHIDS + The Decorators £1.50	Thursday 20th November THE NIPS + The Idiot Dancers £1.50
Friday 21st November BRIAN BRAIN + The Lines + The Mets £1.50	Saturday 22nd November THE ELGIN MARBLES + Boys Will Be Boys £1.50
Sunday 23rd November THE SOUL BAND + The Ivory Coasters £1.50	Monday 24th November ONE ON ONE + Zero Zero £1.25
Tuesday 25th November THE DEAD AIRMEN + Alan Peasey the Queen of Zargon £1.25	Wednesday 26th November HAVANA LETS GO + Cooper S

101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill
Tel: 01 223 8309

Wednesday 19th November
THE FORM + Spitt in Mucles

Thursday 20th November
THE FIX + The Klones

Friday 21st November
MODERN JAZZ + The Nuggets

Saturday 22nd November
Lunchtime
FRUIT EATING BEARS
THE DECORATORS + Ludus
+ Diagram Brothers

Sunday 23rd November
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
+ Dirty Strangers

Monday 24th November
BERND WEBER & THE LAST RESORT

Tuesday 25th November
The 45's + The Case

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS Presents

Tuesday 9th Dec XTC + Special guests at Liverpool Rotters Tel. 051 709 0771 Adv. tickets £2.50	Sunday 14th Dec DEF LEPPARD + Special guests at Doncaster Rotters Tel. 0302 27448. Adv. £2.50
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SLADE
+ Special guests at
Manchester Rotters
Tel. 061 236 4934
Adv. £2.50

For times & ticket outlets see
local press. Must be over 18
years of age. No dress
restrictions. No membership
required.

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following

NOVEMBER	30 Roches	12 Hugh Mundell/Aswad
21 Otis Rush Blues Band	30 Killing Joke	14 Echo & The Bunnymen
21 Charlie Daniels Band	DECEMBER	15, 16 Undertones
21 Bob Seger	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 Rod Stewart	15, 16, 17, 18 Yes
22 Jesse Jackson	1 Jon Anderson	18 Steeleye Span
22 John Williams	3 Uriah Heep	19 Saxon
23 Don Williams	3 The Damned	20 Gary Glitter
23 Caravan	3 Barbara Dickson	21 Iron Maiden
24, 25 B52's	4 Human League	21 Steve Harley
26, 27, 28, Motorhead	4 5 Split Enz	22, 23 Ian Dury
27 Japan	6 Hazel O'Connor	22, 23 Madness
27 Dooleys	7 Girlschool	24 Dire Straits
28 Hot Chocolate	8, 9, 10 Al Stewart	27, 28, 29 Black Sabbath
29 Adam & The Ants	8 Metels	JANUARY
29 Roy Harper	11 Sky	23, 24 Cliff Richard
	11 Burning Spear	28, 29 UFO

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
General enquiries Tel 01-439 3371. Instant Credit Bookings 01-240 1369/0681. Postal Bookings
96 Shaftesbury Ave. W.1. Personal callers 31 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus and 42
Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, Tel 01-437 5150

JAPAN

LOCAL HEROES SW.9.

THE SMART

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

THURSDAY 27th NOVEMBER at 8-00

TICKETS: £5.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY

Tickets on sale now for

IAN DURY

IN CONCERT
21st, 22nd & 23rd December

QUEEN

IN CONCERT
8th, 9th & 10th December

8 Claybury Broadway,
Clayhall, Ilford, Essex.
Phone 01-551 4138/9

THE KRAZE WOULD LIKE
TO SAY A BIG THANK
YOU TO ALL THE YOUNG
PEOPLE OF LONDON
WHO CONTRIBUTED SO
GENEROUSLY TO THE
JOHNNY OWEN FUND
WE MANAGED WITH
YOUR HELP TO RAISE
£2,000 THANKS AGAIN

Kevin Draper
for Rainbow Concerts presents

SAXON

Thursday 20th November St. Austell New Cornish Riviera	Tickets £2.75
Friday 21st November Taunton Odeon	Tickets £3.25, £2.75, £2.25.
Saturday 22nd November Swindon Oasis	Tickets £2.75.
Sunday 23rd November Chelmsford Odeon	Tickets £3.25, £2.75, £2.25.
Thursday 18th December Malvern Winter Gardens	Tickets 3.00.

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 20th November	75p
THE RESISTANCE + Neon Deal	
Friday 21st November	£1
★ IAN MITCHELL BAND ★ + White Light	
Saturday 22nd November	£1
ON THE AIR + The Naturals (first 50 tickets receive free single)	
Sunday 23rd November	75p
NASH THE SLASH + Blancmange	
Monday 24th November	75p
THE MECHANICS / TAURUS	
Tuesday 25th November	£1.50
THE RAM JAM BAND + Toys	
Wednesday 26th November	£1
TV SMITHS EXPLORERS + Huang Chung	

CAROLITE

Roadshow

Fri 21st Nov	TALK OF THE EAST, LOWESTOFT
Sat 22nd Nov	CASTLE HALL, HERTFORD, HERTS with Special Guests — Live on stage ATOMIC ROOSTER
Fri 28th Nov	CHAMBER HALL, CHELMSFORD
Sat 29th Nov	ST IVO CENTRE, ST IVES, CAMBS with ATOMIC ROOSTER Rob Eden & Bastille
Sat 29th Nov	SLOUGH COLLEGE, SLOUGH, BERKS with WHITE SPIRIT Brian Martin + Tom Anderson
Thurs 4th Dec	CINDERELLAS NIGHT CLUB, IPSWICH
Fri 5th Dec	RHODES HALL, BISHOP STORTFORD
Sat 6th Dec	TOWN HALL, CHATHAM, KENT
Fri 12th Dec	TALK OF THE EAST, LOWESTOFT

CAROLINE BRITAIN'S BEST ROCK ROADSHOW WITH DJ's ROBB EDEN,
BRIAN MARTIN AND TOM ANDERSON
Doors Open 8pm Bar Admission £2.00

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THUR 20
LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN
featuring ROBERT FRIPP

FRI 21
ICARUS

SAT 22
RANDOM BAND

SUN 23/R&B NIGHT
RED BEANS AND RICE

MON 24 TUES 25 two evenings with Bay Area legends
NICK GRAVENITES WITH JOHN CIPPOLINA

WED 26 THUR 27 Thanks Giving demand performances
QUEEN IDA

BONTON ZYDECO BAND

WED 3 DEC. FRANKIE MILLER THURS 4 ROY WOOD
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THE ATRIX

NOV.17-101 CLUB, CLAPHAM

NOV.18-THE GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE ROAD

NOV.20-HOPE & ANCHOR, ISLINGTON

NOV.22-HALF MOON, HERNE HILL

NOV.23-WAVES, KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES

TREASURE ON THE WASTELAND

D DEE 8 NEW SINGLE

KEVIN DRAPER FOR RAINBOW CONCERTS PRESENTS

ADAM & THE ANTS

ST AUSTELL NEW CORNISH RIVIERA, Thursday 27th
November, 7.30pm. Tickets £2 advance, £2.75 door. Avail-
able from usual agents.

TAUNTON ODEON, Friday 5th December, 7.30 pm
Tickets £3, £2.50, £2 from Box Office and usual agents

CARLISLE MARKET HALL, Wednesday, 10th December
7.30pm
Tickets £2.50 available from Pink Panther Records
Rosemarie Lane, Carlisle or £3 on night.

IPSWICH GAUMONT, Friday 12th December, 7.30pm.
Tickets £3, £2.50, £2 from Box Office and usual agents.

CHELMSFORD ODEON, Saturday, 13th December, 7.30pm.
Tickets £3, £2.50, £2 from Box Office and usual agents.

CANTERBURY ODEON, Sunday, 14th December, 7.30pm.
Tickets £3, £2.50 from Box Office and usual agents.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

KILLING JOKE
wasted youth
FAD GADGET
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 30th NOVEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

URIAH HEEP
With Guests **SAMSON**
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
WEDNESDAY 3rd DECEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

GIRLSCHOOL
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
ANGEL WITCH
DEDRINGER **TANK**
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 7th DECEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 19th November BOOTS FOR DANCING	£1	Sunday 23rd November BIM	£1
Thursday 20th November THE ATRIX	£1	Monday 24th November THE BARRACUDAS	£1
Friday 21st November THE SOFT BOYS	£1.25	Tuesday 25th November LONESOME NO MORE	£1
Saturday 22nd November THE LEMONS	£1	Wednesday 26th November NERVOUS GERMANS	£1

'READY FOR THE EIGHTIES' TOUR
CARAVAN
THE CONCERTS — 7.30pm
PLUS GRAND PRIX
Sunday 23rd Nov. — Dominion Theatre, London
Thursday 27th Nov. — Civic Hall, Guildford
Tickets now available from theatre box offices and usual agents

"BACK LINE"
CLUB
CHURCH ELM, DAGENHAM,
ESSEX.
(50 yards from Dagenham Heathway Station)
Thursday 20th November
THE EXCITERS
+ EL 34
+ Disco
Adm £1.00
Licensed Bar 8-12
Groups Wanted Phone Fred 5952708

SCENARIO PROMOTIONS
(061 431 0357)
Presents
Thursday November 27th
THE RUTS D.C.
at the Carousel Club
210 Plymouth Grove
Manchester 13
Late Bar — Tickets available from
Paper Chase + Piccadilly Records

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK presents
THE HUMAN LEAGUE
RESTRICTED CODE PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
THURSDAY 4th DECEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081/2
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS and USUAL AGENTS

NORBRECK NITE SPOT
Queen's Promenade, Blackpool
(Tel. 0253 52341)

Friday, 21st November Admission £1.50
BUDGIE
DJ Robin Dukes — 9 pm till 2 am
Saturday, 22nd November Admission £2.50
GARY GLITTER
DJ Robin Banks — 9 pm till 2 am

THE FALL
+ AU PAIRS
Holloway Rd Theatre
Polytechnic of North London
Friday Nov. 21st 7.30 pm
£2.00 on door

QUEEN ELIZABETH
COLLEGE S.U.
presents
MARTIAN DANCE
+ Industrial Music
Friday 21st Nov 7—7.30pm
£1.50 — £1.00 NUS
High St Ken or Notting Hill
Gate

DODGERS CLUB
The Trafalgar
Shepherd's Bush Precinct
Saturday November 22nd
HUANG CHUNG
+ The Dave
Wednesday November 26th
THE MECHANICS
+ 720

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
KILLING JOKE
+ A Theatre of Hate
7.30 Sunday 23rd November
£1.90 Adv £2.50 door
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATRIX RECORDS.

Venue
160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(Opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882
Tickets from The Venue Box Office
and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin
Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W1.
Postal Applications (P.O.'s only) from
The Venue.
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing
7pm-3am

Wednesday 19th November	£3.50
RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON	
Wednesday 19th November	£2.00
LATE NIGHT: AMERICAN GRAFFITI PARTY	
Thursday 20th November	
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS	
Friday 21st November	£3.00
ASWAD	
Saturday 22nd November	£3.00
JOHNNY MARS 7TH SUN	
+ Will Gains	
Monday 24th November	£2.25
RAB NOAKES	
Tuesday 25th November	
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS	
Wednesday 26th November	£2.50
MODERN MAN	
+ Cheap Thrills	
Thursday 27th November	
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS	
Friday 28th November	£4.00
THE MOTELS	
Saturday 29th November	
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS	
Monday 1st December	£3.00
BERT JANSCH AND JOHN RENBOURNE	
FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS	
Saturday 6th December	£3.00
OSIBISA	
Tuesday 9th December	£2.50
JIMMY LINDSEY	
Friday 12th December	£3.50
JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT	
Saturday 13th December	£3.00
MARMALADE	
Sunday 14th December	£4.50
ERIC BURDEN'S FIRE DEPARTMENT	

REGGAE AT THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St, London W1
Thursday November 20th
ONLY LONDON APPEARANCE OF
JAMAICA'S TOP RANKING
TOASTER
CLINT EASTWOOD
WITH THE FREEDOM
FIGHTERS
+ Support
£3.00 On Door
NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB
Tuesday 25th November
CHELSEA
+ Pictures
+ Disco
£1.50 On Door

Please phone before setting out, check,
but avoiding major disasters, here is:
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DATA CONTROL

INFORMATION CITY

SHORTLY after reading Danny Baker's rave review of The Tigers' single 'Kidding Stops', I picked up a copy of the disc in a bargain bin. It proved to be a killer and I've since waited to hear further about the band's releases and activities. But, though some time has passed, I've heard zilch. Does the band still exist? If so, who are its members and when are they putting out some more records?

JOHN JOHNSON, London W.2.
 ● The elusive Tigers are: Tony Jacks (lead vocals and guitar), Nick Cola (keyboards), Ross McGeeney (lead guitar), Nik Potter (bass) and Pete Dobson (drums), those with case histories being Potter, who's ex-Van Der Graaf Generator, and McGeeney, with whom I once downed a pint while he was still a member of Starry-Eyed and Laughing. The band's singles to date — all on Strike Records — are: 'Savage Music'/'Jack It Up' (STING 1 — promo only, November 1979), 'Kidding Stops'/'Big Expense, Small Income' (originally released on STIK 2, November 1979, then later issued on KIK 1), 'Promises, Promises'/'Ska-Trekking' (KIK 3, June 1980), and 'Savage Music'/'Ice Cold In Fulham' (KIK 4, October 1980), plus 'Ska-Trekking'/'Religion For The Hungry' (KIK 2 — released only in Europe). There has also been one official album release, 'The Tigers', which surfaced in the States on A&M SP4817, gaining the band two US tours — one reason why Jacks and his mates have hardly surfaced on the home circuit. Latest news is that a new single, 'Do The Crawl (Walk Tall)'/'Go For It' (KIK 5), should be with us shortly, while a new album is under construction and a UK tour being planned.

WHAT has happened to Shake, the band formed by ex-Rezillos? I know they issued a 10" EP and a single but are the band still together? Also could you tell me what has become of William Mysterious since he left The Rezillos?
IAIN WALKER, Ottawa, Canada.

● Seems that Shake have been keeping the proverbial 'low profile' during recent months while legal differences with Sire Records have been sorted out. They have now split from the label and have lined up some gigs in Scotland, while the new year should find the band heading south. During the interim, Jo Callis has been playing a number of gigs with Boots For Dancing, while the other Shakers have been involved in projects with Flowers and TV21. As for the long-lost Mysterious, he has, according to one report, "moved to Hull and oblivion". Meanwhile, The Revillos move on and are now booked to support Gary Glitter at the Rainbow on December 20, a liaison formed, say the band, "out of mutual respect". This news coincides with a report that 'an interesting association' is likely on The Revillos' forthcoming recorded efforts.

ONE of my friends is visiting Los Angeles shortly and would like to see The Sound Factory, where stars like James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt record. Could you supply an address?

LYN THOMAS, Gloucester.
 ● One of the 180 LA studios listed in the latest edition of *Billboard's Recording Equipment and Studio Directory*, The Sound Factory is located at 6357 Selena Avenue, Hollywood 90028 (Tel — 4672500).

HELP! I've been trying for weeks to get hold of the 'Rock, Rock, Rock' soundtrack album, which was reviewed in the *NME Imports* column. But nobody seems to know anything about it, so can you put me out of my misery and tell me exactly where I can buy a copy?

BOPPIN' BOB, Peterborough.
 ● The guy bringing 'Rock, Rock, Rock' in from Aussie-land is Stewart Parker, 'Stoneplace', Church Road, North Leigh, Witney, Oxon OX8 6TX. The album costs £6.50, inclusive of postage and packing.



Cocker explains his physique.

The gas man cometh

AFTER years of waiting, it was finally announced that Joe Cocker was to play a string of concert dates. But the Edinburgh gig on November 9 was cancelled and no reason given, so I'm worried that it's all just part of another abortive comeback attempt by the singer. Can you throw any light on the situation?

JIM TAYLOR, Alloa.
 ● The Edinburgh concert was not completely cancelled — it's just that the show has been

re-scheduled for December 7, a date which slots in better with the Cocker tour plans. Meanwhile, despite Max Bell's doubts about the validity of joltin' Joe's onstage performances, things have been going A-OK on the box-office front, the shows at The Venue proving sell-outs, resulting in a further London concert being set for the Rainbow on December 6. And plans for a further tour next year are already being mulled over.

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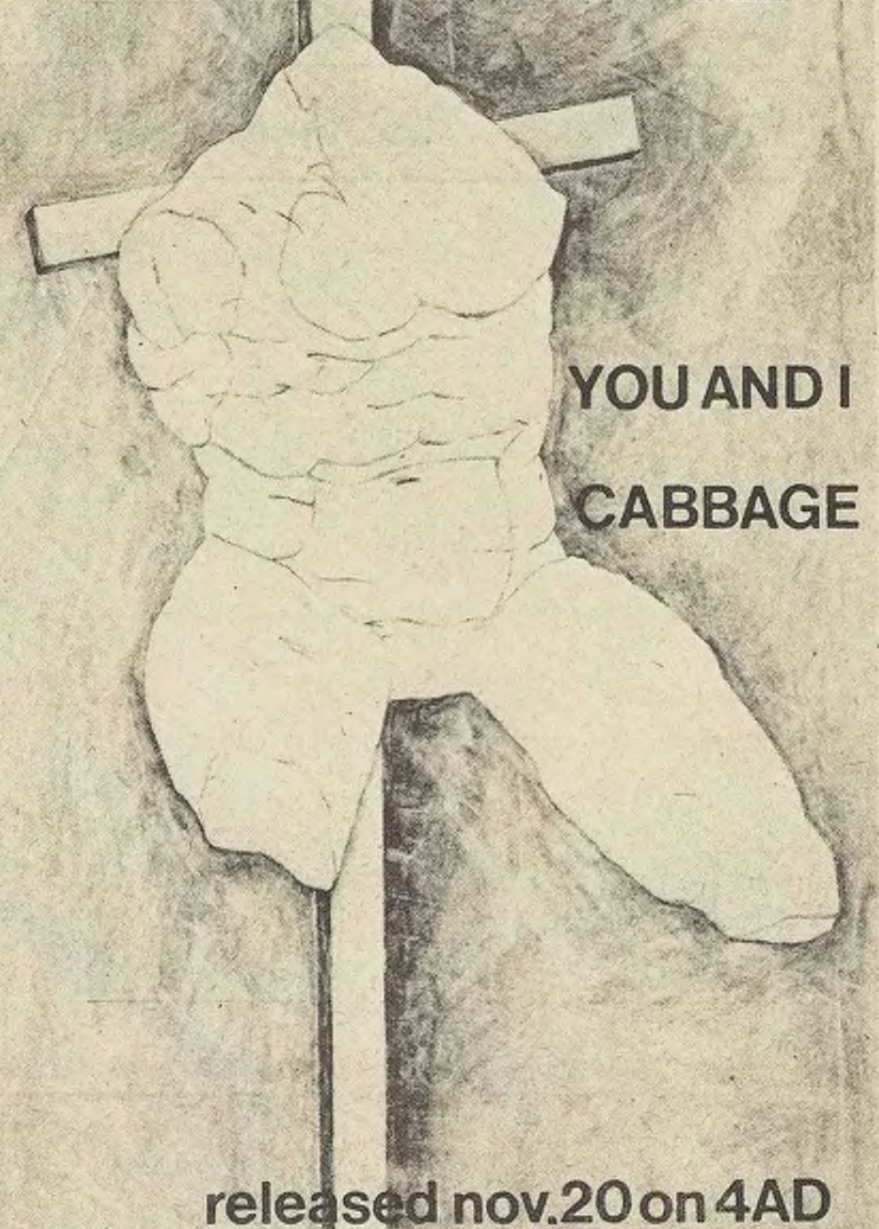
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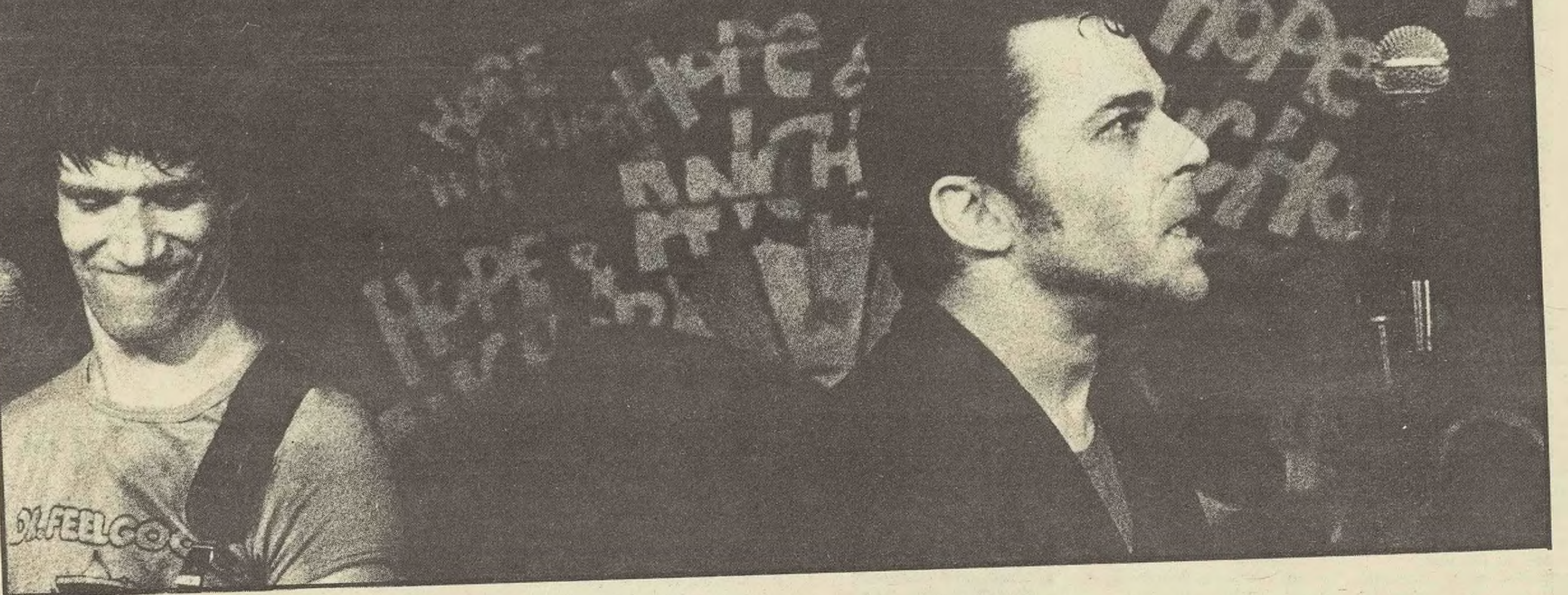


for the Special Touch



LIVE!

The odd couple, Wilko and Dury. Pic: Peter Anderson.



Ian Dury And The Blockheads

THE MILLENIUM has surely come: Davey Payne has just bent over to reveal a Devo single sellotaped to his jacket along with the plastic figurines, John Turnbull has just knocked his guitar right out of tune, Wilko Johnson's standing there in a mauve Dr Feelgood T-shirt with the goofiest grin you ever saw or imagined in your entire life and veins are bulging out of Ian Dury's neck as if they were going to burst as he stands there all askew.

Monday night down the Hope: a Blanket Coverage night. Jerry Dammers is yelling something incoherent from the bar, Suggs is mingling and as the band fall into some obvious outrage called 'Hey Mr Peanut' — 'Oi! Where'd you get that haircut? Marks and Spencer's? — and the whole shithouse is coming down, Jim.

Monday night: the third gig by the current post-Jankel Wilkoised Blockheads and things are beginning to sort themselves out. Starting with 'Quiet' and running through a programme based principally around 'New Boots And Panties' material and new, unreleased stuff, the collective grasp on the subject matter increased almost visibly and certainly audibly. The proceedings were trimmed down savagely: the between-song matter rambled not at all and several obvious crowd-pleasers were omitted. Fragments of 'I Wanna Be Straight', 'Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll' and 'Reasons To Be Cheerful' surface in a kind of stew that eventually erupts into 'Rhythm Stick'.

Old faves: 'Billericay Dickie', 'Plaistow Patricia', 'Blockheads', 'Sweet Gene'. In the dumper: all the hits except 'Rhythm Stick' and just about everything from the second album. Visual stunts: John Turnbull in some

Oi! Oi! Anchors Aweigh

HOPE & ANCHOR BLANKET COVERAGE



Another old couple, Fay and Eugene. Pic: Peter Anderson.

sort of clown suit and bursts of Wilkoising everytime Dury pressed the right button. The

Dury persona was stripped to the bone: no scarves and tools and props, just black

gloves and a mikestand.

So what do we make of Dury and the Blocks at this moment when it was new is now comparatively distant. Wilko is objectively new, and to Blockheads fans who didn't follow the Feelgoods or Senders there's definitely an (objectively new) treat in store. The new material is pell-mell R&B, that particular variety of rock and roll that sounds like it's just about to fall down the stairs. Dury cups the microphone and offers great phlegmy rushes of words pinballing off Wilko's dementedly single-minded rhythm guitar and Norman Watt-Roy's dedicated exercise of the science of *sproing*. What else? Oh yeah, Charlie Charles has to be Superman because he was wearing his underpants over his trousers.

It's probably too late to expect or demand any real surprises from Ian Dury. Normally, one would treat this as some sort of major denunciation, but it's quarter to two right now and the critics' hat begins to pinch after midnight, so shove that. Virtually everybody that side of and including Gang of Four are living on their Greatest Hits right now, and the current Dury incarnation relies on his ones a hell of a lot less than most. So the Blocks aren't nearly as culpable as most of the competition, and there's all the subjective stuff to take into account too, like how

crowded the Hope was and how I grinned most of the way through for no apparent reason.

If you're basically in favour of Ian Dury or someone like him, the current Blocks show is as likely to please you as it ever was, if not more so. If you regard him as a professional Cockney or a clown and you can't get off on the noise the band makes, then you're unlikely to change your mind. Be subjective: entertainment is one of the few things that you're still allowed to be subjective about. Do you like this stuff or don't you?

Me, I like it — right now, anyway, which is, after all, what matters.

Chas who?

Charles Shaar Murray

The Revillos

THEY reckon you can gauge the intensity of a Revillos gig from the time it takes Eugene Reynolds' outsize quiff to disintegrate — the quicker his ludicrously lacquered barnet collapses, the better the gig.

On that scale, The Revillos contribution to the Hope's Blanket Coverage festival must rank as one of their best live performances to date with Eugene's quiff in tatters barely ten minutes after the band took to the stage.

Going... in only the first number, 'Motorbike Beat', the steam heat rising from the stage is already resulting in a flurry of loose strands and frayed edges.

Going... into the second song 'Voodoo' and the leaning coiffure of Lothian has degenerated into a dodgy state of semi-collapse with the ferocity of the Rev-beat emanating from the amplifiers.

Gone... The opening chords of 'Scuba Scuba' and it's all over, literally, in just the third round, with greasy black chunks of hair now cascading in an ugly heap around the singer's visage.

With the quiffometer as a

guide, this was never anything less than a classic performance.

Of course, certain other factors can enter into any appreciation of The Revillos and the group occasionally merit serious — well, semi-serious — musical consideration, although this is certainly a secondary concern live.

The Revillos draw their musical inspiration largely, though not completely, from the '60s; from tacky girlie groups to vampire rock 'n' rollers. The lyrics show them as masters of everything trashy and transitory from cheap horror ('Voodoo') and deep-sea diving ('Scuba Scuba', 'Scuba Boy Bop') to motorbikes ('Rev Up', 'Motorbike Beat') and the prevalent sounds and styles themselves ('Juke Box', 'Mind Bending Cutie Doll').

Their set, however, could be better paced, with only two songs in the current repertoire — Fay Fife's 'On The Beach' and 'Bobby Come Back' — being performed at anything less than breakneck speed.

A good half of the songs lack the precision and construction of the material Jo Callis contributed to Fay and Eugene's old band The Rezillos, although newer, unrecorded stuff like 'Sputnik Kids' and 'Cutie Doll' did augur well in that department.

What they might lack in content, the Revs compensate for in their presentation, with Eugene engaging in the sort of onstage gyrations and gymnastics that were supposed to have gone out with Barry Masters and the Hot Rods.

Though the current stylistic climate might be unfavourably disposed towards their particular brand of frenetic musical chaos, The Revillos remain one of the few groups around who make you want to smile and dance.

Adrian Thrills

(Continued over)



Pauline's passion. Pic. Peter Anderson

PRESSURE BACK ON

The Selecter

"THIS is for all the people who thought that we were finished two months ago. It's called 'Washed Up And Left For Dead' ... and we ain't!"

Pauline Black seems to be scanning the front row of the Hope And Anchor basement with some intent, in search of an unimpressed face or two. She fails to find one and it is probably just as well, for she looks primed to jump down any throat which might utter so much as a murmur of disapproval.

The Selecter are back with a chip on their shoulder and something to prove.

For a band who entered 1980 with everything going for them, the last few months have been miserable: the inevitable backlash, a split from the 2-Tone mothership and internal upheavals have left them popular favourites to be the first new ska band to go under.

Their reply has been to come back harder and stronger, a resurgence as remarkable in its own right as the one The Jam experienced two years ago between 'The Modern World' and 'All Mod Cons'. The Selecter had something to prove and in only their second gig with a new line-up that is more or less what they did.

The Selecter, of course, have always swung with a little more soul and subtle sensuality than The Specials or any of the other 2-Tone bands. Now they seem to be veering in the direction of a more straightforward reggae groove while keeping sight of their original drive.

The two new members fitted in well. While Adam Williams is not as funky a bassist as Charley Anderson and James Mackie will never be as fluent an organist as Desmond Brown, the two newcomers combined neatly with the rest of the band to produce a tenser, more spatial sound.

A pile of new songs were also previewed, the lyrics perhaps more thoughtful and anxious than in the past, a chilling reflection of the dangerous times but delivered with a defiance which suggests that The Selecter stand for more than a meek acceptance of the status quo. The new song titles give the fairest indication of the subject matter — 'Cool Blue Lady', 'Red Reflections', 'Bristol And Miami' and 'Bombscare'.

When she avoids lapsing into histrionics — she does from time to time — Pauline Black is a performer with real style and guts and, as such, one of the most compelling around. And in her vocal partner Gaps she has a bluff straight man to provide the ideal foil for her impish vibrancy in much the same way that Terry Hall's sardonic cool gives a good balance to The Specials full-blooded rabble-rousing stage antics.

Whatever, Pauline's initial paranoia and suspicion was belied by the warmth of the reception the group were given. Indeed, so impressive was the set that the basement was still humming with appreciation a full 15 minutes after the band had completed the second of their encores.

The nine new songs included in the set also gave good advance warning that their 'Celebrating The Bullet' album due in January, should be well worth investigating.

Take a listen. It's not quite the same old song on next year's radio.

Adrian Thrills

The Rumour

ALL THE condescending clichés about The Rumour without Parker (who was lurking at the back of the audience) prove to be true; the band are a tight little outfit but lacking in focus and an essential soul.

They also suffer from the absence of Bob Andrews' keyboards. This was particularly noticeable during 'Frozen Years' and other of the more atmospheric songs from

the first album. Maybe it was just as well they didn't do the gem, 'Emotional Traffic'.

Vocals are at the heart of the problem. Guitarists Schwarz and Belmont don't have bad voices in a mildly expressive way, but they carry no clout. Luckily drummer Steve Goulding can supply some of that when he gets to his mike. He livened up covers of 'Little Red Book' and 'SOS' (if Stiffmates Any Trouble can do an Abba song, then so can we ...). He wasn't as successful with a Rumour

original 'What About Me' with its unashamed 'Suffragette City' riff, but that's the story of The Rumour; the influences which they synthesise so sympathetically on Parker material, just don't resonate in the same way on their own work. At times The Rumour are plain resigned about it, like when they slowly returned to play two encores of hamstrung boogie.

Earlier, being four mature men, they'd made a very conscious attempt to be classier, cranking out rock with a downhome, slightly

country feel. Lowe's 'I Never Want The Night To End' was a highspot, just as 'Just Another Whistle Stop' was merely adequate, miles from The Band's innovative tussle with tradition. Such transcendence isn't within The Rumour's grasp; their journeyman rock is ultimately about marking time, the equivalent of a good read between railway stations.

But this is not, in spite of Jimmy Saville and certain Stiff tours, the age of the train.

Paul Tickell

WESTERN

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Annabella. Pic. David Corio



dilettante. Of course his ability to irritate the media, just by giving it the slightest tickle, well, *that* is hilarious. The English, self-conscious, phlegmatic, clinging to their outdated sense of national pride (Specials, Jam, Upstarts all propagate that treadmill) believing in the spirit of the orthodox; they're natural conservatives.

So just as an antidote to that depressant McLaren's wheezes are momentarily distracting. If only they lasted; everyone knows there'll never be any social revolution imposed from below, but even to pretend it was around the corner? McLaren's answer is to dress up in fun clothes, be glamorous. "Pretend it's the tropics." Go native? A bit difficult in November.

Perhaps by a law of increasing returns Malcolm McLaren may succeed with Bow Wow Wow where he failed with The New York Dolls and The Sex Pistols. Communism and anarchy don't go down too well with the Watney's and the JPS; besides, the Dolls were a really dreadful group and the Pistols seem to have spawned a million hangers-on — the new hippies. Bondage for tourists.

Now McLaren is making the mistake of selling under-age sex with Bow Wow Wow, instead of just letting them get on with it. The media (including NME) swallow his bait; some of the hacks are outraged but they're the same blokes who leer at young girls in the street. Chicken will sell and sell *au naturel* and the fact that McLaren can make sex controversial in 1980 is only further proof of the gutter mentality of a spiritually and culturally dead nation.

Bow Wow Wow are very good and exciting, they're much better musicians than

Continues over ↓

WOW! AND HOW! BOWWOWWOW

Bow Wow Wow

Starlight Roller Disco

MALCOLM McLaren has probably never been more on the nail — post-punk and present Thatcher Britain is a

grey and dismal hole.

The trouble with McLaren's alternatives though has always been their impracticality: too much of what he says and does smacks of the ingenious

KILLING JOKE



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27 HULL: Wellington Club
28 LIVERPOOL: Brady's
29 LEEDS: University
30 LONDON: Lyceum

DECEMBER
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3 COLCHESTER: Essex University
4 EXETER: St. Georges Hall
5 BIRMINGHAM: Cedar Club
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From previous page

The Sex Pistols. Annabella Lu Win is a funnier singer than Rotten; David Barbarossa, Leigh Ray Gorman and Matthew Asham don't deserve to be compared with the other wash-outs. They play exactly like their tapes too, intriguing, sophisticated, bouncy songs celebrating fun. They aren't offensive. I thought the audience at the Starlight was sparse for the group but good for the disco. For £2.50 the regulars come here to skate, drink coke (no booze licence) and listen to loud, loud music. It's black

and white but they aren't into 2-Tone and violence. Little kids float around with the glamour pussies. Most of them are nearer to Annabella's age than the gaggle around the stage. Bow Wow Wow look nervous and the audience is quiet. McLaren hovers at the back like a brooding mother hen. Annabella loses her temper, the lack of response is confusing. Perhaps McLaren's stunts and ironies have backfired and no one trusts him anymore. Nothing untoward happened. After their second set Bow

Wow Wow slip off to skate. They've played, promoted their cassette and that's it. If they were really smart they'd jettison McLaren now and rely on their own talent to get rid of the nagging feeling that this is only another stunt, a clever joke, a publicity scam for a manufactured group. The new Monkees or the new Beatles? Actually it would be alright if they were. Maybe when McLaren drops his cynicism a couple of notches he'll have something to get serious about. Dress up and drop out. It's as good an answer as any. Max Bell

From page 18

Decadent? Irresponsible? Siouxsie and The Banshees are as integral a part of the music business as Genesis, utterly conventional and polite. The label of this single which states that "John McGeoch is an exclusive Virgin Recording Artist and appears courtesy of Virgin Records" is conclusive proof of just how typical a product they are, trapped by the same routines and the same ego-serving jargon as all the other saps.

JOHN HIATT: Back To The War (MCA). John Hiatt was sensational live with Ry Cooder and his own albums have a slow burning compulsive quality that is far more important than any number of Costello comparisons would suggest. So he chose a bad time to release his weakest set of songs ('Two Bit Monsters') and this is an absurd choice for a single. Unless the pluggers at MCA are completely mad they'll withdraw this and rush out 'I Spy (For The FBI)'.

MODERN EON: EUTHENICS (Inevitable). Modern Eon are heading for greatness at a very quiet and civilised pace. Perhaps too quiet? Alex Plain, original member and singer, puts across the material with a steady assurance and a light touch that intrigues the most at the moments when their music seems about to fall apart. For all that, Modern Eon sound well structured enough to define a mood and create a mental disturbance. They are still higher on intrigue than excitement.

THE RBs: Explain (Phoenix). The personal touch always works. RBs got noticed for scribbling the legend 'Supported Bodysnatchers at last gig... went down a storm'. An immoderately conceited claim that is never borne out in their enthusiastic but predictable sub-ska romp. The record is more interesting for having a new warning written on the label which says that 'Home taping or copying of this record without a proper licence is illegal'. Strong stuff, eh? I can't see anyone bothering to risk breaking the law on that account.

THE FANS: Cars And Explosions / Dangerous Goodbyes / True / Deathwish (Albion). From Athens, Georgia (where else?) The Fans are represented with their two singles posthumously released here by Albion for the price of one. Former Fan Kevin Dunn featured in these columns as a name to watch several months ago (his essential 'Octobriana' was Single of the Week) and this is what he did in his spare time. The Fans never quite exceed the expectations that were built up around them through the auspices of the South's fully-fledged alternative music scene but Dunn's songwriting ideas are prolific and different enough to make his forthcoming visit (with Pylon) a date to attend.

LOBO: With A Love Like Ours (Elektra). Lobo is a master of sophisticated schmaltz. Given the benefit of a good tune and a plaintive lyric he also elevates the form to something believable. This time the combination of a Dennis Linde song and Lobo's country pop fixations guarantees double pleasure.

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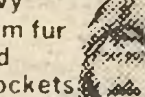
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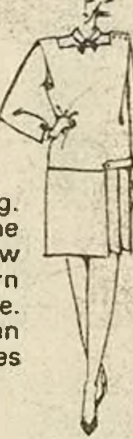
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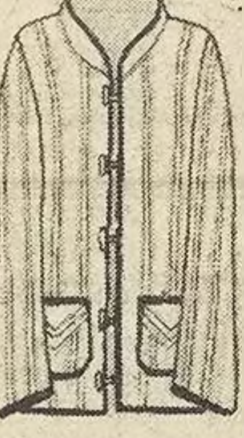
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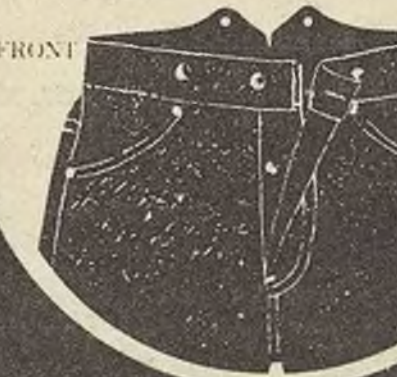
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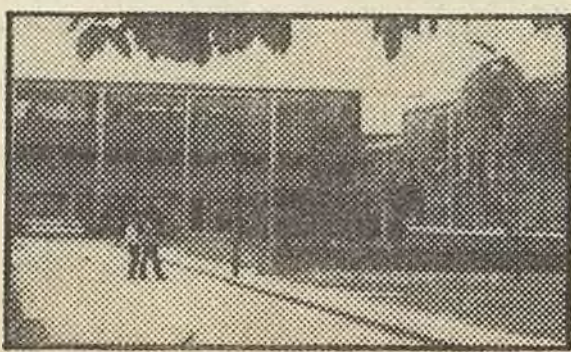
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DUTCH ROCK

From page 26

There's more to the name than first meets British eyes, Mecano being the title of a Dutch dadaist collective of the '30s, a lesser-known counterpart of the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich. Dick has an obsessive interest in the art movements of the '20s and '30s, and Mecano (the band) appears to be the result of seemingly endless series of cross-references and coincidences involving Mecano (the dadaists), Meccano (the toy), Vladimir Mayakovsky (a Russian poet of the '20s) and a few other things.

Dick and the rest of the group (Tejo Bolten, bass; Cor Bolten, guitar/synth; Pieter Kooyman, guitar; Ton Lebbink, drums) started

gigging last October, after rehearsing for seven months, eventually ending up doing two nights a week at the Paradiso by dint of the fact that two of them work there. The simplest description of their music is that it would sound quite at home on either 4AD or Factory Records.

Whether we like it or not (and I sure do!), rock'n'roll music in all its varied forms is now an international language, the province of all who wish to utter. The six bands covered here — and there are more besides, like Scratz, Tox Modell and Nasmak — are just as good as our beloved Anglo-American outfits, but suffer from a national inferiority complex beyond their control. There's definitely something happening in Holland, but whether the Dutch realise it is another matter.

NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

- 7 Star of *All That Jazz* (3,8)
9 Susan Ballion as she's better known
12 1959 Platters standard revived by Bryan Ferry (5,4,2,4,4)
14 Hendrix album sold Stateside in brown paper wrapping due to 'risque' nature of sleeve (8,8)
16 Support for Gladys
20 & 40 Result of conductor's unfamiliarity with the score? (10,10,2,3,4)
22 Surfing sibling (6,6)
25 Joe Jackson's second LP (2,3,3)
27 R&B veteran; Joe Strummer penned sleeve notes on a recent Charley compilation (3,6)
28 Satirical Mop Top impersonators (3,6)
29 C&W superstar (6,4)
32 1 down's band
33 Record giant

- 34 Rod Stewart's stab at the Christmas market
35 See 38
39 Stones album not *totally* sexist in tone (4,5)
40 See 20
41 Bloody noisy
42 Wimp-rock prat (Is this too strong?) (4,6)
43 Musical method of population control

DOWN

- 1 Blue in the highly-rated *Babylon* (8,5)
2 Believe It Or Not: Mr & Mrs Cooper intended to call him Rory after the great Irish guitarist but the registrar was dyslexic! (2,6)
3 Buncha bozos not improved by 1980 coupling with similar buncha bozos
4 Gary Numan album
5 Long gone Eddie
6 & 9 down Liverpool art band which included Clive

- Langer and Bette Bright
8 Nick Lowe hit; the sadist's song (5,2,2,4)
9 See 6
10 Hospital's punk department?!!
11 Alternative ending to 43 across
13 Slim dines MP (anag. 6,4)
15 Singer/writer son of American folk legend (4,7)
17 Aka Klark Kent, the masked bore (7,8)
18 Daryl, Annie, or Terry
19 Gordon's girl in Jilted John's 1978 drama
21 US blues band whose hits included 'On The Road Again' (6,4)
23 Blue stuff overhead
24 Bob Seger album (5,5)
26 Davis or a long way to travel!
29 The brother who stayed with Motown
30 Biblical township (we'll let the other interpretation pass, right?)
31 & 36 Chiffons' classic which George Harrison knows all about (3,2,4)
36 See above
37 Soul siblings
38 & 35 Independent pioneers
39 Bit of drum?

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

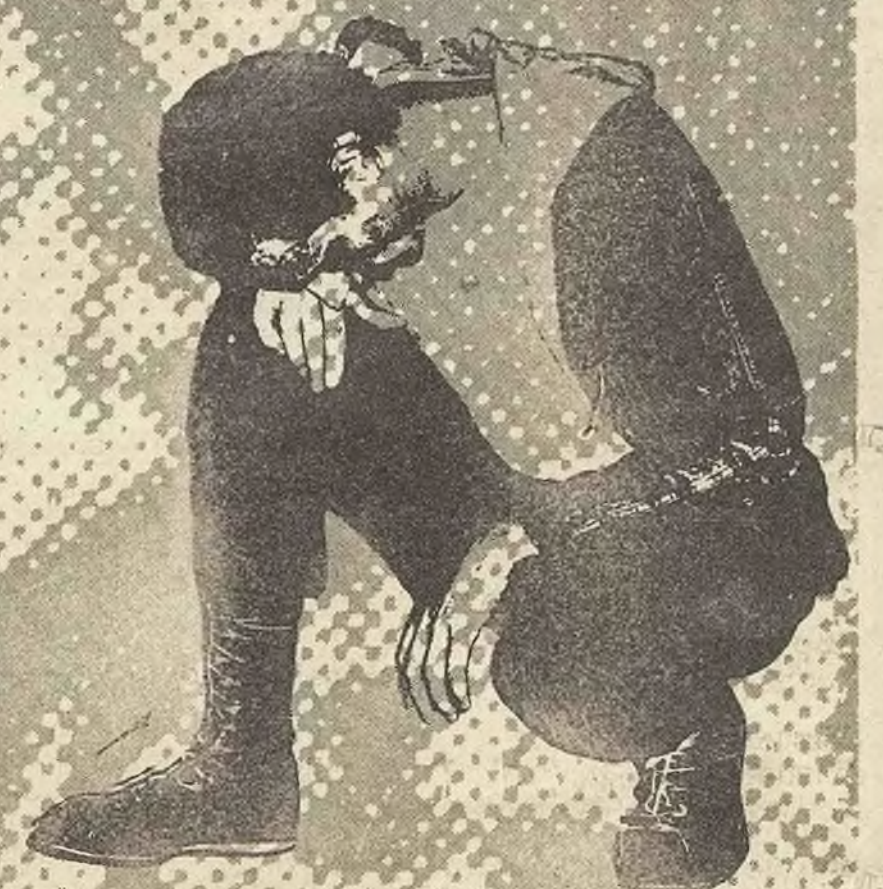
ACROSS: 1 Paul Gambaccini; 8 Motels; 9 Kenny Jones; 11 Air (Supply); 12 'Echo (Beach)'; 16 Linton Kwesi Johnson; 18 Kevin Godley; 19 Joe; 20 'Road Runner'; 22 Star; 23 (Marc) Bolan; 24 'Siren'; 25 Triumph; 26 Skatalites; 30 Lou Reed; 31 'I'm No Hero'; 32 Marc (Bolan).
DOWN: 1 Pink Military; 2 'Unknown Pleasures'; 3 Gary Brooker; 4 Mason; 5 Chas (Smash); 6 (Tony) Iommi; 7 & 10 Pete Townshend; 11 'Amigo'; 13 Cash; 14 Bernie Taupin; 15 *The Exorcist*; 17 Kevin Rowland; 19 John McVie; 21 Status (Quo); 24 (Air) Supply; 27 Alex; 28 Eric; 29 Quo.

Keep it part two (Inferiority part one)

R6042

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dexys midnight runners

T-ZERS

GOES FAN CRAZY



WE SHOULDN'T BE TELLING YOU THIS BUT...

That got your attention didn't it? As you can well imagine there's absolutely nothing we shouldn't tell you that you couldn't make up yourself. On the other hand, ONE of the following statements is a FACT: President Elect Reagan's son is a keen ballet dancer; John Lennon's son's real name is Yakamo; John Bond's son is a keen marbles player. Well, which one sounds most likely to you?

While most people lie awake at nights worrying about rash bets they made about Spandau Ballet becoming superstars (or being keen sons) John Lennon is busily ransacking his life's diary for ever more gripping confessions. Ex-Tremeloe John has now spoken out about a 17 month "drugs and drink" binge. It happened after a split with his wife Yoko Ono — a keen bonsai gardener — and reached the epic proportions of "at least a bottle of vodka a day and a half bottle or more of brandy." His maudlin death wish went even further: "I did things like jumping out of cars." We aren't told whether the now happily married voice of a generation preferred his cars stationary or in motion, but he concludes thusly: "Without Yoko I'd be dead". A doctor writes: Pah! Just an old wife's tale...

And while we're on the subject ('60s loonies) did you know that Charles Manson was

46 last week?

With only an unbelievable 12 shoplifting days left till Christmas (or is it 30?) RSO records unleash 'The Original Star Wars Christmas Album', featuring The Original Cast plus R2-D2 and C-3PO. It includes the single 'What Can You Get A Wookie For Christmas (When He Already Owns A Comb)?'. T-zers is unmoved. Our favourite Crimble cash-in 45 remains 'I'm Gonna Spend My Christmas With A Dalek' by The Go Go's (Oriole Records). Anyone sending in similarly whacky choices will receive signed copies of the infamous 'Skin' bootleg of Joe Banana and the Bunch.

More blood (real name: Jams Blood Ulcer) and concussion! UB40's final date of their sell-out British tour was almost called off last week when singer Ali Campbell split his head open on a fridge door only hours before he was due on stage at the Birmingham Odeon. Ali has always been a keen scar fan...

Cover-featured Echo and the Bunnymen (all keen Cantonese gourmets) rush release their Christmas single this week, a version of the David Crosby classic 'Almost Cut My Hair'. The b-side is a jug. (A dub-out?)

Quick mentions for NME related exhibitions of culture and all that stuff; Ray Lowry has paintings and cartoons on view at the Salford Art Gallery (believed to be the first door

Never mind the groups, here come the camp followers — T-zers goes for a stroll amid the audiences at the Bow Wow Wow & Spandau Ballet gigs (pages 61 & 5 respectively)

over the landing from Ray's bedroom) until November 30th, whilst Pennie Smith can be found handing round her albums and 24 Hour Developing Service packets at the Bluecoat Gallery in Liverpool from November 29th till December 20th. The cafe in question is open Tues — Fri 10.30-5.00, Sat 10.30-4.00.

Hold the presses! Press the temples! Sack the buggers! The Clash (two of whom, scurrilous muse biz rumour has it, are not unkeen of a spot of figure skating) have parted from their second management company — Blackhill — and are now managing themselves. Should be a laugh...

Tom Waits (did you know that he drinks two pints of drainwater a day, and has done so ever since the beginning of this sentence?) is writing songs for the forthcoming Francis Ford Coppola pic *One From The Heart*, which is said to be well populated by pimps, hustlers, strippers, escort agencies, women with rather brassy hair, fish net stockings you could land a tuna in — eh? eh? twig? — and enough make-up to scare Adam Ant...

Our own Danny Baker is to

The two ladies page top were the ones on skates (pix David Corio); the other four (two boys, two girls) stayed on their feet for the Ballet (pix Peter Anderson).

star in a new film, one of the many variations on the current psycho theme; it's about a newspaper whose writers one by one turn mad and pursue the same hapless victim through the pubs and sandwich bars of Soho. 'S called 'He Owes You A Loan'...

(Pause for long groan). We hear through our Hollywood grapevine — or should that be grapevine, ay? ay T — that Roger Daltrey, fresh from his portrayal of the house chaplain in the *News of the World* offices — Muck Vicar — has been offered the lead in the Broadway production of *The Elephant Man* — as Davey Poos vacates the seat (moves his trunk) in January. Bowie has bed sores...

Someone else sore about bed pans (*Shouldn't that read bad puns? — Ed*) is Bobby 'Blue' Bland, whose original (and we really really mean that) choice of album title for his next has been turned down by his MCA record label bosses. For some unfathomable reason the tycoons wanted 'Sweet Vibrator' changed to 'Sweet Vibrations'. Seems like a purely grammatical alteration, really.

Know what we mean???

Down at London's Venue for the Orchestral Bandstands in The Park post-gig party, T-zers was shocked to discover that the hosts had thoughtfully neglected to provide any music along with the mountains of free booze and grub; entertainment was left to an inaudible juke box and the sound of punches being swapped as the increasingly tedious Jock McDonald set upon yet another hapless victim. Fellow 4Be2 Jimmy Lydon didn't even bother to turn from the bar and watch, so injured is he to this event, but he did confide he was planning to get married sometime in the new year...

The obnoxious McDonald had apparently managed a similar stunt at a superboring Snouds party, where guests were 'entertained' by a dreary heavy metal disco before giving up and turning to the OMITD bash for relief. Among liggers present was Richard Jobson who informed this column that "the best thing about Ian Penman's Skids piece was the pictures"...

Meanwhile Captain Beefheart reached magical heights at the same venue last week, his act featuring multiple impolite references both to "bad actor" Ronald Reagan and our own beloved leaderene ("Don't you wish you'd never met her?"). The Cap'n has written a new song called 'Raygun Face'...

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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2 (5) Killing Joke — Requiem	20p
3 (2) Jay Division — Cleaver	20p
4 (10) Jam — Start	20p
5 (1) Jam — Going Underground	20p
6 (9) Art Music	20p
7 (1) Jay Division	20p
8 (3) David Kennedy's — Canbodia	20p
9 (1) Jam — Teabustard	20p
10 (8) Ores — Anti War	20p
NEW RELEASES — 20p	
Seventer — Pressure, UB40, Echo & Bunnymen, Bowls — Ashes To Ashes, Blur, Adicts, New Sims, Siouxsie — Kaleidoscope, Si Patrol, Carpenters, Au-Pairs, Motors, Black State, Royal Rascals, Beat — Stand Down Margaret, Modettes — Story So Far, The Heat — Health & Efficiency, Studio One Girls — At Our Best, Brain Brain, The Demons, The Masters, The Petricorns, This Heat, New Cabaret Voltaire, New Essential Logic, Scientist, Pasmatics, New Ubu, Spectres, New Fad Gadget, Gregory Isaacs — Poor & Clean, C30, C30 Go, Tea Set, Marhan Dance, Fad Gadget, Pure Ubu, Pasmatics, The Spectres, Digital Dance, Rev-Up, Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business, Lemon Kittens, The Beat Just Can't Stop It, MagazineCorrect Use Of Soap, Andriots of Mu, Sector 27, Weapon Of Peace, Marhan Dance, Zounds, Delta 5, Chords, Futurama, Martha & The Muffins, New Killing Joke, Liquid, Spz — Central Park, Pashas, James Blood Ulmer — Blood	

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