

VOTE! NME READERS' POLL 1980

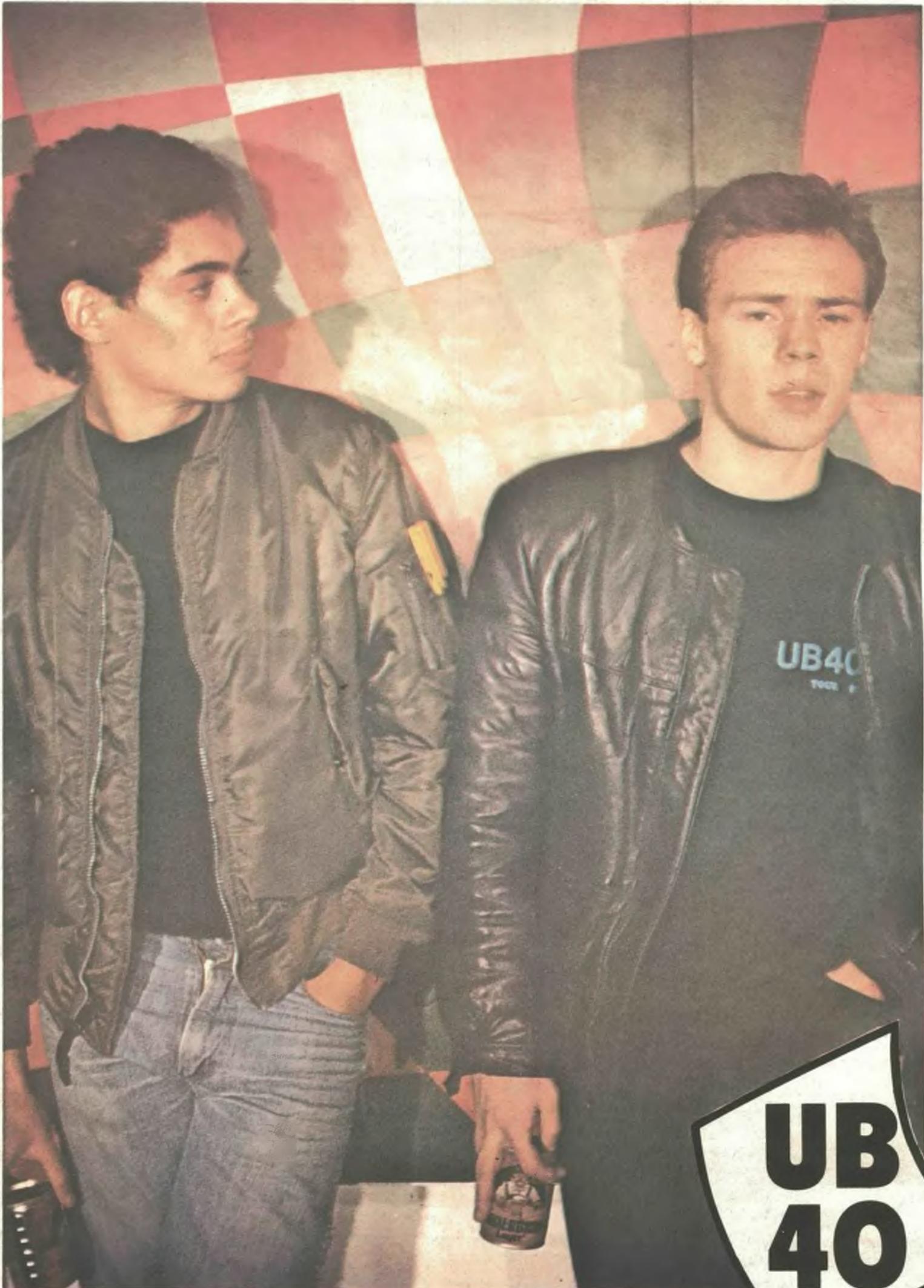
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

SALTY! NUTS!

*BOW WOW WOW'S
TALES OF PIRACY!*

*JUST HOW CRAZY
IS JIMMY PURSEY?*

RATS·WHO·POLICE DATES



MIKEY VIRTUE & ALI CAMPBELL UP AGAINST THE MULTICOLOURED WALL/PIC PENNY SMITH



FOR YOUR HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY



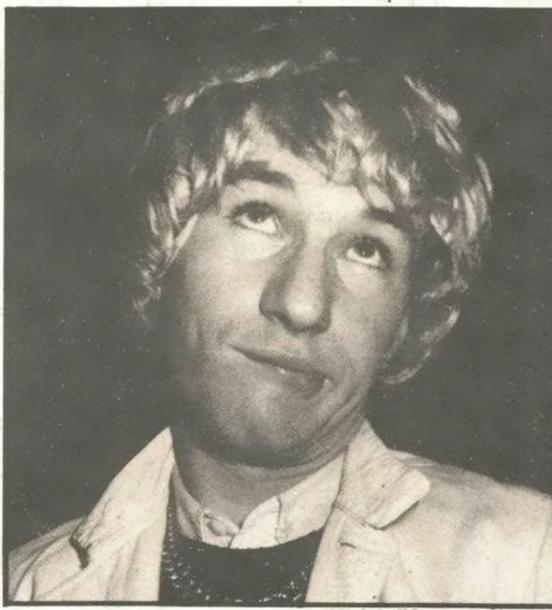
The Power of the Press, part one: Brian 'Alka' Setzer of The Stray Cats. Okay everyone, relax, that band we put on the cover awhile back, they made it after all. Not as big as Showaddywaddy, but you never know...

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
December 6th, 1980

US SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(3)	Master Blaster	Stevie Wonder
2	(1)	Lady	Kenny Rogers
3	(2)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer
4	(6)	More Than I Can Say	Leo Sayer
5	(4)	Another One Bites The Dust	Queen
6	(5)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand
7	(8)	(Just Like) Starting Over	John Lennon
8	(7)	I'm Coming Out	Diana Ross
9	(9)	Dreaming	Cliff Richard
10	(11)	You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling	Daryl Hall & John Oates
11	(12)	Hit Me With Your Best Shot	Pat Benatar
12	(14)	Love On The Rocks	Neil Diamond
13	(15)	Hungry Heart	Bruce Springsteen
14	(18)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand
15	(16)	Never Be The Same	Christopher Cross
16	(10)	Lovely One	The Jacksons
17	(13)	Whip It	Devo
18	(26)	De Do Do Do De Da Da Da	The Police
19	(22)	Every Woman In The World	Air Supply
20	(—)	The Tide Is High	Blondie
21	(—)	Passion	Rod Stewart
22	(27)	Tell It Like It Is	Heart
23	(25)	Theme From The Dukes Of Hazzard	Waylon Jennings
24	(—)	Suddenly	Olivia Newton-John
25	(—)	He's So Shy	Pointers Sisters
26	(28)	Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime	The Korgis
27	(29)	Deep Inside My Heart	Randy Meisner
28	(30)	This Time	John Cougar
29	(19)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills
30	(—)	I Believe In You	Don Williams



The Power of the Press, part two: Captain Sensible of The Damned. Ooow, it must be more than two years since we predicted the demi The Damned. As their new album hits the charts, we see clearly our iniquitous power.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Highest Weeks In
1	(2)	Super Trouper	Abba (Epic) 4 1
2	(1)	The Tide Is High	Blondie (Chrysalis) 5 1
3	(4)	I Could Be So Good For You	Dennis Waterman (EMI) 4 2
4	(11)	Banana Republic	Boomtown Rats (Ensign) 2 4
5	(7)	Celebration	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite) 5 5
6	(3)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills (20th Century) 6 3
7	(5)	Fashion	David Bowie (RCA) 5 5
8	(15)	To Cut A Long Story Short	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis) 3 8
9	(13)	Embarrassment	Madness (Stiff) 2 9
10	(6)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand (CBS) 9 1
11	(9)	Starting Over	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen) 4 9
12	(22)	Do You Feel My Love?	Eddie Grant (Ensign) 3 12
13	(19)	Passion	Rod Stewart (Riva) 4 13
14	(23)	Lady	Kenny Rogers (United Artists) 3 14
15	(14)	I'm Coming Out	Diana Ross (Motown) 3 14
16	(20)	Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie	UB40 (Graduate) 5 12
17	(21)	I Like What You're Doing To Me	Young & Co. (Excalibur) 3 17
18	(26)	Don't Walk Away	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) 2 18
19	(16)	Same Old Scene	Roxy Music (Polydor) 4 9
20	(8)	Special Brew	Bad Manners (Magnet) 7 3
21	(12)	Enola Gay	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc) 8 4
22	(9)	Dog Eat Dog	Adam & The Ants (CBS) 6 4
23	(—)	Love On The Rocks	Neil Diamond (Capitol) 1 23
24	(—)	Rabbit	Chas & Dave (Rockney) 1 24
25	(—)	Rock'N'Roll Ain't Noise Pollution	AC/DC (Atlantic) 1 25
26	(—)	Lonely Together	Barry Manilow (Arista) 1 26
27	(25)	When You Ask About Love	Matchbox (Magnet) 9 3
28	(27)	If You're Lookin' For A Way Out	Odyssey (RCA) 10 5
29	(—)	Blue Moon	Showaddywaddy (Arista) 1 29
30	(—)	Runaway Boys	Stray Cats (Arista) 1 30

BUBBLING UNDER

Stop The Cavalry — Jona Lewie (Stiff).
Looking For Clues — Robert Palmer (Island).
There's No One Quite Like Grandma — St Winifred's School Choir (MFP).
It's Hard To Be Humble — Mac Davies (Casablanca).
Santa Claus Is Back In Town — Elvis Presley (RCA).
She's A Groovy Freak — The Real Thing (Calibre).

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Greatest Hits	Kenny Rogers
2	(2)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand
3	(3)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder
4	(4)	The River	Bruce Springsteen
5	(5)	The Game	Queen
6	(6)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
7	(9)	Eagles Live	Eagles
8	(8)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer
9	(7)	One Step Closer	Doobie Brothers
10	(11)	Faces	Earth, Wind & Fire
11	(12)	Back In Black	AC/DC
12	(13)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police
13	(10)	Triumph	The Jacksons
14	(15)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
15	(17)	Anne Murray's Greatest Hits	Anne Murray
16	(16)	Diana	Diana Ross
17	(14)	Alive	Kenny Loggins
18	(20)	Greatest Hits Vol Two	Linda Ronstadt
19	(28)	The Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond
20	(21)	TP	Teddy Pendergrass
21	(22)	All Shook Up	Cheap Trick
22	(—)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon
23	(24)	Freedom Of Choice	Devo
24	(26)	Celebrate	Kool & The Gang
25	(25)	Greatest Hits	The Doors
26	(23)	Xanadu	Original Soundtrack
27	(—)	Heart's Greatest Hits	Heart
28	(19)	Hold Out	Jackson Browne
29	(27)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
30	(—)	The Turn Of A Friendly Card	The Alan Parsons Project

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Highest Weeks In
1	(1)	Super Trouper	Abba (Epic) 3 1
2	(11)	Autoamerican	Blondie (Chrysalis) 2 2
3	(2)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand (CBS) 8 2
4	(3)	Foolish Behaviour	Rod Stewart (Riva) 2 3
5	(—)	Barry	Barry Manilow (Arista) 1 5
6	(4)	Zenyatta Mondatta	Police (A&M) 11 1
7	(—)	Chart Explosion	Various (K-Tel) 1 7
8	(9)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon (Warner Bros/Geffen) 2 8
9	(7)	Not The 9 O'Clock News	Cast (BBC) 4 4
9	(30)	Inspirations	Elvis Presley (K-Tel) 2 9
11	(14)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS) 3 7
12	(8)	Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond (Capitol) 2 8
13	(19)	The River	Bruce Springsteen (CBS) 6 4
14	(18)	Country Legends	Various (Ronco) 3 14
15	(6)	Little Miss Dynamite/Brenda Lee	Brenda Lee (Warwick) 3 6
16	(—)	Loonie Tunes	Bad Manners (Magnet) 1 16
17	(24)	Scary Monsters	David Bowie (RCA) 11 1
18	(22)	The Love Album	Various (K-Tel) 10 5
19	(23)	Ace Of Spades	Motorhead (Bronze) 4 5
20	(—)	Flesh And Blood	Roxy Music 23 1
20	(10)	Organisation	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc) 5 3
22	(13)	Radio Active	Various (Ronco) 3 13
23	(—)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder (Motown) 5 1
24	(16)	Eagles Live	Eagles (Asylum/WEA) 2 16
25	(12)	Making Waves	The Nolans (Epic) 4 12
25	(—)	The Black Album	The Damned (Chiswick) 1 25
27	(15)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff) 10 2
28	(20)	Gold	The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel) 10 4
29	(—)	Stephanie Mills	Stephanie Mills (RCA) 1 29
30	(—)	Axe Attack	Various (K-Tel) 1 30

BUBBLING UNDER

Sings 20 No. 1 Hits — Brotherhood Of Man (Warwick).
Gauchu — Steely Dan (MCA).
Rising — Dr Hook (Mercury).
Sound Affects — Jam (Polydor).
Laughter — Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff).
L. K. J. In Dub — Linton Kwesi Johnson (Island).

INDIES 33s

- Grotesque — The Fall (Rough Trade)
- Toyah Toyah Toyah Live — Toyah (Safari)
- Pin Drop — The Passage (Object)
- Miniatures — Various (Pipe)
- In A Flat Field — Bauhaus (4AD)
- Backstage Pass — Various (Red Rhino)
- 3 R 4 — Louis/Gilbert (4AD)
- Christmas Album — The Yobs (Safari)
- In Toy Town — Cravats (Small Wonder)
- Closer — Joy Division (Factory)

REGGAE

- Just Don't Care — Love & Unity (Studio 16)
- Paradise — Jean Adambo (Santic)
- Imitation Love — Mellow Rose (Studio 16)
- Someone Special — Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
- Dem A Run To Babylon — Captain Sinbad (Mandingo)
- Cease Fire — Bunny Wailer (Solomon)
- I Can't Give You My Love — Greg Isaacs (Shashamane)
- Walk On By — Emotion (Blue Ink)
- Never Get Burned — Twinkle Brothers (Virgin)
- Penitentiary — Nigger Kojak (Nigger Kojak)

Chart by: Floyd at Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, London S.E.14.

5 YEARS AGO

- Bohemian Rhapsody — Queen (EMI)
- Trail Of The Lonesome Pine — Laurel & Hardy (United Artists)
- You Sexy Thing — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
- Money Honey — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
- This Old Heart Of Mine — Rod Stewart (Riva)
- All Around My Hat — Steeleye Span (Chrysalis)
- Na Na Is The Saddest Word — Stylistics (Avco)
- Let's Twist Again/The Twist — Chubby Checker (London)
- Show Me You're A Woman — Mud (Private Stock)
- In For A Penny — Slade (Polydor)

Week ending December 9, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

- I Hear You Knocking — Dave Edmunds (MCA)
- Cracklin' Rose — Neil Diamond (UA)
- When I'm Dead And Gone — McGuinness Flint (Capit)
- Ride A White Swan — T. Rex (FI)
- Indian Reservation — Don Fardon (Young Bloo)
- Voodoo Chile — Jimi Hendrix (Trac)
- You Got Me Dangling On A String — Chairman Of The Board (Invictu)
- Home Loving Man — Andy Williams (CB)
- My Prayer — Gerry Monroe (Chapter On)
- It's Only Make Believe — Glen Campbell (Capit)

Week ending December 8, 1970

INDIES 45s

- It's Obvious — Au Pairs (Human)
- Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic? — Pope Paul & The Romans (Glasgow Celtic)
- Animal Space — Slits (Human)
- Telegram Sam 12 — Bauhaus (4AD)
- Good Old Arsenal — Sex Bristols (Arista)
- Try/Colour — Delta 5 (Rough Trade)
- Politics — Girls At Our Best (Rough Trade)
- Man In The Glass — Dangerous Girls (Human)
- She's In Love With Mystery — Thomson Twins (Latent)
- Gathering Dust — Modern English (4AD)

Chart by: Saul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

DISCO

- Celebration — Kool And The Gang (DeLite)
- Inherit The Wind — Wilton Felder (MCA)
- Thighs High — Tom Browne (Arista)
- Do You Feel My Love — Eddie Grant (Ensign)
- Parisienne Girl — Incognito (Ensign)
- Never Knew Love Like This Before — Stephanie Mills (20th Cent)
- Casanova — Coffee (De Lite)
- You're Lyin' — Lynx (Chrysalis)
- London Town — Light Of The World (Ensign)
- Dear Limmertz — Azymuth (Milestone)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852.

15 YEARS AGO

- Day Tripper/We Can Work It Out — Beatles (Parlophone)
- The Carnival Is Over — The Seekers (Columbia)
- 1-2-3 — Len Barry (Brunswick)
- Wind Me Up — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- My Generation — The Who (Brunswick)
- The River — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
- A Lover's Concerto — Toys (Stateside)
- Tears — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
- Marie — P.J. Proby (Liberty)
- Princes In Rags — Gene Pitney (Stateside)

Week ending December 10, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

- It's Now Or Never — Elvis Presley (RC)
- Save The Last Dance For Me — Drifters (Londo)
- Strawberry Fair — Anthony Newley (Decc)
- I Love You — Cliff Richard (Columbi)
- Goodness Gracious Me — Peter Sellers/Sophia Loren (Parlophon)
- Little Donkey — Nina & Frederick (Columbi)
- Man Of Mystery — Shadows (Columbi)
- Rocking Goose — Johnny & The Hurricanes (Londo)
- Lonely Pup — Adam Faith (Parlophon)
- Gurney Slade — Max Harris (Fontan)

Week ending December 9, 1960

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

COME DANCING... OR DON'T COME AT ALL



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

RATS POST-XTMAS 'BONGOS' SHOCK

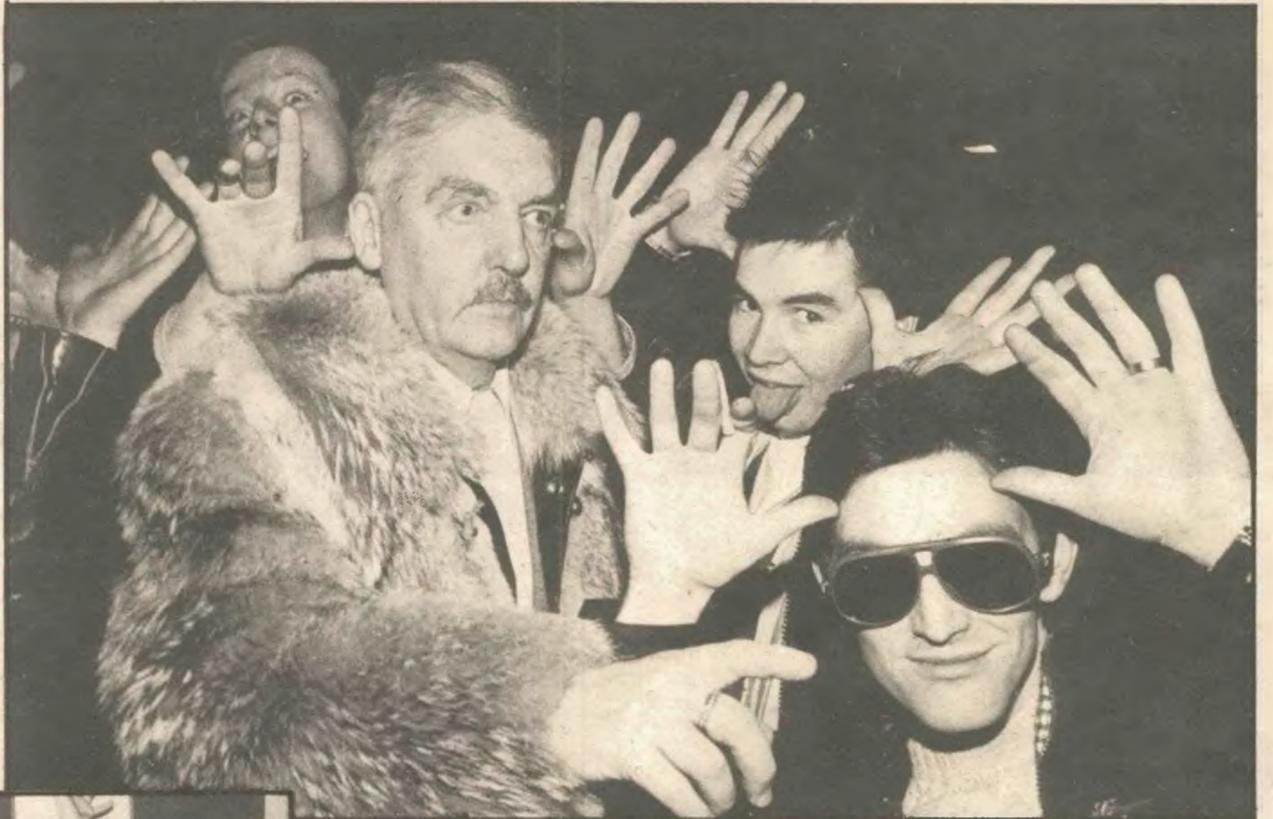
...And a Ratty New Year

THE BOOMTOWN RATS play 11 major UK concerts early in the New Year, at the outset of a world tour which will occupy them for the first half of 1981.

The dates are Southampton Gaumont (January 4), Bristol Colston Hall (5), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Glasgow Apollo (13), Edinburgh Odeon (14), Sheffield City Hall (16) and London Hammersmith Odeon (17).

Tickets are priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 at all venues — except Cardiff (£3.50 only) and Leicester (£3.50 and £3) — and they go on sale this Saturday morning (6) at theatre box-offices and usual agents. Promoters are Straight Music, who have still to announce a support act.

The band's new album 'Mondo Bongo', co-produced by Tony Visconti and the Rats, will now be in the shops immediately after Christmas. It contains 12 tracks, including an extended version of their current single 'Banana Republic', and it's said to mark a return to their basic sound.



Handy snaps of your favourite soopergroups — Rats pic: Tom Cheyenne, Police pic: Roland Blok

POLICE XMAS MESSAGE AT LAST

Tooting beckons, Bingley follows



THE POLICE have at last confirmed details of their three Christmas shows, now that the GLC has finally granted a licence for the two London concerts.

The band headline under canvas on Tooting Bec Common in South London on Sunday and Monday, December 21 and 22, then travel to the Midlands to play Stafford Bingley Hall on December 23. A support act has still to be named.

The huge supertent being used at Tooting is completely floored and has warm-air heating, the stage measures 72 metres by 42 metres, and the capacity is 5,000; there will be no seats, and all tickets are at the one price of £5. It's situated on the regular circus site, off Tooting Bec Road, SW17. The 10,000-capacity Bingley Hall is also an unseated venue, and the blanket price of £5 again applies here.

Tickets go on sale to personal applicants ONLY at 10am on Sunday, December 14. There

are three London outlets — at the site itself, London Theatre Bookings in Shaftesbury Avenue, and the promoters Straight Music at 1-2 Munro Terrace, Riley Street, SW10. (No overnight queues, otherwise the law will move you on). There's an agency booking fee at London Theatre Bookings, but not at the other two outlets.

For Stafford, they'll be on sale at the time at the venue itself — plus Virgin of Leeds, Sheffield and Coventry; Penny Lane of Liverpool and Chester; Mike Lloyd Record Shops of Tunstall, Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme; Manchester Piccadilly Records; Stafford Lotus Records; Wolverhampton Sundown; Birmingham Cyclops and Leicester Revolver.

The site ground rent will subsidise Wandsworth Borough Council's local 'Putney Weekend' next year, while The Police are donating their fee to charities of their own choice. The band say they're the last dates they'll be playing in this country until next August at the earliest.

Who get toured again

THE WHO this week announce their long-awaited UK tour, spread over almost two months in the New Year. It will tie in with the release of their new album, details of which follow shortly, and it takes in 23 major dates around the country.

Their schedule comprises Leicester Granby Hall (January 25), Sheffield City Hall (26), St Austell New Cornish Riviera (30 and 31), Brighton Centre (February 7), London Lewisham Odeon (8 and 9), Glasgow Apollo (14 and 15),

Edinburgh Playhouse (19 and 20), Newcastle City Hall (24 and 25), Deeside Leisure Centre (28), Manchester Apollo (March 1 and 2), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (5 and 6), London Wembley Arena (9, 10 and 11), Southampton Gaumont (15) and Poole Arts Centre (16).

Tickets are all priced £5, except at Birmingham and Wembley. They go on sale at 9am on Sunday, December 7, at the respective box-offices — except at Sheffield, Newcastle and Southampton, where it's post only to the theatres. And it's both postal and personal application for Deeside. It's also post only for

Birmingham and Wembley, where the prices are £5.80 and £5.30 (inclusive of booking fee). Write to The Who, G.P. Productions, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only made payable to "G.P. Productions"; and write venue, date and price on the back of the envelope. Please note that at all venues, tickets are restricted to four per applicant.

DATA CONTROL

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Gang of Four/Pere Ubu joint tour
Selector & Squeeze join Elvis supergig
Bow Wow Wow dates — all overleaf

Local Jam

THE JAM, who completed their extensive autumn tour two weeks ago, have slotted in six low-key gigs in mid-December. They're at relatively small venues in St Austell, Bristol, Malvern, Guildford, London and Liverpool — but we've been asked not to print precise dates and venues, because they've all been advertised locally, and tickets are virtually non-existent. The London gig is at the Music Machine and is already sold out.

KINGS ROAD, CHELSEA

This is the way to World's End
Not with a banger but a Wimpy

THE SKOLARS

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 ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3.00 ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
S MADNESS M
 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
 QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
 MON/TUE 22nd/23rd DEC at 8-00
 TICKETS £ 3.50, £3.00, £2.50 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081.
 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371.
 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT
MATINEE AT 5-30 - UNDER 16s ONLY - TICKETS £1

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 VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, & USUAL AGENTS, (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)



Gen X emerge on another recruiting expedition

AH, IT WAS LIKE a '77 revival evening down in — of course! — World's End last Friday night. With the wind blowing icily off the nearby Thames, Gen X made their first semi-public appearance in over a year.

Before an invited audience, singer Billy Idol and bassist Tony James produced a new drummer (Terry Chimes) and new guitarist Jamie Stevenson at the Congo Club — a gig the group themselves staged in a rehearsal studio, with hopes that it might become a more permanent live institution.

Since their last London appearance 18 months ago, Idol and James have been involved in an extensive litigation with former manager Stewart Joseph, which has left them owing him £10,000 and the tax-person another massive sum. In the meantime, they've also trimmed their name to Gen X, and dispensed with the services of drummer Mark Laff and guitarist Derwood.

"The trouble with Mark," says James, "is that he wanted to be Keith Moon when we always wanted a Charlie Watts drumming with us. The first time we went into the studio, our producer Phil Wainman, who plays drums himself, said

RE-ALIGNMENT PACT 1

Idol & James find the new X factor

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

"You'll get rid of that drummer one day".

"When Mark got together with Derwood they had this terrible tendency to sound like a heavy metal group. By the time we did that Japanese tour just before we split with Joseph we were sounding like Deep Purple."

Although original Clash drummer Chimes was drafted in almost immediately, it was not until two months ago that the baby-faced Stevenson (who also played with Chelsea after Gene October had split from work with James and Idol) was officially declared a member of Gen X. He doesn't play on the group's soon-to-be-released Chrysalis 'Kiss Me Deadly' album; guitarwork on the LP is undertaken by John McGeogh, Steve New (currently with Pearl Harbour) and Steve Jones. Which is another bone of contention.

Jones, claims both James

and Idol, played only a minor part in the making of the LP. They are amused but irritated by Jones' claims in last week's NME Professionals piece that the former Pistols guitarist was being begged by the pair to join their group. "If that was so," says James, "why've we still got his Virgin contract? He gave it to us to show the Chrysalis lawyers to see if they could get him out of it. In the end, though, we decided he just wasn't right. He can only play one style, really."

● GEN X play a string of pre-Christmas gigs at smaller venues, visiting Cromer West Runton Pavilion (this Saturday), Leeds Fan Club (Sunday), Manchester Polytechnic (December 10), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (11), Retford Porterhouse (12), Sheffield Limit Club (18), Scarborough Taboo (19) and Liverpool Brady's (20), plus a London date still to be confirmed. These gigs serve as a warm-up for a major tour, currently being finalised for February, and tied in with the release of their new album.

RE-ALIGNMENT PACT 2

Verlaine switches over

By NICK KENT

ALTHOUGH 1980 has passed without any word from Tom Verlaine, it looks as though his absence from both the studio and stage will be changed in the New Year.

Verlaine's low profile this past year has gone so far as refusing to grant even close associates his current address. He is occasionally spotted lurking around some lower-Manhattan boulevard, but rarely — if ever — chooses to frequent bars and niteries.

Verlaine's reclusiveness hasn't however had much to do with the dictates of sloth, and the word is out that he has inked a recording pact with Warner Brothers and is recruiting a band to play gigs once more.

Warners' Karen Berg (responsible for The B-52's signing, among many others) picked up Verlaine's contract after the Elektra deal which sired both Television albums and one solo effort ceased to be operative. Meanwhile Verlaine has seen fit to re-unite with former TV bassist Fred Smith and one solo effort ceased to be operative. Meanwhile Verlaine has seen fit to re-unite with former TV bassist Fred Smith plus drummer Jay Dee Daugherty (of Patti Smith fame), whilst discreetly advertising for a second guitarist. (Richard Lloyd, Verlaine's former sidekick, remains in lamentable health — playing solo gigs and falling off stages a lot.)

It has been mooted that studio time is booked, and that all will be revealed as soon as the Smith-Daugherty rhythm section complete their tenure backing The Roches. Meanwhile, David Bowie's 'Kingdom Come' cover — plus bands like Echo & The Bunnymen — denote a musical climate finally well in sync for Verlaine's idiosyncratic brilliance. Whether he chooses to seize the time or stay reclusive will be revealed by and by.

Elvis adds Squeeze and Selecter

THE SELECTER and SQUEEZE this week joined the line-up of Elvis Costello & The Attractions' big Christmas show at the vast Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on Saturday, December 27. With Rockpile and UB40 previously confirmed

GIGS

for the bill, the five-act package is now complete.

Doors open at 5pm, with the first band on stage an hour later. Public transport runs normally that day, and special late trains are being laid on to London and other major cities. Tickets at £5.50 each are available by post from Elvis Costello Box Office, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham — and they're also on sale at several Midlands outlets, as well as London Theatre Bookings.

Do the dog

● BOW WOW WOW, Malcolm McLaren's current consuming interest, are headlining their first tour this month. They visit London Hammersmith Starlight Disco (this Saturday and December 20), Leeds Warehouse (8), Nottingham Boat Club (9), Keele University (10), Scarborough Taboo (12), Edinburgh Nite Club (13), Ayr Pavilion (14 matinee only), Manchester Polytechnic (16), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (18), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (19), London Comic Strip (21) and Bristol (22).

UBU GANG UP

GANG OF FOUR and PERE UBU co-headline a major UK tour in March. Confirmed dates are at Belfast Queen's Hall (March 11), Liverpool University (14), Exeter University (16), Bristol Locarno (17), Manchester University (18), Newcastle Mayfair (19), Bradford St George's Hall (20), Edinburgh Tiffany's (23), Birmingham Top Rank (25), Leicester University (26), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (28) and London Hammersmith Palais (30 and 31) — and venues in Cardiff (13) and Brighton (27) have still to be finalised.

● PERE UBU have gigs in their own right at North London Polytechnic (February 13) and Liverpool Brady's (14), then go off to Europe before linking with the Gang Of Four in March.



King and Gill audition for the Stranglers

REGGAE SUPERBASSIE
Robbie Shakespeare was detained late last week in Kingston Jamaica's infamous Gun Court following a police raid on the musician's home which apparently uncovered a gun on the premises.

In Jamaica, possession of a firearm or any part thereof, down to a single bullet, has for several years been an offence punishable by indefinite detention. The severity of the law — introduced by former PM Michael Manley — failed to halt an escalating cycle of ballistic violence which culminated in the pitched gun battles of the recent general election campaign. The election itself resulted in a landslide for the right-wing opposition leader Edward Seaga.

In this atmosphere of increased violence and unpredictable attacks, many Jamaicans have maintained a firearm on their premises for the purpose of self-defence, and it has been widely suggested that Shakespeare was among this number.

Robbie Shakespeare gaoled

Shakespeare (right) is best known for his outstanding session partnership with drummie Sly Dunbar. Besides backing numerous reggae stars, the pair have also become a successful production team, with their own Taxi label, their most recent success being with Black Uhuru. At time of going to press, he was still being held.

● In an apparently unrelated incident, Jamaican police are reported to have shot dead "in

cold blood" three reggae musicians, among them the successful toaster General Echo, who has scored massive hits in the last year or so with Captain Smiley on 'Rub A Dub Style' and 'Nice Up The Dance'. Apparently shot alongside Echo were toaster Big John and sound system founder Ray Symbolic.

Further reports of gunplay involving reggae stars and their subsequent demise are still unconfirmed. Back home in



Britain however, there have been several incidents of gunplay in recent months; in one, a reggae star walking down Stoke Newington High Street was fired at from a passing car.
Love and unity anyone?

Further talks on 'alternative' BPI

BILLY GAFF'S plan to establish an 'alternative BPI' for small record companies has had to be stalled due to touring duties with Rod Stewart. Gaff manages Stewart, and Riva Records — the record company Gaff heads up, which quit the BPI last month — relies thoroughly on the output of the former mod.

A spokesman for Riva nonetheless informed NME this week that Gaff remains committed towards busting up the present status quo. As Gaff sees it, the near-monopoly of resources by the majors is merely reinforced by the BPI — the

British Phonographic Industry — which tilts its activities in favour of the Big Six while neglecting the 'indies'.

Riva's Bill Stonebridge tells us that informal alliance has now been struck between Gaff and Charisma boss Tony Stratton Smith. "Strat" is another ardent critic of the business. In a recent *Music Week* article he savaged the boorishness of the leading companies — their obsession with "the bottom line" (profits); their dominance by lawyers and their lack of sophistication or credibility in matters of art output. Stonebridge confirms that Gaff and Stratton Smith have discussed alternative strategies several times and are looking for recruits.



"And I go to Mrs Thatcher's house and I knock on the door..."

ODES TO ENTERTAINMENT

ONE WET morning last week, watched by a gaggle of curious tourists and a couple of wary policemen, a man in red check trousers marched into Downing Street with a milk crate in one hand and a copy of his latest poem in the other. Martin Besserman (for it was he) proceeded to recite his work — called 'Bedsit Land' and designed to draw the PM's attention to the plight of people living in bad accommodation — and, although Mrs T turned out to be in Italy at the time, and even though the police

By PAUL DU NOYER

wouldn't let him stand on his milk crate, the poet considers it a very useful day's work. And if the protest just happens to generate some publicity for Martin's own career then, well, Martin isn't complaining, is he?

Operation Downing Street was by no means the first time that Besserman, a 27-year-old Londoner, has taken his art direct to the people.

For example there was his tour of the betting shops, where he'd stand up and recite his

anti-gambling poem. ("Some people got annoyed because they couldn't hear the commentary, but others said they really would try and kick the habit.") Or the time he treated a London market to a work of his condemning the commercial exploitation of chickens: "The slaughtermen thought it was a good poem, but it wasn't enough to make them change their minds."

For his next trick he plans to go around the supermarkets, "attempting to dissuade people from eating crappy food".

Martin Besserman — who, it comes as no surprise to learn, also works as a self-employed salesman — says his aim in life

is to entertain people as well as to publicise injustice. In 1971 he was discovered at Speakers' Corner (where he still performs) by rock manager Falcon Stewart, and since that time he's done support gigs for The Pretenders, Toyah, X-Ray Spex, Dexy's and The UK Subs. Now he's organising a demo tape with his new backing band, London Transport.

Martin says he plugged into the rock circuit because "That's where I think the potential appreciation will come from. John Cooper Clark has already proved that poetry can work as entertainment, and I think it'll work for me as well; it's just a matter of persevering, and getting known... It's not particularly intellectual poetry, most of it's purely for entertainment's sake. I put a lot of energy into it and I think I could say that I'm not a boring poet."

Just to prove it, Martin gave me a recitation of his greatest hits — like 'My Love's An Elastic Band', and the one about the unfortunate swinger whose trousers fall down in a disco. Martin tells me his poems are mostly autobiographical.

Martin Besserman is not a boring poet. Whatever he is.

NME FACT!

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"She don't live here..."



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"Recommended" Time Out

4" Be 2"s take early bath

"I'VE GOT NO political beliefs at all. I just like winding people up purely for the purpose of being outrageous," comments The 4" Be 2"s' manager 'Country' Jock McDonald of the latest "controversy" in which the ageing 'punk personality' has become embroiled.

Saturday's *Daily Mirror* carried a sizeable story, alleging that an anti-semitic record was being openly sold inside and outside Arsenal stadium. This, it was claimed for the Anti-Nazi League by Peter Hain, was the direct work of the British Movement and an extension of the racist leafleting of London's West Ham and Chelsea football clubs.

The *Mirror* contended that the record, 'Good Old Arsenal' by The Sex Bristols on Arsenal Records, was aimed directly at antagonising the large Jewish segment of Tottenham's fans. A sample of the song's lyrical content is: "We hate the Yids/We hate Spurs".

The single, it transpires, was financed by the inevitable McDonald — who claims that three of the vocalists on the 45 are themselves Jewish. "Some idiots are saying this is all politically motivated, but that's not the truth at all," he wines.

"The guys themselves singing are Jewish. One of them, Solly goes to the match every Saturday wearing his skull-cap. They're just taking the piss in the song.

"I've nothing against any Jewish people whatsoever: half of The 4" Be 2"s' following is Jewish."

McDonald's involvement with the record, he says, was purely fiscal. "I'm just being a shrewd businessman. I was given the chance to make records about all the teams in the league, and I've just gone ahead and started doing it. I'm no more a Nazi than the postman at the door."

It would seem there is a measure of justification in these claims for, as if in evidence, the current *NME* indies chart contains not only The Sex Bristols' single, but also 'Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic?' by Pope Paul And The Romans a nom-de-disque for the dreaded 4" Be 2"s — and this single is blatantly anti-racist.

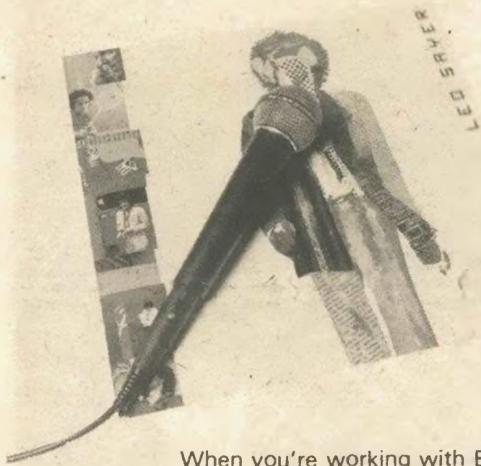
McDonald declares himself distressed by all this brouhaha. "To tell the truth I'm thinking of scrapping the idea of doing these records altogether," he moans. "It's caused so many unnecessary problems."

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ART OF WORK BUT NOT REDUNDANT



Fad Gadgeteer Frank Tovey. Pic: David Corio

Fad Gadget's Fireside Favourites

A doleful tale of a sweet and sickly apocalypse

FRANK AND BARBARA share a flat in Fulham. He is unemployed, which is ironic, as she works at the local job centre.

So while Barbara works, Frank stays at home, watches TV and reads odd books. (The usual) Burroughs; plus Genet, Cocteau, Kafka and, most recently, Aleister Crowley's *Diary Of A Drug Fiend* — better known as *Biggles Flies High* to those who've also read it.

"It's all about flying," says Frank. "Ah yeah, he's tripping, but no, he's really

flying. It's very English isn't it?" He laughs. "I dunno, I always seem to have a fascination for things that maybe other people call sick. I tend to read a lot of books about people who take drugs, although I don't take them myself... I'm really attracted to people who are in a situation like Cocteau under opium, who felt the need to write about it... Or Genet writing in secret in prison on toilet paper..."

Frank and Barbara lead normal lives, but when he's restless or suddenly creative enough to overcome a self-confessed lazy streak, he writes songs. Unsurprisingly, taking into account the sort of books he reads, they often turn out quite odd too. He's recorded some of them under the assumed name of Fad Gadget — probably so that the neighbours will still speak to him.

FRANK WASN'T always unemployed. He used to hump furniture around Peter Jones' bedding warehouse to earn enough money to finance his

Fad Gadget alter ego. Similarly, he and Barbara weren't always so comfortably housed. They once shared a council property with a few others. It was a bit crowded, but as is often the case with artists, a little suffering did Frank no harm, even if it meant he almost suffocated recording his demos in a meter cupboard.

The discomfort proved worthwhile when Mute maestro Daniel Miller liked the cupboard tapes enough to help Frank become Fad Gadget full time — still unpaid. Mute Records have subsequently released three fine Fad singles, two of which tell morbidly funny anecdotes. 'Ricky's Hand' is about said

RE-ALIGNMENT PACT 3

My new piano

EX-SQUEEZE PIANIST Jools Holland has put together a band called The Millionaires, comprising Holland (piano and vocals), Mike Taice (saxophone, formerly Red Beans and Rice), Tino Tallidino (bass) and Martin T. Deegan (drums).

They already have enough material to go into the studio with producer Pete Wingfield to record their first album. Holland has written some songs with his former songwriting partner in Squeeze, Chris Difford — which would seem to indicate that the split was amicable, involving musical rather than personal differences. The sound of The Millionaires Holland describes as a cross between Tamla Motown and Randy Newman.

It's unlikely that The Millionaires will be seen on the mainland until the New Year, but a few trial dates are planned in Ireland from December 14-18.



Jools pic: Paul Slattery

PATCHES



Actual size!

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON



By CHRIS BOHN

character losing one, sung deadpan to Daniel's spiralling synth tune, while 'Fireside Favourite' features the apocalypse viewed from the hearth — but let's hear Frank describe it.

"I made the music as sweet and as sickly as I could, even though the song itself isn't like that. The lyrics are cliched, an ordinary '60s love song, but hopefully there's more than that — I think it's a bit deviant although (deliberately) obvious — all that's missing is explosions . . ."

The song is easily worthy of its album title status. However, it's called 'Fireside Favourites' for less obvious reasons. "It's about me sitting here, watching telly," points out Frank. "Most of the information comes through that — the songs are written in the quiet of the sitting room."

Songwriting made easy the Fad Gadget way. Those that didn't directly stem from his viewing habits came knocking at the door. 'Salt Lake City Sunday', for instance, takes sideswipes at door-to-door missionaries.

Watching all that TV hasn't dulled Frank's senses. On the contrary it's sharpened his suspicions about the way in which news and facts are presented. Especially in the case of Lady Isobel Barnett, whose shoplifting offence was accorded coverage far beyond its newsworthiness.

"If the papers hadn't got involved in the case only her family would have known about it and that would have been embarrassment enough. But front pages? Now she's dead . . . I'm the first one to say there should be freedom of the press, it's a valuable thing, but it's about time they started showing a bit of responsibility."

FRANK'S CURRENT drive to make Fad Gadget a paying proposition takes the usual course of concert promotions. In the past, though, his efforts haven't been too successful. A German tour fell apart before he got there, and much of his recent English tour had to be rearranged at the last minute. He used to perform solo with electric piano and rhythm machine, but now he works with musicians to obtain as full a sound as his records.

He doesn't play synthesizer

live, preferring to keep his hands free for clowning. (A sidetrack: he says he has to lock Daniel Miller out of the studio otherwise — Daniel being the better musician — he would let him play everything. "It took me a long time to realise I'd never be able to learn how to play instruments," sighs Frank. "I've tried guitar, flutes, electric piano — I'll never be able to do more than just bang them.")

At a recent concert before an audience of New Elizabethans at Blitz's poor relation Billy's, he intermittently descended into the audience in an attempt to disturb their cool and was last seen slithering full length down the bar helping himself to drinks.

After seeing him live some might say that he's wasted his education. He studied performance art, mime and non-verbal communication at Leeds Art College, shortly before theatre experiment went out of fashion. He takes care not to let any of it slip into his concerts. He explains:

"When you get onstage with a rock band you're working in a framework that's been going for many years and everybody's done the obvious things in it. When I was doing performance, ideas came naturally, but when you've got a thumping beat behind you, you obviously go into a cliché; I think I've now learnt to use that cliché. (Agreed — he's very funny.) I purposely don't use any mime and I avoid making it theatrical in any sense because then it becomes like a musical and gets a bit cheap."

"The reason I started doing music," he continues, "was because it was difficult to get into performance . . . I could do something in performance and put it on at the Oval (a South London arts lab hangover) but I'd only get a few *Time Out* readers coming to see it."

At least music offers the possibility of a steady job. But it must pay soon, says Frank. The TV's broken and he has to borrow a synthesizer. "I'm not doing it for love, although I like doing it. I've got to make money if I'm going to continue, because Barbara's supporting me, paying all the bills, so it's a bit tough."

For the moment it beats addressing envelopes — and it shouldn't be too long before his home-work starts paying a bit more than that.

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Yes, we can exclusively reveal that the follow-up to 'Don't Stand' will not be the lyrical eloquence of 'De Do De Diddle', but a remake of the Clarence Carter classic. All together now: "Patches, ahm dependin' on ya, son, to pull the Police thru, mah son, it's all left up to you."

Actually, this is a stick-up. Yes, the all-seeing eye of *Blackmail Corner* has spotted this guaranteed genuine ad for *Patches*, sister paper of *Jackie*, and *The Police* are hereby well and truly marooned up credibility gulch.

Still, at least this ad's a sight better than the *Police* ad in this week's issue. Right?

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GROWING UP

JUST BECAUSE no new movies have opened in London's West End during the past fortnight, several pundits are once again turning their attention to that hoary old chestnut: "What's wrong with the British film industry?"

What's wrong with it is simple: there's no such thing. Quite why people should bemoan this state of affairs is another matter — especially when you consider the rich vein of talent that works almost exclusively in television.

Consider the many gifted writers and directors in the TV league: people like Dennis Potter, Jim Allen, Barry Hines, Ken Loach, Neville Smith, Stephen Frears, Roland Joffe, Brian Glover, Gavin Millar, Mike Leigh — there are probably as many more. And their work reaches a far wider audience in one night's TV transmission than if it played the entire Rank circuit continuously for three years.

But films, as opposed to TV films or plays, have a mystique, an aura all their own, don't they? Which is why film people secretly rejoiced when TV came along — at last they had an art form to look down on.

It's the old critical elitism at work. It was no coincidence that David Mercer's death this year was lamented as the loss of a great stage playwright; it was conveniently forgotten that much of his best work was done in television. (BBC are currently

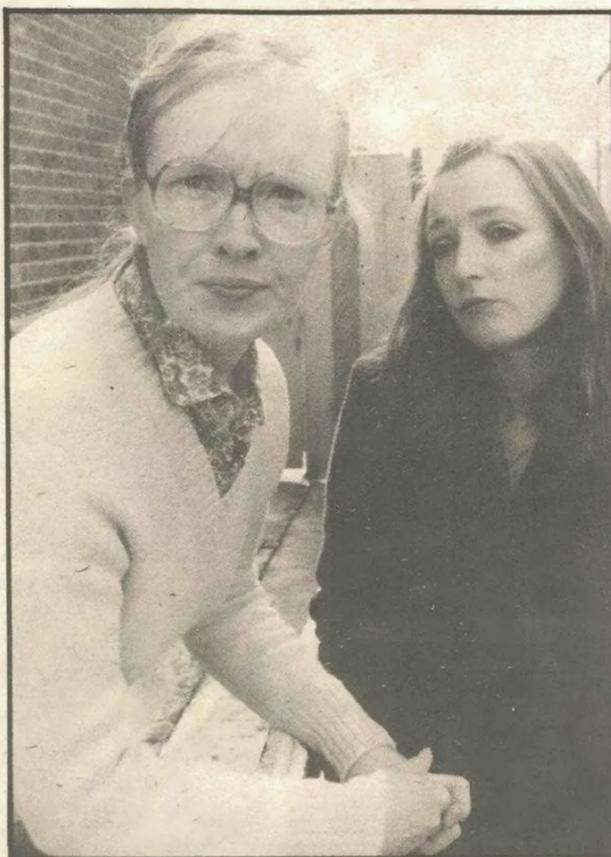
rectifying that by re-running his powerful '60s plays.)

Take a look at recent examples of British cinema. Not the EMI-ITC pulp made for a non-existent 'international' audience, but the indigenous, independently-financed films: Chris Petit's gloomy, introspective, impenetrable *Radio On*; Derek Jarman's precious little primers on punk, Shakespeare and homo-erotic Greek mythology; Franco Rosso's joyless, stereotype-perpetuating *Babylon*, feebly wallowing in its liberal despair. Who in their right mind would leave their fireside for stuff like that?

Especially when you can see a fine and funny film like *Grown-Ups* (BBC Playhouse) for the price of a daily newspaper (which is what the cost of a TV licence breaks down to, apparently)?

The ironic thing is, *Grown-Ups* has already been lavishly praised by those film critics who saw it at the recent London Film Festival. I find this mystifying, because Mike Leigh — who devised and directed — has hit on a beautifully simple format that would seem contrived in any medium other than television (Leigh's brilliant *Abigail's Party*, for instance, seemed awkward and unconvincing when it was turned into a stage play).

His characters — in *Grown-Ups*, a young couple who move into a council house next door to the privately-owned home of their former teacher — improvise their dialogue within a specific context, allowing their



Grown-Ups: Lindsay Duncan and Lesley Manville.

personalities to dictate the action (usually, of course, it's the other way around). This could be extremely dodgy in the wrong hands, but Leigh and his performers are so attuned to the minutiae of daily drudge that it's at once screamingly funny, acutely embarrassing and wholly unpretentious.

Grown-Ups begins with a lamentation and ends with a celebration; a hymn accompanies Dick and Mandy's moving in, a carol sees them settling down for Christmas, Mandy heavy with child. But there's no optimism here, and precious little compassion — just an abrasive recognition of

people's innate somnambulism. In that respect, *Grown-Ups* is a genuine horror story — Dick and Mandy, irredeemably gormless, are actually going to have children?

The real 'grown-ups' — teachers Ralph and Christine next door, Mandy's older sister, Gloria — are no less retarded, all incessantly offering unasked for opinions that are invariably wide of the mark, even in their tiny worlds. Ralph lurks in the background, newspaper in hand ready for a dash to the toilet, Christine sets to with a vengeance with her secateurs in the garden, Mandy slouches

MONTY SMITH looks at Mike Leigh's *Grown-Ups* and other children.



GRACELESSLY

around the house like Charlie Laughton in pink fluffy slippers, Dick lounges slack-jawed on the sofa, barely responding to repeated taunts from Gloria (Don't be shtew-pid"); all the women act like Les Dawson in drag, Dick is the spitting image of a young Old Man Steptoe.

Do grown-ups really behave like this? I'd say quite a few do, which is precisely why we've got the leaders we've got. Because if *Grown-Ups* says anything, it says that this country is asleep and snoring. More than that, it shouts it in the most cruelly hilarious way.

THE PEOPLE in Parliament act like the biggest children of all, over-educated and ill-mannered. Listen to just one of their sessions (BBC radio and the IRN) and you'll get the drift — a bunch of sneering hoorays revelling in the brouhaha. Ted Heath cut through the obscene jollity in an excerpt broadcast on the *Nine O'Clock News* (BBC), his mock-stentorian tones evoking so many fond memories of 1973's three-day week — soccer on Sundays! — as he contemptuously referred to "her" policies and what "she" should do about them.

Dear old Ted, he never refers to "that woman" by name, in public or private. They say these pre-Christmas disasters come in threes; we've had the Las Vegas towering inferno and the Southern Italy earthquakes — any chance of Parliament being rent asunder, preferably in full session?

Another child who'll go far is the plump little girl who took part in 'Double or Drop' on

Crackerjack (BBC): "If the Milky Way is a constellation, what is it a collection of?" asked the bright-eyed host, tortuously. "Um... chocolate bars?" she answered, tentatively.

It brought to mind, irresistibly, the quiz contestant on a National Lampoon album who was asked to name three famous Mickeys: "Mickey Mouse, Mickey Mantle... er, Mickey Way, the candy bar? Will they accept that?"

One child who's already been there and back is Toyah Willcox, star of stage, screen, vinyl and the *Sunday Times*, now feted with her very own chat show in the *Friday Night, Saturday Morning* slot (BBC). Smart move by the Beeb, because they didn't have to fork out any extra dosh for the music breaks, Toyah's group — some kind of parody of Hazel O'Connor's, or maybe it's meant to be serious — provided that for now in between the 'weird and wonderful' people she fawned over. Vivian Stanshall, understandably, seemed terminally bemused. He should've listened to his own advice ("I don't mingle much — you don't know what you're going to pick up, do you?") and stayed at home.

Which is where I was when I was idly waiting for Laurel and Hardy to soothe my troubled brow, and caught a snatch of Ceefax, the teletext news service which fills in BBC's intervals: "The parents of two missing children," it said, "have admitted that they are dead." It proved my theory: not only are there a lot of asleep people out there, many of them are actual zombies.

Thursday December 4
Peter Davison, the old Tristan Farnon and new Dr Who, stars in an unpromising bed-sit-com, *Sink Or Swim* (BBC 1); Karl Howman, the token nice white in *Babylon*, is a wayward million-pound footballer in *Minder* (ITV); a phoney old pals act as Parkinson guests on *Russell Harty* (BBC 2); a genuine old pals act as *Laurel And Hardy* (BBC 2) flog their terrible Christmas cards in *The Fixer Uppers*.

Film: *The Thrill Of It All* (Norman Jewison 1963). More jokes than you'd reasonably expect in this Doris Day—James Garner comedy, thanks to a tart Carl Reiner script. (BBC 2.)

Friday December 5
The Steptoe And Son (BBC 2) repeats continue with 'Loathe Story': Harold's frustration drives him to a psychiatrist. They were going to make a new Steptoe series, you know, but the horse died. The A.T.'s are the featured band in *Sounds Different* (BBC 2); I bet it doesn't.

Saturday, December 6
Last week's *Hammer House Of Horror* (ITV) was a cut above the recent rash of horror films showing down the local Bijou, so maybe this week's — *The Mark Of Satan* — will be worth a look. Leo McKern, Thorley Walters and Michelle Dotrice star in *On The Eve Of Publication* (BBC 2), the third in the short series of David Mercer plays.

Film: *Torn Curtain* (Alfred Hitchcock 1966). Paul Newman's the defector scientist, Julie Andrews his troublesome fiancée, in an agreeably tense Iron Curtain drama. A couple of typical Hitchcock touches, not the least of which is an uncommonly protracted, and realistic, murder scene. (BBC 1)

Film: *Robin And Marion* (Dick Lester 1976). All the droll charm and perception of Lester's *Musketeer* movies went out the window with this disastrously miscalculated attempt to make poignant the middle-aged romance of the Sherwood Forest inhabitants. Main blame lies with James Goldman's unspeakable script, which turns to ashes in the mouths of Sean



ON THE BOX

This week on telly by MONTY SMITH

Connery, Audrey Hepburn and Robert Shaw. (ITV)

Sunday December 7
A nice bit of exorcism on *Credo* (ITV)

should go down well with the tea and crumpets. *The Comedy Classic* (ITV) is *Rising Damp*, starring Leonard Rossiter.

Film: *Bring Me The Head Of Alfredo*

Garcia (Sam Peckinpah 1974). Grievously underrated, this compelling study of treachery and obsession is Peckinpah at his best, Warren Oates' forlorn anti-hero plunged ever-deeper into a neo-Gothic netherworld down Mexico way. (BBC 2)

Monday December 8
Barry Norman thinks there's a British film industry to be investigated in *Film 80* (BBC 1), and the latest of those wonderful US TV flicks is *The Hound Of Hell* (ITV): Richard Crenna and Yvette Mimieux regret taking home that dear little puppy.

Film: *Inside Out* (Peter Duffell 1975). Buried Nazi treasure is the tainted prize in a lacklustre adventure directed by the man whose *Caught On A Train* and *The Waterfall* were recent BBC successes. Telly Savalas, James Mason and Robert Culp feign interest. (BBC 1)

Tuesday December 9
Appropriately enough, Jack Gold's return to the small screen is marked by *The Sailor's Return* (ITV), a TV

film based on David Garnett's 1924 novel. Racial prejudice in a small Victorian village is the theme, and the cast is strong: Tom Bell, Mick Ford, Nigel Hawthorne, Clive Swift, Bernard Hill, familiar faces all. Far less likely is *Play For Today* (BBC 1), *The Flipside Of Dominick Hide*. Garish video effects in a futuristic (2130) tale starring the anaemic Peter Firth.

Film: *Doctors' Wives* (George Schaefer 1971). Overblown soap-opera starring superbitch Dyan Cannon, running rings round Richard Crenna and Gene Hackman. (ITV)

Wednesday December 10
For those so inclined, *Frankie Howard Reveals All* (ITV). Maybe he could tell us why so many people are so wrapped up in trivial 'mysteries'; Arthur C Clarke's graciously bowed out, but the Beeb butts in with *The Time Travellers Of Bath* (BBC 1). The 'prestigious' dramatised documentary *Oppenheimer* (BBC 2) comes to a close; all I can say is: "I am become bored to death".

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PYLON

"We started out being almost anti-pop. People would say we were experimental. We'd say, the experiment is over."

WITHOUT trying to hype Athens, Georgia into a new Akron, Ohio, it's fair to say that the success of The B-52's has had a great effect on the young natives of that quiet college town.

While most of the new bands in the area are striving, like the B's, for dance music, something you can play at a party, two Athens bands are going about it very differently, stripping away the trappings and taking off on much less obvious tangents.

They both happen to have records released in the UK through the Armageddon label. Wave hello to The Method Actors and their 'This Is It' EP. And welcome Pylon, who tour Britain next month.

Pylon's album 'Gyrate' does just that. It spins simple, circular patterns of rhythms and spat-out vocals. It stirs up a storm.

Pylon are Southern kids, from small towns in Georgia and Florida. They have that slow drawl, that take-things-easy attitude. A "gosh are we really in the music business now" innocence still registers on their faces and still rings true.

Bassist Michael Lachowski, guitarist Randy Bewley and vocalist Vanessa Ellison met in art classes at the University of Georgia. Drummer Curtis Crowe had the loft below the one they started rehearsing in, so they asked him to join. Like so many other art students turned musicians, having a band started as just something to do.

Michael: "We thought of it the same way we thought about making art. We were real ignorant of the entertainment aspect of making music, that there would be audiences and we'd have to deal with their responses."

How did they decide on a musical direction?

Randy: "Just sort of stabbing in the dark. At first we'd just play one thing over and over. Probably because we didn't know how to play."

Michael: "We started out being almost anti-pop. People would say we were experimental, which we didn't think was true. We'd say, the experiment is over now, the product is ready."

"We never learned chords or techniques. Our sound came from the naive aspect of our learning our instruments plus the fact that we write songs that we think come from us and nowhere else."

The B-52's were more an

Particles of Pylon (l-r): Randy, Vanessa, Michael, Curtis.



Athens, Georgia, apes The B-52's: still weird, but definitely not wacky

THE POST-BOUFFANT BOP

PYLON by RICHARD GRABEL
METHOD ACTORS by ROY CARR

inspiration, owing to their quick success, than an influence.

"Back in '77," Randy says, "you'd go around to some art shows and see these guys with purple wigs and really weird clothes. Everyone in the B's wore wigs in those days. It was mainly Keith who had the purple hair. I didn't know where they were coming from."

Michael: "But we were more influenced by listening to the new music that was coming out. By the time we formed, The B-52's were never playing in Athens much anymore."

Vanessa was working in the back room of an Athens department store when her friends asked her to join their band.

"They had asked me before but nothing ever came of it. Then one day Randy showed up at the store, and said 'Please

come to the rehearsal'. It was like he was asking me out on a date or something. I didn't want to do it at first, but I was sucked into it."

Last January, Pylon released their debut single, 'Cool' b/w 'Dub', one of the year's best — taut, muscular riffs topped by a rushed and breathless vocal. Concise musical whirlwinds. The entire lyric to 'Dub' is "We eat dub for breakfast".

"We got the idea from a comment about us made by Glenn O'Brien in *Interview*," Michael explains. "These kids eat dub for breakfast'. We didn't know what dub was, we went around asking people. We were never influenced by dub."

VANESSA SPEAKS haltingly, in a whisper. She is quiet, sweet and shy. But onstage, she is a

dynamo, wide-eyed and wild. She jumps around like an untamed pony, brays and bawls out her lines with passionate glee.

"I'm a schizophrenic person onstage," she says. "Some of it is my personality so maybe I've got a bunch of different ones. Even with one song, I'll pretend I'm two or three people singing back and forth to each other. Or I'll pretend I'm having phone conversations. It's just a way of getting different types of voices."

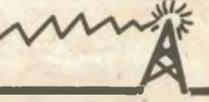
"I just take the music and say, 'What does that sound like?' and write words that sound like the song. It isn't necessarily something out of my experience. It's kind of like daydreaming."

I ask her if there is a Pylon philosophy.

"I'd rather not say, I think people should make up their own philosophy. I never told anybody what the lyrics were to any of the songs. The guys still don't know a lot of what I'm saying. We'll have a lyric sheet with the album, though, 'cause I'm not always understandable, and I think the lyrics are important. If only because of the rhythm of the words, the spaces between the words. And if they're saying something neat that's real nice too."

Pylon may come across a bit slow on paper. They may lace their conversation with expressions like "where they were coming from" and "neat". They may seem a bit naive. Don't be fooled.

They are as simple, smart and tough as their music. Very simple, smart and tough.



METHOD ACTORS

THE WAY Vic Varney describes it, the cosy college community of Athens, Georgia, is the closest you'll find in these austere times to director Frank Capra's once idyllic celluloid vision of *Small Town USA*.

It's not just the rapid turnover of short-term jobs that has made Athens practically recession-proof, but also the presence of a prosperous Du Pont factory. By working just two eight-hour weekend shifts, local musicians earn sufficient sawbucks to spend the remainder of the week woodshedding.

Such lucrative employment enabled guitarist Varney to form The Method Actors with drummer David Gamble.

"You can go out and play any number of local fraternity parties and as you're not obliged to make any money, so you're not really obliged to be any good!"

Varney — formerly manager of Pylon — speaks with the voice of twelve months' experience. Indeed, he and his sidekick didn't learn how to play proficiently until after they'd formed The Method Actors and commenced gigging.

The Method Actors' line up is one guitarist and one drummer. Isn't that taking the concept of minimalism to its extremes?

"Theoretically," the guitarist points out, "I could see how it could work as a two-piece — but on the other hand I had no reason whatsoever to expect that it really would." The initial intention was to add a bass player, but in the meantime, Varney and Gamble readily accepted bookings as a duo. "If nothing else," Varney suggested, "it would be a good advertisement for a bass player."

It had precisely the opposite effect. In the process of rehearsing Varney's brittle compositions, both musicians subconsciously compensated for the lack of the Third Man by redefining their roles, and created a partnership that now couldn't effectively accommodate any addition.

The job vacancy was soon withdrawn.

The Method Actors' 'break' came when the dynamic duo were playing a club in Atlanta. The Stateside partner of the British-based Armageddon label approved of what he heard and saw and suggested that London would be a good place for The Method Actors to make their recording debut. The Athenians didn't require additional coaxing.

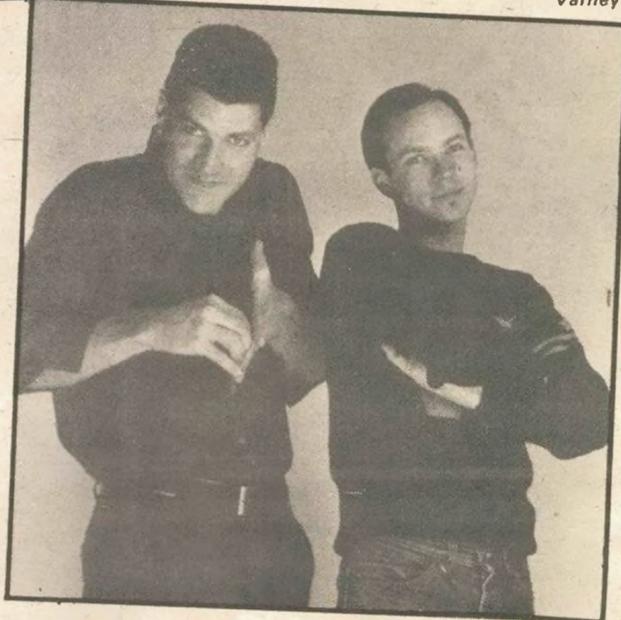
Exactly four weeks after touching down at Heathrow in September, The Method Actors were to be found in a small studio under Waterloo Station viaduct, busily promoting their invigorating three-track EP 'This Is It'.

The reasons Britain was selected as a launching pad are quite simple: because they'd get a much faster feedback than in America; and because the pressures of business there are so hard to resist.

"Captain Beefheart, John Martyn, David Byrne — they make the music they want to make," Varney suggests, "because if they didn't they'd probably go mad. Commercialism is of secondary importance. If you come out the other side, it's with a dedicated following that any artist would be delighted to perform before."

As far as this pair of actors are concerned, there's a little madness in their method.

Method men (below): David Gamble and Vic Varney.



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* TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM 'MORE SPECIALS'

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From previous page

persuade me to read. "Actually, Mens, you need to read this book more than anyone else I know."

Mensi makes a brief statement to the effect that he fucking can't be fucking bothered to read fucking books, unless they deal with escapes from Nazi POW camps. He expresses a preference for *Playboy*, *Mayfair* and the like. Don't knock books, Mens, I tell him, they're valuable things.

Mensi: "Burn them, man! Burn all the books!" He begins to guffaw.

Pursey looks at him sadly. "Someone else once wanted to do that, Mens," he observes quietly. Mensi looks back at him.

"Remember our song 'Student Power'? You wrote the lyrics to that, James." Ignoring Pursey's protestations to the contrary, Mensi — an evil glint in his eye — begins to recite:

"When we burn the books and start again/Beethoven's 9th all over again."

Pursey: "It doesn't say that. Listen carefully, it's 'When they burn the books and start again/Beethoven's 9th will be heard again.' That's what it says. Who are they? Who are we? Who is everybody?" He shifts tack. "If you was in my position, Mens, you could start a revolution."

Mensi: "Yeah? Wanna go into partnership? You give me your money and I'll start a revolution."

Pursey: "I thought I did that two years ago when I found The Angelic Upstarts. And we can do without T-shirts like that, Mensi! I had a go at you about it last time."

Mensi: "I wouldn't sing it if I didn't believe it. England's the best!"

Pursey mutters something about football songs, but Mensi's building up a fine head of steam and rolls roughshod over him. "You're going on about the French Revolution, but you're not fucken' French. You rabbit on about all this, but you should be proud to be English!" Veins are beginning to bulge.

As Mensi winds himself up further and further, Pursey grows ever calmer. "Have I ever said I was French, Mens?"

"I'm going on about England and you reckon I'm fucken' wrong??? Tell ya fuck off!"

"Actually," says Pursey, deadpan, "I'm a Jacobin."

Mensi can't believe his ears. "You're a what? You gonna start using big words because you know I don't know big words?"

Pursey tells him to take the book home and read it and the circle neatly closes.

"I like the Ladybird books," chortles Mensi, "the little shiney ones! *Life Of A Policeman* and that! I've stopped reading the *Beano*

now, it's rubbish compared to what it used to be 'cuz even *Dennis The Menace* ain't the same. He don't beat up the softies no more."

THEY TAKE turns to wind each other up, each retreating to the furthest edges of their respective positions, total extremists both. Mensi accuses Pursey of inconsistency, of rampant pretension, of betrayal. He methodically brings up the circumstances of the dissolution of Sham 69, of Pursey's attacks on Johnny Rotten just before the Sham Pistols debacle, of the fact that Sham's old drummer is now a postman. His indignation is peaking into the red. He has blood in his eye. He is in a total apoplectic rage.

Finally Pursey can take no more. "Charlie, when I was 14 I was just like Mens is, I only cared about football and being one of the lads. I'm not one of the lads any more, Mens! I wanna know about life! I've grown up now and I wanna know what's going on in this world! One day I might say something is a heap of shit and the next day I might understand it a bit better."

"But you contradict yourself from week to week," hollers Mensi.

"If you're a human being," responds Pursey curtly, "you'll contradict yourself. If you're a robot you'll never contradict yourself!" I change and every day I learn, and I don't like learning, actually. I would love to be like I was at five. What a smashing time that was! I didn't know fuck all, but I was learning all the time about certain things. Ever see *The Tin Drum*, Mens? You should go and see it. You might learn something."

Mensi mumbles that he doesn't have the time. "You got time to go and see England play, so why ain't you got time to see something that might benefit you?"

"It benefits England to win the World Cup," says Mensi, and things get circular once more.

Mensi still has the singleminded confidence in himself and his basic ideas kit that Pursey used to have before a few steel toecaps went through the plate glass of his ideals. Mensi is solid and whole where Pursey is now fragmented and confused. Being who they are, they turn the states that they're in into performances. Mensi's performance is the bullnecked boyo travelling in a straight line towards his objectives; Pursey's performance is a flamboyant Catherine wheel adrift from its nail, sputtering off all over the place. He grabs at every shiny idea he can see, picks it up and plays with it before he's distracted by another one. The trouble with the pair of them is that Mensi has tunnel vision and

"If you're a human being, you'll contradict yourself. If you're a robot you'll never contradict yourself."



Pursey can't keep anything in focus for more than ten minutes.

SO MENSI and silent Glyn eventually slope off, some semblance of cordiality having been regained. Conversation revolves, Pursey zooming off all over the shop, ideas always just out of reach. It's like someone's on his back holding an idea on a stick just beyond his reach and he's always just a second behind it, motormouthing in pursuit. Finally he's talking about impulse, how he deleted his 'Lucky Man' single after a week because 11,000 people had bought it and he was tired of it. He mentions that Tony Visconti was interested in producing him until he'd told the great man that he would not make demos, that he would not prepare material in advance.

"When we were gigging we'd just write songs and get straight up and do them in front of an audience. People can't accept that you exist in the moment of now. You write the song, put it down and it's done. But it's not like that now. I've just made a Jimmy Pursey solo album for Polydor and so I give 'em this thing and so my mind's on that as well. My mind's here and here and here — what? what? what? — my mind is travelling, and I've got to put out an album and get rid of all this junk in my mind. So I've done it and it's going to take me a long time to do another album — or maybe I'll go back in as soon as I can and get another one out of the way."

"I've got so much in me, so much good I want to do for people. If I go, if I die, I don't want people to look back on everything I've done, because I don't think everything I've done 'as been right. I don't want people to pass judgment on me yet. I'm not ready to be judged. Please don't put me behind bars!"

"I'm innocent, man!"

Of course he is! Jimmy Pursey is still innocent! Still innocent after all these years!

I like Jimmy Pursey. I don't rate his music much, but — except for when he's pulling faces at the gallery and making a performance out of his turmoil — he's a nice fellow. Like Mensi says, you have to like him when he's Jimmy Pursey. So he goes on devouring books and movies and music and television, gobbling up everything he can find in order to make some sense out of himself and the world. He's going to be really good at something someday, and in between he's probably going to make a fool of himself a lot more times, be a pain in the arse quite often, be a clown and a bore and a demagogue and an attention-seeker and all the rest of it. So what? File him under innocent.

I mean, forgive him, God. He knows not what he does.



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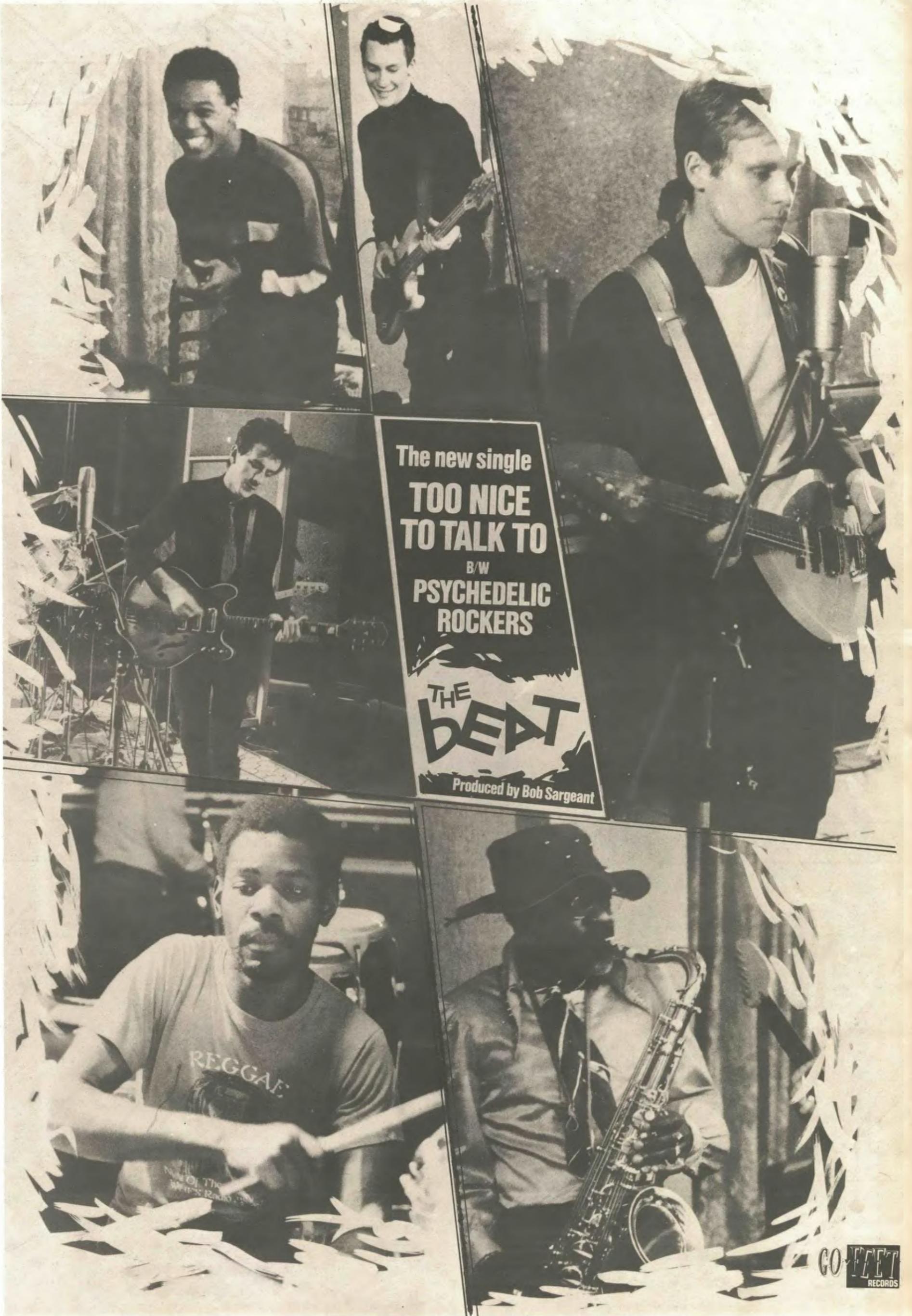
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SINGLES

Continued

much, but seem so lost. I could never make my mind up about Costello. Do I have to now? You don't really care what I think. It's safe to say this is no Costello masterpiece. The arrangement stops and starts, clips and climbs, briefly takes the mickey out of itself, and it's all very mature. It doesn't achieve the transcendence of peak Costello, doesn't stop me in my tracks. Unexpectedly the third track on this neat maxi-single, 'Hoover Factory', does just that. A winsome hundred second ode to the criminally demolished art deco loveliness of the Hoover factory, with a typical little twist in the tail. "It's not a matter of life or death, but what is?" Ah yes, it's little moments like that that turn pop music into the art that works me up like it was a matter of life or death, that is nothing more or less than a way of passing the time.

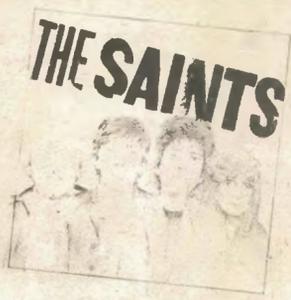
Hey, pass the time, Adam! Pop music's alive!

FAWCETT'S DESIGN FOR LIVING: Is There Somebody There? (Boys Own). A fair question to ask: especially when you're reviewing singles.



this is from a corner close to the corner that thought up and brought us And The Native Hipsters' daft and profound 'There Goes Concorde Again.' Tom Fawcett's 'Somebody There' is intangible, heartwarming nonsense... Inspired by the tinkling and twinkling of Eno song albums and the sedate gaiety of a very old group called Matching Mole, and if that sounds pretty hippieish it's also irresistibly pretty. The kind of record Buggles should be making.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Nasty Little Green Men (Liberty). **GARY GLITTER:** What Your Momma Don't See (Eagle). 'Pop songs' for Wasted Youth fans: therefore for a very small



minority. Classix are one of those grumpy, puffy-cheeked quiff groups on the (h)edges of the barren modernist landscape. 'Nasty Little' sounds like a dull, square cabaret group feebly dressing up their imitation of an imitation of an imitation of 'Quark Strangeness And Charm' Hawkwind with damp 'spacey'-noises. So much grunting going on! Which turns us round to Gary Glitter, whose horrendous cheap Boots blue eye shadow leaves too much to be desired, and whose '80s parody of his own once kitschy-good self is so far gone it sounds like a smashed Diana Dors singing Sweet. One of the great problems of youth is getting shot of the true ugliness represented by these two records. If you ain't pretty, don't pretend. I should know.



FACTRIX: Empire Of Passion/Spice Of Life (Adolescent). Right now I'm in the mood for noise! The night shall be full with noise! Apart from some of the gentler, dreamier moments on the 'Crepesculc tape, this is my favourite noise of the week. Factrix are sick little cousins of Throbbing Gristle: they savage the pop song with more ardour and with harder concrete noise than Cabaret Voltaire. Yet their random collection of noise, the surly sucking-in of unconnected sound retains the central components of the pop song: melody, rhythm, even a coherence. Slash called it Black Sabbath meets PiL. That makes it sound less of a stimulant than it actually is. Perhaps it's Suicide vs. The Residents. They won't stop sobbing.



They're from San Francisco, it that explains anything. They say their music is 'commercial free-noise' and that's a helpful handle.

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: Wide Eyed Kids (EMI). **THE SAINTS: Always/In The Mirror (New Rose).** Ugliness from a different era. Those barely recalled freedom fighters the Rods wander vaguely into the recession area, hoping a weak cough and an overly familiar guitar trundle and post-cynical synthesiser effects and a peculiar vocal will be greeted with something other than significant consumer nausea. No: as old fashioned as Budgie... The Saints, I'd forgotten them once. Now I'll have to do it all over again. Shut my eyes and count to four. All over and done with.

Nyman's relevance more in the context of the Crepuscule tape: his designs have a relevance. The single is produced by David Cunningham: it'll make you smile.

Girlschool, and we're back neck deep in the 'real world', right Garry? After Motorhead's magnificent 'Ace Of Spades' — a surreal swim and swirl, a real weirdo, an unobstructed pop song — I'm hungry for similar grievous thrills from the HM bog. Girlschool, I suppose, come closest to Motorhead in being so pragmatic, annoyed, even mildly mythical. 'Yeah Right', though, is satisfied to sit pretty tiresomely in the midst of all that wretched rock on and roll out language. Untypical girls — typical noise.

The Dallas theme is a topical noise. If we were all rich I would recommend the single for the cover alone. All smiles! Rumour has it that the sallow serial is to get more 'erotic.' If bulky Lucy stripping off in front of her soon come husband in last week's searing episode is a sample of this 'erotica' I'm leaving this silly game right now.

PETER SHILTON AND RAY CLEMENCE: Side By Side (Polydor).

POPE PAUL AND THE ROMANS: Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic (Celtic FC). For some, Football's a way of making money. 'Shilts' and 'Ray' should never be allowed to play for their beloved England again. This is the sickliest record I've ever heard, like The Sex Bristols piece of rubbish 'Good Old Arsenal' is the sickest. For some, Football's a way of making trouble. Pope Paul and his pissed pals dive into a raging debate tunelessly, tactlessly and tediously. Shove it up the alternative charts.

DUMB BLONDES: Strange Love (Fresh).

THE CARPETTES: The Last Lone Ranger (Beggars Banquet).

THE RHODESIANS: Clock/Post Mortem (Period).

SKITZ: I Let Them Eat Valium (Vitriol).

THE ROOM: Motion (Box).

THE INSERTS: NME (Supermusic).

HONEY BANE: Guilty (HB).

THE MODERNAIRES: Life In Our Times (Illuminated).

It's when you get to records like this — and these have been painstakingly, painfully selected from 50 others — that the reviewer's mind starts to wander... you start to think about silly things... like, I wonder how they're going to lay out this page? (Stop your subbing!) Sometimes it's weeks before I get the pun in NME headlines, or see the point in a quip. The Inserts share my love for NME, but from the sound of their ode, don't ever read it. They don't share my criticism of NME. They call us 'rock'n'roll sleuths.' Come on! Dumb Blondes, The Carpettes, The Modernaires, all sound like the groups CBS would sign thinking they'd got the future mapped out and wrapped up. The Rhodesians are like a treble Killing Joke, Honey Bane could well be the poor fan's Toyah. The Room single is by far the most inventive of this crowd. Produced by that intriguing dark figure Rikki Sylvan, the two songs are like animated, commercially brightened versions of those early Leer/Rental songs.

There's a lot of greatness. And there's a lot of crap. Pop music's dead. What are you seeing?

XTC: Take This Town/THE RUTS: Babylon's Burning (RSO). One of the best things about living in London — and most of the best things about living in London I brought with me from Manchester — is LBC Radio: talk and terrible adverts and assorted phone-ins. Their Saturday morning treat for under-16s, run by that guy Tom who used to be the strange one in Magpie, is great stuff. Their programme on Glue-sniffing — very righteous and quite right too — even reached into Parliament. This Andy Partridge attempt to be taken seriously in America at all costs backed by The Ruts superior true-HM sensation, taken from the overflowing soundtrack of 'Times Square' was the Jellybone Jury's single of the week for this week. They could have made a worse choice. But they could have so easily made a better one. 'Times Square' is the death of 'new pop' like the Leeds Futurama was the death of 'post-modernism.'

XTC sound like a flat surface here. Nothing falls upward. I much prefer it when the squeeze and pun and freeze and run: maybe this is being nostalgic for a freer, fresher XTC. Will this be a hit? Just.

THE GIST: This Is Love/Yanks (Rough Trade). There seems to be a resurgence of folk-rock trying to be noticed. The Gist is Stuart Moxham helped by a couple of friends, and these two songs, graceful and independent, remind me of Buzzcocks/Orange Juice if they had been influenced by Nick Drake and early John Martyn. The songs might be too humble, too honest even, and too soft.

MICHAEL NYMAN: Webber/Mozart (Les Disques Du Crepuscule).

GIRLSCHOOL: Yeah Right (Bronze).

THEME FROM DALLAS (BBC).

Nyman's single — a certain repetition, a puzzling easy listening, something you can almost hear with the eye — belongs in the new/now world as much as Durutti Column, Orchestral Manoeuvres, DAF, even The Gist. You'll appreciate



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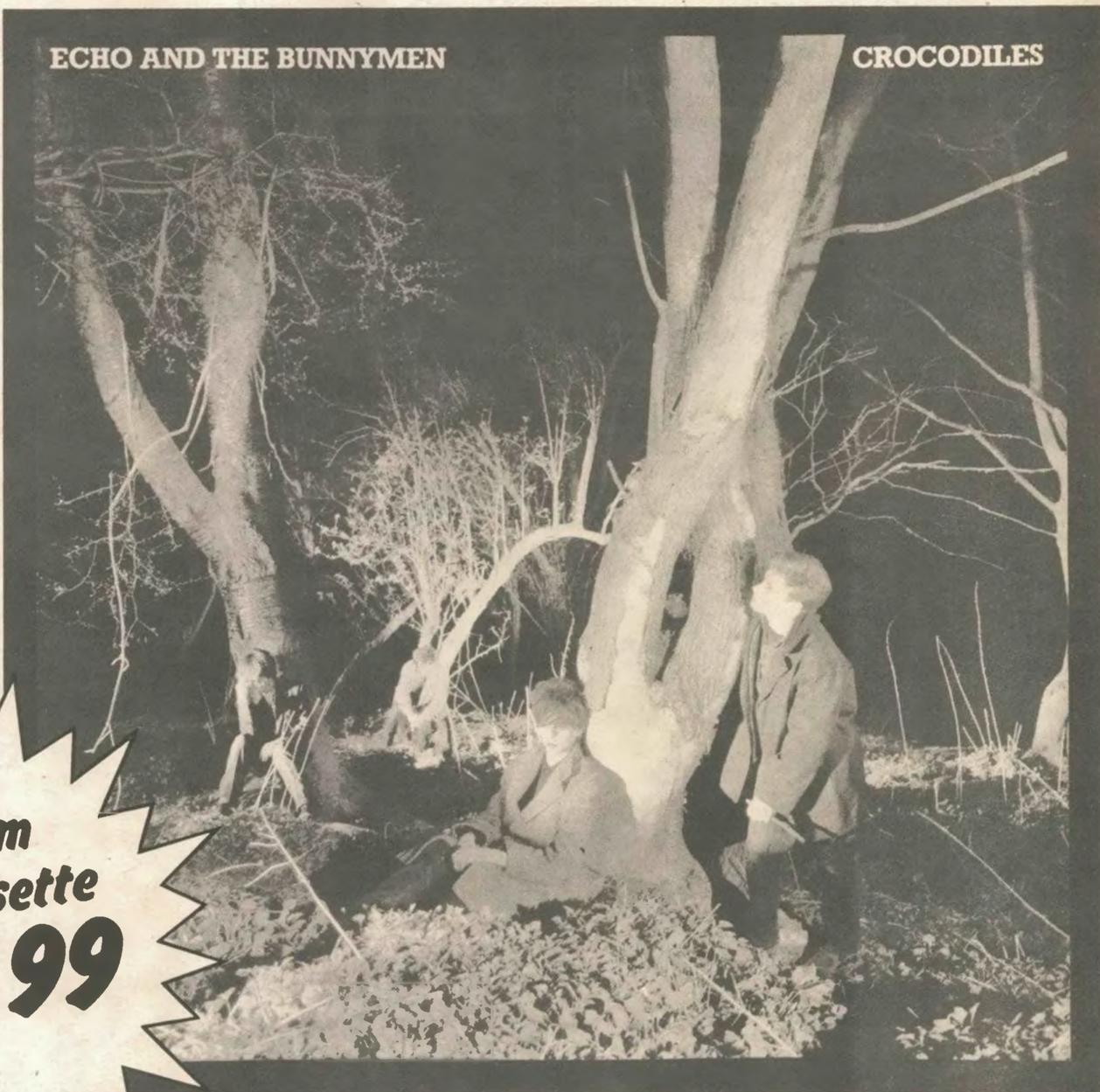
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VISAGE

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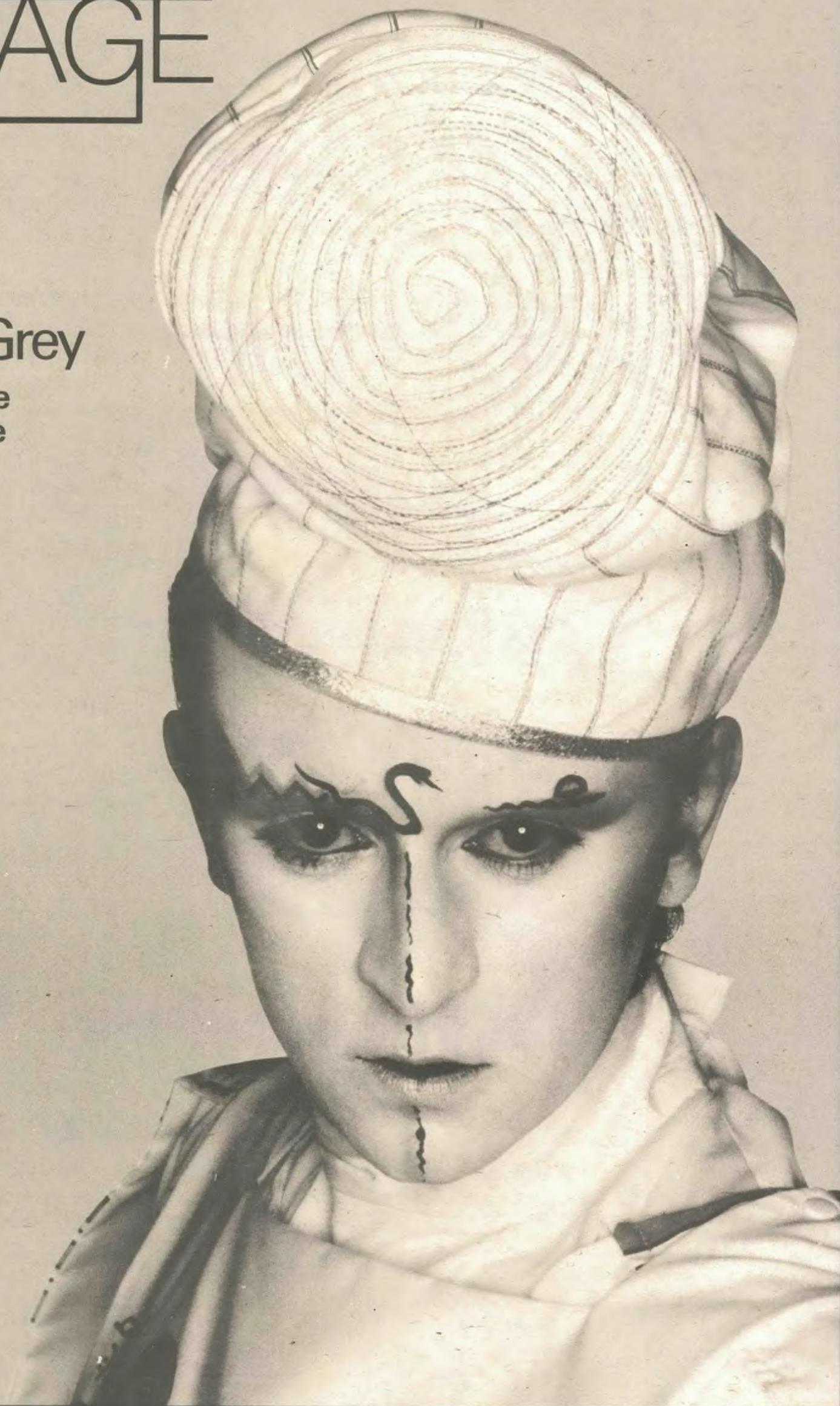
Visage

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ALL THINGS are relative but some, like success, are more relative than others and, although he knows as much, Wilton Felder isn't telling. This was to have been a day off for The Crusaders' saxophonist, but instead he is giving interviews — or rather suffering them with what good grace he can muster, which in my case isn't very much.

A tall, lean Texan, Felder sips a sweet sherry but wears a sour face. He seems impatient and preoccupied, would obviously prefer to be out and about in London town. So after a few minutes would I, since Felder is feeding me *The Rap*, the prepared text and nothing but. He has me nailed to the floor as someone who's unnecessarily suspicious of The Crusaders' intentions in the light of the success of 'Street Life'.

As it happens, he has me wrong — I'm more curious than anything else — but I quickly adopt a slighted, defensive tone. And in Felder's view attack is the best form of defence.

"The Crusaders' success is not dependent on hit singles," he snaps. "It's gratifying to have a number one song, but we have also known for years how to make one. But to go and do that just to have a hit means we have to prostitute what we feel. We will not do that. If what we feel doesn't take, too bad. We'll try again next time."

So the choice of Bill Withers to sing 'Soul Shadows' on the recent 'Rhapsody And Blues' album wasn't a conscious and concerted attempt to repeat the success of 'Street Life'?

"No, it was not. We're not deviating from what we've done in the past. That song was actually done because it's a story about us — all these great men that have lived and passed on what they had to us. Today many musicians are not reaping the benefit of what they had to pass on. It's like us now; there aren't many who are in our fortunate position. But we do what we want to do, and with that same honesty and integrity that The Crusaders have always had. We could have done another 'Street Life', but we didn't have it in us, so we didn't."

Point taken. I think I appreciated the sentiment behind 'Soul Shadows', just didn't like the way it was lyrically expressed.

"That's your problem."

WORDS LIKE "honesty" and "integrity" feature a lot in Felder's conversation. And justifiably The Crusaders could at any stage in the middle to late '70s have redirected their music and aimed it fair and square at the lucrative crossover audience who prefer their jazz tepid or Tappan Zee, addicted to formula and terrified of freedom.

But they didn't, and only faltered once with 'Free As The Wind', an unusually inconsequential album that saw the band reeling from the shock of founder member trombonist Wayne Henderson's departure. Just as in the '60s The Jazz Crusaders, as they then were, occupied a unique and impregnable position in the mainstream with their prolific recordings on the long-defunct Pacific Jazz label, so throughout the next decade The Crusaders' bottomless bag of Southern R&B, soul, funk, jazz and even country remained much imitated but never seriously rivalled.

Felder's bitterness that it has taken the whole wide Western world so long to catch up with jazz in general and The Crusaders in particular is understandable, especially since the band's music has always been populist: immediate, exhilarating, ripe for the picking, there for the taking.

"The jazz tradition, though, it can't always help itself. It has been in dives, and that doesn't earn money or a living. There are people who appreciate it, sure, but not enough to make it marketable. Therefore the younger players don't hear it, certainly not on the radio. The only

time they do hear it is when their parents play it or try to educate them to hear it. Jazz musicians, new ones, they come up and they have to play in the same old cellars that everybody before them played. I know because that's exactly what The Crusaders had to do for years.

"And that's the point. How can you be exposed to what's only played in dives unless you go and play in them yourself? You can't really blame the younger players. They see this guy who's played all this great music, but what was his end result? Nothing. You come over here and see Oscar Peterson and where's he playing? Ronnie Scott's. That's ridiculous."

At least Peterson gets-TV time now.

"OK, that's a start, but there are plenty of others just as deserving. So it's beginning to reach out and bend a certain way. So you have to put things differently. You have to keep your integrity but phrase the music in such a way that it will reach the people."

It's the same old story, the same old dilemma: idealism versus pragmatism.

"Yes. A jazz musician has to do the concerts, but he can't do them and constantly be into himself and play his craft and expect to keep his concerts. He will maybe play a one or two thousand seater, but does he want to do that all his life? The same audience all the time? He's got to reach up, to reach more of a mass audience."

Which, presumably, was what The Crusaders were doing when you dropped the "Jazz" from your name, much to the consternation of some critics.

"Exactly. We had to move on."

But was the success of 'Street Life' a surprise?

"Yes, it was. It was played in the same way we've always played. The years go by and we continue to tune the music. The song wasn't a commercial attempt, but music we thought was right to come out when it did. It came to the point that we realised there were certain songs, certain feelings that we'd never really just gone after, things that we believed in as much as we believe in anything. We'd been thinking too much about how someone here or there was going to react to it. We were surprised, though, when it began to be played in the discos, totally surprised."

But it must have affected the band. Your stage act, for example, has changed drastically. When you first came over here some years ago, you played and played, just music, very hard. Last and this year, there's much more show — all the introductions, the lavish mutual compliments and Stix Hooper's lengthy drum solo with lights and synthesized sound.

In addition, you play very little material from, say, the middle '70s. Your current audiences are very mixed. The older fans seem annoyed or distracted by the routines, the newer ones intimidated by the music as they wait for the inevitable 'Street Life'.

"We're not playing clubs anymore. We're not playing for umpteen hours to the point where we can satisfy everybody's desires. The Crusaders are many different things to many different people."

So don't you ever think you're trying too hard to please all the people only some of the time?

"Look," and Felder's manner becomes glacial, "we're doing concerts. We're not playing a jazz gig. It's now both a visual and a playing deal. The old bebop days and the style of just playing for playing's sake is one that from the standpoint of doing concerts for a whole vast audience just does not work."

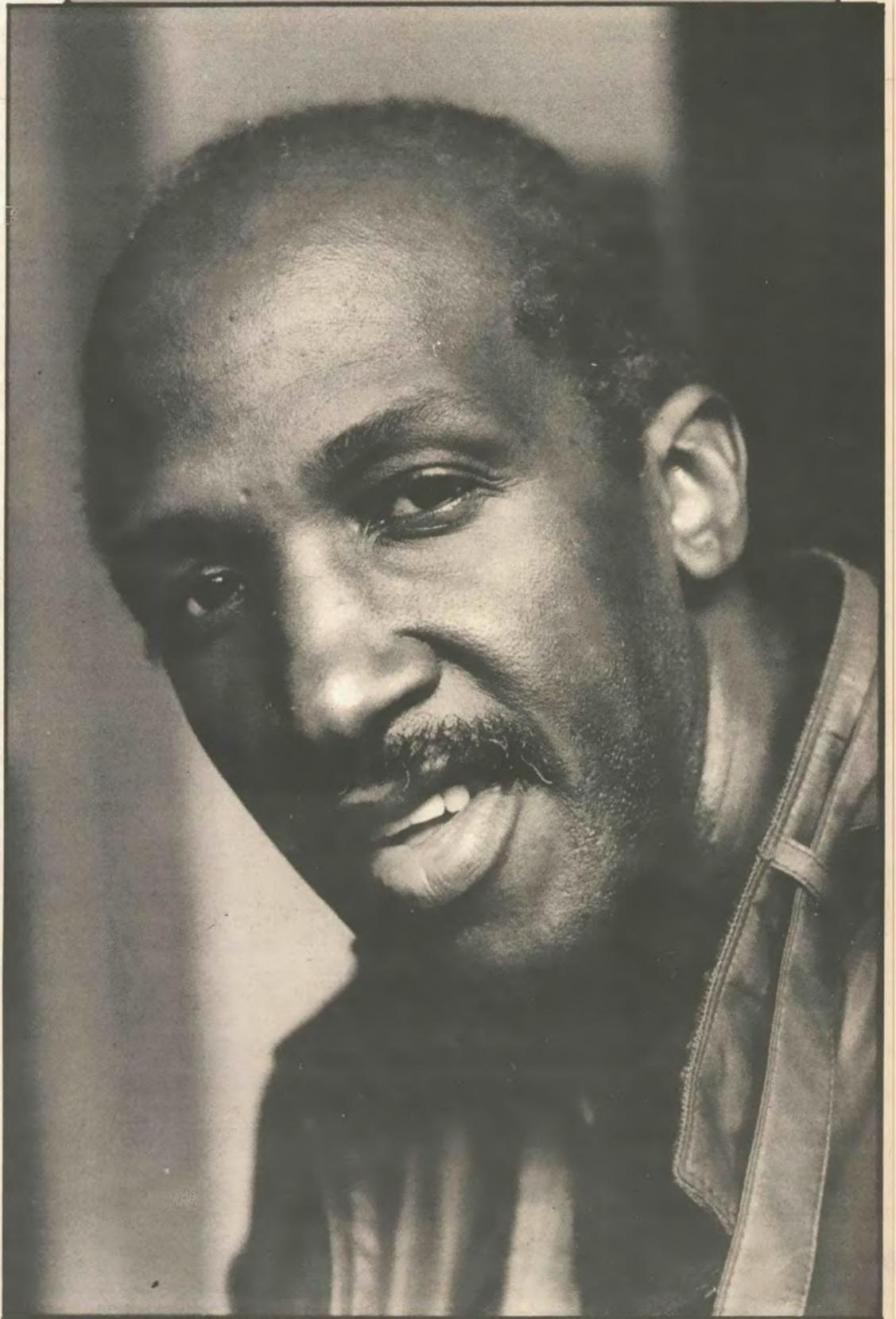
It seemed to work well enough to me when you first came over here and played what was then the New Victoria.

"That's all changed. The older, more jazz style in which we played in the past has been with musicians who have had that kind of understanding. Those same musicians don't have the understanding of what The Crusaders are now. If we played 'Street Life' with them, it's gonna die. As you may have noticed, the band is constantly changing."

"We're trying to find musicians who also know who The Crusaders are — so that we can play this song with this flavour and then turn round 360 degrees and play that song with

■ Continues over

THE CAPABLE CRUSADER



Wilton: the Felder statesman

Pic: Anton Corbijn

After ten years as a Crusader, Wilton Felder can cope with most things, including sudden success and persistent journalists like Angus McKinnon. But the eternal problem must still be solved: Whether to please a few of the people, all of the time or all of the people, some of the time.

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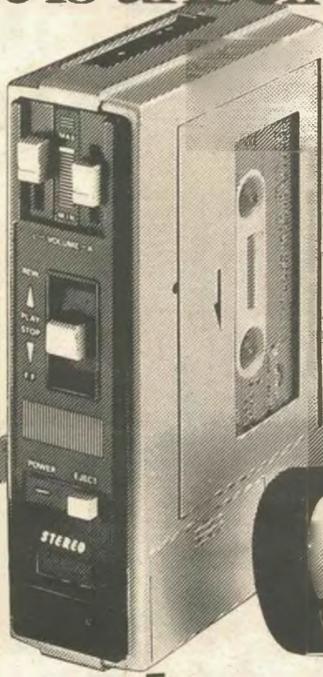
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that flavour.
"I'd love to play some of the older songs, but it's hard and I would admit the difficulty lies in finding the musicians that understand all we've been doing. The thing is, you see, the majority of the songs that have really gotten over to the people, I've been playing bass on those. Now I obviously can't do that on the bandstand."

SUCH INSUPERABLE problems aside, there are those who feel The Crusaders have suffered since Henderson's departure to record fifth-rate disco with and without Roy Ayers. Felder's remains the sole horn in the band and I wonder aloud about this, suggesting that part of the trouble must surely be that the original Crusaders have played together for so very long permanent replacements must be almost impossible to find.

But Felder misunderstands me — either that or the trombonist's departure is still a very sore point — and becomes extremely agitated.

"Those who loved Wayne in the band, fine. But Wayne is no longer in the band. You either like me up front playing the way I do, or you don't. But you can't say you want me to phrase the way I did when Wayne was in the band."

(I wasn't).
"I'll tell you something: I've lived years since Wayne left; I'm developing my own personal style. Joe Sample, Stix Hooper and I, we understand the music; everybody else does not understand the music — because they don't know how it should feel and what it should sound like until we do it. Now we're finding the only way to get it made is to have three of us as a rhythm section and have other musicians in and layer it. Having to do things that way does leave a lot of spontaneity out, but there's no other way."
The production of your

albums, you now have complete control over it — don't you think you run similar risks there? Don't you think you lack a certain objectivity about your own music? 'Rhapsody And Blues' struck me as being very over-produced.

"That's a possibility, but again I disagree with you. And the reason is this: who are The Crusaders, have you heard them on record? Or have you heard what you thought were The Crusaders? What people have heard and liked, that's fine too, but how do you know that when you hear an album that's really produced by The Crusaders you might not like it better?"

I think I have heard that album in 'Rhapsody And Blues', and there The Crusaders and I part company after ten years.

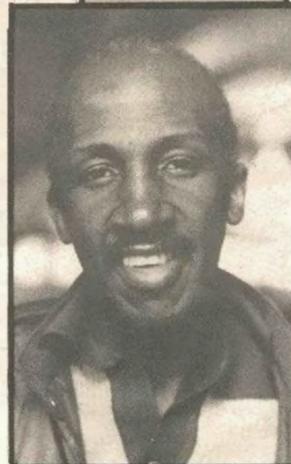
"Alright. That's only your opinion, and plenty of people would disagree with it. I think it was the perfect album to follow 'Street Life'. There's some very fine jazz playing on it. Sure there were some different things happening but, if we're going to continue to be a performing group and have our music acceptable, we also have to be aware of what's going on around us."

The finality in Felder's voice stops me from haggling further over such fine lines. He stares past me, looks at his watch. I take the hint and refer back to his solo album 'Inherit The Wind', telling him that, much though I like the title piece and Bobby Womack's singing on same, I find the album disappointing, a series of carefully but exaggeratedly polished exercises in various styles. I also wonder whether the cumulative effect of the various Crusaders' solo albums isn't detrimental to the band's.

"I don't think so at all. The solos are one thing, the band's another. The solos and the work we've done with B. B. King and Randy Crawford — it's a challenge to us. We don't feel

The Capable Crusaders

From previous page



Wilton's Paradise Lost

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Continues p.61

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Below: Director Kurosawa with producers Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas.

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Directed by Akira Kurosawa
Starring Tatsuya Nakadai and
Tsumomu Yamakazi (Twentieth
Century Fox)

THE year is 1574. Japan is racked with civil strife as rival warlords vie for control of the weak Shogunate in the capital Kyoto. Slowly dying from a wound inflicted by a sniper's bullet, Lord Shingen orders his generals to keep his death a secret for three years; the Takeda Clan, he reasons, must not be seen to lack his experienced leadership in such a time of crisis. Enter, cowed but cunning, a petty thief whose uncanny resemblance to Shingen has earned him a stay of execution and who, it's hoped, will become his lord's *kagemusha* or shadow warrior, successfully impersonating him and deceiving his 25,000 troops, his enemies and their omnipresent spies, his concubines and young grandson.

Thus the opening gambits of *Kagemusha*, 70-year-old Japanese director Akira Kurosawa's 27th film, produced by admiring American movie brats Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas. Despite reports and reviews to the contrary, it really doesn't matter a Datsun whether you're familiar with the director's previous work or not. This isn't the 'film-maniacs only' experience some of our great nation's more earnest cognoscenti would have you and me believe. It's certainly complex, interlocking three parallel narratives, but it's also direct and accessible.

Kagemusha's brash orchestral soundtrack is distracting in a rather Hollywood way — such are the requisites of the 'international' market — but there are ample compensations. Just as his sixteenth century characters are held virtual hostage to highly ritualised codes of conduct on the battlefield and off it, so Kurosawa presents them in a similarly formal, often exaggeratedly stylised fashion. He traps them in amber, arranges them across the screen like polished pebbles on a Go board.

Although the visual disorientation this most Japanese technique causes soon subsides — it's like getting used to a new pair of glasses — the way Kurosawa's leading actors (especially Nakadai, who plays both Shingen and the thief) crystallise powerful emotions into the most economical, even commonplace physical or facial movements continues to create an undertow of immense psychological tension.

Such mannerism is inherent to classical Japanese drama

(and by extension to the life style of Old Japan herself), but it's still disconcerting — and fascinating — to see something like Shingen's idiosyncratic stroking of his moustache assume a most unlikely importance. The gesture becomes much more than just the outward expression of a man losing himself in deep thought. When, for instance, the thief, by now discovering a certain hesitant relish in his role, imitates it in front of some of the late lord's most trusted retainers, their confusion and awe are made manifest.

On the one hand they know they're confronted by an impudent commoner to whom they owe neither loyalty nor homage; on the other they're profoundly moved. It seems to them for an instant that the thief actually is Shingen. It's one of many such scenes in the film. Kurosawa's wry depiction of his forbears' absolute faith in a rigid, representational scheme of things (and signs) and their accompanying fallibility — they sometimes find it impossible to distinguish between ritual and reality — is very touching.

A similar emotional and visual shorthand permeates the film. A lake, a brush of mist, a boat, a ceremonial urn and a row of kneeling warriors on a sandy shoreline — Shingen's burial is a minor masterpiece of understatement. But there are innumerable other points to Kurosawa's compass: pathos in the thief's genuine fondness for Shingen's grandson and his constant conflict of interests (whom to serve — self or clan?); humour when he nearly gives himself away by signifying his own enlightenment when a retainer explains the clan's motto to the child; irony, light as Nobukado grudgingly

admires the thief for his ability to maintain the pretence, heavier when the thief unmask himself as an imposter before the lord's disbelieving concubines; supernatural drama when a field of prostrate soldiers seems to rise from the dead.

Kagemusha catches a Japan writhing on the tip of a xenophobic spear. Missionaries like those attending the rival warlord of the Oda clan were soon to be expelled and ruthlessly persecuted as the country isolated itself from the West for over 200 years. Oda's withering deployment of massed musketeers is just one twitch in the tangle between ancient and modern.

But some have suggested Kurosawa himself has only sought a splendid isolation of his own in a bygone, near-mythical age. Nonsense. Although all its bright banners whipping in the wind and well-drilled formations wheeling and then rushing to their deaths ensure *Kagemusha* lends the act of war an appalling beauty it doesn't deserve, the film is also at pains to underline the activity's stupefying waste and futility.

When the thief first meets Shingen, he asks him who is more wicked, the master who slaughters thousands or the man who steals a few trinkets? Shingen sidesteps, reminds the thief that the only thing that distinguished them is that he, the lord, will do anything to rule. The point rings clear as a bell in an empty sky.

The film doesn't moralise so much as generalise, giving particular events a general and enduring significance. It's also a definitely tragic tale brilliantly, compellingly told.

Angus MacKinnon

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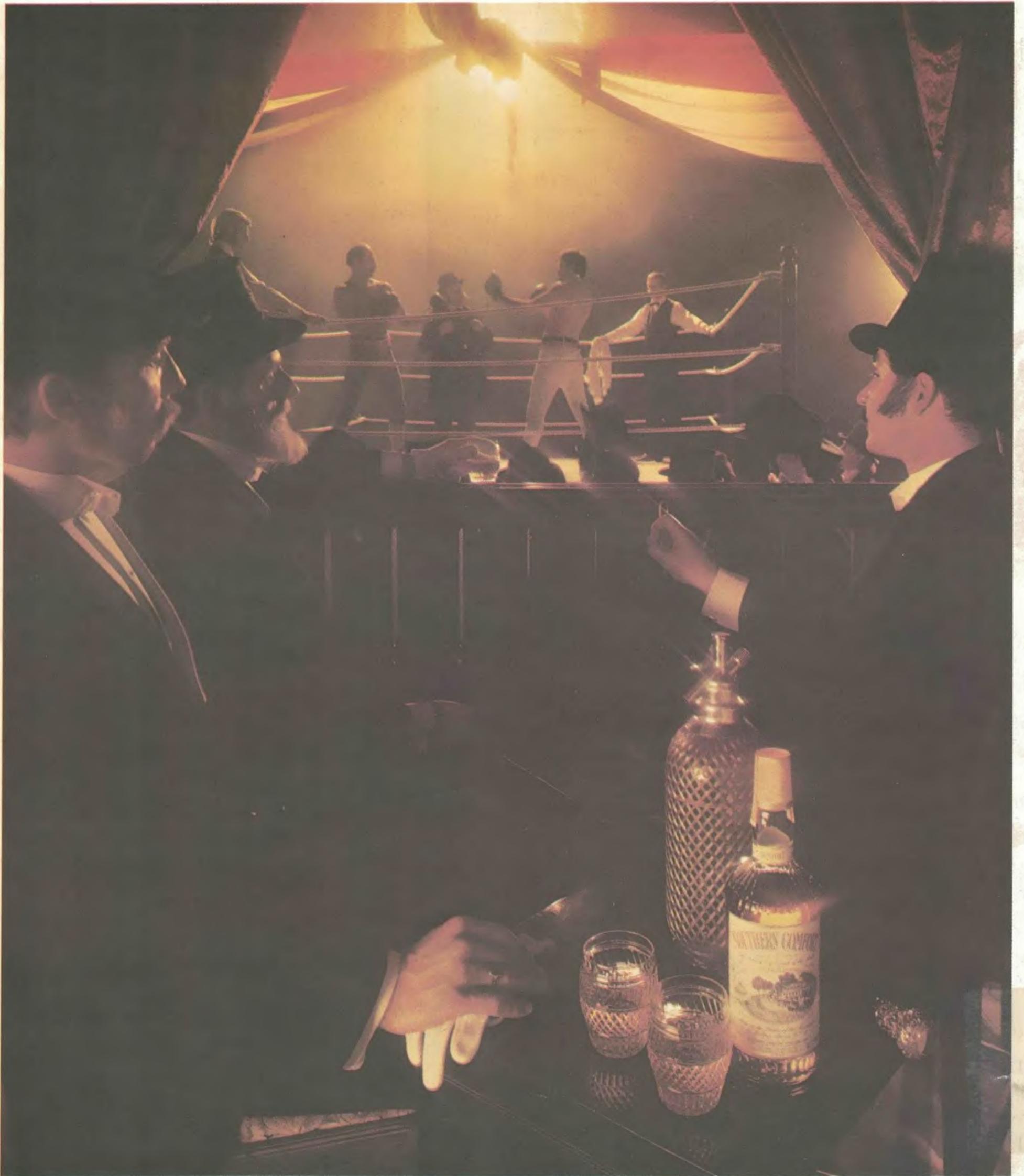
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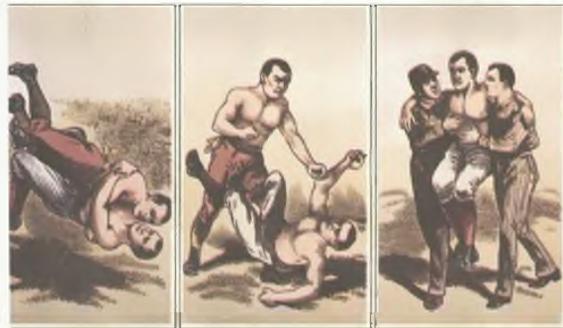
Before Southern Comfort, much the same. Rough and c



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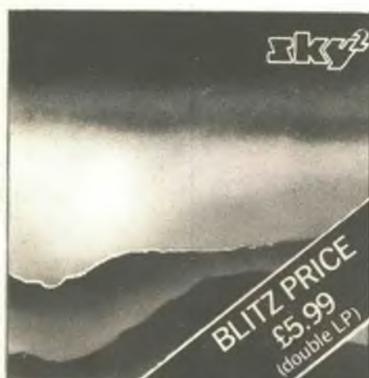
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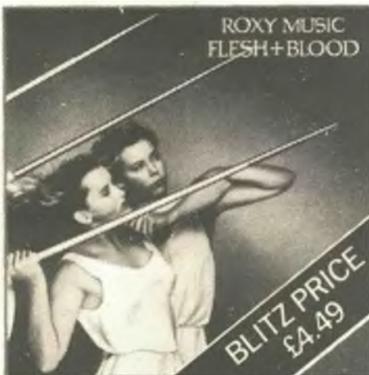
Splinter "Splinter"



Morty "Love Blind"



Jenny Darren "Jenny Darren"



Roxy Music "Flesh & Blood"



Mike Oldfield "QE2"



David Bowie "Scary Monsters"



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ALBUMS

Rent-a-norm!

ROBERT RENTAL & THE NORMAL
Live At West Runton Pavilion, 6-3-79 (Rough Trade)

EARLY TWO years after the album that spawned it, Robert Rental & The Normal's live album slips unassumingly into a public domain. A telling ease.

A lot of things have changed those two years, both as regards Rough Trade (this, you'll remember, was the tour that "broke" Stiff Little Fingers in more ways than one, probably), and as regards the lot of new-wave electronic rock music in general. In a nutshell: many of the weakest aspects of most brain-numbingly vicious images have been vitalised upon quite cynically and ruthlessly, and very little credit has been accorded to those most deserving. (Names mentioned on either side — we all know who we're talking about, with a few minor grammatical variations here and there.)

Janiel Miller (aka The Normal) and Robert Rental are two of the original geniuses of the DIY electronic single with, respectively, 'TVOD' and the disturbing 'Paralysis', before joining forces. 'Live At West Runton Pavilion' sounds as fresh, vibrant and exciting today as it first had done on March 6th, 1979. A one-sided record, lasting at a sniff over two hours, it makes a fitting partner to the Cabs' 'YMCA', another example of live, warts-and-all age-band electronics. There are no track titles, and gaps between tracks, just 25 minutes of metamorphosis which resolves, here and there, into discernible thematic sections. It opens with a rousing, churning Stromstrom shot through with a bit of Turkish ambience (a radio broadcast?); layers are gradually stripped away to reveal a naked, stuttering rhythm-machine, then further layers of broadcast, distortion, added to change direction. Defiantly primitive, repetitive, and above all vibrating, the perfect antidote to the coolly rationalised machinations of synthesiser music. Certain sections include rattling, incomprehensible tracks, cutting through layers of jagged drones and intricate rhythms; some parts are

slower, still primitive, rough and haunting, the synthesised equivalent of cave-painting. At one point, everything's replaced by a tape/broadcast of ersatz light-orchestral music, like an intermission, but a disturbing, disorienting shock in this setting, an other-worldly intrusion of muzak supposed to comfort but achieving the opposite effect. Something akin to 'TVOD' slips in for a subliminal instant, a brief snatch of memory...

And so on, for nearly half an hour: a coarse, multi-directional flow which meets you on its own terms, making no concessions to fashionable preconceptions, and finally exhausts itself in a cathartic synthesised exhalation. A few brief isolated claps and cheers, then the disco starts again — some bowdlerised, punky variant of the 'Bo Diddley' riff. Back to "the world", perhaps. But whose?

Andy Gill

Swedes vegetate

ABBA
Super Trouper (Epic)

SUPER STUPOR is more like it. Once past the first few tracks, tedium descends and envelops. The dance tracks seem bereft of melodies and the emotional ballads appear short on rhythm.

Don't take my word for it. If you find yourself at a Christmas party in the suburbs this year, see how quickly you can clear the dance floor with any of the tracks on side two, for example. Chances are that the people this is aimed at won't be too pleased by most of it.

Admittedly, you do get a couple of number one singles one after another: 'Super Trouper' and 'Winner Takes It All'. So the album starts okay, and even the third track 'On and On and On' (great title) is acceptable. Nice tune, nice beat, plain nice.

The rot sets in with track four. A bombastic piece of balladeering with the pretentious title of 'Andante, Andante'. After that, the record never recovers. Or you don't. Your brain switches off and your legs go languid.

The point is: why do they bother? It can't be the money or the artistic frisson. Maybe it's the comforting routine, but aren't people supposed to join pop groups to avoid dull routine?

What's the point of being a pop millionaire, if you're stuck in a dead-end job?

Bob Edmands



Pic: Anton Corbijn

One man, one Devoto? Howard ducks the poll-try issue. (Fact: it took one man three days to write this caption. Don't blame us when the price goes up.)

Strange? Howard I know?

MAGAZINE
Play (Virgin)

VISAGE
Visage (Polydor)

SO THIS is real live: Magazine achieve a more than adequate stoned-to-dead-birds ratio by whipping out a live album 'rapido rapido' (recorded 6/9/80 at the Festival Hall, Melbourne) and introducing new guitarperson Robin Simon in their process, thereby allowing us to hear him playing all their old stuff before putting out any new stuff. It is also cheap. "Do not pay more than £3.99" advises the sticker on the front. If in doubt, pay less. Simon would seem to have been a wise choice as a replacement for John McGeoch, the man who would be Banshee. He sounds almost exactly like the departed one: at the time of writing I have been unable to ascertain whether he has a lanky blond fringe, but I am sure that he could grow one if it was absolutely necessary for him to do so. As a basic Magazine contents page, 'Play' is undoubtedly pleasant and correct: the Magazine sound (an uneasy balancing act between majestic grandeur and ponderous humbug) is still what it was, for what that's worth. Their power is undeniable: the shift to bass and drums in the opening 'Give Me Everything' — "And now, three little words," Devoto announces coyly at the beginning — is nothing short of wonderful. You certainly can't argue with the kind of treatments meted out to Sly's 'Thank You' or the original Magazine standbys like 'Song From Under The Floorboards', 'Permafrost' or the closing 'Definitive Gaze', which is something of a pity, since music that brooks no argument is by definition somewhat inflexible.

Still: well-recorded, well-performed, well

well well. Great value for Magazine fans. You certainly couldn't level any accusations of inflexibility against the Visage album. Past and present Magazines Dave Formula (he of the vaulting keyboard cathedrals) and John McGeoch have teamed up with Billy Currie and Midge Ure from Ultravox! under the nominal leadership of Steve Strange (with Rusty Egan as Common Factor) to enjoy a little collective self-indulgence, all the stuff that doesn't fit on Magazine or Ultravox!'s 'proper' records.

Indeed, it's the musos who make the album sound as dilettantish as it does. Steve Strange is quite attackable these days, especially after that Toyah debacle at the weekend, as his credentials as entrepreneur and scene-maker might seem to undermine his music, but at least two of the Visage songs have their moments. 'Malpaso Man' is a tribute to Clint Eastwood — the one with the bread, not the toaster — and it boasts a movie-theme gloss that wouldn't disgrace John Barry (or Magazine). In addition, 'Tar' is a great little song about smoking and the lifestyle that surrounds it.

The overall impression one derives from 'Visage', though, is of a bunch of fairly talented people pissing about in no apparent direction: this is what happens to extreme Roxy Music casualties when they grow up. Two post-scripts on Magazine: Barry Adamson is the definitive business on the bass guitar and since writing the first two paragraphs of this review, I have been informed by an employee of Virgin Records that Robin Simon does in fact have a blond fringe.

Charles Shaar Murray



SPYROGYRA
Carnaval (MCA)
GROVER WASHINGTON JR
Winelight (Elektra)

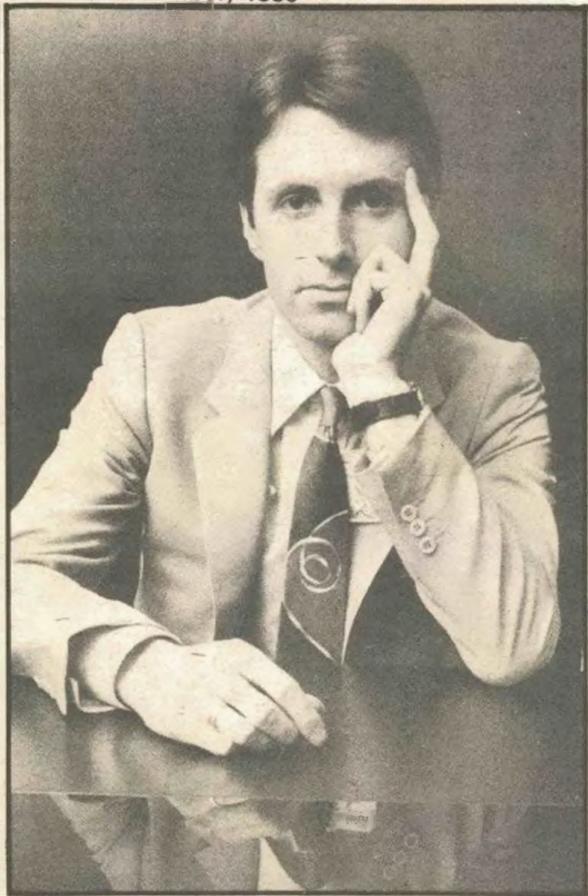
WHEN listening to these grand masters of the art of jazz-funk sax, it's hard to know how much of this music is sweated out of them. Very little in Spyrogyra's case, I fear; certainly Jay Beckenstein (alto sax) doesn't ever seem to reach out for anything. His pure, rather reedy sound copes wonderfully on all the tunes here, putting in just enough and no more.

It's pure market-researched easy listening and the nice looking boys in the band have a permanently healthy smile.

Grover Washington's 'Winelight', although aimed in a similar direction, is the more expert of the pair, and the more enjoyable. It's still at the easier end of the market, but the saxophone stretches more. Bill Withers makes an appearance on 'Just The Two Of Us', for the only vocal on the album, and it's one of the best tracks, using steel drums to great effect in a typically tight arrangement.

But there isn't much on these two albums which challenges the present critical disdain for this kind of music challenge the sax players or the audience either.

Dorota Koc



Pic: Stevenson

Robin Scott enthuses over his latest "fab waxing" — its so polished!

Muzak's OD notice

M The Official Secrets Act (MCA)

ROBIN SCOTT'S come up with one good single and a timely conceptual superstructure in his time; unfortunately, on 'The Official Secrets Act' there's none of the former and far too much of the latter.

The album opens with 'Transmission', a bland background soundtrack for spoken bits of (spoof?) Radio Moscow/Voice of America broadcasts. This serves as a pleasantly adequate introduction to the overall theme of corporate/political conspiracy theory, I suppose, but it's a sad reflection on 'The Official Secrets Act' that this is actually one of the outstanding tracks. It's followed by 'Join The Party', which makes heavy going of the title pun ("... the manifesto is to get up and dance", etc) but is ultimately nothing more than a damnably ordinary piece of pop music

— something which couldn't be said of 'Pop Muzik' itself, for sure.

Titles like 'Working For The Corporation', 'Your Country Needs You', 'Keep It To Yourself' (the best thing here, and easily the safest shot at a single) and 'Official Secrets' give some impression of the ground covered, admittedly with reasonable measures of irony and didacticism, by Scott, who's coming on more like a one-man Becker & Fagen these days, leaving players like synth-wizz David Vorhaus to actualise his ever-more overblown ideas.

This certainly seems to be the case on an instrumental like 'Maniac' — all immaculate musicianly nothingness — and in the excessive productions throughout. And to what end? There's too much going on for it to succeed as *muzak* pure and simple (undoubtedly one of Scott's intentions), but there's not really enough of substance to hold the attention for even the length of an entire track at a time.

There's no denying that Scott's is an unusual talent, but it's questionable whether he'll ever display it to its fullest on anything other than 'Pop Muzik'.

Andy Gill

THE HITMEN Aim For The Feet (Urgent)

DON'T LET the title fool you, The Hitmen are aiming straight at your pocket. Their very name is clue numero uno, while a track called 'Slay You With My 45' spells it out further.

Yep, they're one of those bands who've read all the best books on '80s chart topping procedure and committed each fact to memory. So every track

comes equipped with more hooks than a Smithfield cold store, while most creations are kitted out with just the right modicum of reggaebop to catch any overspill from 2-Tone overkill.

The vocals are judged to a nicety too. Not soft enough to even cause the least whisper about wimpery, not so tough that the Hits are in danger of being offered a starring part at the next National Sporting Club

punch-up. Then there's the band's ace-in-the-hole, the deuce on the loose in this instant being Stan Smith, sometime keyboardist with Elvis C and Nick Lowe, who Jankels it throughout, spraying gap-filling chords here and neat, melodic filigrees there.

In short, 'Aim For The Feet' is a greatest pop hits package, issued before the singles have actually made it.

Fred Dellar

LIGHTNING STRIKES

THE DOORS Greatest Hits (Elektra)

"I am the lizard king: I can do anything"

CALIFORNIA gothic here considered as a singles way of knowledge. The transmitted legacy of The Doors — compilation albums, grandiose metaphors — is murder in the cathedral, but the authentic memory is that of The Doors as top-dollar teenybopper stars of the AM radio, firing off a fusillade of 45s with albums as sources for setpieces and projects. The work by which they are most clearly remembered and romanticised is most likely the stuff which Morrison — if he had been consulted — would have considered the most important, but this album leaves to one side that aspect of their work of which 'The End' is the most typical.

The singles form suited The Doors: pity that they didn't include 'Unknown Soldier' and 'Five To One', which were U.K. singles, as opposed to 'Not To Touch The Earth' (also from the 'Waiting For The Sun' album) which wasn't. Within that compression, they found focus: the phantom fairground organ, the rich, blurred almost-croon, the desert(ed) drive-in showing *Orpheus*.

It's astonishingly tempting to romanticise The Doors. When one succumbs to their claustrophobic spell, they still 'Break On Through'

with that same misty chill, but if one has not taken that decision, the same piece can sound like the most grossly over-inflated melodrama imaginable. On successive nights, one can hold two distinct and contradictory views of The Doors. However, tonight...

Old songs are reborn in the blood of the lamb. This music still disturbs. Charles Shaar Murray

LINDA RONSTADT Greatest Hits Volume Two (Asylum)

AS READERS of Fleet Street gossip columns will know, Linda Ronstadt is the girlfriend of California's Governor Jerry Brown. As a critic of Big Government, Brown subscribes to the "Small is Beautiful" school of thought, and this may be why he admires Linda's talent.

Basically, Ms Ronstadt has built a career on supermarket covers of other people's hits. She's the Max Bygraves of the hippie generation, serving up carefully neutered versions of old songs in the interests of cosy nostalgia.

Classics that get her treatment on this compilation include Buddy Holly's 'It's So Easy', Roy Orbison's 'Blue Bayou', Chuck Berry's 'Back In The USA' and the Stones' 'Tumbling Dice'.

Whatever spirit the originals had — has been carefully exorcised in order to avoid disturbing Ms Ronstadt's ageing laid-back followers. Thankfully, we are spared a reminder of what she did to the songs of Elvis Costello.

But, money apart, what's her motive in all this? A clue is provided by the inner sleeve, which features a large colour photo of the star sitting in front of a mirror in her underwear.

In short, it's the mentality of the pin-up that lies behind these musical travesties. Glossy, packaged, self-regarding and devoid of genuine passion.

Bob Edmonds

VARIOUS ARTISTS Cash Cows (Virgin) Dindisc 80 (Dindisc)

'CASH COWS' — "an album for the price of a single" — is the latest for milking the public; a garish mish-mash of incompatible musics sardined together by a desperate Virgin marketing ploy. Tossing into the pot sample tracks from 13 recent albums means that The Professionals rub shoulders with The Flying Lizards while Captain Beefheart is sandwiched between Fingerprintz and Gillan and the result is an ugly aural mess. My advice is to buy a single you really want or else put your £1.15 (rrp) towards Beefheart's 'Doc At The Radar Station', the only great album Virgin have released all year.

'Dindisc 80' is also a sampler, disguised as a celebration of the label's first year. Luckily, they only have five artists so the album is less piecemeal than 'Cash Cows' with the bands playing a few tracks each — but when the bands in question are second-rate, new pop wets like Martha And The Muffins, Monochrome Set and OMITD, this is



The Doors "get off" on their really "groovy" hits.

hardly an improvement. All tracks come from albums, except OMITD's, which consist of the world's worst version of 'Waiting For The Man' plus 'Messages', both from a 10" EP of that name, and a new version of 'Electricity'. They needn't have bothered.

'Cash Cows' and 'Dindisc 80' demonstrate a general law of declining capitalism — just because something's cheap doesn't mean it's good value, ie if they can't sucker you with the dear stuff, they'll sucker you with the 'bargains'.

Graham Lock

BRIAN ENO Here Come The Warm Jets/Before And After Science (Polydor)

THE first and the last (thus far) of Eno's influential pop albums, reissued as a cheap original-covers double. Respectively shocking and transitional, they show Eno to have gained a "Brian" and lost some of his immediacy with the passage of time.

'Warm Jets' still retains some of its shock value after seven years, especially the opening three tracks, but the more commercial side of 'Before And After Science', for all its high-gloss finish, sounds a trifle mannered by comparison. The second side's cool, watery images I've never been too fond of — especially the glutinous 'Here He Comes' — and it's probably fair to say they don't really belong here, but to the later, "ambient" phase of Eno's output. It's nonetheless interesting to note the encroachment of these muzak tendencies in his work.

The four Peter Schmidt watercolours given free with the original release are no longer here; instead, interested parties have to send off £1.50 for them. A small thing, but it makes something of a mockery of the 'Fourteen Pictures' subtitle. Still, this is quibbling: the package remains excellent value, both musically and historically. Now, what about 'Taking Tiger Mountain' and 'Another Green World', Polydor?

Andy Gill

SHAKIN' STEVENS Marie, Marie (Epic)

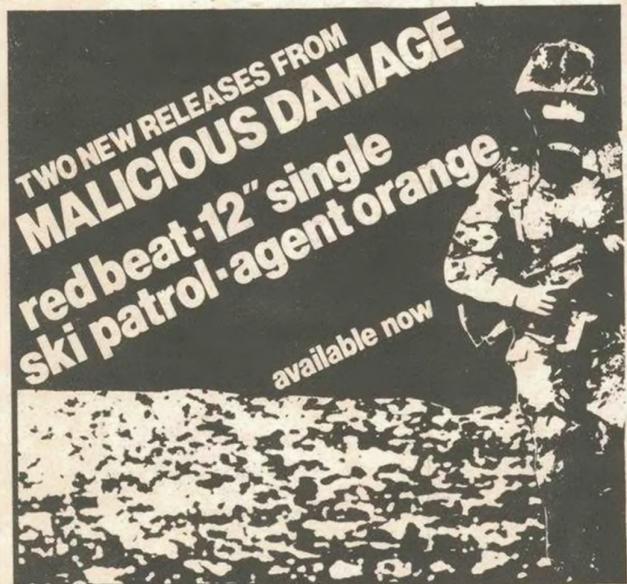
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Dinky Toyah & Purple Haze

TOYAH
 Toyah! Toyah! Toyah! (*Safari*)
HAZEL O'CONNOR
 Sons And Lovers (*Albion*)

ADMITTEDLY, the combination is all too obvious. Two rock market actresses with blonde hair, roughly contemporary. Two tough-minded, likeably determined individuals, with promising careers in one field — if not the other. Two artistically-packaged new albums, too. Too bad I haven't enjoyed listening to either of them.

In fact the similarities run even deeper than that. Toyah's and Hazel's LPs actually sound alike; they share the same central flaws; they're unattractive albums for all the same reasons. Both are full of strident, faintly over-wrought songs, 'dramatised' by a tiring combastic beat and too much brittle keyboards: the identikit 1980 sound. Both bands are very anonymous. Both singers are so concerned with projecting themselves, that they never find time simply to be themselves.

Again, it's all too easy to mock the presumption of actors/actresses who dare to try music — and yet these records come so laden with staginess that it's an impossible job to ignore. Hazel and Toyah write their own material, but it's not very strong; it suggests they're both better off as

interpreters of other people's creations. Still, if you're a fan and interested anyhow, then the facts are as follows: 'Toyah! Toyah! Toyah!' comes in a colourful sleeve, painted by Dexter Brown. It describes itself as "a live concert album specially recorded for inclusion in the ATV television documentary 'Toyah'" — in other words it's a means of keeping up the steady flow of Toyah product even when she's too busy to make proper records. The performance, which is quite well recorded, consists of favourite numbers you'll already find on 'The Blue Meaning' (her only 'proper' LP to date) and 'Sheep Farming In Barnet'. 'Sons And Lovers', meanwhile, is Hazel's follow-up to the very successful 'Breaking Glass' set. Its black-and-white cover is one of those fashionably slapdash affairs, drawn by Edward Bell who did 'Scary Monsters'. The band is her regular live outfit apart from occasional bass by Garry Tibbs. 'Danny Boy' is the traditional one; the other eleven numbers are originals. The songs deal mainly with hurt, cynical accounts of failed relationships, or else with social themes like loneliness and war, and these latter show a basic decency of outlook — it's just unfortunate I don't like the arrangements or find the voice emotive. Let's not forget, of course, that even great singers usually make lousy actors. I'm only sorry that good actresses go on making rotten records.

Paul Du Noyer



Toyah pic: Fin Costello

"This is one barnet you won't go sheep farming in, mate."

brought up within sniffing distance somehow seem to have ended up with more than their fair share of cock'n'roll corpuses in their bloodstream. Stevens is a case in point, a true bat out of El, possessed of that special added ingredient not even known to Robert Gordon, Colin Minski and most of America's other current sons of Sun.

The band here is formed by that same erudite panel of pickers who traced Shaky's previous 'Take One' — Albert Lee, Stuart Colman, B. J. Cole et al — the crop of songs this time around including the 'Cershaws' 'Hey Mae', 'Lonely Blue Boy', the song first mooted for 'King Creole' as 'Danny', and 'Two Hearts', a Charms number once covered by Frank Sinatra. But that's another story.

Fred Dellar

THE TREMBLERS

Twice Nightly (*Epic*)

LET'S BE honest: we haven't been holding our breaths waiting for Peter Noone to make a comeback album, have we? And on the evidence of this record it's just as well. To go straight to the point... there isn't one. There's no valid reason to inflict 'Twice Nightly' on the public at all, not even on the American hip geriatric market it appears to be catering for.

Best remembered (or should that be best forgotten?) as the cute and rothy leader of the appalling Herman's Hermits, Noone has now surfaced as frontman of The Tremblers. The basic posture this time around is of gritty down-to-earth rock'n'roller. Rather implausibly, most of the songs adopt the guise of feisty adolescents at for sex, rebellion and kicks. It's a sort of exercise in nostalgic self-delusion. The opening track, meanwhile, is

Noone's defiant manifesto of born again raunchiness. Throughout 'You Can't Do That' he rages against all the negativity and scepticism he's had to face (exemplified by reviews like this one). "They always tell you No!" he growls, not pausing to reflect that maybe others are merely twiggling something he isn't.

Paul Du Noyer

DARTS

Greatest Hits (*Magnet*)

GIVE OR take an original or two, it's no more than the hits of the late '50s and early '60s, recorded in glorious hi-fi; classy covers that could easily form a Woolies 'Tribute To' package.

Would you buy a rip-off of The Crewcuts' 'Sh-Boom', which itself was a rip-off of The Chords' original? Presumably you, and thousands like you, would, because Darts' series of rock-classics-by-numbers have well-proven punter power.

Me, I like discs with real triangular centres, not fake ones.

Fred Dellar

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

Memphis Plus (*Mercury*)
 Donna Summer
 Walk Away (*Casablanca*)

I'VE BEEN wishin' 'n' hopin' for years that Phonogram would reissue 'Dusty In Memphis', one of her two essential albums (the other is 'Golden Hits'). Produced in 1969 by America's leading soul men Jerry Wexler, Tom Dowd, and Arif Mardin, it shows Springfield ditching her stylish pop melodrama for a cool, mellow funk that still stands as some of the best white soul ever recorded. Side two falters slightly



Dusty Springfield

with the dreadful lyrics of 'The Windmills Of Your Mind' and 'In The Land Of Make Believe', but the rest is magnificent, from the uptempo funk of 'Son Of A Preacher Man' to the breathy sexuality of 'Breakfast In Bed' (which could teach Prince a thing or two about oral sex).

With typical record company stupidity, Phonogram have lumbered the album with four extra tracks — originally '70s US singles — which detract from the mood of the 'Memphis' songs and let the album down on a severe anti-climax.

PRT, meanwhile, continue to plunder the Donna Summer catalogue with a compilation misleadingly subtitled 'The Best Of 1977-80'. In fact, six of the album's nine tracks are from 1979 (there are none from 1980) and they range from the very good ('On The Radio', 'I Feel Love') to the terrible ('Bad Girls', 'MacArthur Park'). A commendable Donna Summer retrospective has yet to be compiled.

Graham Lock

ROGER SMITH

Spanish Guitar (*LMC*)
 Various Artists
 Masterworks (*K-Tel*)

... IN which Roger Smith murders a Spanish guitar in the name of art, and a variety of people equipped with vast numbers of synthesisers murder popular classical pieces in the name of "art". Personally, I prefer the Roger Smith record, the first unassuming release on the London Musicians Collective's own label.

There's not much to say about it, unfortunately; it's difficult to verbalise adequately about improvised music — most writing on the subject tends to either the historical or the descriptive — but

suffice to say that Smith's playing varies from the frantic to the passive, the emotive to the numb(ing), and often in the space of a few seconds. It's well recorded (by Toop and Eastley) but suffers from a few slight pressing flaws, is thoroughly "worthy", whatever that is, and is liable to appeal only to the previously converted: shouting in a void, as ever.

'Masterworks' is the latest pile of drivel from K-Tel, and is subtitled "An electronic adventure into the world of classics", these being the usual familiar chunks of Strauss ('Also Sprach Zarathustra'), Mozart ('Eine Kleine Nachtmusik'), Ravel ('Bolero'), Borodin ('Polovtsian Dances', aka 'A Stranger In Paradise'), Bizet ('March Of The Toreadors'), Rimsky-Korsakov ('Flight Of The Bumble Bee'), Tchaikovsky (three guesses) and the like.

I've always believed one should beware of LPs which list the entire Roland synthesiser catalogue on the inner sleeve, and I must be right about this one, because certain persons associated with the group Sky are involved somewhere along the line. It's absolute crap, of course, and years after Joe Byrd, Walter/Wendy Carlos, etc. but will doubtless sell in vast quantities to people who normally wouldn't dream of buying either a classical record or a synthesiser record. Something is wrong here.

Andy Gill

GARY GLITTER

The Leader (*GTO*)

REISSUE of the 'Golden Greats' album from which came the recent hit EP. Glamrock minimalism, football-chant choruses and the King of Ham's vocals stomping all over 'Do You Wanna Touch Me', 'Hello Hello I'm Back Again', 'I'm The

Leader Of The Gang (I Am)' and all your other fave rave(n)s. A good way to remember him.

Graham Lock

CHELSEA

Alternative Hits (*Step Forward*)

I'D LOVE to like this record because a bit of basic unsubtle shouting, thumping and bawling is infinitely preferable to the more fashionable po-faced psychedelia and facile obscurantism; because good honest commitment — though a virtually unknown, or at least unretainable quality in rock music — should not be treated to an automatic sneer when it does raise its gauche and galling head.

I don't much like this record, though, because Chelsea simply haven't got a decent tune in them. When each and every chorus of each and every song features the more or less constant repetition of the title line you've got to suspect a considerable lack of imagination.

Chelsea are the sort of band that a hard core of fans can really cherish and have faith in. After all, unlike certain other fallen punk heroes, Chelsea haven't been corrupted by the fleshpots of commercial success.

Then again, on this evidence they're never likely to get the chance.

Stuart Johnston

HARRY NILSSON

Flash Harry (*Mercury*)

NILSSON has said that he will quit making records after his twenty-first album — and this is his nineteenth. Time is running short.

Fred Dellar

KEVIN COYNE SANITY STOMP

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SPEC-ious bull

SPEC RECORDS No-Cowboys (Spec)

PERVERSELY packaged as 'Spec Records present No-Cowboys', this album sees pragVEC performing under a variety of different names, such as Couch Potatoes, Spec Records, Vince Quince & His Rialto Ballroom Detectives, and the like. Generally speaking, tracks recorded in 1979 are credited to pragVEC, and those from this year to Spec Records. Whether there's been a definite name-change isn't made clear — the first of several annoying factors about the album.

With but a few exceptions, the lyrics throughout are largely indecipherable, the occasional chorus coming through with clarity, but little else. The production, too, is hardly what one could call "sparkling".

Musically, pragVEC — or Spec Records — appear to have moved away from the intriguing structures of their first EP to something approaching relative normalcy, an area in which they fail to distinguish themselves with any degree of originality. The use of Fred Karno drumkits and the like don't in themselves guarantee interesting music, just interesting sounds ...

'No-Cowboys' opens with 'Laugh', a loose, slightly shambolic, slinky rocker punctuated by little Wasp farts. (This is a reference to a synthesiser, not an insect, though it's easy to see how it got its name). This type of format

repeats itself several times throughout the record, and results in most of the better moments, such as 'Nervous', where the jive/swing rhythm gets rent asunder here and there by a single giant piano dischord, to good effect.

Elsewhere, the Wasps take over with a vengeance: 'Mens Casual Wear 1962' is a perfunctory multi-Wasp instrumental slung casually (sic) over an equally perfunctory shuffle rhythm, and 'You're The Gun', though better, could do without the vocal which enters towards the end.

Then, of course, there's the oddities. 'My Name's Eddie', an instrumental built from drum machine, spoken fragments (a radio?) and the occasional Wasp warble, is promising but ultimately unfocused and overlong by a large margin. A failed experiment, then, and as such more satisfying than 'By The Sea', a twee little instrumental decorated with woodblock (?) percussion and a dash of vocals to close.

Perhaps the saddest thing about the album, though, is that the worst track, 'Your Your Lay Lay', a boring, repetitive mess lacking even the barest bones of interest, is the most recently recorded. Not the best of omens.

'No-Cowboys' closes with a live version of 'Cigar-ettes', one of those things that sounds as though it was a lot of fun to do, but much less fun to listen to. Unfortunately, the same can easily be said for the rest of the album.

Andy Gill



Pic: Mike Leye.

"Dammit John, you know what this means?" "Yeah Sue, now they'll never buy a record on spec."

Basement' has unwelcome reminders of rock-opera, folk rock, overblown "concepts," gratuitous instrumental extravagance and airy theorising all raising their unwelcome heads from a base of shallow pop.

This is aggravated by the fact that the Tourists sound torn between the commercialism that's given them moderate chart success, especially with their vapid cover of 'I Only Want To Be With You,' and the desire to be taken seriously. Bland melodies are interrupted by twee, show-off set-pieces and topped by lame, quasi-mystical lyrics, so that the music comes out a cloying mixture of platitudes and pomposity.

The album opens with some mangled remains of Tommy-period Who on 'Walls And Foundations,' stumbles into a clumsy reggae interlude on 'Don't Say I Told You So', and breezes with blithe ignorance into R&B on 'Let's Take A Walk', each showing once again that The Tourists are jack of all styles and master of none. Even a track like 'Time Drags By So Slow' that attempts to work itself up into epic proportions ends by chasing its tail in increasingly tired-sounding circles, while Peet Coombes' coyly angst-ridden compositions could have come from the pen of that adolescent scribbler E. J. Thribb: "In lines we stand/vainly demand/our happiness/oh my god what a mess of no", is but one poetic gem from many in the same vein.

Even more annoying is the po-faced pretension with which The Tourists pretend they're doing more than making money. Their album is merely one more addition to the soulless conservatism of the music that's currently saturating the airwaves, and 'Luminous Basement' will be welcomed there not least because it sheds no light on anything at all.

Lynn Hanna

Gyly rated

PYLON Gyrate (Armageddon)

PYLON, a Georgian four piece, are one in an increasingly long line of physical rock funk groups from the new south (that's William Faulkner's country, not Gregg Allman's). As such they are especially rated in independent American circles for their debut single 'Cool'/'Dub', particularly in

New York where outfits like this and Material are rapidly outmoding the hoary new wave sobriquet. So far so good. 'Gyrate' is released on an English-based label, not a surprising decision as other adventurous young musicians from the locale have already made the return crossing with added kudos (B-52's massive post-British success is the zenith so far).

Despite the advance niceties (a press handle that reckons Pylon are "one of the few good bands to come out of America in the last few years"), 'Gyrate' isn't always the devastating

mix of boiling rhythm, but it is powerful enough to suggest that a live Pylon really do explode.

Its shortcomings are understandable enough for a first album that is so energetic in design; one that lives and breathes with so constant a force. The heady instrumental drive of Curtis Crowe's drums and Michael Lachowski's pulsating bass patterns tend to overshadow some of Vanessa Ellison's potentially more soulful vocal moments.

Generally Pylon manage to contrast the abundance of jagged edges in their playing

with some swing and bite; the loop and twisted disco mood of 'Danger', the violent assault on the senses of 'Gravity', the warped truism of 'Read A Book', are all characterised by a compact tension and as vivid a guitar sound as I've heard on any record since Tom Verlaine's solo album.

The best recommendation that can be offered about now for an unknown factor like Pylon is to resist temptation until their December appearances. Then again a group this raw that ends its first LP with a song whose gist is "Don't rock & roll" and

doesn't make that a proclamation of intent is already worth the nut.

'Gyrate' is, you see, one of the year's most fundamental rock & roll celebrations.

Max Bell

THE TOURISTS Luminous Basement (RCA)

THE MOST irritating aspect of The Tourists is the air of contrivance that hangs over everything they do, from their self-consciously quirky appearance to the misguided musical eclecticism that's led them to revive all the wrong things. Thus 'Luminous

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ISLAND

DATA CONTROL



Blondie: Tour News

EIGHT-PAGE HARD INFORMATION GUIDE

Prepare to face the facts: you are now entering Data Control. This section is registered as a high concentration information area. If you don't want to know who's going on tour when, where they're playing which days this week, what records they're releasing, who's making independent garage tapes and please can you tell me what's happened to Patti Smith, just go directly to LIVE! on page 51. For the rest of you, here's the small print that makes the rock go round.

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Queen: Gig Guide

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS 1

Flatbackers, Mo-dettes warming up

THE FLATBACKERS are playing a series of "winter warm-up" gigs (well, it makes a change from Christmas gigs, doesn't it?) to promote their new single 'Buzz Going Round' on Red Shadow Records. They're at Dudley J.B.'s this Saturday, and the rest of their December dates are in London — Camden Brecknock (8), Covent Garden Rock Garden (9), Chiswick John Bull (19), Camden Dingwalls (27), Clapham 101 Club (30) and the ICA Theatre in The Mall (31). THE MO-DETTES have added five more dates to their re-scheduled tour, for which the first gigs were reported last week. The new bookings are at Somerton Blades (this Sunday), Cheltenham Eve's Night Club (December 8), Leeds Fan Club (11), Leicester Community Centre (13) and London Camden Dingwalls (14.)

Cheaters on the circuit

THE CHEATERS have a busy December, with several radio and TV appearances, plus a hectic gig schedule. Dates for the EMI band include London Fulham Greyhound (this Saturday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (Sunday), London Woolwich Thames Poly (December 8), London Dartford Thames Poly (9), Manchester RAFA Club (10), Stockport Technical College (11), Edinburgh Eric Brown's (12), Paisley Bungalow Bar (13), Glenrothes Rothies Arms (14), Manchester Band On The Wall (16), Newcastle The Coopers (17), Harrogate Crown Hotel (19), Carlisle Twisted Wheel (20) and Manchester Romiley Grey Horse (23).

Robertson's leg is pulled

B A ROBERTSON was forced to cancel the last few dates of his 'In Spite Of Milton Friedman' tour, because he damaged a tendon in his leg so badly that — at the time — it was thought there was a fracture. After extensive X-rays, he was given the all-clear on the break, but was advised to cancel the remaining dates or run the risk of permanent damage. He intends to re-schedule the scrapped gigs as soon as possible, though that's unlikely to be until the New Year.

ADAM ANTICS

ADAM & the Ants are holding an all-day interview session in London on December 19, specially for Fanzines. They've decided on this, rather than holding a large press conference, and any Fanzine writer who'd like a separate interview with them is asked to write to Adam Fanzines, CBS Press Office, 17-19 Soho Square, London W1.



Manners to brew special Xmas gigs

BAD MANNERS take their special brew of entertainment on the road this month, in support of their new Magnet album 'Loonee Tunes' and single 'Lorraine'. They're playing 16 dates from this week through until Christmas, and their schedule comprises Leeds Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Bangor University (Friday), Liverpool Brady's (Saturday), Ayr Pavilion (Sunday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (December 8), Durham University (9), Manchester University (10), Sheffield Limit Club (11), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (13), Lincoln Guildhall (16), Cheltenham Gloucester College (17), Salisbury Technical College (18), Bath Pavilion (19), Malvern Winter Gardens (20), Brighton Jenkinsons (21) and Malton Milton Rooms, North Yorks (23).

ROY WOOD LIFTS OFF

ROY WOOD returns to live action this week with a new band called Helicopters, and confirmed dates include London Camden Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), London School of Economics (Friday), Guildford Surrey University (Saturday), Leeds Ffordre Green Hotel (Sunday), Leicester Polytechnic (December 8), Sheffield Limit (10), Crewe Alsager College (11), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (12), London Marquee (14 and 15), Nottingham Polytechnic (16) and Manchester Polytechnic (18). The band's line-up includes ex-Renaissance bassist John Camp, ex-Darts keyboards man Mike Deacon and a second keyboardist Paul Robbins, with Magnum drummer Kex Gorin sitting in temporarily on drums. With Wood's new single 'Rock City' currently on release, the two Marquee gigs are being recorded for a live album.

Affair-Dexy roundabout

THE TRANSFER market in rock musicians is now almost as flourishing as in soccer, the latest defector being Secret Affair drummer Seb, who has apparently joined the remaining nucleus of Dexy's Midnight Runners (Kevin Rowland, Jim Patterson and Al Archer). Affair, meanwhile, are now rehearsing with a replacement drummer — still un-named, but reportedly switching from another well-known band. And the five departing members of Dexy's have now definitely decided to remain together, and are in the process of forming their own band.

□ THE WALL have undergone a personnel upheaval with the departure of guitarist Nick Ward and vocalist Kelly. But ex-Straps guitarist Andy Forbes has now joined the band, and bassist Andy Griffiths has taken over on vocals. The new-look line-up can be seen in action at Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), Bolton Horwich Community Centre (Friday) and Liverpool Brady's doubling Wigan Trucks (Saturday).

Blondie keep 'open mind' about tours

BLONDIE's Chris Stein has dismissed reports printed in the UK last month, suggesting that the band won't ever tour again, as "unfounded". Speaking by phone from New York, he commented: "I think this all stems from an interview Debbie and I gave a few weeks back, but what we actually said was that we don't have any tour plans at the moment."

While other members of the band are working on various individual projects, Stein and

Debbie Harry are involved in their official Blondie book — he's providing the pictures, and she's writing the text — which is to be published in the spring.

Right now they have an open mind about touring, but there's a 50-50 chance that they'll be back on the road around April — though America would be the first to benefit. Meanwhile Debbie's contribution to *The Muppet Show* is scheduled for ITV screening just before Christmas.

and Simple Minds just keep touring

SIMPLE MINDS, currently writing and rehearsing material for the follow-up to their latest album 'Empires And Dances', emerge briefly from their retreat in order to play a handful of pre-Christmas gigs. They start on December 16 at Birmingham Top Rank, which has been set as a replacement for the date they were forced to cancel during their last UK tour. The following two nights (17-18), they offer seasonal greetings to Londoners at the Marquee. Then it's back home to Scotland for two shows at the Edinburgh Nite Club on December 19 and 20.

FIVE MORE FOR HAZEL'S OUTING

HAZEL O'CONNOR has now decided to delay the start of the second leg of her UK tour by a few days, to allow a little leeway in case recording sessions over-run. This means that her gig at Exeter University is put back from January 13 to 26, and Poole Arts Centre (14) is cancelled. Glasgow Tiffany's now becomes the new opening date on January 18 (instead of 20 as previously announced). New dates confirmed this week are at York University (20), Bradford St. George's Hall (21), Oxford Polytechnic (23), Coventry Theatre (24) and Bath Pavilion (25). Worthing Assembly Hall (29) remains unchanged. Four or five more dates, including London, have still to be finalised for Hazel and Megahype — and these are expected next week.

CLIMAX OF THE YEAR

CLIMAX BLUES BAND, who played a full tour earlier in the autumn, have now slotted in a handful of pre-Christmas dates — boosting promotion of their current Warner Brothers album 'Flyin' The Flag' and single 'Gotta Have More Love'.

They're at Oxford Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), the new Rock City venue in Nottingham

(Saturday), London Elephant and Castle Southbank Polytechnic (December 12), Northampton County Ground (13) and Coventry Tiffany's (18).

● Other new bookings for Nottingham Rock City include The Lambrettas (tomorrow, Friday) and Shakin' Stevens (December 12) — also Q-Tips, see story below.

Betcha thought it was Debbie at first glance, huh? Specially with the Blondie item on the left. But in fact, this picture belongs to the story below — and it ain't Deb, it's Bren.



STILETTO HIT HARD

STILETTO, the band whose musical prowess is supplemented by vocalist Bren Laidler (pictured), have returned from Germany to open a pre-Christmas tour at Leeds Ffordre Green (tonight, Thursday), Lancaster University (Friday), Houghton Le Skerne (Saturday) and Rotherham Thurscoe Hotel (next Monday). After bringing some seasonal goodwill to the oil-workers at the Sullom Voe Terminal in the Shetlands (11), they play Glasgow Strathclyde University (12), Newbridge Memorial Hall (14), London Camden Music Machine (15), London Clapham 101 Club (16), London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (17) and Newcastle St. Mary's Boys Club (18). They record a new single over the Christmas period for release in mid-January, when they'll be touring again.

Q-Tips generating Christmas spirit

Q-TIPS return from a European tour to play a series of seasonal shows, culminating in Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve appearances in London. Dates are Birmingham Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), London Royal College of Art (Friday), London Victoria The Venue (December 8), Keele University (10), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Redcar Coatham Bowl (21), Nottingham Rock City (22), Sheffield Limit Club (23), London Marquee (24) and London Camden Dingwalls (31). And the band say that, as a bonus, anyone turning up to gigs between December 21 and 24 dressed as the Christmas Fairy will be admitted free! Marquee tickets, available from the box-office, are priced £3 (members) and £3.50 (non-members).

STOP PRESS: Joe Lynn Turner (28), from New Jersey, is the new Rainbow singer. He replaces Graham Bonnet, who left last month.



DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS 2

RECORD NEWS



□ **THE SOFT BOYS** and Local Heroes play a benefit show at London Camden Dingwalls this Sunday (7), in aid of Inter-Action — an alternative education project in North London catering for truant and disruptive pupils, which has suffered from the recent Government cuts.

□ **RICO** is playing as few dates with his five-piece backing band, featuring material from his current Chrysalis album 'Man From Wareika' and previewing his upcoming album 'That Man Is Forward'. In London he's at Covent Garden Rock Garden (December 13), Victoria The Venue (27) and Dalston Cubies (31), and he also visits Birmingham Rialto on December 14.

□ **THE GAS** have headliners at Uxbridge Brunel University (this Sunday) and London Clapham 101 Club (December 23). Between times, they support The Kinks in their series of mid-December concerts.

□ **SORE THROAT** have London gigs at Hammersmith Clarendon (tomorrow, Friday), Norwood Thurlow Arms (Saturday), Crouch End The Stapleton (December 13), West Hamstead Moonlight Club (14) and Fulham Greyhound (20).

□ **THE SWEET** have lined up their first UK gig since the departure of Brian Connolly. Now operating as a three-piece, augmented by keyboards man Gary Moberley, they play London Strand Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, January 4 (tickets £3). They'll be going out on a nationwide tour in the spring, to coincide with the release of a new album.

□ **THE DANCE BAND** continue their non-stop tour with December dates at Sheffield Limit (tonight, Thursday), Cheltenham St Paul's College (Friday), London Chelsea College (Saturday), Derby Lonsdale College (9), Manchester University (10), Edinburgh Astoria (11), Glasgow Strathclyde University (12), London Finchley Torrington (21) and London Victoria The Venue (23).

□ **DOLL BY DOLL** play three December dates, all in London, between sessions for their new album — it's their third LP, but their first for the Magnet label, and release is planned for early in the New Year. The gigs are at City Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Oxford Street 100 Club (9) and the ICA Theatre in The Mall (31).

Snoopies in limbo

SNOOPIES, the club which had established a sizeable patronage in the South-West London area, ceased to operate last week. This was the result of a bust-up between promoter Mike Alway and the management of The Castle in Richmond, where the club was located. It had built steadily to the stage where it was presenting four gigs each week, and was fully booked into January. Alway is now looking for another venue in the same area (contact him on 01-540 6831 if you have any ideas), so the club can continue its advertised programme. Meanwhile, advertised Snoopies events remain featured in the *Gig Guide*, in case there is a short-notice switch to a new venue.

□ **SHAKATAK** promote their current Polydor single 'Feels Like The Right Time' (which entered the *NME* chart two weeks ago) with a trio of mid-December gigs — at Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (13), Nottingham Palais (14) and Dartford Flicks (15).

□ **THE V.I.P.'s** are playing a few gigs to promote their single 'I Need Somebody To Love', just released by Gem. First three confirmed are at Liverpool St Catherine's College (tomorrow, Friday), Madeley North Staffs Polytechnic (Saturday) and London Marquee (December 13).

□ **THE LITTLE ROOSTERS** have been forced to cancel all gigs until just before Christmas, as drummer Steve Bruce has broken his arm. So the band, now a five-piece with the addition of guitarist Barry Mizen, are filling in time by writing new material.

□ **CLIMAX BLUES BAND**, who toured earlier in the autumn, have now slotted in a couple of December dates — at the new Rock City venue in Nottingham (this Saturday) and London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic (December 12). Other new bookings for the Nottingham venue include the Lambrettas (tomorrow, Friday) and Shakin' Stevens (December 12).

□ **HERE & NOW** have added three more dates to their 'Christmas Stocking' tour, reported two weeks ago — at Doncaster Bentley Pavilion (December 9), Fife St. Andrew's University (12) and Wigan Trucks (14). And instead of playing Bolton Institute of Technology this Saturday, they now play the town's Swan Hotel on Sunday.

□ **THE VAPORS** have had to cancel plans for Christmas shows in Guildford and London, as they'll now be touring over the holiday period in America, where their single 'Turning Japanese' and album 'New Clear Days' are currently in the *Hot 100*. But they will have a new LP and single released here in the New Year, and UK dates are being lined up to coincide.



□ **MODERN MAN**, the Glasgow-based five-piece who've been busy promoting their debut album 'Concrete Scheme', now have the opportunity of boosting it still more — they've been booked as support act on the XTC pre-Christmas tour, opening in Liverpool on December 9.

□ **SPLIT RIVITT** extricate themselves from recording sessions for their debut album, due for release in February, to play just two gigs this month. Tomorrow (Friday) they take part in the 'Toy For A Sick Child' week at London Fulham Golden Lion, and on December 13 they're at London Camden Dingwalls.

□ **JOHN COOPER CLARKE** now plays his London gig on December 15 at the University of London Union, and not at the ICA Theatre.

□ **THE TEA SET** support The Members in two London gigs — at Crystal Palace Hotel (this Saturday) and Hammersmith Palais (next Monday) — then join The Skids on the road for the remainder of their tour from December 9 to 17. They have their own headliner at London Islington Hope & Anchor on December 29.

□ **THE KINKS** have switched their December 15 concert from St. Albans City Hall to Dunstable Queensway Hall.

□ **NIGHT** is the new name for Filthy McNasty, the occasional band whose line-up includes Manfred Mann vocalist Chris Thompson. Their single 'Love On The Airwave' is issued by WEA this week, and they play London gigs at Canning Town Bridge House (7 and 8), Fulham Golden Lion (11) and Victoria The Venue (15).

● Although his current release 'Passion' is still charting, **Rod Stewart** has another single titled 'My Girl' rushed out by Riva this weekend — again taken from his hit album 'Foolish Behaviour'.

● **Small Hours** hope to negotiate a new label deal, following Automatic Records' refusal to pick up the band's contract. The situation — described by manager Tony Gourvish as "bearing a strong resemblance to an unconsummated marriage" — arises within three weeks of the release of their first EP 'Small Hours I'.

● **AC/DC** are offering a reward for the return of their seven gold discs, nicked at a recent reception in London. Their return brings the sum of £250, a complete autographed set of their albums, free tickets for life to all their London shows — and no questions asked. Information to the WEA Press Office at 01-434 3232, please.

● **The Spectres**, just back from a visit to the States, have a new single out this weekend on the Demon label (distributed by Rough Trade). The A-side is a Glen Matlock composition called 'Stories', and it's coupled with 'Things' penned by Matlock and Danny Kustow, with both tracks produced by Clive Langer. Plans are being made for the band to play some UK dates, details to follow shortly.

● **Echo & The Bunnymen's** album 'Crocodiles' is being reactivated, and this time it's coming with a shrink-wrapped free single — a new version of 'Read It In Books' coupled with 'Do It Clean'. Anyone who already has the LP, but would like a copy of the single, should write (enclosing 20p stamp) to Bunnymen Single Offer, Korova Records, 17-19 Berners Street, London W.1.

Wonder changes mind over single

STEVIE WONDER has had second thoughts about the choice of his next single, which was expected to be his Martin Luther King dedication 'Happy Birthday'. Instead, he's now opted for 'I Ain't Gonna Stand For It', from his current hit album — and it's issued by Motown on December 15 on both 7" and 12". The B-side is 'Knocks Me Off My Feet' from his 1976 album 'Songs In The Key Of Life'. The 7-inch colour bag features a live shot of Wonder at Wembley in September, when Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye joined him on stage.

Shower of oldies

GOLDEN GREATS is a new series of EMI singles, each featuring two classic hits by the artist in question, and they mark the return of the HMV label as a pop and rock outlet. The first 20 singles are available now, including 'Shakin' All Over'/'Shot Of Rhythm & Blues' by **Johnny Kidd & The Pirates**, 'Hippy Hippy Shake'/'You're No Good' by the **Swinging Blue Jeans** and offerings from the likes of **Peter Sellers**, **Paul Jones** and **The Temperance Seven**.

● **Nazareth** have a live two-single pack issued this weekend — their first release on Nems Records, with whom they recently signed, and their first live recordings. Titles are 'Razamanaz', 'Hair Of The Dog', 'Hearts Grown Cold' and 'Talkin' To One Of The Boys'. Their new album follows in late January.

● **The Specials'** new single, issued this weekend by Two Tone, is a double A-sider. It features a remixed version of 'Do Nothing' coupled with the band's treatment of Bob Dylan's 'Maggie's Farm', and it comes in a picture bag.

● **Al Kooper** is producing the next **David Essex** album 'Stagestruck', being recorded in London and Los Angeles over the next two months. Kooper also plays keyboards on the set, and other musicians featured include Ray Cooper (percussion), Herbie Flowers (bass) and Rabbit (synthesiser). Meanwhile, a new Essex single titled 'Heart On My Sleeve' is issued by Mercury on December 12.

● **John Holt**, back in prominence as the composer of Blondie's No 1 hit 'The Tide Is High', has his album '20 Golden Love Songs' issued by Trojan on December 12. It's a collection of standard ballads, all given his distinctive reggae treatment.

● **Straight Eight**, who support Queen in their Birmingham and Wembley concerts during the next few days, will have several thousand coloured flexi discs distributed at the shows. They feature excerpts from three tracks on their new album 'Shuffle'n'Cut' — 'I'm Sorry', 'On The Rebound' and 'Will You Love Me' — and the campaign has been arranged by Logo Records with a view to giving the band a boost.

All-star array on soundtrack album

LATEST FILM to feature an almost non-stop parade of previous chart singles on its soundtrack is *Heavy Metal*, which, from the musical point of view, is something of a misnomer — because it isn't about H-M sounds. In fact, it's a showcase for motorbike daredevil **Eddie Kidd**, who also sings the title song. Among the contrasting acts heard on the soundtrack are **The Police**, **Boomtown Rats**, **The Pretenders**, **Squeeze**, **Madness**, **Dire Straits**, **Lene Lovich**, **Sky**, **Cliff Richard**, **Chic**, **Joe Jackson**, **Zoot Money** and **Gary Numan**. Both the film and the K-Tel album are due for release before the end of the year.

Undertones unstable

THE UNDERTONES announced officially this week that they've decided to leave Sire Records due to "irreconcilable differences" with the label. The split, which is worldwide, comes after the band had two albums and seven singles issued by Sire — and these remain available through WEA distribution until March 31 next, when the masters revert to The Undertones, who say that all the back catalogue will eventually be re-released via a new outlet. The band are currently negotiating various methods of releasing future records with a number of companies, and hope to arrange a deal in time for a single to be released in January. Meanwhile, their pre-Christmas tour begins on Monday (see *Gig Guide*), and they say they'll be touring more extensively than ever before in 1981.

Paul Loasby for Kiltore Ltd and CAPITAL RADIO 99.9 Present

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NIGHT

Featuring **Chris Thompson**, **Stevie Lange**, **Billy Kristian**, **Robbie McIntosh**

Plus Denny Newman's SOS

THE Venue
Victoria Street, SW1
Monday, 15th December
Tickets £3.50 each available from box office tel: 834 5500
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THE 1981 SEX MANIAC'S DIARY

FINAL CALL FOR CHRISTMAS GIGS

THIS IS the final reminder that, because of our special Christmas printing arrangements, all Gig Guide copy covering the holiday period must be submitted within the next few days. As usual, a double issue of *NME* will be published in the week before Christmas, and there'll be no issue at all during Christmas week itself. This means that the Gig Guide printed in *NME* dated December 20 will list two weeks of dates, and the period involved is

DECEMBER 18 to 31

If you have any gigs you wish to be included in the *NME* Christmas issue, please get them in the post right away — to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG. And remember that they cannot be accepted after next Wednesday, because that's the day the Gig Guide goes to press. To put it another way, for the two-week period mentioned above, the absolute

DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 10

Because of our holiday printing schedule, we shall also need to receive gigs for the first week of the New Year prior to Christmas. We'll spell this out loud and clear next week, but here's an advance warning that dates for the Gig Guide covering the week January 1-7 must arrive by not later than Wednesday, December 17.



THE TWELVE DAYS OF MADNESS is the official billing for their dozen pre-Christmas gigs, and the festivities begin at Newcastle (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).

THURSDAY

Aldershot Buller Club: **Soul Direction**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
 Birmingham University Cellar Bar: **The Set**
 Bradford Palm Cove: **The Mo-dettes**
 Brighton The Northern: **Meanstreak**
 Bristol (Clevedon) Chapel Hill Youth Centre: **The Review**
 Bristol Green Rooms: **T.V.I.'s**
 Bristol Trinity Hall: **Here & Now**
 Canterbury College of Art: **Rio & The Robots**
 Cardiff University Union: **Streets Ahead**
 Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **El Slug/Maine Line**
 Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Dooleys**
 Derby Kings Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
 Eastcote Bottom Lane: **Morrissey-Mullen**
 Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
 Exeter St. George's Hall: **Killing Joke/Theatre Of Hate**
 Exeter University: **Vardis**
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Rhesus Negative**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Johnny G Band**
 Ilford The Cranbrook: **Stun The Guards**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
 Kingston Three Tuns: **The Look**
 Leeds Fan Club: **The Wall**
 Leeds Polytechnic: **Bad Manners**
 Leeds Warehouse: **The Stray Cats**
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Saxon**
 Letchworth Leys Youth Club: **Zounds**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Ultravox**
 Liverpool Polytechnic: **A Formal Sigh**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 London Acton White Hart: **Gun Control**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy Wood's Helicopters**
 London Camden Music Machine: **Dag Vag**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Dumb Blondes/Plunder Squad**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Brunel**
 London Covent Garden Blitz: **Private Lives**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Sound/Broadcast**
 London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **John Etheridge Trio**
 London Dartford Flicks: **Level 42**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Quincy-Terry Smith Quintet**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue/Victims Of Pleasure**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **TV Smith's Explorers/No Mean Feet**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Route 66**
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Basement): **The Singles**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Human League/Restricted Code**
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Safite**
 London Hayes Brook House: **Orson Blake/Vibroge**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Red Beans & Rice/Those Helicopters**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Nips**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Kentish Town The Forum: **The Rubettes**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
 London Marquee Club: **No Dice**
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Gary Glitter**
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The Wolverine Cubs**
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Pressure Shocks**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **Square One/X-Effects**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage Quartet**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Seven Year Itch**
 London Stratford Green Man: **A. E. Liquid**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Split Enz**
 London Walthamstow The Towers: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Lookalikes/The Lines**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Steel Pulse/Jimmy Lindsay**

London Woolwich Tramshed: **Shadowfax/Spider**
 Maidenhead Riviera Club: **Queen Ida**
 Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Damned**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Alexis Korner & Colin Hodgkinson**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Localeroes**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Black Slate**
 Manchester Rafter's: **Throbbing Gristle/Eric Random**
 Manchester The Squat: **The Diagram Bros/I.Q. Zero**
 Manchester University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Matlock Baths Pavilion: **The Credits/Union Blues Band**
 Nelson Springback Hotel: **Citizen U.K.**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Yes**
 Norwich Colbeck Youth Centre: **Sudden Sway**
 Norwich Cromwells: **Aswad**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Rude Boys**
 Penance West Cornwall Arts Centre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Billy Connolly**
 Port Talbot Troubadour: **Budgie**
 Preston Guildhall: **Sky**
 Preston Warehouse: **The Breathers**
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Chefs**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Dire Straits**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **The Dance Band**
 Slough Thames Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Southampton The Haymarket: **Games To Avoid/The Exploding Seagulls**
 South Shields The Commando: **The Fauves**
 Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
 Tonbridge Hugh Christie School: **Chris Barber Band**
 Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Switch 7**
 Winchester King Alfred College: **The Planets**
 Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY

Bangor University: **Bad Manners**
 Basingstoke Magnums: **The Pop Detectives**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Killing Joke/Theatre Of Hate**
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Dangerous Girls/The Evereadys**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Queen**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Steeleye Span/Canis Major**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
 Birmingham University: **Steel Pulse/Jimmy Lindsay**
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Geno Washington**
 Bolton Horwich Community Centre: **The Wall**
 Boston Blackfriars Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Bournemouth Dorset Institute: **Switches**
 Brentwood Hermit Club: **Taiwan Pins**
 Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites**
 Brighton Sussex University: **The Enid**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Billy Connolly**
 Cardiff Grass Roots: **French Lettuce/Discount Chiefs**
 Cheltenham North Glos. Technical College: **Nightdoctor**
 Cheltenham St. Paul's College: **The Dance Band**
 Chinley Princes Hotel: **Permanent Wave**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
 Coventry Theatre: **Saxon**
 Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Fruit Eating Bears/Empty Vessels**
 Downham Market Town Hall: **Frequency Band**
 Dudley Technical College: **Frankie Miller Band**
 Durham Bede College: **Weapon Of Peace**
 Durham University: **Erogenous Zones**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **The Damned**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Kicks**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: **True Life Confessions/The Klingons**
 Harrow College: **Positive Signals/The Executives**
 Ilford The Cranbrook: **First Aid**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**

Kingston Polytechnic: **Red Rinse**
 Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Rage/Bop Apocalypse/Knives Of Enamel**
 Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Budgie**
 Leeds University: **Light Of The World/Shake Appeal**
 Leeds University Lipman Building: **The Automatic Toys**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
 Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Alexis Korner & Colin Hodgkinson**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
 Liverpool St. Catherine's College: **The V.I.P.'s**
 Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band/Team 23**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Monsters**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **The Look/Cooper S**
 London City Polytechnic: **Doll By Doll**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Balloons/The Event Group/The Flying Testes Brothers**
 London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Members/The Tea Set**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Aswad/Arrogant**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Split Rivitt**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Witchfynde/Heritage**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Basement): **Sore Throat**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **O-Jah**
 London Hampstead Westfield College: **The Revillos**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Zich/Terminal Rescue**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Midnight & The Lemonboys**
 London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
 London Marquee Club: **The Planets**
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Dumb Fizzy Band/The Breakfast Band**
 London Palladium: **Matchbox**
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes' Sweet F.A.**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Duffo**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **The Decorators/The Lines/Acrobats Of Desire**
 London School of Economics: **Roy Wood's Helicopters**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison**
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Broadcast**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Coolnotes**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Split Enz**
 London Wembley Arena: **Rod Stewart**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ski Patrol/Local Heroes/The Last Gang**
 Lowestoft South Pier: **'New Electric Warriors' package tour**
 Maidstone Armstrong Hall: **The Bouncing Dentists/Vocal Attack**
 Maidstone The Roebuck: **Moonlight**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ultravox**
 Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Knife Edge**
 Manchester College of Higher Education: **The Distractions/Illustration**
 Manchester Comanche Students Union: **The Distractions**

Manchester Millstone: **Crispy Ambulance/Spakbut**
 Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Step**
 Morecambe Grand Floral Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Murkirk W.M. Club: **V.H.F.**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
 Newcastle Polytechnic: **Gary Glitter**
 Northampton M.F.M. Club: **Religious Overdose**
 Northampton Nene College: **The Regents**
 Northampton Roadmender Club: **Adam & The Ants**
 Norwich Whites: **G. Squad**
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Medium Medium**
 Nottingham University: **The Mo-dettes**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Spoilers**
 Oxford Stage Club: **The Instamatiks**
 Oxford University: **Pressure Shocks**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Laughing Apple**
 Penance Demelza's: **Vardis**
 Poole Wessex Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Blurt**
 Rainwork Recreation Centre: **Blush/The Detours**
 Rochdale College: **Local Heroes/Howard The Duck**
 Salford University: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Dire Straits**
 Sheffield University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **Assyne**
 Slough College of Higher Education: **Travelling Shoes**
 Southend Zero 6: **Midnight Express**
 Stirling Stuart Tavern: **The Deft Jerks**
 Stoke Hempstalls: **Vermilion Hair**
 Stoke Polytechnic: **The Significant Zeros**
 Stonegate Bridge Inn: **The Xperts**
 Swindon Arts Centre: **Red Holloway & Sonny Stitt**
 Wakefield Unity Hall: **Slade**
 Warrington North Cheshire College: **The Breathers**
 Wellington Gemini Club: **U.X.B.**
 Winchester Railway Inn: **Rosie Hardman & Jon Gillaspie**

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Killing Joke**
 Bedford Civic Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
 Birmingham Cedar Club: **The Set**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Queen**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Ultravox**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
 Blackpool JR's Bar: **Streetfighter**
 Bognor Regis College: **Thieves Like Us**
 Bordon Royal Oak Hotel: **Prime Suspect**
 Bradford Palm Grove: **Aswad**
 Bradford University: **Gary Glitter**
 Brighton Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads / Basement 5 / Blurt**
 Brighton Sussex University: **Eye to Eye**
 Brighton The Northern: **The Pulsaters**
 Bristol Dockland Settlement: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
 Bristol Granary: **Vardis**
 Buxton Pavilion Gardens: **Chris Barber Band**
 Cambridge College of Art: **The Planets**
 Cardiff Mels Showroom: **Tanzschau**
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **A.I.I.Z**
 Chichester New Park Road Centre: **The Chefs**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **The Racketeers / Captain Video / Metro Glider**

Coventry Theatre: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Generation X**
 Dacbeattie Legion Club: **V.H.F.**
 Deeside Leisure Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Sky**
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Asylum**
 Falkirk The Magpie: **Dick Smith Band**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Dire Straits**
 Guildford Surrey University: **Roy Wood's Helicopters**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Stray Cats**
 Ilkley College: **The Whips**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Alexis Korner & Colin Hodgkinson**
 Kimberly Recreation Centre: **Race Against Time**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **The Step**
 Langley Park St. Joseph's Parish Hall: **Prefab Sprout**
 Leeds Boddington Hall: **Goerge Little's Cool In The Shade**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
 Liverpool Brady's (lunchtime) and Wigan Trucks (evening): **The Wall**
 Liverpool Brady's (evening): **Bad Manners**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Dooleys**
 Liverpool University: **Split Enz**
 London Barnes Bulls Head: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Black Slate (doubling Marquee) / The Tigers**
 London Camden Everyman Cinema: **Sudden Sway**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy / Sunfighter**
 London Chelsea College: **The Dance Band**
 London Chiswick John Bull: **Spider**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Pressgang**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gonzalez**
 London Deptford Evelyn St. Community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
 London Forest Hill Grove Centre: **Stagestruck / Outlet 4**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Fabulous Bluesblasters**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Protex / The Fix**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Hi Fi**
 London Greenwich White Swan: **Bad Publicity**
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **No Mean Feet**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk / Takeover**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Oral Exciters**
 London Marquee Club: **Black Slate**
 London N.W. 2 Hog's Grunt: **Transit Band / London Vintage Jazz Orchestra**
 London North—East Polytechnic: **Victims Of Pleasure**
 London Palladium: **Ralph McTell / Billy Connolly / Donovan**
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dick Gaughan**
 London Roehampton Froebel Institute: **The Revillos**
 London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Works / Limehouse**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London S.W. 11 Pine Tavern: **Brunel**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

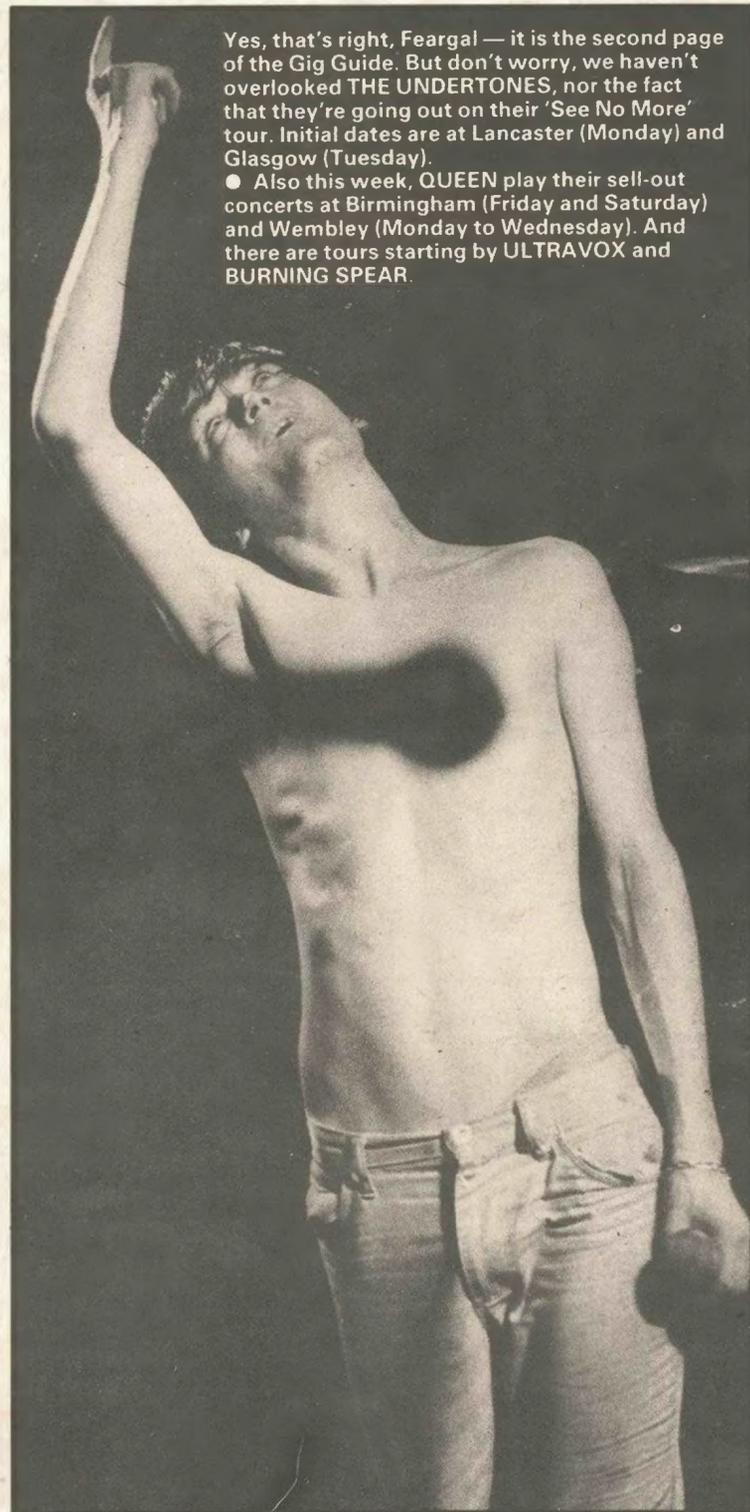
DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Coolnotes**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Osibisa**
 London Wembley Arena: **Rod Stewart**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group / Acrobats Of Desire**
 London Westminster Medical School: **Suttel Approach**
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **Sore Throat / Answer**
 London W.1 (Dean St.) Rock Store: **Modern Jazz**
 London W.9 The Factory: **Storm**
 Loughborough University: **Steel Pulse / Jimmy Lindsay**
 Luton Blowins: **The Accelerators**
 Madeley North Staffs Polytechnic: **The V.I.P's**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Yes**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Performing Ferrets / Kevin Hewick / The Lipids / Bunch Of Tories**
 Midhurst The Egmont: **The Pop Detectives**
 Milton Keynes Wroughton Centre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
 New Brighton Floral Pavilion: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Newcastle University: **Weapon Of Peace**
 Nottingham Boat Club: **Magnum**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Climax Blues Band**
 Oldham Moor End Club: **The Swinging Lamphades**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Saxon**
 Oxford Pennything: **Twelfth Night**
 Reading Bulmershe College: **Frankie Miller Band**
 Reading Caribbean Club: **Nightdoctor**
 Retford Porterhouse: **The Regents**
 Shanklin Palmerston Hall: **Feedback**
 Sheffield University: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
 Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Review**
 Slough College: **Panther 45 / The Custom**
 Southampton The Saints: **Games To Avoid**
 Southport Theatre: **Steeleye Span / Canis Major**
 Stoke New Penny: **Firing Squad**
 Sunderland Polytechnic: **Slade**
 Torquay 400 Club: **The Barracudas**
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Sub Zero**
 Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Talon**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

London Fulham The Cock: **The Works**
 London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Micky Jones Band / Paul Goodman**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cheaters**
 London Marquee Club: **The Stray Cats**
 London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spider**
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Young Dixie**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Kevin Coyne**
 London Richmond Brollys: **Witchfynde**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Roy Vaughan Trio**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Girlschool / Angelwitch / Dedringer / Tank**
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
 London University College: **Watch With Mother**
 London Wembley Arena: **Rod Stewart**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Icarus/A-Z**
 London Wimbledon Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Campbell Burnap Quintet**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Yes**
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Stockholm Monsters / Beach Red**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Gary Glitter**
 Nottingham Test Match Hotel: **Manitou**
 Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Small Print**
 Oldham Grange Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Bad Publicity**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Trouble Shooter**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar (lunchtime): **Ghost Story**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Sky**
 Preston Guildhall: **The Dooleys**
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Tigers**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads / Basement 5 / Blurt**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **The New Brendas**
 Southend Shrimpers: **Eric Blake**
 Stourbridge The Mitre: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
 Wollaston Nags Head: **The Accelerators**
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Slade**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Blues Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lookalikes / The Decorators**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Stewart**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Club Tango / 23 Skidoo**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Elaine Delmar (for a week)**
 London Marquee Club: **The Stray Cats**
 London North London Polytechnic: **Aswad / Arrogant**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The Brewery Tappers**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **Lonesome No More**
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Art Farmer Quartet (for a week)**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Sons Of Cain**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
 London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Earl Okin**
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **The Motels**
 London Wembley Arena: **Queen**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Significant Zeros / Martian Dance**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 Loughborough University: **Manitou**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Drones**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Madness**
 Norwich Theatre Royal: **Billy Connolly**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
 Nuneaton 77 Club: **Anti-Pasti**
 Otley Westbourne Hotel: **George Little's Cool In The Shade**
 Paignton Festival Theatre: **Sky**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **H20**
 Sheffield Byron Arms: **Active Gliders**
 Solihull The Boggery: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Saxon**
 Southend Zero 6: **Academy**
 Stafford Malt 'n Hops: **Sub Zero**
 Swansea Circles: **Vardis**
 Watford Bailey's: **The Nolans (for a week)**



Yes, that's right, Feargal — it is the second page of the Gig Guide. But don't worry, we haven't overlooked THE UNDERTONES, nor the fact that they're going out on their 'See No More' tour. Initial dates are at Lancaster (Monday) and Glasgow (Tuesday).
 ● Also this week, QUEEN play their sell-out concerts at Birmingham (Friday and Saturday) and Wembley (Monday to Wednesday). And there are tours starting by ULTRAVOX and BURNING SPEAR.

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Dire Straits**
 Ayr Pavilion: **Dire Straits**
 Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Dick Smith Band**
 Bath Tiffany's: **Vardis**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ (lunchtime): **Distort Resort**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Budgie/White Light/Trouble Shooter**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
 Birmingham Star Club: **Guilty Millionaires**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **Steeleye Span/Canis Major**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Jenertor**
 Brighton Alhambra: **Daddy Yum Yum**
 Brighton Jenkinsons: **Black Slate**
 Brighton The Northern (lunchtime): **Meanstreak**
 Bristol Locarno: **Adam & The Ants**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Bury The Bridge: **The Echophase**
 Carlisle Coach House: **A II Z**
 Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Osibisa**
 Derby Tiffany's: **Pressure Shocks**
 Dumfries Balcastle: **V.H.F.**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Def Leppard**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Damned**
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Pete Durginer**
 Halifax Civic Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
 Ipswich Annabella's: **Sudden Sway**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Saxon**
 Lancaster University: **Ultravox**
 Leeds Haddon Hall: **Knife Edge**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
 London Acton Kings Head: **Furniture/3am.**
 London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Soft Boys/The Method Actors/Local Heroes**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Night**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Way Of The West/The Fuglemen**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Step**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Earl Okin/Trimmer & Jenkins**

MONDAY

Bath Moles: **The Barracudas**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Briton / Mayday**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Monochrome Set**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Adam & The Ants**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Mispent Youth**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **'New Electric Warriors' package tour**
 Boston Folk Club: **Jack Hudson**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Reflux**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Steeleye Span / Canis Major**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **The Skids / The Tea Set**
 Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads / Basement 5 / Blurt**
 Cheltenham Eve's Night Club: **The Breakfast Band**
 Chesterfield Aquarius: **Def Leppard**
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **Profile / The Human Cabbages / Chrome Six / Idol Eyes / Attrition**
 Coventry Warwick University: **The Solicitors**
 Coventry White Swan: **The Editors**
 Croydon The Ship: **Mike Maran & David Shepherd**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Steel Pulse / Jimmy Lindsay**
 Durham University: **The Damned**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **Ultravox**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Dire Straits**
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Bad Manners**
 Eglinton Toll The Plaza: **The Minutes / The Cuban Heels / Liberty Bodice**
 Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton: **Slade**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Here & Now**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Lancaster University: **The Undertones**
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Knife Edge**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Midnight & The Lemonboys / Duran Duran**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Night**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Plain Characters**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Terminal Rescue / The Outpatients**
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **The Accidents**

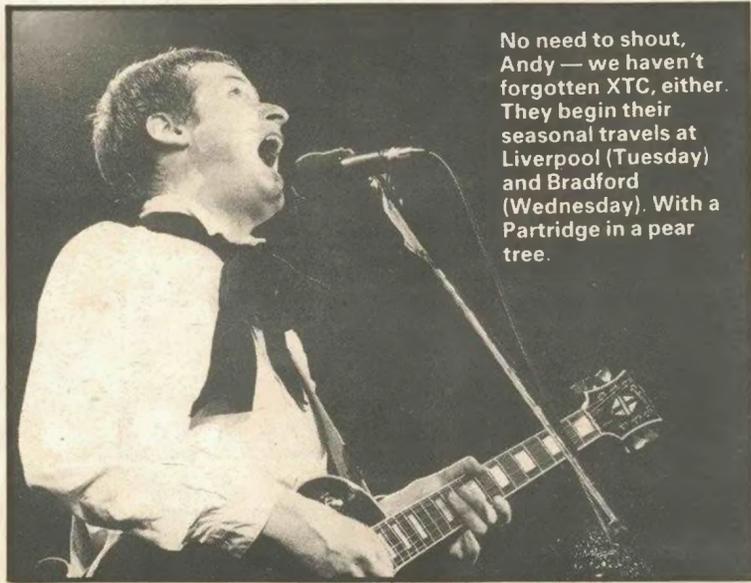
TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Vardis**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Jasper Carrott (for five days)**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **U.X.B.**
 Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Damned**
 Brighton Basement Club: **A Certain Ratio**
 Cardiff University: **After The Fire**
 Chesterfield Aquarius: **Def Leppard**
 Coventry The Zodiac: **U.X.B.**
 Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Riders**
 Derby Assembly Rooms: **Saxon**
 Derby Lonsdale College: **The Dance Band**
 Durham University: **Bad Manners**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **Madness**
 Exeter University: **The Skids / The Tea Set**
 Fareham Princess College: **The Barracudas**
 Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Undertones**
 Hull New Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
 Keighley Kings Head: **Knife Edge**
 Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 Leicester Luca Centre: **Service / The Observers / Volkswagens**
 Liverpool Rotters: **XTC**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **A Formal Sigh**
 London Acton White Hart: **The Shout**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Pylon / The Method Actors**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter**
 London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flatbackers**
 London Dartford Thames Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Mike Westbrook Band**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ronnie Lane Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Shout / TV 21**
 London Fulham The Cock: **The Other Bros.**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Stewart**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Regents**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Furniture**
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Johnny Storm & Memphis**
 London Lee Old Tiger's Head: **Yakety Yak**
 London Marquee Club: **The Mo-dettes**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Doll By Doll**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **The Odd Hits / The Room / The Orange Cardigan**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London Stratford Green Man: **The Exciters**
 London Tooting The Castle: **Brunel**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Jimmy Lindsay / The Regiment**
 London Wembley Arena: **Queen**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Work / Mogul / Reptile Institute**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rod Stewart**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **No Mystery**
 Manchester College of Higher Education: **The Pharaohs**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **The Motels**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Dire Straits**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Visitors**
 Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Mechanics / Canyon / Noise Annoys / Asgard / The Heat**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Killing Joke**
 Shrewsbury Tiffany's: **Adam & The Ants**
 Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Sky**
 Swansea White Swan: **Diz Disley**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Planetes**

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
 Birmingham Top Rank: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Blurt**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Blackpool Fleetwood Technical College: **Switches**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **XTC**
 Bradford University: **The Motels**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Ultravox**
 Bristol Romeo & Juliet's: **Burning Spear**
 Carlisle Marker Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
 Coventry Bulls Head Hotel: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
 Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Spivs/The Daleks**
 Derby Assembly Rooms: **Billy Connolly**
 Exeter The New Victoria: **The Pop Detectives**
 Exeter University: **Aswad**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Madness**
 Grimsby Central Hall: **Def Leppard**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Saxon**
 Horsham The Hornbrook: **The Xperts**
 Hucknall Miners Welfare: **Slade**
 Lancaster Queelly's Club: **Mistress**
 Leeds Fford Green Hotel: **Here & Now**
 Liverpool College of Higher Education: **The Planetes**
 London Acton Kings Head: **The Klones/Square One**
 London Camden Brecknock: **The Chevrons/Red Box/B Film**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Weapon Of Peace**
 London Camden Music Machine: **Spider**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Regents**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Back Door Man**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Midnight & The Lemonboys**
 London Covent Garden Blitz: **Broadcast**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Josef K/Fire Engine**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Cavalry**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie Miller Band**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Stewart**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **No Idea**
 London Hayes Brook House: **Arrogant**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Step**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Method Actors**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred**

Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
 London Marquee Club: **The Mo-dettes**
 London N4 The Stapleton: **Time Flies**
 London Richmond Snoopies: **The Cymbelines/The Vandells**
 London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Empty Vessels**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Peanuts**
 London Wembley Arena: **Queen**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The C-Sharps**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Back to Back**
 London Stratford Green Man: **Alan Glen & The Night Cats**
 London Victoria The Venue: **John Cooper Clarke**
 London Waterloo Cootesloe Theatre: **The Albion Band**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Vice Versa/The Room**
 London Wembley Arena: **Queen**
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The C-Sharps**
 London W14 The Kensington: **The Munchies**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rod Stewart**
 Manchester Beach Club: **Poison**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Generation X**
 Manchester RAFA Club: **The Cheaters**
 Manchester University: **The Dance Band/Bad Manners**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Dire Straits**
 New Romney The Seahorse: **The Screens**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Motley Crew**
 Oxford Scamps: **Sonic Tonix**
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The 45s**
 Peterborough Fleet Complex: **The Hornets**
 Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **Xena Zerox**
 Preston Ritzeys: **Sensatron 90**
 Reading Top Rank: **Budgie/Praying Mantis**
 Salford RAFA Club: **The Cheaters/The Images/zanathus**
 Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Chris Williams Quartet**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Stray Cats**
 Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Yes**
 Southampton University: **The Piranhas**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 St Albans College: **Thieves Like Us**
 St. Helens Theatre Royal: **Shakin' Stevens**
 Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Gary Glitter**
 Watford Cassio College: **The Tea Set**
 Whitefield The Albert: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
 Workington Down Under Club: **Vardis**



No need to shout, Andy — we haven't forgotten XTC, either. They begin their seasonal travels at Liverpool (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday). With a Partridge in a pear tree.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 4th Dec Adm £1.50

NO DICE

Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

Fri 5th Dec Adm £1.50

THE PLANETS

Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sat 8th Dec Adm £2.50
Reggae Special

BLACK SLATE

Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Wed 24th Dec (Open 7-12pm)

Q TIPS

Sun 7th & Mon 8th Dec

STRAY CATS

Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £2.00
Non-members on door £2.25

Tues 9th & Wed 10th Dec Adm £2.00

THE MODETTES

Thurs 11th Dec Adm £1.25

THE KRAZE

Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wed 31st Dec (Open 7pm-1am)

9 BELOW ZERO

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

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: 636 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

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE
TEL: 01-387 0428/9

Thursday 4th Adm. £1.70	Sunday 7th Adm. £1.00
DISCHARGE + Special Guests from Sweden <i>Dag Vag</i>	Neil Kays HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE Open 7.30 till 11.30
Friday 5th Adm. £2.20	Monday 8th Adm. £1.20
RED BEANS & RICE + Support	NEWTOWN NEUROTICS + Rio & The Robots + The Firm
Saturday 6th Adm. £2.20	Tuesday 9th CLOSED
KNOX + Monsters + White Lines	Wednesday 10th Adm. £1.20
	SPIDER + The Chevrons

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

STEVE HARLEY

and cockney rebel

FISCHERZ

LYCEUM STRAND, W.C.2

SUNDAY 21st DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS: £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 636 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 3rd December £1	Sunday 7th December £1
THE DISTRACTIONS	THE CHEATERS
Thursday 4th December £1	Monday 8th December £1
THE NIPS	Dining Out Records present CLUB TANGO +23 SKIDOO
Friday 5th December £1	Tuesday 9th December £1
MIDNITE & THE LEMON BOYS	Rockability Party JOHNNY STORM & MEMPHIS
Saturday 6th December £1	Wednesday 10th December £1
RICKY COOL & THE RIALTOS	METHOD ACTORS

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Saturday 6th December £2.00

THE REGENTS

+ Support

CAROLINE Roadshow

Thurs 4th Dec CINDERELLAS NIGHT CLUB, IPSWICH
Fri 5th Dec RHODES HALL, BISHOPS STORTFORD
Sat 6th Dec TOWN HALL, CHATHAM, KENT

Fri 12th Dec TALK OF THE EAST, LOWESTOFT
with Special Guests
WITCHFYNDE

Sat 13th Dec CORN EXCHANGE, MAIDSTONE

Thurs 18th Dec CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD

Fri 19th Dec STOUR CENTRE, ASHFORD, KENT
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS OF THE CAROLINE ROADSHOW
SLADE + The Drill
Doors Open 7.30 Adm. £2.50

CAROLINE BRITAIN'S BEST ROCK ROADSHOW WITH DJ'S ROBB EDEN BRIAN MARTIN & TOM ANDERSON
DOORS OPEN 8pm - BAR - Adm. £1.00

DINGWALLS RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURSDAY 4th
ROY WOODS HELICOPTER

FRIDAY 5th
JACKIE LYNTONS HAPPY DAYS
+ Team 23

SATURDAY 6th
BLACK SLATE + The Tigers

SUNDAY 7th
SOFT BOYS + METHOD ACTORS + LOCAL HEROES

MONDAY 8th
MIDNIGHT & THE LEMON BOYS
+ Duran/Duran

TUESDAY 9th
PYLON + Support

WEDNESDAY 10th THURSDAY 11th
WEAPON OF PEACE GEORGE MELLY

OPEN MON SAT 8PM 2AM SUN 7 11.30PM & LUNCHTIMES SAT 12 3PM & SUN 12 2PM
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following

DECEMBER	12 Hugh Mundell/Aswad	20 Gary Glitter
3 Uriah Heep	12 The Enid	21 Iron Maiden
3 The Damned	12 Eddie & The Hot Rods	21 Steve Harley
3 Barbara Dickson	13 Ultravox	21, 22, 23 Ian Dury
4 Human League	14 Echo & The Bunnymen	22 XTC
4, 5 Split Enz	14 The Kinks	22, 23 Madness
6 Hazel O'Connor	14 The Cramps	24 Dire Straits
6 Ralph McTell	15, 16 Undertones	
7 Girlschool	17, 18 Yes	JANUARY
8, 9, 10 Al Stewart	17 Orchestral Manoeuvres	18, 19, 20 Black Sabbath
8 Motels	18 Steeleye Span	23, 24 Cliff Richard
11 Burning Spear	20 Saxon	28, 29 UFO

SAT 27th DEC — ELVIS COSTELLO / UB40 / ROCKPILE
— Birmingham National Exhibition Centre

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

DEREK BLOCK presents

GLITTER OVER CHRISTMAS

GARY GLITTER

THE REVILLOS

PROTEX

SATURDAY 20th DECEMBER 7pm

Rainbow THEATRE 252 SEVEN SISTERS RD, LONDON N4

TICKETS £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.
From Box Office 01-263-3148/9.
London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Ticket Machine

Adam & the Ants

CORNISH RIVIERA ST. AUSTELL
Thursday 27 November 7.30pm
Tickets £2 Available from usual agents or £3.00 on door

TAUNTON ODEON
Friday 5 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00 from box office

BATH PAVILION
Tuesday 9 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50 Available from Records Unlimited and Crusin Records Bath.

KEVIN DRAPER for RAINBOW CONCERTS

CARLISLE MARKET HALL
Wednesday 10 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50. Available from Pink Panther Records, Rosemary Lane, Carlisle or £3.00 on night.

IPSWICH GAUMONT
Friday 12 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00. Available from box office and usual agents.

CHELMSFORD ODEON
Saturday 13 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00. Available from box office and usual agents.

CANTERBURY ODEON
Sunday 14 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50. Available from box office and usual agents.

AU PAIRS

out now

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HUMAN

Distributed by STAGE ONE RECORDS.

OTO 4

PLAYING with a different SEX

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.6

Wednesday 3rd December £1.25	FLUX OF PINK INDIANS/ZOUNDS
Thursday 4th December £1.50	THE LOOKALIKES + The Lines
Friday 5th December £1.50	SKI PATROL + Local Heroes + The Last Gang
Saturday 6th December £1.50	PATRIK FITZGERALD GROUP + The Acrobats of Desire
Sunday 7th December £1.50	ICARUS + A-Z
Monday 8th December £1.50	MARTIAN DANCE + The Significant Zeros
Thursday 9th December £1.50	THE WORK + Mogul + Reptile Institute
Wednesday 10th December £1.50	Vice Versa + The Room

101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill
Tel: 01-223 8309

Wednesday 3rd December

THE REGIMENT + Karram Dash
Thursday 4th December

THE ORGANISATION + Terminal Rescue
Friday 5th December

Earwacks Records Legalise Crime Benefit
THE EVENT GROUP + The Balloons + The Flying Testes Bros
Saturday 6th December

Evening

THE BROUGHTONS + Press Gang
Sunday 7th December

THE C SHARPS + Suttle Approach
Monday 8th December

PLAIN CHARACTORS
Tuesday 9th December

PAVEMENT BENEFIT
Wednesday 10th December

DURAN DURAN / MIDNIGHT & THE LEMON BOYS

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS Presents

Tuesday 9th Dec

XTC

+ Special guests at Liverpool Rotters
Tel. 051 709 0771
Adv. tickets £2.50

Monday 15th Dec

SLADE

+ Special guests at Manchester Rotters
Tel. 061 236 4934
Adv. £2.50

Sunday 14th Dec

DEF LEPPARD

+ Special guests at Doncaster Rotters
Tel. 0302 27448.
Adv. £2.50

For times & ticket outlets see local press. Must be over 18 years of age. No dress restrictions. No membership required.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. (Phone 468287)

Tonight Thurs 4th December
STRAY CATS
+ Seventeen
Monday 8th December
BOW WOW WOW
2 shows — 6 till 8pm Matinee (under 18's) Evening 9 till 2am (over 18's)
Tuesday 9th December
KNIFE EDGE + Axis
Monday 15th December
PYLONS
Late bar — 9 till 2am

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
CRAMPS
Wasted Youth
The polecats
LYCEUM STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 14th DECEMBER at 7-30
TICKETS £2.50 (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

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
BLACK SLATE
Sunday 7th December
£1.90 Adv £2.50 door
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATRIX RECORDS.

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 4th December £1
TV SMITHS EXPLORERS + No Meen Feet
Friday 5th December £1
WITCHFYNDE + Heritage
Saturday 6th December £1
PROTEX + The Fix
Sunday 7th December £1
EARL OKIN + Trimmer Jenkins
Monday 8th December 75p
THE LOOKALIKES + The Decorators
Tuesday 9th December 75p
THE SHOUT / TV 21
Wednesday 10th December £2.50
FRANKIE MILLER + Nuthin' Fancy

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK presents
THE HUMAN LEAGUE
FASHION plus Restricted Code
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

TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE
Southmill Road, Bishop's Stortford, Herts
TRIAD PRESENTS
Friday 5th December £2.00 Adv £2.50 Door
GENO WASHINGTON & THE RAM JAM BAND
Saturday 6th December £3.00 Adv £3.50 Door
GIRLSCHOOL
+ ANGELWITCH + Tank
Advance Tickets from Triad Leisure Centre
Doors open 8pm — Bar Till Late

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 4th December 60p
DUMB BLONDES + Plundersquad
Friday 5th December £1.00
THE MONSTERS
featuring BO BO Phoenix + Mike Rossi + Johnny Holliday's Escape Club
Saturday 6th December £1.00
GERRY McAVOY
TED McKENNA,
DAVE EDWARDS
+ Guests & Friends + The Kidz
Sunday 7th & Monday 8th December £1
NIGHT
Alias Filthy McNasty
Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange,
Bill Kristian & Rob McIntosh
+ Denny Newman's SOS
Tuesday 9th December 60p
SUNFIGHTER ex RDB
+ Dave Ellis Band
Wednesday 10th December 60p
Futurist Night
DEPECHE MODE
+ Zietung-Da?
Thursday 11th December 60p
THE MONSTERS + RPM

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December 6th
THE TALLY HO,
DONCASTER
December 7th
HADDON HALL,
LEEDS
December 8th
THE MARQUIS OF
GRANBY, LEEDS
December 9th
THE WAREHOUSE,
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December 10th
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MON. TERMINAL RESCUE + SOUTPATIENTS
TOE THE FLATBACKERS
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ACROSS

1 Kings Road shopkeeper whose life was changed by punk (7,7)
9 Not Weymouth, Dorset!
10 Noted essayist of our time (5,7)
11 Last year's thing?
12 Stick in Eve's (anag. female, 2 words)
14 Kind of opera, dangerous visions type
16 Old Bobby Hebb classic covered by Georgie Fame
17 In '60s, Newcastle's contribution to Beat Boom
18 Make a friend of a dead rock 'n' roller!
21 Grace Jones' sparring partner (7,5)
24 See 6
25 Kate Bush's dog had this to say when it heard what 1 across was up to (3,3,3)
27 Pretenders hit
28 Pins used to play a record!
30 Generic term given to '60s Liverpool sound (6,4)
32 Defunct rock combo fronted by Roger Chapman
33 Rod Stewart chestnut
34 See 18 down
35 & 22 Nile Rodgers' other half

DOWN

2 Yes had one, Tull have one — keep them both away from us!
3 One time Sharks and Wombles guitarist (5,8)
4 Velvets mainman (3,4)
5 Presley contemporary who never quite scaled same heights (4,7)
6 & 24 Passable American warbler of his own chunes

7 & 19 Ditto above, not so sure about the 'passable' any more
8 After Love And Death, before Manhattan (5,4)
13 Cretins of heavy metal
15 Brit reggae act to bait mum with!
18 & 34 Latterday Bowie 45 (4,4,8)
19 See 7
20 Set year for remixing soulfully!
22 See 35
23 Kitchen at parties geezer's surname
26 & 29 First Selecter hit (2,2,5)
29 See above
31 Python character with mutated brain!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS: 3 Amps; 5 The Au Pairs; 9 (Steve) Harley; 10 Chrissie (Hynde); 12 Stray Cats; 13 Andy Summers; 14 Nash; 15 'One Step Beyond'; 18 Alana; 19 'Gasoline Alley'; 22 (Peter) Tosh; 23 Devo; 25 Angelic Upstarts; 26 Slide; 27 Eno; 28 'Wow'; 30 'God Save The Queen'; 31 'The (Earth Dies Screaming)'; 32 Keith (Emerson).

DOWN: 1 David; 2 RSG; 4 Pretty Things; 5 'To Cut A Long Story Short'; 6 '(The) Earth Dies Screaming'; 7 UK Subs; 8 'Lazy Sunday'; 11 (Julie) Driscoll; 12 Steve (Harley); 16 Talking Heads; 17 'Pinball Wizard'; 20 Amen Corner; 21 (Keith) Emerson; 22 Toyah; 24 Stooges; 29 Rush.

INFORMATION CITY

GARAGELAND

IMPORTS



Otis Rush

Pic: Jarmo Santavuori

CAN we have an Otis Rush discography? Also, is there a good blues discography available in book form?

J DIXON, Garston, Herts.

Over to noted bluesperson Cliff Gater who writes: Rush, whom I regard as the greatest living blues guitarist, had an album called 'This One's A Good 'Un' out on Blue Horizon 63222, which has since been re-released on Flyright 560 as 'Groaning The Blues'. His other album releases include 'The Other Takes' (Flyright 562), 'Door To Door' (US Chess 1538), 'Mourning In The Morning' (Atlantic 588.188), which was later remixed to appear on Cotillion 40495. 'Right Place, Wrong Time' (US Bullfrog 301), 'Cold Day In Hell' (US Belmark DS638), 'Blues Live' (Jap Trio PA3086), 'So Many Roads' (virtually the same as 'Blue Live' but with one different track — US Delmark DS643), 'Screamin' And Cryin' (French Black'n'Blue 33516) and 'Troubles, Troubles' (Sonet SNTF 756). Other Rush tracks appear on 'American Folk Blues '66' (Fontana TL 5389), albums by the same title on German Amiga 855114 and 855126, 'Chicago — The Blues Today Vol 2' (Fontana TFL 6069) and 'Ann Arbour Blues and Jazz Festival '72' (US Atlantic SD 2-502). All Rush's Cobra singles can be found on the Blue Horizon and Flyright albums but there is one single that doesn't appear on any album, namely 'Homework' / 'I Have To Laugh', which was issued on US Duke 356 and UK Vocalion

VP920. The guitarist can also be heard on various recordings by Charles Clarke, Buddy Guy, Birmingham George, Joe Turner, Junior Wells, Jimmy Dawkins, Shakey Horton and Harold Burrage. Finally, Mike Leadbitter and Neil Slaven's excellent Blues Records 1943-1966 is probably the best blues discography on the market (published by Oak Books, £3.95), while also worth investigating is 'Sailor's Delight', an informative but also highly amusing blues mag which hails from 19 Brokenhurst Gardens, Mill Hill, London NW7.

COULD you provide an address for Mike Oldfield's fan club? I've tried writing to Virgin but they didn't write back.

D B WILSON, Nottingham.

According to Virgin's Al Clark — known world-wide for his ability to send whole nations into solid stupor by means of one phone-call — there is no Oldfield fan club as Mike likes to read and answer all fan mail personally. I suggest that you send your next communication c/o Al Clark, 2 Vernon Yard, 119 Portobello Road, London W11.

I WONDER if you could tell me who was the singer of all those beautiful songs in the 1971 film *Blue Water, White Death*, which BBC1 screened sometime ago?

NIKI HIRSCH, London N6

The guy serenading the sharks was Tom Chapin, brother of the more famous Harry and once member of the Chapin Brothers Band.

By Fred Dellar



York band Pullovers (above. l to r: Zeph Stewart, Paul Carroll, Dave Astley, Mick Stewart, Jock Marston) are putting out a double A-sided single, 'Peter Pan Pill' / 'Spare Part Surgery'. The label is Supermusic and distribution is by Red Rhino.



SINGLES

Ealing band The Klones have just put out their first single, 'Metal Man' / 'Neon Age'. It's on their own Red Hot label and distribution is by Rough Trade and Fresh.

And down in South London, the new single from Future Daze is called 'First Light' / 'Menace', available on the Direct label.

The Modernaires, the Anglesey band whose 'Way Of Living' LP was announced last week, are releasing an edited version of one track, 'Life In Our Times', on 45. A special feature of the record, which comes out on the Illuminated label, is some "authentic surface noise especially imported from Jamaica".

All The Naked Heroes, by Sheffield's very own The Naughtiest Girl Was A Monitor, sold out on its first pressing. But it's now available again on Aardvark.

Solo performer Billy Jones has another record out on his own Beejayzus Music (BJ — geddit?) and this time it's two of his own songs, plus a version of 'Pinball Wizard'. The EP goes under the name '100 Points When Lit', and you can get it from Billy for £1.20 (incl. p&p) at Baronscraig Cottage, Westfield, Winchburgh, West Lothian.

First release from Scottish independent One Tone Records is an EP by Dundee group the, uh, *Scrotum Poles*. It's a five-track, it's called 'Revelation' and it costs £1.25 (incl. p&p) from One Tone Records, 41 Balmoral Terrace, Dundee.

B. Troop are a Doncaster outfit who've already featured on a couple of compilations. Now you can hear

them in their own right on 'Junior' / 'Espionage A Gogo', the first release from the band's own Hotshot label.

Defensive Records are bringing out another EP by The Mud Hatters. Entitled 'The Declaration', it's got six tracks and you can order it from Defensive at 17 Rathen Road, Withington, Manchester M20 9QJ. The price is £1.00 (incl. p&p).

ALBUMS

The delightfully-named Nurse With Wound have not one but two new LPs out on electronic/experimental label United Dairies Produce. These are 'Merzbild Schwet' and 'To The Quiet Men From A Tiny Girl' and, according to UDP themselves, "the records could be described as possibly nasty, but very exciting". Write to United Dairies at 35 Brackenbury Road, East Finchley, London E2.

CASSETTES

No Direction are a punky four-piece who've made a tape called 'The Life And Times Of Frank Holmes'. To find out more about the mysterious Frank you should send the band a blank C60 (plus SAE) c/o Jantzed Records, Poet's Walk, Penrith, Cumbria.

'Bitter Reaction' is the cassette album from Liverpool group The Room, released through their own Box Records label. The ten songs, incidentally, include two tracks, 'Motion' and 'Waiting Room', which are also obtainable on a single. For info contact Box Records at Flat A, 1 Princes Gate East, Liverpool L8 0SU.

Freudian slips

THE PROBLEM with many Australian bands is that they appear to suffer from an inferiority complex. They initially develop their own way of things, coming up with something reasonably individual, then — blam! they're hooked up to support some visiting British pop potentate and, after witnessing the scenes of adulation afforded the visiting limeys, they opt to change their own style and go for the tears of a clone.

Maybe I'm wrong about singer-songwriter-bandleader James Freud, who shared gig-time with Gary Numan on one trip down-under, but it seems to me that Freud's 'Breaking Silence' (Mushroom) is a product of the before and after mentality. Half the songs are well-crafted Oz-pop of the superior kind (for reference, check Mental As Anything's 'Nips Are Getting Bigger' or Jo Jo Zep's 'Girl Across The Street'), while some of the others sound as though they might have been grafted onto basic tapes left behind by Gazza himself.

'Modern Girl', the album's opener and apparently a hit in Australia, acts as solid proof that Freud (vocals), Roger Mason (keyboards), Mick Prague (bass), Tommy Hosie (drums) and Pete Cook (guitar) have all that it needs to titillate the aural passages, the song being the sort The Move might easily have pushed our way back in '68, but one that comes kitted out with metronomic, spirit of '77 drums, a vaguely Bowiesque vocal and a keyboard fill straight out of Johnny and The Hurricanes. Immediately you're hooked, booked and cooked. Then the stylus strays into 'The Television's Hungry' which sports the line "It's like some record's playing in my head." And both you and I know that the record in question is 'Are Friends Electric'. So it's three steps forward, two steps back. Which is a pity.

Brian Jones Presents The Pipes Of Pan At Jajouka (Rolling Stone). Jap pressing of the legendary album of North African music produced by Brian Jones in 1964. A classy production job, with rigid gatefold sleeve, inset text by Brian Gysin, paintings by Harrin and click-shutter work by David Bailey. But it'll set you back about £9.99.

Various Artists: 'Teenage Cruisers' (Rhino). The soundtrack to the porn 'n' rock movie, originally set for release on Ronnie Weiser's seemingly now defunct Rollin' Rock label. Rockabillys Charlie Feathers, Johnny Legend, Colin Winski, Jackie Lee Cochran, Ray Campi, The Blasters and Billy Zoom, guitarist with L.A. new wavers X, are among those who contribute.

Heart: 'Greatest Hits — Live' (Epic). Double album, recorded at gigs in Denver, Las Vegas, LA,

Seattle, Phoenix and San Diego and spotlighting audience-assisted versions of 'Crazy On You', 'Dreamboat' and other Heart-beats, along with revivals of 'I'm Down', 'Unchained Melody', 'Long Tall Sally' and Led Zep's 'Rock and Roll' the latter being dedicated to the memory of John Bonham.

Jermaine Jackson: 'Jermaine' (Motown). If Gabriel can have three albums called 'Peter Gabriel', then surely Jackson can call this one 'Jermaine', just as he did his debut album. And this time it's all his own work, the only real helper-out of note getting his name onto the credits being Herbie Hancock.

Brian Plummer: 'No Questions' (Change). A personable album from the rugged-sounding Canuck singer-songwriter. But the inclusion of the rock-happy 'Jacky Boy', which utilises the notorious Leeds Ripper tape, is a sad mistake.

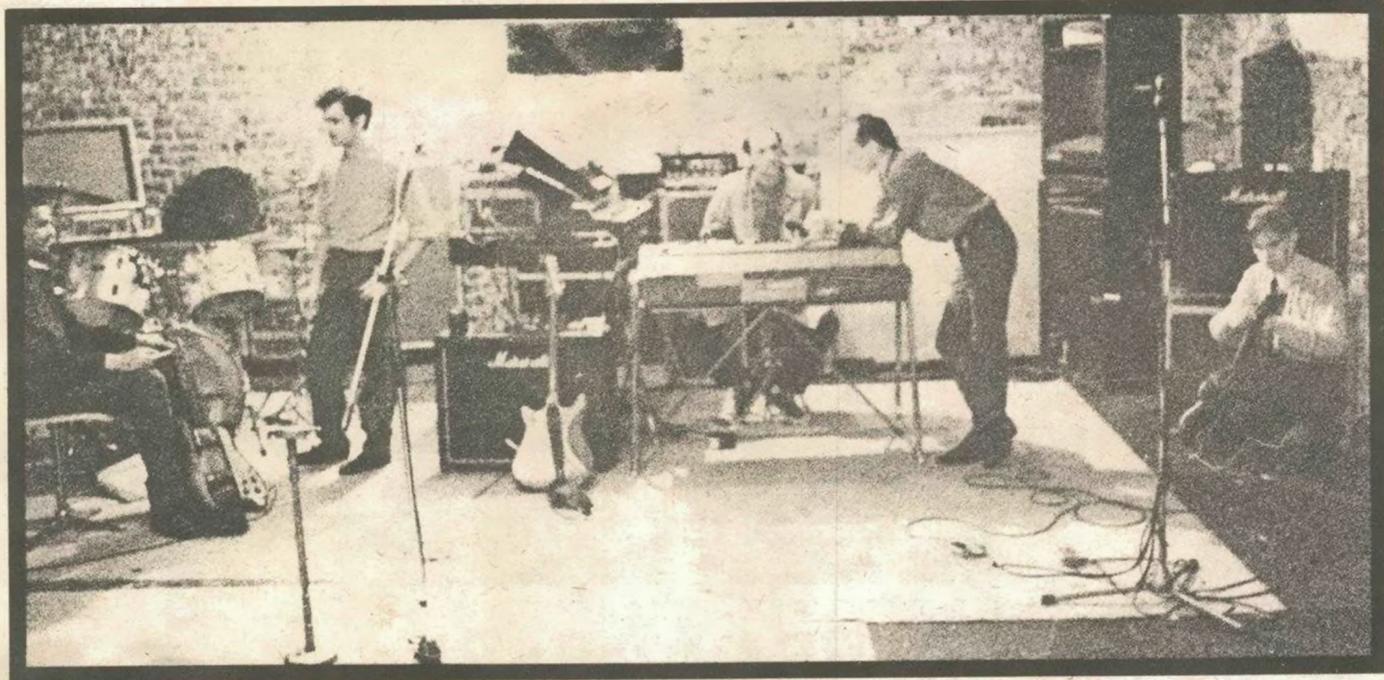
By Fred Dellar

IMPORTS TOP 10

- 1 Clash.....Black Market (Epic)
- 2 Jermaine Jackson.....Jermaine (Motown)
- 3 Yello.....Solid Pleasure (Ralph)
- 4 Blackbyrds Better Days (Fantasy)
- 5 MFSB.....Mysteries Of The World (Phil Int)

Also selling: Sado Watanabe 'Greatest Hits' (Jap. CBS), Bob James 'Mr New York' (CBS), Steel Pulse 'Reggae Fever' (Mango), Psychotic Pineapple 'Where's The Party?' (Richmond), Yarbrough and Peoples 'The Two Of Us' (Mercury), Kraftwerk 'Autobahn' (French Phonogram), Bootsy 'Ultrawave' (Warner Bros). Chart courtesy: HMV Leeds, Virgin Megastore London, HMV Oxford Street.

PLAY. MAGAZINE



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 Sun 15 GLASGOW Apollo
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U2's Bono. Pic Philip Grey.



Eastern mysticism).

U2 still have contradictions in their make-up, they could be mapping out vectors of emancipation but they too often enforce the myth of slavish dependence. I'm not saying that Bono should become the white James Brown, but he could benefit from a copy of 'Reality' for Christmas.

When they get good I could almost cry smiling. 'I Will Follow' is "the sort of song that should be in the top one," says Bono. Ain't that just so! The sound of Arthur Lee's Love without LSD.

'Twilight' is crisp and pellucid, tingling with slivers of warm laconic drumming. Tightly coiled, firing incisive pellets of emotion and colour is 'Out Of Control'.

U2 are a positive answer to Killing Joke's negativity. At 11 o'clock it's time to go home and the children aren't crying anymore. 'Tick Tock' is the only "requiem" they want to hear. Another foolish game comes to an end . . .

An inverted hippyism: U2 are not "far out" they are *near in!* Closer to the heartbeat, closer to the senses and

OUT OF THE TWILIGHT INTO THE DAYLIGHT

closer to the soul. They can get wiser, stronger and better. My advice is simple — keep on pushing.

Gavin Martin



Dave Sylvian's fa-fa-fa-fashion (sad song) poses. All pix David Corio.

organised. Great serried ranks of apprentice hairdressers are rising up to overthrow the journalists who for too long have patronised their behaviour and dictated their taste.

All very well. But perhaps what we're really witnessing is more serious: a shift not just towards "scenes", but towards an ultimate scene, in which people actually try to embody, to *become* fashion. A freezing, a summation of style itself. Instead of paralleling and providing a commentary on the music, "fashion" has become the spectacle that music describes and consolidates. Fa-fa-fa-fa-fashion (Sad Song).

It is important that voyeurs do not become a dying species. Music is not just about "scenes", it is as much a private as it is a public "space". And it is written about above all to ensure that gaps *between* scenes, gaps in which some kind of catholicity of taste may be allowed to develop, continue to exist.

And anyway, quite why one is expected to admire these monstrous little turds and their devout observance of meaningless codes and rituals I don't know. All they're doing is disguising the fact that in their complete interchangeability lies some idle kind of security. Yakety Yak!

As for Japan, they show the whole thing up for the painfully unintriguing sham it all is. They are neither pretentious nor trashy. They are just plain boring. David Sylvian isn't even himself a particularly offensive poseur. He has at all times the dignity of ambition, the air of a shy but affable school prefect. Slightly unorthodox from the headmaster's point of view, but always keeping the kids in order. Like the well-mannered zombies that gather at his concerts, *he* never played truant.

Live, Japan's capacity for elegantly sublimating emotion knows no depths. Following a competent but somewhat cursory set from Local Heroes SW9, and the antics of a frightful, bleached, aged-looking group called The Smart, Japan commenced cheaply and predictably with a pre-recorded tape of 'Burning Bridges' — a sort of 'version' of 'Warszawa' — throbbing out of pregnant darkness. As they plugged into 'Swing', one began to make out Sylvian, like a judge, seated and raised at the centre of the stage. (The drums stand accused, the guitar presents the case for the defence, the bass reaches a verdict of guilty . . .)

Within minutes, one had resigned oneself to the fact

Continues over ▶

Japan

The Lyceum

IF THE kind of person who goes to Japan concerts deserves to be labelled a "poseur", then the kind of creepy, disillusioned, and

rather suspect person who does the labelling should perhaps have a similar tag tied round his neck. Or as Spandau Ballet phrased it last week, "Those people who say poseur are just voyeurs."

Maybe the distinction will shortly obtain some kind of

dialectical certification. Posing is innocence and love; viewing — or writing about posing — is guilt and hatred.

This, at any rate, is the gist of what certain people have been intimating in recent issues of this very publication. The kids are getting

The B-52's

Hammersmith Palais

1980 HAS been a very good year for the bouffant bombers, The B-52's.

They started it as European darlings, purveyors of fashion conscious pop for a growing band of let's dance teenagers (nothing wrong with that), and ended it with two precious metal albums in the US charts.

In between times of course they got knocked. They were just too camp and cute for some British critics, generally the armchair types who never saw them play. The audience at the Palais couldn't have cared less, they came to dance that mess around, shake a tail-feather and get generally closer to the forbidden planet. The only trouble was that most of the time certain sections of the crowd were more interesting to look at than the band. Or maybe that was right and proper.

The B-52's are a dance band, they demonstrate the moves. As a visual focus they quickly pale. Like The Ventures or The Surfaris they make a sound for the feet. In fact, it didn't do to study them long and hard, the group is tired after a year on the home boards, they may be bigger than they can handle. Fred Schneider, Kate Pierson and Cindy Wilson front the vocals and the occasional verbal callisthenics, but they aren't long on communication, they look great but they don't look like they enjoy being stars. I don't suppose anyone noticed in the heat of the



The B-52's. Pic Peter Anderson.

moment, the quality of the songs was such that they all came across like familiar hits, but The B-52's are working close to the bone, the majority of their set will soon

need shelving and reassessing. What they've done instead is to bolster the favourites with added luxuries: Cindy's guitar props, bigger bongoes, shinier

xylophones and, at the back, guitarist Rocky Wilson and drummer Keith Strickland make a mind-boggling soufflé of subtlety and scuzz, one that's occasionally alarming

and always moody. So for 1980 The B-52's haven't had to apologise to anyone for their success and a lot of people have enjoyed it with them. They couldn't do

much worse now than to spend some time in Athens; the Spartan lifestyle is a good refuge when things get too frantic.

Max Bell

BOUFFANT BOMBERS OVER HAMMERSMITH



Claire. Pic Robert Sharp

The Fall The Au Pairs

North London Poly

WHEN PLAYING something as invigorating as 'What Kind Of Girl', The Au Pairs seize the sensibility of early Buzzcocks and temper it with the soul of Janis Joplin. Primal Pop is their true forte, but an insensitive rendition of 'Piece Of My Heart' and mindless sloganeering on Northern Ireland in 'Armagh' definitely stick in the throat. The latter is a case of political carelessness rather than awareness. Britain's most underrated

singles band must be The Fall. Titles like 'Rowche Rumble', 'New Thing', 'Fiery Jack', 'Elastic Man' and 'Totally Wired' make up a list of startling "failures". Onstage and on album they're notoriously erratic and petulant — the everchanging brainchild (and brainstorm) of Mark Smith.

A fact: some scientists believe that human beings have two hearts, the second being at the base of the spinal column, pumping fluid into the Central Nervous System. Fall music — a scathing maze of confusion, questions and accusations seems to come from that heart.

A ceremony to end all ceremonies, a Fall performance is an overflow of vitriolic free-thought. When it takes time to define its own shape rather than becoming an undisciplined and amorphous mass it can be quite staggering, something like Samuel Beckett writing the screenplay for a meeting between Captain Beefheart and The Sex Pistols.

The latest Fall line-up creates the perfect pitch for Smith's parched squalls and pithy scrawls. They generate an intensity of emotion and atmosphere; their propensity for agile dance music is very much alive. The new

'Grotesque' album is the source for most of their material this evening and a lot of the songs hit with the usual combination of substance and vigour.

If rock'n'roll is dead The Fall are doing a wardance on its grave, if not they stand at its vortex, viewing the whole affair with scorn, laughter and flailing arms. Tonight Smith can barely conceal his disillusionment, more than once comparing the situation to a football match. "There's nothing like good support," he sneers.

'Elastic Man' is the breaking point for his frustration. It's hilarious, the chorus a cyclic maelstrom reiterated again and again. Smith castigates the granting of a special place for the artist, while all the while he's beating his head against the same artistic niche. The band lapsed into negativity and depression thereafter. The tension had cracked.

It's the old story: The Fall view the live show as being composed of the barriers of reception and performance. I think they get too worked up about it. Though I appreciate that it's quite often their extremism that keeps them alive, I'd prefer to hear it giving their music a sharper edge rather than sapping it of energy.

The closing stab: Smith returns to an empty stage. "A safe gig. We said it," he chides. There was no goodnight.

Gavin Martin

Bob Seger And The Silver Bullet Band

Wembley Arena

SEGER has one of those white blues voices which, however good, grow sluggish when it comes to whipping up a bit of pace. Never mind, he's a Great American Rock Figure, and this means he sells out at Wembley for two nights while his British equivalent Frankie Miller has to make do with a song dedication from him.

Frankie's material is by no means brilliant but it beats Bob's any day. The Bullet Band and their leader, in spite of their much vaunted professionalism, have only two songs between them. There are the rockers like 'Get Out Of Denver' and 'Katmandu', which knock the physical poetry (the butterfly in the belly, the thud in the ear) out of Chuck Berry riffs. The lyrics go through a similar process of diminution: "I got no kick against the West Coast".

The second song in the book is the mid tempo ballad — 'Beautiful Loser' and 'Still The Same', say. The trick here is to set up a couple of acoustic guitars or keyboards and to cut into the rising strumming and tinkling with drums and electric guitar — not too harshly, though. At the same time, the gritty voice gets emotively grittier, and the overall result is the teardrop effect during which the audience has the best of both worlds; toughies wax sad, losers win and Bob, after all those years of trying against the wind, becomes a star... over and over again.

To be fair, there are two and a half songs. Between the beriberi Berry and the lachrymose raunch come grotesqueries like 'Her Strut', which Bob thinks of as funk.

He and his band of five were occasionally joined by three females on tambourines and inaudible backing vocals. The spectacle was complete: Three Brides For Six Brothers, old time musicals (and values) re-scored for the rock megacircuit.

The audience lapped up the fiction. There would be nothing wrong with that if Seger's Lone Ranger stories didn't masquerade as the truth, tales of agony (hitting rock bottom) and ecstasy (cutting into the bedrock of emotion). Springsteen may use similar fictions, but at least they're sometimes served up with a doubt born of apocalyptic dread. But for Bob rolling is all, and vision nothing; he moves in a straight line from one set of applause to another. Heterosexual couples over 30 are particularly appreciative: perhaps this is the music they naughtily grind to under the shadow of six feet stereotypes.

I started to leave after Seger's first encore: he'd hardly played anything from 'Nightmoves', the greatest second-rate rock album ever. A loon buttonholed me. "Stay, there's half an hour to go". Not even two pints of pina colada and a packet of crisps could've kept me there.

Paul Tickell

From previous page

that Japan's current sound is just one long, diffuse outtake from 'Flesh And Blood'. Every song has the same basic tempo and structure, the rhythm section establishing a slow but highly syncopated kind of perpetual motion, and Sylvian, like a large, leisurely

sea bird, dipping his voice in and out of it. There is no melodic development, merely a gliding arc of noise.

As for Sylvian's voice, only the most abjectly slavish of his fans could honestly pretend that it is anything other than the most lugubrious of Bryan Ferry

imitations. All Ferry's little inflections, all those languorous notes held as though on waves of cigarette smoke: the whole routine is duplicated note for note.

After a while I found it hard to distinguish between individual songs. 'Alien', 'Rhodesia', 'Obscure Alternatives', 'In Vogue'...

the show went on. The light show was correspondingly static, freezing everything in permanent turquoise. The whole sound was really one giant refrigerator. After a blown fuse had temporarily aborted 'Methods Of Dance', the band returned to perform 'Ain't That Peculiar', possibly the last soul standard that

Bryan Ferry could conceivably cover, and 'Life In Tokyo', the single Giorgio Moroder is producing with them at the moment. The encores were 'Fall In Love With Me' and 'Auto Gun'.

Perhaps the most disturbing thing about the entire occasion was that it didn't really matter what

these kids were listening to. They were so clean and polite. When Japan were forced to leave the stage, one could hear them discussing perks and mortgages.

But then, I'm a voyeur, so, you know... "listen to me, don't listen to me..."

Barney Hoskyns

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Bernard Futter looks at Amstrad's answer to the Stowaway...

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DIAL!

and is likely to be compatible with the widest range of turntables. Of the three, the NP/ATE was the hardest to characterize. The mid-range I felt, was a trace forward and the top was a bit on the mellow side. The bottom end, particularly on bass drum, was very extended and registered with a slightly ragged but nevertheless deep thump. All in all a cartridge without any obvious shortcomings or, for that matter, plus points.

Last but not least we have the chunky Nagaoka MP-10 with a TSP of only £12. This cartridge for me proved the joker in the pack. It has a good overall balance with a pretty flat midrange but the top end could be best described as magical. Listening particularly to percussive sounds was an absolute revelation. They were reproduced with a real clarity without any hint of stridency. Bass, whilst not as extended as on the Pickering, was beautifully clean and controlled, a bass guitar solo had exactly the right kind of "bounce and roundness" to it. Before rushing out and looking for the Nagaoka MP-10 it's as well to ask yourself *what* job you need your cartridge to do. The Audio Technica and the Pickering are not bad designs and could be better bets if your speakers have a steely treble or if you like subsonic bass. The choice is yours. Further details: Audio — Technica AT120E, Audio — Technica, Hunslet Trading Estate, Low Road, Leeds. Pickering NP/ATE, Sound Source, Station Approach, Rickmansworth, Herts. Nagaoka MP-10, J Osawa & Co, 10 Forge Court, Reading Road, Camberley, Surrey. Thanks are due to Bartletts Hifi, 175 Holloway Road, London N7 for the loan of the following equipment: Ariston RD80SL Turntable and SME S3 pickup arm plus 3 x spare arms.

set of special lightweight headphones although there is a socket available to take another set. These are of the closed back type which have good resistance to outside noises. It also means you're not likely to be a nuisance in company. The 606 is powered by 4 x 1 1/2v penlight batteries and comes complete with a carrying case and strap. It is difficult to know what set of criteria to use when evaluating the sonic performance of the 606. In comparison with even a modest hi-fi cassette deck results really are not too clever. The average balance had a light and airy flavour and there was a pretty fierce tape hiss evident between tracks. Thankfully it was not intrusive during music passages. In spite of all this, I must say that I really enjoyed the unprecedented degree of freedom and flexibility the 606 gave me, which has got to be a good thing. Especially starting at only £49.95. Unit kindly loaned by: Cavendish Sales, 317 Whitechapel Road, London E.1.

PROBABLY because of its small physical size the pick-up cartridge is generally given scant consideration when a hi-fi rig is being planned. This is a great pity as, along with the speakers, it has a tremendous say in shaping the overall sound character of a system. And investing a few quid on a cartridge is obviously a good deal less trouble and expense than ringing the changes in the speaker department. It's also true that cartridges can be used to counteract shortcomings in other components. Brittle and bright sounding speakers can be tamed by the judicious selection of a flat sounding cartridge.

On audition this month we have three low cost cartridges in the £12-£20 price band that would be compatible with

typical Japanese belt drive turntables in the £45-£60 range. There's the Japanese Nagaoka MP-10 and Audio Technica AT 120E and the American Pickering NP/ATE. Without having three identical turntable / arm combinations, instant A/B comparisons are just not possible. To counteract this I employed two turntables, my usual Linn Sondeck and the brand new Ariston RD80L (more next month) both fitted with SME pick-up arms linked with a QED switching box. Each contender was then compared with the highly acclaimed (and more expensive) ADC XLM which became the reference. Also, by employing the new SME MK3 which has a detachable arm facility, each cartridge could be heard a minute or so apart with a minimum of adjustments. Although it was of course introducing yet another variable, the same passage of music was recorded via all three onto a Revox reel-reel tape deck and then compared. These three procedures should serve to iron out any abnormalities that might be thrown up by utilizing one method only. Ancillary equipment comprised my veteran combination of Quad valve amp and Electrostatic speakers. Tests were done in each case to determine optimum tracking force, and as usual, it was towards the top end of the specified range, with the exception of the Pickering, whereby no improvement was detected beyond 2 1/2 grams. First up with a TSP of £15 we have the Audio - Technica AT120E. This had what can be best described as a raunchy flavour, reasonably hard and with a lot of attack and bite. Mid-range detail was reasonable and bass performance was quite satisfactory. A good lively performer overall.

The Pickering NP/ATE can be found at a TSP of £12.25

WITH THE considerable success that the Sony Stowaway has achieved, it was perhaps inevitable that other manufacturers would follow Sony's lead. That one of the first is from Amstrad, with their Model 606, shouldn't surprise anyone either. Amstrad are a very progressive British manufacturer / importer who have something of a reputation for beating the Japanese at their own game. When a new trend appears on the horizon, Amstrad are able to react very swiftly and bring out their own version — generally at a much lower price. It must be said that Amstrad's policy of building to a price is not without its shortcomings. Shall we say that in the bottom end of the hifi market, Amstrad's name is not exactly synonymous with the ultimate in reliability. The 606, which is incidentally of Japanese origin, is well in line with Amstrad's ultra-competitive pricing policy and is now becoming generally available at between £50 — £60.

The 606 is every bit as compact as the Stowaway, measuring just 5 1/4" x 3 3/4" x 1 1/4". Controls, with the exception of the stop key, are grouped in recessed panels on the top side. Push buttons are provided for rewind, play, fast forward and eject. By depressing either fast forward or rewind whilst in the play mode, it's possible to cue or review at speed to find a particular passage on the tape. Volume is adjusted by two sliders, one for each channel. The volume scale is graduated between 0-10 and near the maximum mark the 606 really can sound pretty loud. Cassettes are loaded into a panel on the side. This is not the smoothest operation in the world but works well enough after a few practice runs.

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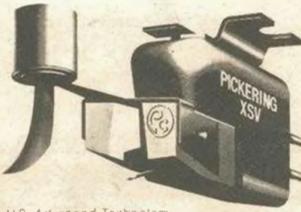
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Siouxsie and the Banshees
999
Athletico Spizz
80

New York
THREE BANDS, lumped together for convenience and packaging. An "English extravaganza", notable for being only the second time promoter Ron Delsener has allowed a band without a US recording deal to headline at his Palladium.

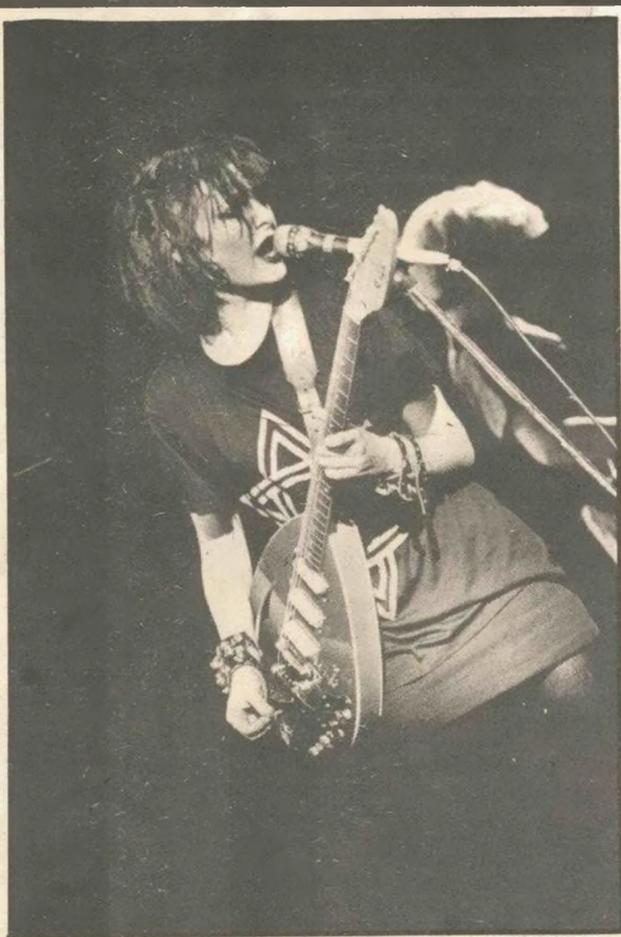
Athletico Spizz 80 are the underdogs here, faced with a mostly indifferent audience in a large hall unsuited to their personality. They make the best of a bad situation and win some friends.

They open with 'Airships', an instrumental full of mounting tension and surprisingly coherent guitar noise. Great sound. After this Spizz abandons his guitar and concentrates on playing to the audience. His singing is good, his movements on stage even better, but they seem auxiliary to his attempts at breaking down the coldness and formality of a Big Gig. He does a lot of jumping around, a lot of comical motion, a lot of talking to the audience. It's fun.

'Soldier Soldier' and 'Where's Captain Kirk' are recognised by some of the crowd, and they sound great: propulsive, danceable, fun, and quirky enough to distinguish themselves from the thousands of other songs that could be described the same way.

Spizz and company do amazingly well at bringing a natural friendliness and warmth to a hard environment.

999 have always gone over well with American audiences, and I've never been able to understand why.



Siouxsie. Pic Joe Stevens

They have two catchy songs: 'Let's Face It', which opens the set, and 'Homicide', which closes it. But 'Feeling Alright With The Crew', another centerpiece of the set, comes across as plodding, tuneless, one of the least anthemic or rousing odes to comradery in the history of rock. For the rest, I keep hearing chords and arrangements snatched straight from The Dictators, who at least managed to be funny as they straddled the punk-heavy metal line.

But the crowd love 999 and dance in the aisles. It seems this brand of "punk rock" is a

abrasive and chilling, but centered on a beat as deep and natural as a heart pumping. John McGeoch is a great guitarist. His sound often reminds me of Keith Levine or Pat Place, yet his own individuality takes it beyond any comparison.

The set careens wildly between extremes of mood and sound, from soft, acoustic guitar fables like 'Christine' to raucous, screeching attacks of murky noise. 'Israel' is a standout, McGeoch getting a stunning, crystalline sound and Siouxsie's singing clear, almost pretty, yet assertive and disturbing. 'Red Light' is another, with Severin moving to synthesiser to create an ominous undercurrent, the song full of texture and exciting rhythm.

The visual contrast of the dark haired Siouxsie and her three dyed-blond men is contrived, but it is also stylish and effective, and much a relief after 999's stodgy orthodoxy. The Banshees sometimes let image, presence and atmosphere win out over ideas, feelings and content. But they have the skill to succeed in creating just the right atmosphere — from horror-film menace to 'Happy House' exhilaration. They are sometimes deliberately ugly, but that doesn't mean they deny beauty or its uses.

Siouxsie thumbs her nose at the audience a few times, in fun, but there's no suggestion of indifference in her attitude. I would prefer less of her screeching and more of her singing (she has a good voice when she wants to use it), but there is logic to her choices. She seems in touch with her audience and with herself.

They get two encores, not a proforma response and not merely fan adulation. They played a long and varied set, and along the way lost some of the audience. But their music has only a few handles to grab and in it, beauty and ugliness play an ironic push-pull game. Those who stayed with it felt the rewards.

Richard Grabel

The Atrix

Hope and Anchor

ABOUT TWO years ago, with the emergence of various synthesiser-orientated outfits, it was thought that pop music was heading for a healthy upheaval and the subsequent result would be the crossbreeding of various styles and ideas to make the content of daytime radio listening comparatively fascinating.

But it never happened. Things soon settled down, and in the wake of Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark a crop of groups were subsumed into the mainstream leaving its flow uninterrupted. Bland, tuneless and artificial, the new bank clerks who failed to make it with power pop have found refuge with major labels everywhere.

Dublin band The Atrix, for most of the time, join these ranks. They're in possession of suitably moderne lyrics and musical anonymity. What they lack in content they attempt to cloak in a formulated staccato piercing which is more likely to irritate than prompt dancing. They're certainly not a young band and their music smacks of barefaced opportunism, blatantly contrived with all the wrong ingredients.

There are, however, several passable singles in their set, though the recently released 'Graphite Pile' is certainly not one of them — it's a wretched drag through ratty harmonies and based on a tiresome preoccupation with inanimate objects.

The Atrix are the sort of group I'd expect to be laying on the entertainment at a Vicar's tea party. Instead they are called back for two encores by a crowd as drab and unimaginative as themselves. To be fair, they are really no worse than a lot of their opposition. But they're no better either; and there, as they say, is the rub.

Gavin Martin

boogie music equivalent for a new audience; just a faster but no more inspiring beat to shake your body to by rote. 999 are old and inconsistent.

Siouxsie And The Banshees' opening — darkness and squealing feedback, lights revealing Siouxsie posing like Kabuki grotesquerie — is pretentious beyond excuse, and the 'Helter Skelter' it heralds more a butchering than an interpretation. But 'Playground Twist', which follows, puts things back on track. It's a spooky, sometimes uncomfortable ride, but well worth the price.

The Banshees' sound is

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The Age Of (Cons) piracy

From page 19

Diana Ross and Abba, but I've gone off them although they've got great voices.

"Punk and The Sex Pistols I was obviously too young for. I didn't like it 'cos it was too noisy and I couldn't understand what they were singing about.

"I don't mind singing these lyrics as long as they aren't too harsh. It took me a while to get used to them. I thought they were offensive at first. I thought, What's all this stuff about sex? Sex, sex, sex! It's all in the brain, it's *st-uuuuupid!* But they explained to me that it's less boring and something different from boring old love songs. All that *'my baby left me'*. Always about 'me'. I like singing and involving other people.

"Chicken magazine? I don't really care about that. I don't care at all — it just gets me down. It was a private thing right and one guy tells the press and they start ringing up my home. It's none of their business. This guy — Fred Vermorel — he got his money back and he involved people he didn't need to."

ALTHOUGH ANNABELLA is developing the *savoir faire* to front a lime-light rock'n'roll group she isn't a particularly precocious 15 year old. This time last year she was at school in Kilburn, a normal child. Now she has to attend promotional tours around the country; she doesn't receive a formal education. The 'discovery' of Miss Lu-Win is not however as legendary as it has been painted. For a start McLaren didn't find her in a launderette. GET IT RIGHT.

"It wasn't a launderette. It was a dry cleaners. It wasn't particularly funny, it's a natural everyday occurrence, it just happened. I put the tickets on the clothes after they'd been cleaned, a part-time Saturday job. I used to singalong with the radio all the time and one day someone came up to me and said, Excuse me. My name's Malcolm McLaren. I wonder if you'd like to do an audition for me? I said, 'What'???' He said, an audition. Do you sing a lot, like professionally, in a group? I said, Oh no! I just singalong to records. He said, I've been looking for some singers for a group I got together, so I said, I'm not sure. Can I bring a friend along?

"He gave me the address of this studio, Rollerball, London Bridge and next day someone came and took us down there. I had a really

bad cold that day and I was ever so embarrassed. I couldn't sing properly. I did a couple of rock songs and they said, Don't call us . . .

"I went home and forgot about it then they said the manager wanted to hear me personally. He came round and heard me sing some Stevie Wonder songs and some Earth, Wind and Fire. He wanted me to sing some rock'n'roll, like 'Blue Moon' and I didn't like that at all. Eventually I met the guys and the auditions became rehearsals.

"Now I go to this private school. Next year I'll be going to a drama school. At the moment it's not really work. We study film stars and that. Some guy wants to do something about James Dean. We can work if we want to but it isn't like school. It's in this woman's house. We aren't treated like normal school kids."

So, at the tender age of 15, Annabella is flung into the camp world of rock showbiz, that effete milieu which destroys or perverts most people much older than her. It's true that the glamour supporting the facade of the music business is a terrific lie. Rock stars are told and then imagine themselves to be removed from the drudgery that is everyone else's pitiful lot but in reality 98.6 per cent of them can't even tie up their own shoe laces without their manager's advice.

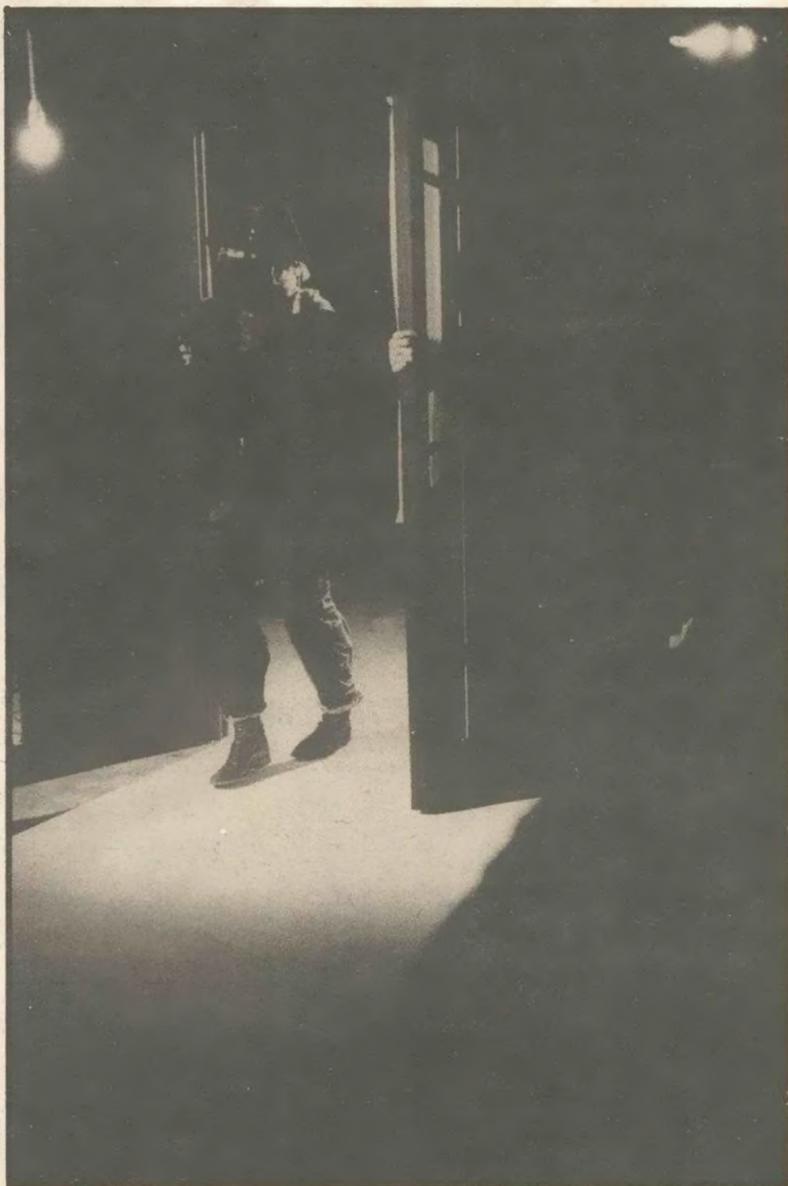
For Bow Wow Wow the present is exciting and fresh and so are they, although some people will point to their manager and see someone of questionable moral stature, a man bounding with clever ideas — many of them exceedingly dodgy. Maybe there is nothing to it though and the clothes and the fun will see them through.

As Barbarossa says, "Look if you'd got hundreds of quid's worth of clothes for nothing you'd wear them."

To Annabella its "not so drab. It's a bit outrageous and that's something I never was. I was really very in. People think you're weird but it'll catch on, when other people are still sitting in their long grey coats . . ."

For now Annabella doesn't sound like someone who is being manipulated and more significantly she doesn't sound as if anyone will pull a fast one on her anyhow.

"I didn't want to be a singer. No, I wanted to be an air stewardess and I still do. I think it would be great. A change. 'Cos I'm not really cut out for this business, y'know what I mean? (Confidentially) Truthfully,



Pic: Pennie Smith

Look, Malcolm, we've told you once already, you're not getting your picture in this feature.

it's strange that I'm still here. I don't feel like going very far. I've heard from people who have been in it a long time that it can be really bad, a cut-throat business. Plus I'm stuck with this odd manager and this strange group and they've all got reputations and I'm just this school girl.

"I don't want people to think I'm a little sweetie 'cos I'm not. I want to make my mark on the world, maybe as a singing stewardess. I can't imagine being 25 and singing as a career. I'd rather get round the world and meet people. Do it my way."

Now, where have I heard that line before?

WILTON FELDER

From page 26

we're, as you put it, over-extending ourselves.

"My own albums represent what I feel; they're designed to accompany me, rather than present me as part of the band. My earlier 'We All Have A Star' album told a story in songs that I continue on 'Inherit The Wind'. That's to say there are various ways of saying we all have a star, that there's a reason for us all being here. The new album is a continuation of that same thought. Just as you can't reach out and grab the wind, you keep striving for it. The new album is more soulful or funky. The next might be another side of me, leaning towards the jazz influence or whatever."

So there's no undue calculation involved in, say, a disco cut like 'Insight'?

"No. What I'm doing on that song, that's as much a part of me as anything else. In the context of The Crusaders people have begun to say what they think my style is. They don't know me at all. The Crusaders' solo albums, they help us find out who we are and what we are. There are certain things on them we can't present within the context of the group. You either like them or you don't."

Quite so.

MULLING OVER the interview much later, it occurs to me that — whether Felder cares to admit it or not — the success of 'Street Life' has been incredibly significant, although not for

obvious reasons.

In all probability, it did take The Crusaders by surprise, but its real effect has been to open doors that were previously closed to the band. The Crusaders strongly resent the peremptory treatment they have at times received from the recording industry, which is why they now claim such a sizeable degree of control over their destinies. The days of endless sessions, good, bad and indifferent, for Felder and Sample are over.

The band have suddenly become a mass-marketable commodity, and as a result they will continue to tailor their music towards the very definite end of amassing the resources they need to start their own record company. The Crusaders have always craved independence, and now it is within reach. Once they win it, they'll hasten to satisfy their more extravagant ambitions, recording with large orchestras and the like, but are also just as likely to move the remainder of their music's emotional base away from Los Angeles and back to Texas — in other words, to toughen it up again.

The Crusaders also hope to sign and succour fellow Texans like saxophonist Arnett Cobb, who's only one of many such to have suffered from serious neglect on the industry's part.

But the aesthetic price for all this has to be paid, at least in the short term. The Crusaders are both accommodating themselves to new commercial pressures and resisting the more detrimental effects of these pressures. Given the industry's prevalently dismissive or patronising attitude to what's loosely circumscribed as "jazz", it's

absurd to insist that musicians like The Crusaders run their ship aground on the reef of unwavering principle.

There are however degrees of acceptance of the inevitable (i.e. market forces) and, although Felder talks earnestly and sincerely about "integrity" and such, he'd probably be the first to admit as much.

In the current climate words like "compromise" lose much of their perjorative meaning. As Josef Zawinul said recently, everybody has to find their own level, do what they can under the circumstances.

The Crusaders have never taken their music to the extremes of the avant-garde — that's not where they're coming from or going to — but their commitment to their own ideals has been impressively constant. Wider success has come late to them, and they want it both ways — on its own terms and on theirs. They're absolutely entitled to do so.

Ultimately, it's not even that softer-centred albums like 'Rhapsody And Blues' or 'Inherit The Wind' are cop-outs. On the contrary, for The Crusaders they're very

necessary stepping stones. Personally I don't greatly care for them but, as Felder insists, that's my problem.

"The whole thing is this," he concludes, "the musician has always to appreciate this fact — that the man who's coming to see him might be that same man who's just got off that job and has spent his last 20 dollars to come and see you play. He's employment for you, he provides your living, and he's the one you can never sell short. And I don't think we ever have."

Believe it or not, neither do I.

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Too funky in here

Danny Baker is usually one of the less blinkered hacks on your infamous circular. He always reminds me of the little sod in the *Emperor's New Clothes* who wouldn't keep his mouth shut. However, our Dan has been getting a little restless lately, shoving groups into nice, neat pigeon-holes left, right and liberal.

His opening shot in his 'British Funk' article was very reminiscent of his Teardrop Explodes single review where he stuck a label marked "psychedelic" on the group and proceeded to give a paranoid display about how the risk of such groups rising to fame could send us back to the dark days of the early '70s (or so he implied). Now he turns to the newish-wave 'Funky' groups. Apparently, they do not seem to fit into his "funk" category as they don't know what the term means — I don't either! Here's me thinking that funk was merely a rhythmic emphasis which made records easier to dance to. Okay, some can play it better than others and I do find it easier to dance to records which sound like a mob of woodpeckers on speed, but that's hardly a reason to kill off any group that tries to assemble something more danceable than a power-chord morass.

I'm sure that if you told Mr Worrell (a member of the Talking Heads live band) that he did not know how to play funk, he would get very nasty and parcel you off to George Clinton for a lesson on the Pinnocchio Theory with Bootsy. The Talking Heads' recent re-shuffle highlighted a problem with would-be funk bands; there is no way a standard four-piece group can simulate a hot disco 12" on stage. More members have to be drafted in to handle percussion or whatever which would mean the group's meagre profits (if they have any) being decimated. Few good funk bands exist outside the studio with a set personnel. If the Gang Of Four started to become an army, they would hardly be the Gang of Four anymore, in more than one sense.

All Danny Baker's article contributed was yet another piece of tribal segregation. I find it quite easy to like A Certain Ratio and Lonnie Liston Smith, but judging by the new funkateers' attitude, if I made this known I would be dragged out of the bogs and mounted on a stake as an example of a "rock hippy". Whatever happened to individuals? I know it's hard when you have to work on the same paper as Paul Morley and Ian Penman, but next time, Dan, hold your breath and count to ten slowly.

I bet I'm a better dancer than you.

An hopeless schizo (or even quadro), Pinehurst, Swindon. Ah, the sweet, heady scent of raw controversy... more! - CSM.

An open verbal to Danny 'Get Down' Baker: I'm glad you and the funkateers are enjoying your scene. I understand your anger at the self-important rock writers missing the beat again; it's been like that for twelve years now for the Northern/60s Soul Scene. My main criticism of the new funk is that the music is just a pale

imitation/derivation of the '60s, stuff played over the country since 1968. Funk started about then, with Dyke and the Players-style groups and reached a peak around '70 to '74 with Kool and the Gang, The JB's, The Fatback Band etc. After that came the excellent Philly sound, which degenerated into the Disco boom and endless variations on a mixture of these two styles. Chris Hill was playing the sounds then (and well before), and now he's got just as much of a "dinosaur" on his hands (nasty!) as the Northern fans



Illustration: Jill Mumford

record). Look at this: "How did you get interested in Celtic mythology?" "I'm interested in being English". Stanshall found Penman tedious. So did I. Did dear Ed. think that Penman's verbose scribbles were similar to Rawlinson's "idiom", folklore reference, pun, rhyme and rhythm" and did he think the two would get on well enough to conjure up a worthwhile interview? Christ, not likely.

I just wish that Penman's interview and record reviews were "seducing one's attention" right now. It would add to the quality of life at present and would stop me feeling ill after digesting some stupid journalism. *Vince, Kings Reach Tower. Never mind, Penman — did you see Toyah Wilcox 'interviewing' Stanshall on Friday Night And Saturday Morning? That's entertainment! — CSM.*

Scots

I wonder if I may ask a simple question? When the average price of a ticket to a rock show is £3.50, why does Rod Stewart charge £8.00?

Anthony Sinclair, London N16 Dunno. The Who & The Police — hardly less 'big' — only charge a fiver so you work it out — CSM.

Next letter, please. — IPC Legal Department.

What's the big idea?

Charles Murray gave the game away last week. The "idea of Springsteen" indeed, the "idea of the Police"? At this very moment 'Hungry Heart' has just come on the radio. It is the only track I have heard off 'The River' so far (no "Bruce-bore", I). I am not aware of the "idea of Springsteen". I am aware that I am enjoying the song. I am aware that he produces superlative music. That is all.

This seems to me to be the crux of the whole problem of rock journalism. You try to write music but cannot. This is plainly so, aural experience cannot be described in verbal terms.

So? What do you do? A few years ago you would examine the lyrics — after a while a well written set of lyrics became a good album.

Then, courtesy of M. McLaren came — *the idea behind the band, the concept*. But most bands exist to create music, not to trade in concepts. Most bands have no master plan, no clear concept behind their existence. Therefore (and here is the rub) the master plan must be created by whom? The rock journalists.

Thus the bands are set up by the critics — in Springsteen's case as humanitarian, egalitarian, relevant, then they are shot down by the critics for playing up to the plebs, giving them what they want, refusing to face the real problems of the '80s, crying in their beer.

I listen to The Police. Sometimes I like the sound, sometimes I don't. Ditto Springsteen. As for the "idea of the Police", the "idea of Springsteen," what is it? I don't know — I don't care. I am afraid I will insist on keeping on enjoying the music. I advise your other readers to do likewise — and to hell with Burchill "challenging the idea" of X, Y or Z.

Coleen Cille, Derry, N. Ireland. The idea of 'the idea' predates McLaren quite considerably, Coleen. What about 'the idea' of Elvis, the Stones, Otis, Doors, Hendrix, Marley, Bowie or Roxy? The music cannot exist in a vacuum, it carries 'the idea' and always has. For further information, keep reading NME — CSM.

"Trade cost £0.50p retailing at £0.90p inc." (quote from record company handout). That's the way the money goes... *Graham Larkbey, Swansea. Where? Where? — CSM.*

have with their going back to the real McCoy.

Modern funk has no major musical movements or artists; the last was probably the P-Funk gang. The rest are one to three hit faceless wonders with forgettable names, or old soul/jazz masters going through the motions. Northern isn't so hypocritical on the playing policy either. Chris Hill consistently states that 'new' music is the only stuff, but then you start getting Oldies Nights and spots at the Royalty and elsewhere. They heard that the Northern funk places were getting good reactions to the late '70s obscurities and ethics went out of the window.

The atmosphere in the North has always been that friendly happening soul feeling you described. It has even been imported to London on a fortnightly basis, with a mixture of young locals bored with the Mod/Punk groups, but not wanting to put on the plastic groove smiles of the funk DJs.

Funk is one of the most bitterly commercial scenes. I've seen; promoters devising cheap gimmicks to attract the Sheena-Easton-principled punters to the glamour events. We've got kids travelling from Stoke, Durham, North Wales, Portsmouth etc. for a four hour session in a seedy pub room with next to no advertising and one posey review recently tried to explain us away as the white answer/reaction to funk, which has never affected us in twelve years.

I'm pleased to see that funk is getting a British flavour; that's when it'll get valid as an alternative to Maxine Brown, Ray Charles, Stax, Chess, Detroit. Accept no substitutes. *Harboro Horace. He didn't, he won't, he hasn't. — CSM.*

Get down, stay down

"I'm bored stiff with Anarchists, communists, anti-fashioners and anti-nuclearers. As far as I'm concerned, personal politics are much more important."

Well I hope that if a nuclear error or police state finally arrive, Kevin Rowland will be the first to kiss his pompous ego goodbye. Introspection and old Stax records won't help you then, pal. *Barry, Moseley, Birmingham. I'm afraid we've got dishonest hippie readers too, Kevin. — CSM*

Comfortably caged

Oh Paul! verily my heart bleeds for you. How a person so powerful and committed yet faithful, insecure and honest can exist in the nasty world of the music press is beyond me. You must be in a shocking dilemma and under a terrible strain contaminating us with all this drivel. *J.A.W.H., Sheffield 10 I'm glad that someone appreciates the depredations of the living hell that Marley endures in the pursuit of his calling. — CSM.*

Paul Morley in the Killing Joke article reminds me of Tony Hancock attempting to decipher Bertrand Russell. Only he has landed somewhere between the two. *A J Ercough Yeah, Russell's Half Hour was always one of Morley's faves. — CSM.*

A caged animal rattling the bars half-heartedly, comfortably confined. If the cage doors burst open, I think Morley would prefer to stay where he is. Familiar ground. *Paul Weller, Woking. "That's probably true, actually," quoth Morley when I showed him your missive. On the other hand, Paul Morley is exactly who he says he is. Are you? — CSM.*

First Bow Wow Wow release a single encouraging home taping. Then they release an eight track cassette. Surely Mr McLaren must realise not everybody has facilities for recording off a tape at home? *Home Taper, Ayrshire. You mean you don't have two cassette decks? Malcolm will be surprised. — CSM.*

The Citizen might be that McLaren chap, but even unflappable I was astonished by the reference to John Clare in your pages. This is noble and should be continued. *Conrad, Hatch End, Middx. It will be. Incidentally, Malcolm McLaren and The Citizen are three different people. — CSM.*

Lynott lunched

How ironic it was that the only letter you have printed concerning Thin Lizzy's deplorable single should be published on the day that the Ripper killed yet again.

It may only be rock and roll to all those concerned with the heavy (macho) metal brigade, but let's get one thing straight. Songs about violence towards, and the degradation of, women are not amusing — they are disgusting and offensive.

While millions of women in the North of England live with a real fear of this deranged psycho, Phil Lynott is no doubt laughing all the way to the bank.

Smeg, St Helens, Merseyside. The trouble is that Phil Lynott is seriously (subjectively) convinced that his song is innocent. (Objectively) I think he's wrong and that the song's effect is exploitative and degrading. One case of total out-to-lunchness and bad judgement, knowharramean? — CSM.

More letters about refrigerators

I noted with interest that in one of your recent publications you stated that 1% of your readers in the Norwich area had recently acquired a new refrigerator. We have just got a new fridge. I was fascinated with the thought of being one in a hundred, but it's wearing off now. *Arthur, Norwich*

I also have recently acquired a refrigerator. Is this purely co-incidental? *D Sampson, York. Of course not. It's all part of a cosmic pattern which I am not*

yet allowed to explain. And now, let's hear from someone who hasn't. — CSM.

Eccchuality

Good God, how the hell am I supposed to understand that lemon Ian Penman when he comes out with words like 'entropic eccchaulatiy', 'archaic' and 'sublimed racism', to name but a few in his television column (NME 22.11.80).

Listen, Penman, we didn't all go to Eton and I for one don't sit up at all hours of the night learning new, big words that no member of the everyday public is going to know, you doughnut. *Hop, President of The Peter Higgins's Nose Is Too Big Campaign, Gosport Division. Eton? Penman's been improving his word power with the Readers' Digest since he was two, mate. — CSM.*

Twice since having stopped reading NME on a permanent basis I have come across Ian Penman and articles of his from which I wanted information. One was Pere Ubu's latest LP and the second was his interview with Vivian Stanshall.

What is the use of Ian Penman's style of English if you want a reasonably objective, informative piece of prose? Pere Ubu's review was worthless simply because I couldn't understand it. I will not however dwell on this. What is a newspaper for if it isn't to put a point across clearly? If Ian Penman were funny he might be redeemed — but he isn't.

What amazes me is that he is sent to interview Vivian Stanshall. Presuming your staff's politics to be on the deeper shade of red side, I'm surprised anyone went to interview him at all. Plainly Penman v. Stanshall didn't work. It's as though the two met accidentally in the pub and Stanshall were just humouring Penman. We never once got any insight into Stanshall (you get more by listening to the

GASBAG

A quick whiff of readers' opinions sampled by Charles Shaar Murray

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BETTER BADGES

This List Week

1 (3) Ant Music	20p
2 (5) Ants - Invasion '80	20p
3 (5) Jam - Start	20p
4 (-) Ants - No 1	20p
5 (1) CND	20p
6 (5) Dead Kennedy's - Cambodia	20p
7 (-) Ants - Physical	20p
8 (5) Jam - Tube Station	20p
9 (-) Cross - Anti War	20p
10 (-) Ants - No 2	20p

New Releases (20p)

Selector - Too Much Pressure, US40, Echo & The Bunnymen, Bowie - Ashes To Ashes, Adicts, New Slez, Souzise - Kaleidoscope, Ski Patrol, Carpettes, Au-Pairs, Meteors, Black Slate, Royal Rasses, The Beat - Stand Down Margret, Mo-Dettes - Story So Far, This Heat, Health & Efficiency, Studio 1, Girls At Our Best, Benn Brain, The Demons, The Petcocks, New Cabaret Voltaire, New Essential Logic, Scientists FANZINE? - Toxic, Graffiti with Grass Pleas 65p (inc P&P)

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T-zers brings you yet more bright young things. Come on now, you can't be that sick of them yet and this is the last week, promise. At Steve Strange's party (see T-zers column) we see above a rather striking Fay Fife clone. This is all very well when you attempt to imitate Eugene's barnet as well (right) things can go badly wrong. Below we see one Molly Parkin (left) who's quite famous for doing something or other, dancing with the Strange one himself, who's quite famous for doing not very much at all. All pix: Gabor J F Scott



GOOD DAY to you. Guten Tag! Uh, bonjour, Sayonara! (Sayonara?) And a big howdy, pardners. Yes, your multi-lingual T-Zers page comes to you this week direct from the fun-filled, world-welcoming Carnaby Street pedestrian precinct — Europe's most shamelessly commercialised tourist trap, set right in the heart of London's glamorous West End. Try one of our cut-price 'personalised T-Zers'. Your name printed here! Just select the malicious rumour or misleading factoid of your choice and we'll do the rest. Alternatively, just hand over your cash and clear off out of our town, you funny-speaking tube-congesting trash-collecting pains in the neck, and leave us to get on with the really interesting stuff...

Like discussing Toyah Willcox's disastrous debut as a chat-show hostess on *Friday Night... Saturday Morning*. While her guests Steve Strange and Derek Jarman floundered under a barrage of "mind-numbing questions and 'fantastics'", it was left to the "proprate Viv Stanshall to 'stage the affair and restore the semblance of normality, not to mention good ol' fashioned abuse... And then, of course, there was the party of the weekend, wasn't there? Oh, you know the one: Steve Strange's Venue bash to launch his new Visage album (that features Midge Ure, Rusty Egan, Billie Currie, Dave Formula and John McGeoch). And naturally, everyone who was anyone was there, plus a considerable number we're not sure about. Steve Jones rubbed shoulders with Lol Creme and Kevin Godley and Hall & Oates, Cherry Vanilla, Molly Parkin, Spandau Ballet and Jasper Conran; Richard Strange (no relation) rubbed shoulders with anyone tall enough. Members Nicky Tesco and JC rubbed shoulders with each other, and sundry ex-Hellites and Blitzniks stood around providing a suitably effete and photogenic backdrop to the entire proceedings. NME observer Paul Tickell rubbed shoulders with himself, and accidentally started a whole new dance craze in so doing...

Incidentally, where is famed film-music supremo John Barry now that Virgin Records are trying to track him down? And for why? Because *Magazine* have taken it into their collective head that they want the suddenly-credible muzak maestro to produce their next album... And if that sounds dodgy, then try this: Smilin' Kev Rowland, singer with Happy Men Of Rock Dexy's MRs, went on Ireland's Radio Telefis Eirran — you know, the station you always pick up by mistake — to spout something to the effect that violence should be decriminalised. Huh? ... Up to 1,000 punters turned away at Japan's Lyceum show last Thursday, 'tis claimed. What the lucky ones inside got treated to, in between all that boring music stuff, was 20 minutes of pure silence — all down to the blowing of a lowly 13-amp fuse. Maybe that's why we've been asked to "give a plug" to their January show at Hammersmith Palais (no date arranged just yet), put on to accommodate the Lyceum outsiders... Before we go any further, congratulations to super-astute reader Paul Richard Eden of Barking, Essex. He was the first to spot that the mysterious Toblerone reference in *The Citizen* of the week before last referred to the object appearing on the desk next to Sir Isaac Newton on the back of a pound note. Paul therefore received our stupendous grand prize of

one pound, which will not be presented to him personally at a ceremony in London by Miss Britt Ekland, but will in fact be posted to him just as soon as we've figured out how to raise it. Two other smart-arses, David Brown of Edinburgh and Tony Croft of Preston, will each be receiving special runners-up prizes of precisely nothing at all... Erm, 'hallo to the Natty Frogs'... Ignore that last T-Zer, it won't happen again we assure you. Let's get back to business with the news that New York's finest will be hitting the Rainbow on 23 February next year. Ladeez'n'gentlemen, stand by for The Bush Tetras, Bongoes, Fleshtones and Chris Stamey & The Db's...

BELIEVE as much of the following as you see fit, using your own skill and judgement. The Human League have indeed incorporated two girl singers into their line-up. These are Joanne, 18, and Susanne, 17. They were discovered, so the story goes, at a certain Sheffield niterie named 'The Crazy Daizy' disco, where Philip Oakey espied them "dancing differently to anyone in the building" and promptly invited them to join his group. It transpires, moreover, that Susanne's father is a champion pistol shooter, with a heat! ... distrust of all things rock'n'roll. "If

anything happens to my daughter," he told Oakey sternly, "I'll kill you". Stifling a gulp, our Phil replied: "If anything happens to your daughter, I'll kill myself first"... As if that wasn't pressure enough for the poor lads, the Leaguers suffered an acute jitter attack just before their recent Cologne show, upon being told that their heroes Kraftwerk were in the audience. They went on and played a set which observers describe as "diabolical" in consequence... On to weightier matters. T-Zers is now proud to present — wait for it — the NME/Tony Benn interview. Returning from the Liverpool Unemployment march at the weekend, our man on the spot found himself approached by the Great Man: "Is there a buffet on this train?" he asked, penetratingly. "No," came our man's rapier-witted riposte. "You should have got your carry-out before you got on." Teams of analysts are now scouring every nuance of this exchange for its doubtlessly immense political significance. Our same man on the spot had rather less success at the rally itself, missing the platform speakers like Pat Phoenix and cult-figure Mikey Foot, because the march was so bloody long he didn't reach the end until it was all over... In last week's *Singles* page, Andy Gill referred to the band DNA as Americans. In fact they come from Clapham, which

isn't even close really. Said an indignant DNA over the phone: "I don't mind the bad review, but I don't like being called a Yankee!"... Upcoming foul-mouthed Xmas album *The Yobs* (alter-ego to *The Boys*) to retail at £1.99 (cries of 'Robbery!', 'Too dear!' etc.) when in fact the minimum price for any chart-eligible LP is £2.01. Below that magic figure it seems the BMRB will not consider a record worthy of inclusion, thus blowing *The Yobs'* hopes of Christmas hit-dom good and proper. Phew, that was a close one... And yet more hard information (whaddya think this is, a newspaper?)... Andy Anderson, drummer with Inner City Unit, is as of now the drummer with brand new band *The Royals*. Also, he'd like to thank all who sent him grapes and flowers after our report of his trouncing at the hands of unidentified dastardly assailants...

NOW THAT she's turned whatsisname thingy jeans into an unforgettable household word, Debbie Harry has been hired by those giants of private enterprise Chrysler Automobiles (five billion dollars in US state subsidy at the last count) to flog a few cars for them. Also signing on the dotted line is one Frank Sinatra, pal of Ronald Raygun, fearless denouncer of all scroungers of public money (well, nearly all)... And can it be true that Debs and Chris are getting so isolated from their fellow Blondies that poor old Frank Infante has to speak to them through the record company?... Could it also be true (although the news is so perfectly banal that we see no earthly reason why it should not) that Fats Domino and Ray Charles are to feature in the new Clint Eastwood picture 'Any Which Way You Can'?... Early morning calls last Friday for *Motorhead* and their road crew. Around 6.30 a.m. they were all awakened at their respective homes by members of the *Special Patrol Group* searching for assorted "substances". Certain things were found, although nobody's been charged as yet. "It was all small stuff," explains

personable bass-player Lemmy, 17. "They found a bit of stuff at my place but it wasn't mine. I think they thought they were on to some big dealing syndicate!"... Next *Pretenders* single to be 'Just Can't Go To Sleep', plundered from the self-same debut *Kinks'* elpee as 'Stop Your Sobbing'... And talking of wacky Viv Stanshall, which we were about half an hour ago, he'll be signing copies of his book *Sir Henry At Rawlinson End* at The Magic Bus bookshop in Richmond on December 12... Hard times: *Only Ones'* John Perry currently driving a mini-cab. No truth in the rumour, though, that Peter Perrett is working in a takeaway kebab restaurant...

OK, SO Cosey Fanny Tutti hires herself out as a stripper for £115 per hour, according to the *Sunday Times Magazine*. What we want to know is — how much does she charge to inflict those unbearable guitar scratchings on the populace with *Throbbing Gristle?* (*We do?? — Ed.*)... Will Superman of Stoke-on-Trent get in touch with Monty Smith... And talking of super men, fun-packed Adidas bags *Dexys Midnight Runners* withdrew their original copy for the ad. on page 27, thus depriving the world of penetrating insights along the lines of "I went into a cafe and bought some tea. The girl sitting across from me was reading a music paper, the one that likes to call us funny names. She could well have been one of those people who wrote in reassuring (sic) those fine journalists, telling them to take no notice of idiots like us." Hmmm. On the other hand, of course, she could well have been a right berk. The ad. continues: "I remember thinking that the paper she was reading wasn't as good as the other paper, the one which was so upset by our questioning (sic) their authority, that they made digs at us in their reviews of other people. The same paper warned us about 1984. Ha Ha! The irony; even Rowland had laughed at that." We here at T-Zers refuse to believe that Rowland has ever laughed at anything...

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