

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

**Mourning thousands
besiege downtown New
York after the horrific
murder of John Lennon
Inside: Full story & tributes**



JOHN ONO LENNON

9 October 1940 - 8 December 1980

**“WAR IS OVER
IF YOU WANT IT.”**



The scene: a marketing consultant's office. Jeff Marketing and Barry Consultant are worried.
Jeff: "Christ, Barry, we had the 'we love you, Gracery' angle all worked out for the Christmas market but some other schmucks beat us to it. What we gonna do?"
Barry: "Don't worry, we'll go with this Jona Lewis guy — the Christmas with a social conscience angle. It worked with 'Streets Of London'."

Fig. Simon Fowler

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
December 13th, 1980

US SINGLES

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

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			
1	(3)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder
2	(1)	Greatest Hits	Kenny Rogers
3	(2)	Gulity	Barbra Streisand
4	(4)	The River	Bruce Springsteen
5	(7)	Eagles Live	The Eagles
6	(6)	Calmes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
7	(5)	The Game	Queen
8	(9)	One Step Closer	Doobie Brothers
9	(10)	Face	Earth, Wind & Fire
10	(11)	Back In Black	AC/DC
11	(8)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer
12	(12)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police
13	(13)	The Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond
14	(13)	Triumph	The Jacksons
15	(15)	Anna Murray's Greatest Hits	Anne Murray
16	(22)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon & Yoko Ono
17	(14)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
18	(18)	Greatest Hits Vol Two	Linda Ronstadt
19	(27)	Greatest Hits/Live	Heart
20	(16)	Diana	Diana Ross
21	(7)	Gaucho	Steely Dan
22	(20)	TP	Teddy Pendergrass
23	(17)	Alive	Kenny Loggins
24	(24)	Celebrate	Kool & The Gang
25	(21)	All Shook Up	Cheap Trick
26	(25)	Greatest Hits	The Doors
27	(92)	Autoamerican	Blondie
28	(30)	The Turn Of A Friendly Card	The Alan Parsons Project
29	(40)	Foolish Behaviour	Rod Stewart
30	(32)	Making Movies	Dina Shains

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



The scene: a marketing consultant's office. Hank Marketing and Eugene Consultant are positively distracted. Dr. Hook are on the deck.
Hank: "Looks like we really screwed up this year, Gene. We've been beaten to the punch. So what are we gonna do with this 'Granny got nukes but we love her anyway' number now?"
Eugene: "Save it for next year. Let's go with the old greatest hits compilation. It never fails."

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Super Trouper	Abba (Epic)
2	(3)	Gulity	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
3	(9)	Not The Nine O'Clock News	Cast (BBC)
4	(5)	Barry	Barry Manilow (Arista)
5	(6)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police (A&M)
6	(2)	Autoamerican	Blondie (Chrysalis)
7	(—)	Sound Effects	Jam (Polydor)
8	(4)	Foolish Behaviour	Rod Stewart (Riva)
9	(9)	Inspirations	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)
10	(—)	Dr Hook's Greatest Hits	Dr Hook (Capitol)
11	(11)	Kings Of The Wild Frontier	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
12	(12)	Jazz Singer	Neil Diamond (Capitol)
13	(23)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
14	(7)	Chart Explosion	Various (K-Tel)
15	(27)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff)
16	(14)	Country Legends	Various (Ronco)
17	(8)	Double Fantasy	John Lennon (Warner Bros/Geffen)
18	(25)	Making Waves	The Nolans (Epic)
19	(—)	MenHow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)
20	(—)	Signing Off	UB40 (Graduate)
21	(20)	Organisation	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)
22	(15)	Little Miss Dynamite	Brenda Lee (Warwick)
23	(—)	Classics For Dreaming	James Last (Polydor)
24	(28)	Gold	The Three Degrees (Arista/K-Tel)
25	(—)	Space Invaders	Various (Ronco)
26	(13)	The River	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
27	(18)	The Love Album	Various (K-Tel)
28	(19)	Ace Of Spades	Motorhead (Bronze)
29	(22)	Radio Active	Various (Ronco)
30	(16)	Loonle Tunes	Bad Manners (Magnet)

20 Golden Greets Of Ken Dodd — Ken Dodd (Warwick)
Laughter — Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)
The Legendary Big Bands — Various (Ronco)
Very Best Of Elton John — Elton John (K-Tel)
Sings 20 No. 1 Hits — Brotherhood Of Man (Warwick)
Gaucho — Steely Dan (MCA)

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(1)	Super Trouper	Abba (Epic)
2	(4)	Banana Republic	Boombtown Rate (Ensign)
3	(9)	Embarrassment	Madness (Stiff)
4	(2)	The Tide Is High	Blondie (Chrysalis)
5	(3)	I Could Be So Good For You	Dennis Waterman (EMI)
6	(—)	Stop The Cavalry	Jona Lewis (Stiff)
7	(8)	To Cut A Long Story Short	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)
8	(12)	Do You Feel My Love?	Eddie Grant (Ensign)
9	(5)	Celebration	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)
10	(11)	Starting Over	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)
11	(16)	Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie	UB40 (Graduate)
12	(—)	There's No One Quite Like Grandma	St Winifred's School Choir (MFP)
13	(6)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills (20th Century)
14	(15)	I'm Coming Out	Diana Ross (Motown)
15	(14)	Lady	Kenny Rogers (UA)
16	(30)	Runaway Boys	Stray Cats (Arista)
17	(—)	Lies	Status Quo (Vertigo)
18	(—)	Flash	Queen (EMI)
19	(25)	Rock'n'Roll Ain't Noise Pollution	AC/DC (Atlantic)
20	(—)	De Do Do De	The Police (A&M)
21	(7)	Fashion	David Bowie (RCA)
22	(10)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
23	(18)	Don't Walk Away Electric Light Orchestra	(Jet)
24	(—)	Ace Of Spades	Motorhead (Bronze)
25	(—)	The Cell Up	Clash (CBS)
26	(17)	I Like What You're Doing To Me	Young & Co. (Excalibur)
27	(27)	Dog Eat Dog	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
28	(23)	Love On The Rocks	Neil Diamond (Capitol)
29	(24)	Rabbit	Chas & Dave (Rockney)
30	(—)	Die Young	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)

BUBBLING UNDER

Israel — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor).
December Will Be Magic — Kate Bush (EMI).
Louis Quatorze — Bow Wow Wow (EMI).
Santa Claus Is Back In Town — Elvis Presley (RCA).
Boom Boom — Black Slate (Ensign).
Kiss On My List — Darryl Hall & John Oates (RCA).

INDIES 33s

1. Grotzow — The Fall (Rough Trade)
2. One Year Too Late To Be In America? — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
3. Signing Off — UB40 (Graduate)
4. Christmas Album — Yoko (Safari)
5. In Toy Town — Cravens (Small Wonder)
6. 384 — Lewis & Gilbert (AAD)
7. Clear — Joy Division (Factory)
8. Fresh Fruit & Rotting Vegetables — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
9. Return Of The Durutti Column — Durutti Column (Factory)
10. In The Flat Field — Bauhaus (4AD)

INDIES 45s

1. It's Obvious — Au Pairs (Hemion)
 2. At Last I'm Free — Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
 3. Eugene — Essential Logic (Rough Trade)
 4. Animal Space — Silb (Hemion)
 5. Why Don't Panagiotis Sign A Contract? — Pope Paul & The Romans (Glasgow Celtic)
 6. Boy Drinkers And Hall Rulers — Motorhead (Big Beat)
 7. 7 Minutes To Midnight — Wahl Heat (Inevitable)
 8. Adrenaline — Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
 9. Seconda Too Late — Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
 10. She's In Love With Mystery — Thompson Twins (Leighton)
- Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284, Pancras Road, London N1.

REGGAE

1. You're The One — Tropical Brothers (Daddy Kool)
 2. Good Thing Goin' — Sugar Minott (Rasberry)
 3. Rastaman — Gene Adebambo (Sanco)
 4. Love's Alive & Kickin' — Guardian Angel (Cavale)
 5. Walk On By — Motion (Blue Ice)
 6. Born With Nothing — I Am I (Sound Jiff)
 7. Special Kind Of Love — Marina Carano (Movements)
 8. My Somebody — Johnny Debourne (Chas Chas)
 9. If You See Mary — Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
 10. Mouth's Are — Eek-A-Mouse (Greenapple)
- Chart by: Blackbird Records, 166 Church Street, London W2.

DISCO

1. (Like) — Young & Co. (Excalibur)
 2. Grooves On — Whitesnake (RCA)
 3. You And Me — Spargo (DJM)
 4. What A Fool Believes — Justice Franklin (Arista)
 5. If You Feel The Funk — Le Toger Jackson (Polydor)
 6. Sals & Dip — Coffee (Phonogram)
 7. I'm Coming Out — Carole Rose (Motown)
 8. Can You Feel My Love? — Eddie Grant (Ensign)
 9. It's A Groove — Glenn Adams Affair (Excalibur)
 10. Scratch — B.T. Express (Excalibur)
- Chart by: HMV Record Store, Oxford Street, London W1.

5 YEARS AGO

1. Bohemian Rhapsody — Queen (EMI)
 2. Treat Of The Lonesome Pine — Laurel & Hardy (United Artists)
 3. You Sexy Thing — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
 4. Let's Twist Again/The Twist — Chubby Checker (London)
 5. He Was Is The Saddest Word — Stylistics (A&M)
 6. I Believe In Father Christmas — Greg Lake (Mercury)
 7. Money Money — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
 8. Show Me You're A Woman — Mud (Private Stock)
 9. This Old Heart Of Mine — Rod Stewart (Riva)
 10. All Around My Hat — Steeleye Span (Chrysalis)
- Week ending December 16, 1975

15 YEARS AGO

1. Day Tripper/We Can Work It Out — Beatles (Parlophone)
 2. The Carnival Is Over — The Seekers (Columbia)
 3. The River — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
 4. 1-2-3 — Len Barry (Brunswick)
 5. My Generation — The Who (Brunswick)
 6. Wind Me Up — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
 7. Rescue Me — Fortelle Boss (Chesil)
 8. Taree — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
 9. A Lover's Concerto — The Toys (Stardisc)
 10. Maria — P.J. Proby (Liberty)
- Week ending December 17, 1965

10 YEARS AGO

1. I Hear You Knocking — Dave Edmunds (MAM)
 2. When I'm Dead And Gone — McGuire's First (Capitol)
 3. Frankie's Room — Neil Diamond (UHF)
 4. Name Loving Man — Andy Williams (CBS)
 5. It's Only Make Believe — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
 6. Ride A White Swan — T. Rex (Fly)
 7. Nothing Rhymed — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
 8. You Got Me Dangling On A String — Chairman Of The Board (Invicta)
 9. Grandad — Clive Dunn (Columbia)
 10. My Prayer — Jerry Monroe (Chaparral)
- Week ending December 18, 1970

20 YEARS AGO

1. It's Now Or Never — Elvis Presley (RCA)
 2. Save The Last Dance For Me — Offreda (London)
 3. I Love You — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
 4. Strawberry Fair — Anthony Newley (Decca)
 5. Little Sunday — Nina & Frederica (Columbia)
 6. Goodtime Caroline Me — Peter Sellers/Sophie Loren (Columbia)
 7. Rocking Goose — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
 8. Poetry In Motion — Johnny Thelsson (London)
 9. Man Of Mystery — Shadows (Columbia)
 10. Lonely Pup — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
- Week ending December 16, 1960

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

A BAD TIME IN NEW YORK



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Doorman: "Do you know what you've done?"

Chapman: "I've shot John Lennon."

JOHN LENNON MURDERED



Yoko Ono leaves Roosevelt Hospital comforted by record company boss David Geffen

JOHN LENNON gave his last autograph in New York on Monday night.

In exchange, Mark David Chapman, 25, white and Hawaiian, thanked him with five .38 calibre bullets to the upper torso, inflicting seven wounds and severing a major artery.

The suspect, who had been in New York for two weeks, had been stalking Lennon for days outside the Dakota apartments on 72nd Street, Central Park West.

Lennon had spent the evening with Yoko and producer Jack Douglas at the Record Plant studio, and departed at 10.30 pm with the intention of getting something to eat before going back to the Dakotas.

When John and Yoko returned home in a limousine, they got out and walked through the courtyard of the building, where the assailant stopped the couple for an autograph. Lennon signed a piece of paper, and Chapman fired. Lennon staggered up some steps and fell into the hotel's kiosk.

The doorman, in disbelief, asked Chapman: "Do you know what you've done?"

Chapman's reply was: "I shot John Lennon."

The attack took place at about 10.50 pm New York

**New York report
by JOE STEVENS**

time. Chapman made no attempt to escape. He threw his gun down, and was grabbed by the doorman and a passer-by while Yoko, understandably distraught, clutched Lennon's body, screaming: "He's been shot! Someone help! Someone help!"

One of the Lennons' neighbours called the police, and a passing patrol car arrived to find Lennon lying face down in the apartment-block office. As they took Lennon to hospital, Yoko cradled him in the back seat, imploring the police to hurry, and repeating, "Tell me it isn't true. Tell me he's going to be all right."

On arrival at Roosevelt Hospital, 16 streets from the scene of the crime, frantic attempts were made to save Lennon by the emergency surgeons, with massive blood transfusions and resuscitation attempts to the heart, but to no avail.

Lennon was dead on arrival. The first bullet had torn major arteries, causing him to bleed to death. When told by the doctors that he was dead, Yoko left the hospital for an unknown destination.

Continues over

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PH: Bob Green

From previous page

Back at the Dakotas, thousands of tourists gathered, some in tears, many wearing Beatles memorabilia, and a few with angry words for Lennon's assailant. Barricades were erected, and police with loudspeakers appealed to the crowd to use the sidewalks to relieve the traffic jam.

News crews arrived at the area in minutes, and TV lights lit the exterior of the apartments, casting eerie shadows across the nine-storey brick structure used for *Rosemary's Baby*. The growing crowd milled about in silent communion, casting glances to the windows, hoping for a glimpse of the bereaved Lennons.

Meanwhile, Dr Lynn at Roosevelt Hospital held a press conference, claiming: "Lennon never had a chance after the first shot. He suffered wounds in the arms, chest and legs — seven in all, inflicted by five bullets."

According to police, Chapman had caused a disturbance outside the hotel earlier this week. They described him as "a local screwball... a wacko who's been grinning throughout the interrogation as though he's enjoying the whole deal." Not a native of New York, Chapman had been living at a YMCA, and then moved to the Sheraton Centre Hotel, where rooms go for \$75 a night.

There is some uncertainty as to whether Chapman asked for the autograph and then shot Lennon or came back later, possibly after an argument. Certainly, Chapman, a former security guard, had received an autograph from Lennon earlier in the day, but was refused a request to sign an album cover. Lennon's autograph was found on Chapman when police searched his pockets.

TO CELEBRATE the recent success of his new album 'Double Fantasy' and hit single 'Just Like Starting Over', John Lennon had consented to give a selection of interviews with both the printed and broadcasting media.

In the last few weeks John and his wife Yoko Ono had spoken to *Newsweek*, *Playboy* (for publication in the New Year, 1981) and, in an article about real estate, to *Esquire* magazine.

Last Saturday Lennon gave Andy Peebles of BBC Radio One what, it transpired, was his final interview.

On Tuesday morning Radio One ran a preview of this interview which is now

being incorporated into a tribute series to the late Beatle which will run early in the New Year.

Peebles and producer Paul Williams spoke to the Lennons for over three hours in New York's Hit Factory, where the pair were recording some new tracks. The Radio One crew apparently had to go through very heavy security to get to the Hit Factory and Yoko Ono's office apartment, where the interview was conducted.

According to Peebles, Lennon seemed to be in a prolific and creative mood, happy, fit and totally at ease. He was "willing to talk about anything" added Peebles.

It's obvious from listening to the preview that Lennon was in excellent spirits and full of energy. He even expressed an interest in touring soon with some younger musicians, although he felt that it might pose a financial strain.

Peebles constantly whetted bewildered radio listeners' appetites by hard-selling the forthcoming series. At a press conference given on Tuesday morning by Peebles, Williams,

associate producer Doreen Davies, and Radio One controller Derek Chinnery, the BBC's fortuitous timing was again the subject of much self-congratulation.

IN FACT Peebles does seem to have conducted a very respectable interview. He was obviously well prepared, despite the fact that the team had only expected to chat with Lennon for half an hour.

Conversation ranged over discussions of Lennon's frank attitude to early Beatles recordings, his refusal to tour after 1966 with the group, and the disillusionment with the rock business that frequently tempted him to leave the group altogether.

Lennon stressed that the rivalry between himself and Paul McCartney, best known in the infamous 'How Do You Sleep?', was nothing more than natural sibling envy, that he'd used the resentment he felt for McCartney as the catalyst for the song just as he'd used his withdrawal from heroin addiction as the inspiration for 'Cold Turkey'.

Lennon was particularly animated about life in New York, his recent retirement and much publicised domestic role reversal.

He said he enjoyed cooking, reading and bringing up his five-year-old son Sean. In the past five years he had spent a lot of time travelling, to Hong Kong and all points East, to South Africa and particularly Bermuda.

On a recent visit there he confessed to having listened to Joy Division, Wire, and the B52's.

Asked whether he ever felt the desire to return to England, Lennon, who had lost little of his native Liverpoolian accent, and expressed a liking for imported English TV, remarked that he kept in touch with the English spirit through his reading, recently Noel Coward and Somerset Maugham. He even quoted Winston Churchill: "It's an Englishman's inalienable right to live anywhere."



THE IMMEDIATE reaction to John Lennon's death from those who were formerly associated with him was one of complete disbelief. Of the other former Beatles, George Harrison would only say that he was "deeply shocked", while Ringo Starr, who was on holiday at the time, flew back to the United States on hearing the news. Paul McCartney, who had been staying at his farmhouse home in Rye, Sussex, said that he was "deeply stunned and saddened." McCartney later told reporters as he left London: "John was a great guy who is going to be missed by the whole world." Yoko Ono issued a comment through David Goffin, friend and producer, before leaving the Dakota for an unknown destination: "John loved and prayed for the human race — please do the same for him."



Pic: Joe Stevens

JOHN LENNON'S withdrawal from active public life five years ago was quite voluntary.

Since their marriage on March 20, 1969, both John and Yoko had been desperately trying to conceive a child, but complications were responsible for at least one known miscarriage.

During the early '70s Lennon had spoken to this writer on a number of occasions about how he hadn't had an extended vacation since before Beatlemania erupted.

The birth on October 9, 1975 (coincidentally John's 35th birthday) of a son Sean gave the former Beatle the excuse he needed. Himself a product of a broken home — his father Freddie deserted the family whilst his only son was still an infant — John promptly placed his own family before his career and pledged the next five years of his life to raising his newly born child.

The timing couldn't have

The Ballad Of John And Yoko

Lennon's life
By ROY CARR

been better. After protracted litigation, the Beatles partnership had been legally dissolved in January, and John had himself completed his collection of cover versions 'The Rock And Roll Album' — a project originally instigated by producer Phil Spector but shelved due to the latter being injured in an auto accident.

Over the next five years sightings of John Lennon became almost as newsworthy as those once attributed to the late Howard Hughes.

However, Lennon — who is alleged to have accrued a personal fortune in excess of £100 million — wasn't always the eccentric hermit that he eventually became.

But with the arrival of their son Sean, the Lennons abandoned their headline-grabbing radical stance and adopted a cloak of almost impenetrable anonymity. If John was the artistic genius

in the partnership, then there are indications that Yoko was the effective business administrator. Not only was it Yoko who was responsible for amicably resolving long-standing differences with Allan Klein, but apparently in how the family fortune was invested.

John and Yoko mutually agreed on role reversal. So whilst Yoko, figuratively speaking, 'went to the office', her husband stayed at home to mind the child.

In a recent *Newsweek* magazine interview Lennon discussed his duties as a proud father.

"In other cultures children don't leave the mother's back until they're two. I think schools are prisons — a child's thing is wide open and to narrow it

down and make him compete in the classroom is a joke. I sent Sean to kindergarten but when I realised I was sending him there to get rid of him I brought him home."

Actually, John did more than just change nappies and peel the vegetables. Not only did the threesome travel extensively throughout the world, but they began investing in real estate.

Lennon also owned a private aircraft and a fleet of limos.

The signing by David Geffen (an eye witness to John's slaying) of Lennon to his newly formed Geffen record label was considered the biggest music industry coup in years. The reason for Lennon's return was simple: "Because," he said "this housewife would like to have a career for a bit."

The result was a hit album — 'Double Fantasy', along with Yoko — and the single 'Starting Over.' It's a title which now rings with grim irony.

Besides, England wasn't going to disappear just because he wasn't there.

LATER THAT NIGHT the Radio One crew and Lennon had eaten in Mr Chow's restaurant and John became very excited when some early Beatles sessions from *Saturday Club* were mentioned. He expressed an interest in obtaining them. He still collected Beatles records and bootlegs of the group, although surprisingly he told Peabees he didn't own a copy of his most successful single, 'Happy Xmas. War Is Over'.

The most poignant moment during the interview must have been when Lennon told Peabees:

"I've been walking the streets (of New York) for the last seven years. When we first moved here we actually lived in the Village, Greenwich Village; it's the sort of artsy-fartsy section... full of students and would-be and old poets."

"She (Yoko) told me: 'Yes, you can walk on the streets, you will be able to walk them but I will be walking around tense, waiting for someone to say something or jump on me' (meaning Lennon)."

"It took me two years to unwind. I can go right out of this door now and go in a restaurant. Do you know how great that is? I can go to the movies, I mean people come up and ask for autographs, say Hi, but they won't bug you... they'll just say Hi or I like your records."

HELLO GOODBYE

SOMEWHERE in the night, the phone goes off, terminating an uneasy slumber during a marathon writing session on the *Dur* feature. It's Guy Stevens on the wire. He's just been talking to Jerry Lee Lewis, and during the conversation Jerry Lee had broken off to listen to something coming over his radio. They've just carried the flash that someone had blown John Lennon away.

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it, I don't fucking believe it," Jerry Lee told Guy. JOHN LENNON HAS BEEN SHOT. JOHN LENNON IS DEAD, JOHN LENNON IS DEAD.

In the night, it only registers on the surface. It's somewhere between dusk and dawn, a witching hour. It's registering now, eight hours later, Tuesday lunchtime.

Thoughts out of sequence: I'm glad that John Lennon took that five-year lay-off because it means that young Sean will remember his father, that they spent time together, that Lennon's last five years were happy. Ironies: that he made an album about ignoring the outside world and then some fucking psycho after 15 minutes of mediabuzz turned rock and roll assassin and blew away an innocent man just to make people know his name.

A stupid death, a pointless death, a useless death, tragic in the real sense. The most a human can wish for concerning his or her last exit is that the death should have some relevance to the life, that the death should grow out of the life, part of the cycle of existence and all that shit. John Lennon deserved that at the very least and he didn't get it. If he had to die

A personal reaction
by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

prematurely and violently, he should have had a death that had something to do with him and his life, and not some arsehole allowed to run about America with a gun.

None of it makes sense. A random collision, a blind smash.

Next week we can talk about Lennon's life, his music, his contribution to the medium in which he worked. We can hear all the tributes, read the obits, consign him to history and all the rest of it. Today we just deal with the sorrow and the anger, and rage at the futility and the injustice and the madness.

I met John Lennon once and checked for him not just as a great talent and a person who stamped his name and his face and his attitudes on the cultural history of the 20th century and all the rest of that Sunday supplement garb, but simply as a good presence, a good human.

Well, now there's one less of those. Whether John Lennon was making records or not and whether I was personally delighted by those records or not, I was still glad that he was around. Now he's not, and there's sod all we can do about it. Wish there was.

The rest can wait. Goodbye, John. That last moment before the guy pulled the trigger, I hope you were thinking about something or someone that made you happy. I hope you were happy. I hope that somehow you still are.

Hello... goodbye.

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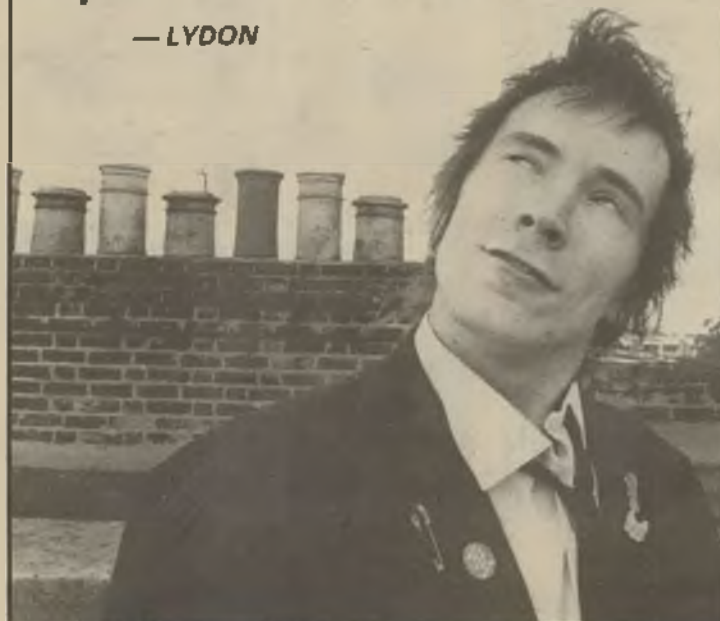


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AND THE REST OF THIS WEEK'S NEWS

'I've learnt my lesson'

— LYDON



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DATA CONTROL

"What's happening, brother?"

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"Yeah?"

Not so much of the 'brother'.



Buzzcocks blow it out

THE BUZZCOCKS have called off the second phase of their 'Tour By Instalments' at short notice. It was scheduled to open this Saturday (13) at Bolton Sports Centre, and to take in — on consecutive days — gigs in Derby, Liverpool, Leeds and Middlesbrough. They say the cancellation is due to recording commitments.

It's fortunate that this was only to have been a five-date mini-tour — but even so, it means that hundreds of people must now apply for cash refunds for their tickets. The band insist they're very disappointed, though it's doubtful if their disappointment matches that of the ticket-holders.

Manager Richard Boon is trying to re-arrange one or two of the dates around Christmas, but otherwise a new Phase Two of the tour will be lined up for early in the New Year.

NUTTY XMAS BENEFIT

MADNESS have confirmed a third London show at the tail end of their current tour — it's a Christmas Eve special at the Hammersmith Odeon, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

It's a benefit concert, with all profits going to various London charities. Members of the audience are being asked to bring toys if they possibly can, and the band intend to distribute these to children's homes on Christmas morning.

Madness have also been added to the bill of Elvis Costello's Christmas bonanza at Birmingham's vast National Exhibition Centre on Saturday, December 27.

They're the sixth (and, we're assured, positively the last) band to be confirmed for what has become one of the biggest Christmas rock shows ever — featuring Costello & The Attractions, Madness, Rockpile, The Selecter, Squeeze and UB40.



Madness polish up their Roff Harris act

And Dury for OGWT

IAN DURY & The Blockheads are showcased this year in BBC-2's traditional *Old Grey Whistle Test* live outside broadcast on Christmas Eve. Dury's UK tour was due to end the previous day but promoters Straight Music have laid on an extra London show on December 24 — it's at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, and tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3. Viewers will join the concert from 10 to 11 pm.

Another OGWT tradition is the New Year's Eve *Pick Of The Year* show, and this year it runs

WILD MAN OF PUNK GOES FREE

IN STARK contrast to the courtroom melodrama of John Lydon's October conviction for assault in Dublin, his appeal last week against the resulting prison sentence could hardly have been more anticlimactic.

No one in the city, Lydon included, had anticipated such a quick, or indeed as favourable, an outcome to the appeal.

After only a five-minute hearing in the Circuit Court, Judge Frank Martin granted the appeal against the three-month sentence dished out by the lower District Court and then, with a benevolence totally unexpected by Lydon and his legal advisors, the judge also acquitted him of the charge.

So short and sweet was

By BILL GRAHAM

the hearing, that the two publicans who claimed that Lydon had assaulted them — Eamonn Brady and Eamonn Leddy — were completely wrong-footed: they arrived minutes after the decision was announced and were left fuming outside.

The case was conducted in low tones, hardly audible in the body of the court. Judge Martin, who had previously enhanced his street credibility by banning the last Boomtown Rats concert in Dublin, heard only the evidence of the prosecuting Irish guards.

Settled of the petty nature of the incident and of the fact that neither of the publicans had been injured in the alleged fracas, he cut short the hearing and acquitted Lydon.

The judge did, however, invite Lydon, through his Irish solicitor Myles Shevlin, to

contribute £100 to the court's "poor box" as a token of his goodwill. Such informal face-saving mechanisms may not exist in British law, but they are far from unusual in the lower Irish courts.

On top of that, it is estimated that Lydon is down £2,000 due to his legal and travel costs.

Afterwards Lydon, wearing a sober grey suit and shirt and tie, admitted he was

"dumbfounded" by both the decision and its speed. "I didn't know what the hell happened," he said in smiling confusion at Dublin airport as he prepared to take an early flight back to London.

His nightmare, he said, had been that the court "might double the sentence or give me the same and fine me as well."

Lydon and his advisers had deliberately spurned pre-publicity, so there was no retinue of Dublin punks present — unlike the original trial where the court was packed with assorted spiky-tops. Neither did his brother Jimmy or any other members of The 4th Be 2's fly across for the hearing. It was while on a visit to the Emerald Isle with his brother's band that Lydon had been arrested in the first place.

Instead, he was accompanied by his father, Pili's Jeanette Lee, his London solicitor Tim Crutenden and Virgin's International and Irish representatives, Lisa Anderson and Willie Richardson.

Lydon agreed that he "hadn't the vaguest idea" beforehand that the case would be so controversial. "I just thought it was nothing," he said, adding with typical self-deflating irony, "so I've learnt my lesson anyway."

He could also look back in less anger at his two weekend days on remand in Dublin's Mountjoy prison: "You were allowed an hour of telly and what came up but yours truly in the news! Then there was a programme about the history of music and yours truly was on that also."

"There's 400 prisoners surrounding you and looking at you. I just wanted to crawl under the concrete. The prisoners were fine though."

But John will not be writing any songs about the case or his weekend in jail. "That would be too corny. How could I write about me like that. Who would want to listen to me whining in self-pity?"

However, Lydon did derive some artistic sustenance from his involuntary visit to Irish shores — the Irish anti-Christ of 1976 flew home with three records of Pope John's Irish tour.

THE STRANGLERS seem to be off the hook at last, regarding those "Incitement to riot" charges brought against them by the French police, following their Nice University gig in late spring. They duly turned up in Nice last week for the official hearing, only to be told that the court won't give its verdict until January — and they don't even need to be there at that time.

Although the prosecution asked for a two-year jail sentence, the fact that the defendants don't have to be present for the verdict implies that — if found guilty — the court will settle for a token fine or suspended sentence. Commented Jet Black: "I don't really know what was going on, because everyone was gabbling in French, but they were all having a good laugh about something."

Splodgeless

RUMOUR ABOUNDS about Splodgenessabounds — with stories circulating to the effect that the band had split, and that its singer Max Splodge was to join The Ruts as their new frontman. Max rang in to confirm that the band is going through some upheaval at the moment — but that he intends to stay put. "And I'm definitely not joining The Ruts, 'cos one of 'em's got red hair."

Splodge went on to explain that his group did begin to fall apart recently, after he'd told the others he was leaving, feeling dissatisfied by their lack of musical progress. "I just thought that we weren't getting nowhere."

Other members, too, "were getting pissed off with it" and they also decided to go. Max, however, then had second thoughts and resolved to make another go of it. He's now in the process of recruiting new Splodgers to replace those who've left.

No new line-up has yet been finalised, although of the old group Boney, Milton and Brian are known to have departed. Drummer Danny of The Satellites has joined, and so has Dodger, guitarist from The Whizzkids. A few more are being auditioned.

for 90 minutes from midnight. A repeat of Genesis at the Lyceum is screened on January 1.

THE CURE are holding a Christmas party at the Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square on Thursday, December 18 (6 pm - midnight). Appearing with them will be some of the local bands who supported them on their recent tour — Pavane (Tyne & Wear), Terzan 5 (Blackburn), Dance Crazy (Barnsley) and And Also The Trees (Midlands). Tickets at £3 each go on sale tomorrow (Friday).

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influence, but they were ten years earlier, in New Orleans."

The one thing Terre says she has really noticed "over here" is that "people really have a bug up their ass about categorising artists. So many people in Europe generally are preoccupied by trying to find out where we 'fit in' in America."

The best of The Roches "fits in" to the best of America's artistic traditions: the dual need for glitzy expertise at 'entertainment' combined with the transcendent of romantic belief; the sometimes raucous humour to be found in that gap between the stated and the implied; and — mostly — the expression of a relationship between blood and identity. "Live", says Terre, "there's

just us up on that stage. No props, no electric back-up, nothing. Just three separate people, and we're allowing ourselves to be vulnerable to that degree. Some people just don't have respect for that; certainly a lot of people who only bother with our music long enough to get a first impression completely miss what we're doing."

She has a point there. When The Roches can pack an Edinburgh date full of fans singing along to every song and later hold a refrigerated Drury Lane in suspended animation with their unquestionable vocal skills — only to have a national paper's music critic clamber out, deadline in mind, just a few songs into the London set and well before Frapp's entrance.

Luck or the lack of it, however, will hardly halt The Roches after ten years of genuine sisterhood. Mostly they are looking forward to their favourite yearly gig — carolling a capelle and costumed to the hilt as they do every Christmas on Wall Street and in Grand Central Station.

"We always do it with two other women jazz singers who are fantastic and can improvise around anything we come up with. It's great, because all these businessmen are coming home after drunken lunches and they keep sticking ten-dollar bills up our sleeves."

"The best part is when we go inside the train station, where it's warm, get a cup of chocolate — and count up our cash!"



What the Press have been saying about the Sweat after only two singles.

The Sweat show themselves to be a powerful pop band. Earthy little tunes... gritty vocals. Clive Culbertson pens hugely infectious three minute pop songs. One to watch definitely.

Clive Culbertson seems to be the force behind this, roaring away like an Irish Springsteen. "I Must Be Crazy" is a great song: hard, fast and convincing. I think we'll be hearing more from Clive C.

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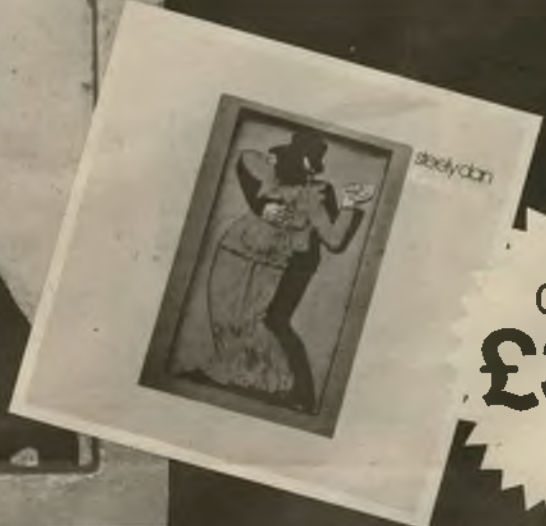
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1	1	ABBA	SUPER TROUPEUR	4-49	21	22	DAVID BOWIE	HEART OF MONSTERS	4-49	41	37	KATE BUSH	NEVER FOR EVER	4-29
2	6	THE JAM	SOUND AFFECTS	3-99	22	18	ALAN PARSONS	THE TURN OF A FRIENDLY CARD	4-39	42	44	STATUS QUO	JUST SUPPOSIN'	3-99
3	2	BLONDIE	ALTCAMERICAN	3-99	23	21	ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK	ORGANISATION	3-99	43	42	HOT CHOCOLATE	CLASS	3-99
4	3	BARRY KA	STRESSAND QUALITY	4-29	24	24	DIRE STRAITS	MAKING MOVIES	3-99	44	43	HANGULUS	SEE YOU LATER	4-19
5	7	STEELY DAN	GAUCHO	3-99	25	23	WHITESNAKE	LIVIN' ON THE EDGE OF THE CITY	4-79	45	50	DIANA ROSS	DAMNA	4-29
6	8	STEVE WONDER	HOTTER THAN JULY	4-25	26	32	UB40	TEENING OFF	3-99	46	45	SUPERTRAMP	PARIS	5-49
7	23	BARRY MANLOW	BARRY	4-29	27	34	HATZEL O'CONNOR	SONS AND LOVERS	3-99	47	38	RY COODER	BORDELAINE	3-99
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9	9	THE POLICE	ZENYATTA MONGAITA	3-99	29	31	DR. HOOK	HISONG	3-99	49	41	THE JACKSONS	TRIUMPH	3-99
10	4	ROD STEWART	FOOLISH BEHAVIOUR	3-99	30	26	MIKE OLDFIELD	DEZ	3-99	50	45	WILTON FELDER	PIREHIT THE WIND	3-99
11	13	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN	THE RIVER	4-49	31	33	MARTI WEIR	WOIN'T CHANGE PLACES	3-99	51	47	EARTH, WIND & FIRE	FACES	5-49
12	16	IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS	LAUGHTER	3-99	32	30	RON WILLIAMS	THE VERY BEST OF	3-99	52	52	THE SPECIALS	MORE SPECIALS	3-99
13	25	DR. HOOK	GREATEST HITS	4-29	33	36	VARIOUS	THE LEGEND OF JESSE JAMES	3-99	53	54	DOLLAR	THE PUNK COLLECTION	3-99
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Top of the Sops

He's Steve Strange, the Beau Brummel, the Busby Berkeley of the new Dandyism. Quite a change for the man who used to front The Moors Murderers.

PAUL TICKELL puts the new glitterati into perspective. ANDY ROSEN put it into pictures.

ON A MILD winter's day in London, in the stately grounds of an old people's home, a man is posing for the camera. It could be the ghost of Lord Byron, but that old poet aristo used to dress up like an 18th century Greek shepherd while today's man looks more Bavarian — Busby Berkeley Bavarian, that is. It's Steve Strange, and he's only spent an hour and a half getting ready: he doesn't have a huge quiff any more and that cuts down on his preparations to meet the day and the mirrors in a thousand eyes. In place of the exotic 'elephant's trunk' is a coiffure falling in tropical tendrils over his face: he could hang a little doll Tarzan in there if he wanted to.

Spandau Ballet are in the charts. The new dandyism has arrived. More and more people are dressing up — outrageous, elegant up — and fancily romancing, while Beau Brummel's own country roots to the silly Billy beat of 'punk monetarism' — dance. Steve can now be famous because he's the vocalist in a band called Visage who've just released an album of the same name.

Steve Strange is no longer famous for being famous or for being the glorified doorman of Blitz and Hell where, before those niteries closed, the clientele used to go to pose and — ornateness of costume permitting — dance. Steve can now be famous because he's the vocalist in a band called Visage who've just released an album of the same name.

Ever since he moved to London from Newport (Gwent), Steve has always wanted to be in a band. He remembers being in the dole queue at the same time as a lot of today's

stars, and inevitably he hung around the Pistols and Siouxsie. His real passion, though, was for Gen X, the punks with a touch of glam.

After doing some artwork at the request of Billy Idol, the poseur's apprentice ran into a spot of bother. He joined a band called The Moors Murderers, an event which he now — sitting in the spacious Chelsea basement of Visage's publicist — bitterly regrets.

"I was singing the songs and didn't even know what they were about. I was led on by the guy with the money upfront. One day he got a load of photographers in and BAM! it was all over the papers. I thought: What the fuck have I done? I got out fast."

Now that film scripts are beginning to pop through Strange's letter-box, presumably he'll be mindful of this previous staggering naivety and go carefully. Nobody wants to see him, directed by Malcolm McLaren, playing the Innocent Victim in a sensational biopic of *Myra: the Mancunian Office Girl*, starring Siouxsie with bleached blonde hair.

AFTER The Moors Murderers, Steve joined The Photons. "We were very colourful two-piece suits with Cuban heels. It was a very sharp image, but nothing to do with the '80s thing." Steve left: he didn't like the bassist — as a player or a person. The Photons faded. Vince the drummer joining The Psychedelic Furs.

By late '78 Strange had started hanging out with drummer Rusty Egan, whose band The Rich Kids were then on the point of splitting. "We started a weekly Bowie night at Billy's. The idea was to be an alternative to disco even though we only had a handful of suitable records — Human League, The Normal, Kraftwerk and, of course, Bowie and Roxy."

To fill the gap the two nightclubbers started to make their own tapes in the studio time which



Steve Strange (real name Archie Peculiar): descending the stairway from Hell.

The Rich Kids still had set aside. They were helped by Rich Kids Midge Ure, and Martin Rushent the producer began taking an interest. Rushent engineered several tracks which have now surfaced on the Visage album: originally they'd been intended for his own Genetic label, till it folded along with Radar and he decided to drop off the scene for a while and spend more time with his wife and kids.

By now Egan and Strange had moved out to Blitz and Hell to master the ceremonies and dictate the sounds. They kept up the studio work with Ure, now in Ultravox: fellow band member Billy Currie also got involved. So did Magazine's Dave Formula and John McGeoch (currently a Banshee), who, like Ure and Currie, saw the project as an enticing alternative to their main bands. The project transmuted itself into a band — Visage. After contractual difficulties had been sorted out with the various members' first record companies, Visage signed with Polydor in May this year.

Strange isn't worried that the germ of Visage's album is quite old. He thinks that the timing is absolutely right for what it's trying to put across: the album is both a gloss on the high glossiness of Blitz and a manifesto for Strange's next gaudy cellar The People's Palace, which will open in spring next year.

Strange quotes from 'Visage' the title track. "New styles/New shapes/New moulds". "It's about why we closed down Blitz and Hell; they were becoming stale. You've

got to have a constant change of music, fashion and venue. My ideas for the next Visage album are totally different, but I'd rather not say what they are."

Until the People's Palace throws open its doors the London glitterati are all dressed up with nowhere to go. "There's not much at the moment, even though we're going to start using the Venue in Victoria for one night a week. There's the Kilt, of course, but that's only a weekly thing, too. I get people ringing me up all the time asking what's going on."

"It may sound immodest but me and Rusty have played a hell of a part over the last two years in the nightlife of a lot of kids. Kids are people who work nine to five and then go out and live their fantasies. They're glad to be dressed up and escaping work and all the greyness and depression. I don't think people should be knocked for having a good time, if it's all about style and being romantic."

THE METROPOLITAN new romancers might not have a regular funhouse to get lost in at the moment but their attitudes are still spreading to other parts of Britain — and further. "There are scenes now in Leeds and Cardiff, and there are places to go like Pips in Manchester. We've brought a lot of excitement back; since '77 everything's been nostalgia or revival like mod or HM. People might say we're revivelist but we do it in a new way. Blitz and Hell have caught

on in New York and LA, and there's a whole new Bowie thing going on."

Bowie, always Bowie. You can't uphold a policy of continuous change and of queuing of the new and ignore him. Burn up one image, burn into the next. Ashes to ashes: Major Tom's a junkie, hooked on appearance and waiting to be seen (with the next personal). Bowie has repayed the complimentary interest of Strange and co: the clown or pierrot in the 'Ashes To Ashes' video was inspired by visits to Blitz and Hell — last autumn when clowning was the thing.

Bowie is important not just because he keeps changing faces, but because of his awareness of this dynamic. His pierrot is part of the circus, but always from a distance: he's a commentator on the short life of images. Imitations of mortality.

Strange isn't interested in this sort of critical distancing effect. The Visage album may be full of references to masks, puppets, and clockwork, but he insists that they're there just because they're there. He says the same about the inner sleeve depicting a face being unbuttoned, unmasked; it could be a futuristic pierrot (or is it before?) a performance. Either way, Strange doesn't care, just like he isn't moved by the possibility for subversive comment on role-playing in a Visage video which will show make-up coming to life. "I don't want to make any kind of statement or tell anybody to do this or that."

In spite of this horror of the

Continues over

Top of the Tops

■ From previous page.



explicit, he manages to be quite forthcoming about the (sweet) meat of the album. "It's meant to be glamorous and sophisticated, to reflect the clothes the kids wear."

The kids — "my crowd, my friends" as Strange further defines them — aim to be exclusive rather than elitist: sartorially, to be nothing but their very own wo/man. "I don't know where they get their money from, but if kids want clothes badly enough they'll get them: they could be after anything from jumble sales to PX. A lot of the stuff I wear is given to me by designers, but I'll only wear it if I like it."

Well, once you've got the gear (and a hat from PX may rush you a regal £150) you can do your thing to the album.

While a lot of the tracks are rather stuck in the groovy longueurs of disco moderne, two or three numbers do stand out. 'Mafioso Men' is a tongue-in-the-cheek

homage to Clint Eastwood, 'Fade To Grey' is about growing old — not styles ageing, though, but people. It was inspired by a visit of Strange's (very Bowie) to Berlin.

"I was at the Wall looking at the guards, when I turned around and saw this weird old man in a long — black coat: it was like a vision of me 60 years on. Normally I never think of age, especially when I'm out and the people I'm with are anything from 14 to 50."

It's 'Mind Of A Toy' though that carries Visage's sharpest imagery. "It's an emotional song, about the end of a love affair. It's a play on the children's situation, when they get a new toy and love it, but tire of it and throw it away when it gets old."

THE spin-off scenes from Blitz and Hall are entrenchedly a-moral and a-political — frivolously a-l, their champions would say. What's good about this stance though, is the way it baits the puritanical strain in British cultural life — that stiff old lower lip. The lower lip hasn't been tickled in this way — punk was more of a punch — since the days of glam and the grand drolling up of Bolan, Gary Glitter, The Sweet, Roxy and (him again!) Bowie. Bowie did more than a bit of tickling: he got right up noses too. His hyped-up bisexuality was played off against another strand in the national cultural life, a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon brand of homophobia. Rock had rubbed this nerve before (with Little Richard's chiffon and Mick Jagger's pout) but never with such obvious relish.

Yes, it's Bowie time once more... White youth music has always drawn on the black scene, but here was someone in the early '70s taking just as much from the gay ghetto, or at least its more camp and queenie side. Strange and his cohorts have been inspired by

similar camp sources, and their subterranean clubbing owes a lot to the development of gay disco in the mid to late '70s.

Although it would be a bit premature to see all the young tops nouveaux as glam 'n' glitter revivalists, there are some uncanny similarities. What's in a name? (Ballroom) Blitz and Hell (Raisers)? It's poetic that Strange should share the same publicist as The Sweet — who'll be starting to do dates again in the New Year. On a slightly different scene, young Adam and his Ants have gone very fancy and even got themselves two drummers like the Glitter Band...

Steve Strange is made a bit uneasy by these speculations, but he is willing to talk about British puritanism at the most practical of levels. He complains about the woeful licensing laws and over-willingness of the police (just watch McNeen's or Anderton's lower lip next time they're on TV) to raid places like Blitz.

Mind, Strange would be the last person to do anything about trying to change this situation. He's after a quiet stardom: all he asks for is a change of costume, because if youth movements (the full-blooded one like the teds in the '50s and punks in the '70s) conjure up the notion of street theatre and a mythical social riot, then Strange and dandies like him put you in mind of costume drama and a riot — of colour. Of course, even pink-crazy Barbara Cartland can cope with a splash of that.

Glam 'n' glitter's new clothes and albino disco can be added to the list of images and musical styles (2-Tone, mod revival, psychedelic renewal etc) which have flashed by since punk. Strange and Visage and all they represent are no better nor worse than this little lot. In fact you'll probably find them preferable if you're a voyeur. I am...

Steve Strange (real name Nobby Abnormal) sits on the fence (oh, alright, the balustrade).

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METAL HURLANT



Maquette: P. Rodin.

By Ted Benoit

"Je suis le fils Français de De Gaulle et c'est pas drôle."

"Most people don't like to be told the individual is a mixture of violence, sensuality, savagery and barbarism — a world of fools out of control!"
— Philippe Druillet

Common Market Comic Books have come of age, and it all happened in the pages of a magazine called Metal Hurlant, the most advanced journal this side of eternity. This is their story.

3000 miles west of the British Isles lies the United States of America. A mere 50 miles to the South East lies France. The physical distance between us and La France is negligible yet the cultural distance is vast.

We import roller skates, rock groups and TV shows from America but all we get from France is apples — which is our loss.

Malcolm McLaren recently noted in these pages that the youth of Europe are growing ever less interested in England and ever more assertive of their own identities. Taking his usual mischievous delight in the disruption of the status quo he claimed, quite correctly, that London is no longer the youth culture capital of Europe.

Believe it or not — and too bad if you don't — there's more radical initiative in places like Milan these days than in places like Manchester.

If England has sunk into a sullen trough of depression, France is not yet so far down the economic slump. In France there are still a few pockets of adventure left, in England there is only a spell of gloom that badly needs to be broken. We turn to an increasingly inadequate rock medium for some kind of senility, but no longer for any son of salvation, but in France, there's another alternative... Les bandes dessinées, the 'strips of drawings'; comics.

In this country comics are a strictly juvenile pursuit. D.C. Thompson and IPC publications (the very same) regularly churn out red-blooded and often reactionary boys and girls' own papers that have changed very little over the decades, although a recent

IPC title did manage to cause a minor furor by adding unprecedented gore and an unusual fatalism to the formula. This little oversight was soon put right and comics in England remain fit for kids.

Comics have immediacy that places them alongside the other abbreviated, rapid-fire 20th century media. Hence they are used often in advertising, though usually in condescendingly simple forms you'll never lose money underestimating the sophistication of the buying public.

More to the point, comics are a disreputable art. They are cheap, instant, fast and disposable and they belong essentially to youth. As such their potential is second only to rock as a pipeline for the aspirations of the new generation. All the feelings that don't fit will fit in comics.

In France, none of this would even raise an eyebrow. The new French comics begin where, for whatever reasons, Harvey Kurtzman, Robert Crumb, Neal Adams and Steve Gerber left off. And there's no juvenile stigmas attached. Get 'em on every street corner.

The new French comics have relegated the boy's adventure and costumed crimebuster yarn to the era to which they belong. So far have the new comics penetrated into the cultural mainstream that many national French newspapers now

carry regular reviews of the latest comic books, granting them the same status as music, films, literature and the other, more decrepit arts.

THE GLORY — or blame — for this new eminence of the once greasy kid's comic strip falls at the feet of a short, spindly, suit-full of irrepressible manic energy named Jean-Pierre Dionnet.

Six nights before the Christmas of 1974, Dionnet met with Jean Giraud and Philippe Druillet, two acclaimed French artists, and hatched the plot of a maverick publishing venture, a wild scheme destined to win them infamy if not respect under the name of Les Humanoïdes Associées.

Thirty nights later, the first issue of Metal Hurlant arrived, warm from the presses and heavy with the proof of lives spent in the thrill of nightmare, science and detective fiction. H.P. Lovecraft might have called it 'a hideous tome!'. Ray Bradbury could have borne witness to its magnificent isolation. Philip Marlowe would have poured himself another drink. By all ordinary standards, Metal Hurlant was an extraordinary magazine.

The first issue of Metal Hurlant (pronounced met-al oarl-ahn. Literally... Screaming Metal!) bore an Adults Only sticker on the cover and contained, not least, one of the seeds of the film Alien in a story by Philippe Druillet about a spaceship impregnated by a wandering monster an uncanny blend of terror and myth.

Druillet's work, full of inhuman perspectives, knows no precedent. The scale is so vast, the flight of imagination so grand and obsessive, that it's hard to stifle a feeling of awe and trepidation at the sight of it. If the paintings of Bosch could bring the fear

of God to the people of his time, Druillet's work can bring the fear of something worse to the Godless people of ours.

Druillet has won unparalleled status for a comics artist. His work is in the French national archive, alongside that of artists like Gustave Dore and Granville who first inspired him. During the '60s he worked for five years without getting into print because the editors of the time thought he was mad. Nowadays his reputation precedes him. "My wife is having a baby," he proudly announces. "We have done tests and we think it's going to be a human!"

But if he enjoys his notoriety, he enjoys even more the role of the iconoclast. He denounces the bourgeois view of the artist, and says he works in the mass media, which, for France at least, is true.

"Apart from a few people who love everything I do, there is a great hypocrisy among my fans. People take refuge behind the quality of my drawings, very few people seem to like what I say. What they like is the way I say it, the style of the drawings. And there are too many people saying this is not comics, this is art. Bullshit! But I get them in the end because through this so-called art I can say things very hard and very forcefully."

"And most people don't like it. They don't like to be told that the individual is a mixture of violence, sensuality,

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Moebius: 'Le Banard Fou'.

Eurovision special by Paul Rambali

METAL HURLANT

savagery and barbarism, and the world is a world of fools gone out of control

"Uncontrollable forces, those are the things that frighten us, ancient things like death and the night..." Jean Giraud, alias Moebius, has an altogether different approach. As Giraud (or Gir) he spent many years drawing Western strips portraying the classic lonesome existentialist gunslinger. This gives his work a versatility and professional line lacking from Druillet's furious, obsessional labours.

At 42, he is Druillet's senior, and both his vanity and his ambition are less. "I want to stimulate people if I can," he explains, "give them an enigma. And sometimes I just make fun."

Without a doubt, the existentialist is the popular hero of our time. And not just among the intellectuals. He is the private eye who works alone and walks a fine line between the law and the lawless: the cowboy riding alone into town with his only baggage slung around his hips; the lone detective patrolling the city his way; Bogart, Eastwood, Robert Mitchum in *Thunder Road*... the list is endless and the character has many permutations. But what Moebius did was to take the existentialist hero and put him into outer-space! A cool, beautiful, elegiac style of drawing did the rest.

WHAT WAS being created in *Metal* was nothing less than a new mythology. In *Metal*, the old pulp heroes and myths that Dionnet, Druillet and Giraud — and come to that, the rest of France, England and America — grew up with were transformed, transplanted, transistorised and re-tooled. Each generation demands its own means of expression and the current French one had found theirs.

I've described a few aspects of the work of Druillet and Giraud, but there was much more, especially in the case of the prolific and multi-faceted Giraud, both light and serious in scope. There were other, equally individual, contributors: the American Ritchie Corben, Jean-Claude Gal, Mandryka, Goffin, Jacques Tardi, Alexis...

Jean-Pierre Dionnet's enthusiasm and energy, not to mention the unwillingness of other publishers to accept his scripts, brought about a new kind of comic book magazine. He took full-sized Druillet originals to newspapers like *Le Monde*, whose appointed taste-makers immediately concluded that they were, in fact, art. "Yes!" Cried Dionnet. "And look, here they are in the comics. Now will you write about *Metal*?"

Thus a science-fantasy-police story comic came to be patronised by the art establishment just in time to save it from being stamped on by the French censor.

Metal gave their contributors unlimited license, something which tended to bring out the savage and raunchy fantasies that had been held at bay by the timid constraints of other publishers. The censor decided enough was enough with issue number five, which contained such outrageous strips as *Cowgirls At War*, the not entirely serious story of three voluptuous lesbian cowgirls trying to reconcile their love for one another whilst under siege in their ranch hide-out from a platoon of Nazi stormtroopers!!! (In case you're interested, the gals came out on top).

The censor, however, was not amused. Comics were for kids, he reasoned, and placed a limit on the distribution of *Metal* to adult emporia only. France was not yet ready to discover what Tin-Tin really had on his mind as he crossed the vast emptiness of space; the meaning of life, naturally. And he was thinking about what he would do just as soon as he touched down at that space-port, naturally. The content of *Metal Hurlant* was just such a mixture of the profound and the profane.

By 1975 the comic book had, like rock, reached its lowest ebb. Like a modern Marvel superhero, it had become paralysed with uncertainty of how to use its abilities.

The major US publishers — Marvel and DC — had begun to retrace the steady juvenile market. The American underground comics had lost their impetus, although they were the comics that had really expanded the medium in terms of content and treatment, while Marvel and DC



The World Of Moebius (1): The 26th century Private Eye finds his coitus rudely interrupted when the other party suddenly mutates. From a story by Dan O'Bannon.



The World Of Moebius (2): Arzach, Moebius' mythic navigator from beyond the evolutionary chain, reacts with typical sang-froid to a new way of death.

The World Of Moebius (3): The first and last monkey in space.



The World Of Moebius (4): Was God a Visigoth?

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METAL HURLANT

tended to go for a sometimes successful but often forced realism and human drama content.

Marvel had just started publishing what was, in every respect but one, an underground comic, called *Howard The Duck*. Robert Crumb himself had found an overground outlet in *The Village Voice*. But that was to last just two years and he has not had an outlet since.

In France, however, the comic book had travelled quite another route... France is an old country that eagerly embraces the new, it's a country that develops new concepts the way others develop industry, and in recent years it has given the world such key developments as the Citroën DS, the discotheque and existentialism.

If we look for a French national characteristic beyond those so beloved of the Express Newspaper group we come across a very strong tendency to quantify style and find substance in image. The French bring an aesthetic to bear on everything... from wine to life to movies. It was they who originated in the '50s most of the still current precepts of film criticism: the *auteur* theory; the category of film *noir*; and the film *maudit*, otherwise known as the B movie, the starting point of the trash aesthetic!

"France is full of some of the most stupid people in the world," proclaims Jean-Pierre Dionnet. "Including me... about politics or whatever, we are really dumb. But, we had a view of jazz that was the first and the best. We had a view of American movies that was very good. Somewhere, we have something that does that. We have a rather large number of people that understand things like — the popular arts that are maybe disregarded or exploited in their own country, and we bring them alive and help them."

"Suddenly, half of all the good comics artists in the world are French..."

"For the reasons, we must go back to the war. Before the war, France was an American colony in comics. We had *Mickey Mouse* and *Flash Gordon* — it was a great time. The war came and the Nazis put an end to all the American stuff and replaced it with French or Belgian comics."

"At the end of the war, the Communists came to power and they took the artists who had worked for the Nazi-oriented magazines and put them in magazines that they founded. They passed a law to forbid American comics! All the American strips were completely forbidden, so we built up a tradition."

"Most of the new French artists never read American comics when they were young because they were not available to read; no *Flash Gordon*, no *Superman*, no *Mandrake*, nothing. So, the French comics culture began apart from American influence — that's why it's so good!"

The most familiar results of this little-known post-war Communist edict are undoubtedly *Tin-Tin*, originated by Hergé before the war, and *Asterix* by René Goscinny.

(Goscinny was a friend of Harvey Kurtzman, who during the '50s was an editor at EC Comics, the comics equivalent and indeed perhaps fore-runner of all those drive-in sci-fi and horror movies currently enjoying a nostalgic revival on the late-night circuit and a thematic revival in such films as *Close Encounters*, *Dawn Of The Dead*, and in the films of Stephen King's stories.)

But Kurtzman's most enduring contribution to the EC line, and to comics as a whole, was his *Mad* magazine.

With the success of *Asterix*, whose charm was really more *Mad* than Gallic, Goscinny gained the means in '67 to transform a boy's adventure paper called *Pilote* into a free-wheeling upbeat weekly French *Mad*. The soft satirical humour of *Asterix* in '64 paved the way for *Pilote* to appeal to an older readership, the first French comic to do so. Soon, weirder, more idiosyncratic material began to appear by new artists, and its pages betrayed the influence of the American underground comics.

Yet Goscinny apparently was unhappy with the liberties these artists wanted to take. By 1973 a more cautious editor had been installed and the artists were looking for their freedom. Among them: Druillet, Giraud, Jacques, Tardi, Mandryke, Gotlib and Claire Bretecher, now mildly famous with *Times Sunday Supp* readers for her dry depictions of Liberal anxiety.

Above: The Associated Humanoids (L to R): Philippe Druillet, Philippe Manoeuvre, Jean-Pierre Dionnet, Jean Giraud alias Moebius.



Yves Chaland's introduction to *One Night Of Terror*, a story unafraid to combine all the classic elements of a confrontation between a Mad Professor, an innocent girl, and her heroic saviour.

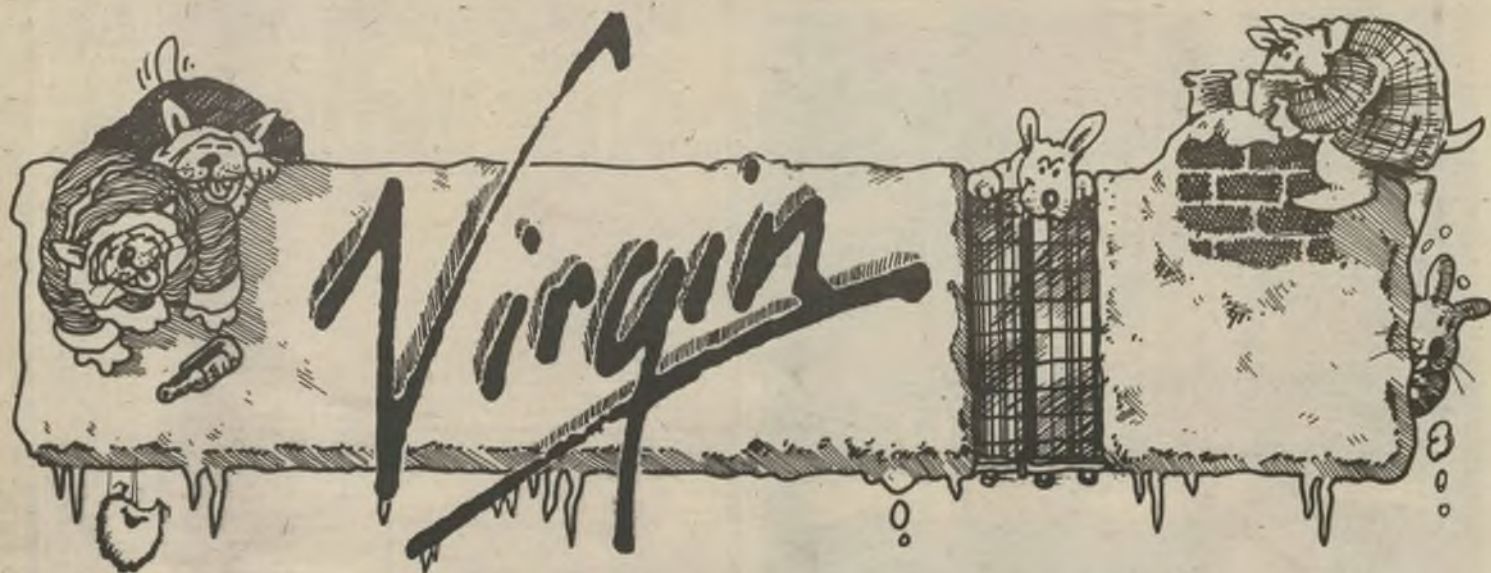


Above: Druillet confronts the matriarch. Below left: Serge Clerc (inset) renders his view of the French teenage dilemma: to play rock'n'roll or draw comics? Below right: Richie Corben's baby gets a surprise!



Bottom right: An anxious moment from the stories of Joost Swarte.





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METAL HURLANT

Bretcher, Gottlieb and Mandryka were the first to move. In '74 they created a witty monthly called *L'Echo Des Savannes*. Meanwhile Dionnet, nursing a stack of rejection slips from *Pilote* and an abiding desire to do something new with the medium, began to think of *Metal*.

AFTER OVER a decade of buying, selling, collecting, writing and editing comics, Dionnet at 33 still retains an amazing youthful passion, and wears no trace of the crusty, embittered air of those unfortunates who have outgrown theirs. He drives the office of Les Humanoïdes like a dynamo.

"Druillet had seen some people leaving *Pilote* and he wanted to do the same because he had problems with editorial censorship. Giraud had no reason to leave except that he was Gir, and he wanted to be somebody else; become Moebius and do something different. So we talked and in the beginning we had no idea what it would be, what the problems were, how to do a magazine, nothing.

"*L'Echo Des Savannes* had come out and we thought it was a tremendous success at the time, but in fact it was not because they had a crazy distributor who took 300,000 copies and sold maybe 30,000. But we didn't know that, so we would get drunk each night and talk about starting our own company.

"I said: let's do a magazine with just regular strong dirty fantasy! Let's do a magazine where we can say whatever we want: the dirtiest nightmares. It was a crazy house!

"We knew in the beginning that Druillet would draw shit coming out of monsters, and that Moebius would draw strange things too, although Druillet was the more violent. It would be all we wanted to do — like the American underground comics in a way, but not quite because it was slick and even classic at times, like 19th century illustration.

"In 1966 *Pilote* broke ground by aiming at, say, a readership of around 14 to 16, then in '75 *Metal* was done for a readership of around 20 to 25. It was a big revolution. But it was not because you had eight pages of Druillet that *Pilote* was a revolution. *Zep* was a different concept for different people.

"Those American underground comics like *Zep* weren't published in France, but they were a big influence on the artists. Somebody like Crumb influenced everybody, not in his drawings but in the way he brought his own personal fantasies and obsessions to his work; the way he would almost work out his problems in his comics.

"In the beginning, *Metal* was like that. There was never a strip that was done for the readers. It was always the work of an artist who would say: I have this in the head, I have a terrible headache, I'll put it on paper. *phew!* I feel better. The reader would see it and say: *essch!* I feel the headache. It's awful. I think that right now comics in France are in a way more of a reflection of events than even journalism. Because they don't speak of small events, but they speak of mood, of general things. In *Metal* I don't really have a direction because I don't like to tell people what to do. They have their direction or they don't. Yet, suddenly, you find many of the artists saying the same thing. In issue number 36 for example (the brilliant *Fin Du Monde Special*), all the guys were speaking about how great it is to be living at the end of the world! Yes! The world is collapsing, and we are here with champagne... what a spectacle!

"That is a kind of journalism that reflects a wider feeling. And what Druillet says in his strips; how he is fascinated with machines and machines merging into man, and how small they are in perspective... it's a big article each month about what he feels. And what he feels is what is already happening for many people. People with the Sony Stowaway, they are already in Druillet's work! "*Metal Hurlant*, and some rock magazines like *Rock et Folk*, are all moving in the same direction. Three of four years ago we did a poll and we found that our readers read *Rock et Folk* or similar magazines but they never read a newspaper, they never watch TV; they listen to radio and buy records. What they said very strongly is that they are completely cut off from many official things. I asked once who is your favourite artist? 4,000 people replied that guy, this guy, whatever. Eight months later I asked who they would vote for at the next election. I had three replies. Not 4,000 — three.

"I wanted to publish the poll saying one third of our readers are fascist, one third far left, and one third don't care, because one was fascist, one was far left, and one said he wasn't going to vote. It's very strange... our readers don't even watch TV. Out of 4000 only 100 said they watched TV!

"But I don't think this is because they want to escape from the real world. I think they understand that the world wants to give them the impression that they are free when they are not. That's why they don't vote. They have the choice between a 100-year-old communist, a 150-year-old socialist, and a 200-year-old fascist. Those old guys who are all the debris you see eating in expensive restaurants and saying 'Vote for me or vote for my friend...' Our readers understand that there is no choice, so they don't get involved

"And it's not a choice. I turn on the TV and I see the candidates for the French elections next year and I feel like those Americans who have to choose between Reagan and Carter, although if I was them I would choose maybe the cowboy for the fun of it!"

THIS YEAR, *Metal Hurlant* celebrated its 50th issue (by nearly going bankrupt!).

Its span has broadened considerably but its sense of adventure is undiminished. Philippe Manoeuvre, formerly the dean of French rock critics until he fell out with his colleagues at *Rock et Folk* over the Great Punk Debate (he was for, they were against), became acting editor in '78 and introduced a reviews section, more rock content, and more varied features.

Dionnet was left free to concentrate on the albums that Les Humanoïdes publish in almost frighteningly prolific volume. An album is their description for the hard-bound volumes of an artist's work. A range of books also bear the Humanoïdes imprint by not least Eric Ambler and Hunter Thompson, neither of whom had been translated into French before, as well as Charles Bukowski and Harlan Ellison.

Over the years *Metal Hurlant* has found and developed many new artists: Frank Margerin, Nicole Claveloux, Yves Chaland, Chantale Monteliet and young Serge Clerc. In *Metal*, the comic strip has come of age. Even Marvel have had to follow their lead with a new self-consciously 'mature' monthly called *Epic*.

But the most crucial thing *Metal* has done is to establish a new conception for the graphic arts. The sheer variety of moods, emotions and experiences depicted in their comic strips, with approaches ranging from the brutally real to the absurdly surreal, has served to legitimise the form.

Dionnet says that part of the task of *Metal* is to give room to new artists who can say something about the world they live in.

"We are not colonialists! We are not Walt Disney. We have a German edition and we leave one side of the magazine to publish German artists and build up a German field. If we do it in Spain we will have Spanish artists: in Italy, Italian; in England, English... the interesting thing is to have something of the country. And some of the stuff in *Metal* is very French, like the strips about the strikes in the South, it's not done to be published elsewhere.

"That's one of our ambitions. In France we now sell 70,000 copies a month. It's not that big but, well, we are expensive because we use good paper and have lots of colour. *Rock et Folk*, for instance, sells about 120,000, but they are ten years old and we are five. I think we'll do it, because we've never spent any money on advertising, and we've built up slowly, but we've always increased, never slipped, and we started from just 5,000. We have a tie-up with French TV coming, a Moebius animated picture, and when that happens...

As you would expect of someone who has spent most of his life absorbed in the literature of fantasy, for Jean-Pierre Dionnet anything's possible. He places no limits on the scope of the *Metal Hurlant* enterprise. Eventually, *Metal Hurlant* will reach the big screen, and it will be translated into English and it will astonish everybody.

Which brings us to one slight drawback: the fact that *Metal Hurlant* is written in French (and we should really be ashamed of the way the French are as a whole far more proficient in English than we are at speaking another language.) *Heavy Metal*, a very different American magazine that licences some of their material, is hardly worth reading since it lacks *Metal*'s flair, the translations are poor, and the whole enterprise seems cheap and shoddy. *Heavy Metal* has even publicly boasted of how little it pays Les Humanoïdes for their work. However, O-level French and a bit of patience should grant some degree of access to the real thing.

Otherwise there's no way the kid in you will be able to discover what happens when a comic book decides — as *Metal* did this year — to send a correspondent to China! *Metal Hurlant* is more than anyone ever thought a comic book could be and it still hasn't run out of surprises.



FIN

A black and white illustration of Flash Gordon. He is a muscular man with blonde hair, wearing a dark tank top with a star emblem, a utility belt, and dark pants. He is holding a futuristic pistol in his right hand and has his left arm outstretched. He stands on a rocky, alien landscape. In the background, there is a large, futuristic city with spires and domes, a large planet or moon in the sky, and several flying saucers. The title 'FLASH GORDON' is written in large, stylized letters across the top, with a lightning bolt passing through the 'O'.

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HOW NOT TO GET LUMBERED

(PART THREE)

Ian Dury explains how discipline maketh the crackpot and frees the creative blockhead.

Also, the fine art of star-trekking sideburns



Shaving cream and interview:
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Hot towel and photographs:
PETER ANDERSON

IT'S DARK and it's cold and it's raining: a wind with a grudge against warm flesh knives through the clothing and the matted thing behind the glass door won't open up.

A mess, this one: the leather jacket that used to be a punk badge and has now been adopted by the Heavy Metal fraternity, the straggly blond beard and hair, the slouch. This man is on guard and opening doors is against his nature. His nature dictates that he tells people that he's sorry but they have to go round the front.

The man with the basin haircut, the black suit, the grey face and the funny eyes moves forward, cranks himself up and snaps, "That's it! We're blowing the gig out!"

The man with the beard, beret and dreadlocks barely looks round. "Shut up, Wilko," he says and he stares at the mess. The mess opens the door.

That — in case you're interested — is the nearest that the current Dury tour got to High Drama (and that) during the period of observation covered herein. The Soft As A Baby's Bottom Tour is (the) business: not quite 'as usual' because it's so different, but it's a tightly-knit group of people going about a collective task with enthusiasm, determination and zeal. It's the Back On The Boards tour, the Sink Or Swim tour, the Fight Back tour, the Deadly Earnest tour, the Good Fun tour.

So it could begin where we began — which was near the beginning chronologically — or it could begin near the end, as Dury tells a Friday night crowd at the Poole Arts Centre, "I'd like to introduce you to my hero" as he brings Don Cherry on stage to jam. It could begin with members of the touring party returning from a gig to find the hotel ringed with police cars, and the easily imaginable panic that ensued. Upon entering the premises, however, the Blox found the Elderly William in unusually solicitous mood and preoccupied with the possibility that hordes of pop-crazed young dementos would have followed the Blocks back to the hostelry with the one avowed intent of rending their heroes limb from limb. "You're all here and you're all right, so we'll be moving along," announced one constable in the silkiest of tones before suiting the action to the word and leaving a herd of bemused Blockheads to occupy the hotel bar until the wee smalls.

Where else? We could start with Dury's mum earnestly proclaiming her disapproval of the "DURY FOR POPE" graffiti that had appeared on the side of the truck in Belfast. A lovely lady, Mrs D, and — this lunchtime — she probably has a higher alertness quotient than any other six people in the party. She sits in the lounge of this out-of-season hotel in Exeter, calmly noshing on a salad and taking everything in her (metaphorical) stride, perusing music papers for references to her

boy and his Blocks and being very patient with her hungover juniors.

Or else we could consider the sad case of Father Terence O'Donovan. This unfortunate cleric had been given the arduous task of following *Barnay Miller* as the sign-off for an evening's television entertainment, and had chosen as his text an appeal for public concern for the plight of the hard (or even impossible) of hearing. Staring earnestly into the camera and — by extension — into millions of homes and Wilko Johnson's hotel room — Father Terence gravely intoned, "Mind that child — he may be deaf."

Then came one of those thunderously silent pauses. Father Terence seemed to go into shock. "Deaf!" he corrected himself, but the possibility of any kind of recovery became astonishingly remote. One thought of all his parishioners poised by their tellies, of the good Father spending weeks rehearsing all the different ways he could have read his opening line — "Mind that child, he may be deaf", "Mind that child, he may be deaf" — and all the other variations — only to blow it with

an utter, resounding finality: "Mind that child, he may be deaf... deaf!"

For the next twenty-four hours, it is a guaranteed stone solid cert that any mention of Father Terence O'Donovan or even the casual insertion of the phrase "Mind that child" into a conversation will reduce Wilko to a spluttering, helpless heap of queuing black rags.

Dury didn't see it, unfortunately. He was watching Nat King Cole playing the piano on the other channel.

Where else could we start? We could start with the unprecedented spectacle of Don Cherry, long, tall, serene, impossibly elegant, bawling "Fasassasakinasasahl!" into a microphone for what seems like aeons. We could start with the reporter nipping backstage for a pise during the Exeter University set and, upon emerging, finding himself having his astrological chart done by Micky Gallagher's wife Eileen — herbalist-in-residence to the Blocks — as the band launched into 'Plaistow Patricia'.

We could start with the entire playing area

of Norman Watt-Roy's picking finger blistering away during a set and the indomitable bassist simply biting away the loose flap of skin and continuing playing with his little finger, or we could start with the entire band — minus Wilko — personning the tour stall and selling their own badges, T-shirts and posters to incredulous punters in Poole.

We could start anywhere, in fact. But when it gets real, it starts like this.

THE TIDAL wave of applause recedes gradually until it becomes a mere puddle around Ian Dury's ankles. His unmistakable frame is draped in black right down to the black gloves that recall his period of apprenticeship with Kilburn & The High Roads. His thick sideboards have been meticulously shaved into *Star Trek* points — took him an hour and half the night before, 45 minutes each, it takes much longer to shave your sides the slow way — and a fairly uncompromising pair of shades are clamped across the top half of his head. He just stands there, waiting for some 'ush.

"So-o-o-o-o," he intones into the microphone, dropping the audience halfway into an anecdote already in progress, "I sez to 'er, I sez 'I really really really love you'..."

The voice is unmistakable: huge, warm and lubricious, a voice that comes from a big barrel chest, almost spooky when emanating from such a diminutive person. He's telling a story, a variation on an old Murray Roman routine that he's worked up for the tour, the old one about the girl who says yes, you can come back to my place but you've got to be very, very quiet.

"And the stairs went *crreeeak* and she goes (deafening stage whisper) 'I said you 'ed to be quiet!' We go into her room and she sez (back into the whisper, getting slower and slower, winding the punters up something chronic) 'Don't turn the light on, it *clicks*!' So she takes all her clothes off... and I take all my clothes off... and she lies down on the bed... and she sez 'C'mere.' An' I go over there."

"And then she sez, 'FUCK ME!!'

Pause: one beat.

"FUCK ME!! FUCK ME!! FUCK ME!!"

And the lights go up, streamers explode from the stage-side turrets that house Davey Payne w/saxes and Mickey Gallagher w/keyboards, Wilko Johnson starts a tentative whizz about and the Blockheads hit *a-fuck*... cruising pace on 'Upminster Kid'. The operative word is 'lovely.'

One step backwards, two steps forward. Dury and his team have been off the boards for a year after the departure of Chaz (formerly Chaz) Jankel (who — for his part — has issued what must be the archetypal boring Muso's Album of the decade) and the first two singles to emerge from the revamped line-up have been something less than epochal. This tour is, therefore, mildly crucial. It's the way the cripple crumbles, it's the floor of the jungle... the new album 'Laughter' has a captivating rowdiness and grit, an element missing from the Chaz(2) Jankel) antieptic studio funk-outs of 'Do It Yourself', and the new show evokes the same atmosphere and attitude: that simply because life is appallingly grim and



BLOCKHEADS 1980. Back row l to r: Wilko Johnson, Dan Cherry, Ian Dury, Charlie Charles, Mickey Gallagher. Front row: Davey Payne, Norman Watt-Roy, Johnny Turnbull.



"Students... being paid by the government to be a loony... it's great!"

unfair is no valid reason for not having a party. The wise young crackpot, as they say, knows no fear.

And the wise young (ish) Blockhead knows no respite. Ian Dury and his crew have not mounted as entrancing a spectacle as this since the legendary days of the first Stiff tour, possibly because they haven't had as much fun as this since those (comparatively) early days. It is not simply that the combo is hot. It is because the combo has reasons to be hot (one! two! three!).

Take the new chip in the old Block, your man Johnson. The twitchy one has a rep for being difficult, throwing titanic wobblers at a moment's notice, coming over withdrawn and moody, etc. Now, a lot of this is myth and windup, but the fact remains that Wilko is far more relaxed and gregarious on this tour than he's been in any performing-type situation sort of thing since very early Feelgoods.

"We all got to know each other pretty well from working on the album," he reflects, "and we all got on pretty well. It's a lot of laughs — you can't keep a straight face with the Blockheads — different laughs from the ones I've been into in the past. But the thing in this situation is that there's no question but that you're one of a team, in exactly the same position as the other musicians in The Blockheads. And all the worries and stuff that come from being the one in control are on Ian's shoulders: he's the one who might get withdrawn or whatever."

"For another thing, it would be intolerable for me to come in here being stand-offish and throwing moods. I couldn't carry on like that! If I'm on stage at one of my own gigs, the nervousness has been building up for quite a long time, and that makes me withdrawn to the point that the last half-hour before we go on I can hardly speak to anyone. 'Give us a G' is about the best I can do. I mean," he adds hastily, "give us a note!"

Make it 'give us an A'. You were saying? "All of that doesn't occur. And generally after one of my own gigs I get depressed, really depressed because... I suppose it's the kind of emotional withdrawal from what you've been doing. Tedium of one kind or another, then you get that rush for an hour and then... silence. That doesn't happen either with Ian. It's really nice!", he adds wonderingly. "I quite regularly go where everybody else is gathering at the hotel after the gig, and I almost never do that normally."

"It's almost... therapeutic."

Therapeutic: of course! This is Blockhead Therapy. This is where the screamers and the crackpots come to dance. On this tour there are two support groups: Basement 5 and Blunt, each bringing an element of the unpredictable, each providing a challenge.

Blunt are a trio with less than standard line-up: they feature sax/vocals, drums and guitar. In order that's former Mr Pugh puppeteer Ted Milton, tall, lean and ascetic,

his brother Jake (who might be remembered by hippies with intact memories as the drummer with Quintessence of 'Getting It Straight In Notting Hill Gate' and 'Gungahai' fame), and a tall, beefy guitarist known as The Human Loop, who plays accordingly. Their music works on its incompleteness: in the wings Don Cherry hums trumpet parts to complement Milton's raging, squawking sax, and in the dressing-room Norman Watt-Roy is kicking in phantom bass parts.

Blunt exist on the tension between what is present and what is implied. Their music insists on listener participation. Everyone who listens to Blunt either becomes part of the band (as Cherry and Watt-Roy did) or else is repelled by the seeming imbalance. Alternatively, they might be repelled by Ted Milton's vocals, which — broadly speaking — fall into that category where one finds hectoring, haranguing vocals which are rendered partially or wholly incomprehensible by poor enunciation or insufficiently acute sound-mixing.

Basement 5 surprise audiences simply by looking how they look and playing what they play. Their visual might best be described as Rasta Surreal: bassist Leon wears an enormous parody of a belvedere helmet on stage and Dennis Morris — who sings — is kitted out with an admiral's jacket and cap. Their music is grimly linear tunnel-rock somewhere on a line between Killing Joke (who Wilko and the Basements went to see on an Exeter off-night) at their loosest and old-style Pil at their poppiest. The remorseless guitar/bass pulse and throb is expertly carved up and defined by the agile, inventive drumming of much-travelled drummer-about-town Richard Dudanski, who joined up to do the tour and may or may not stick around, depending. The disorientation factor is that everyone in their audiences — clogging the visuals and the genetics — expects a reggae band. The mood of the combination is confrontational: before the Block do their stuff, neither audience nor bands have given each other an easy ride. Conflict, challenge and stimulus.

Whatever, it makes for good conversation. If there was a stupid person anywhere on the tour, we didn't meet.

IT IS undoubtedly very (too) easy to get precious about Ian Dury. He is — no bout a doubt it — a captivating figure and impressive with it: his rough warmth, his boisterous humour, his enormous wit and acuity and vast resources of personal courage are more than noteworthy, but he doesn't need people sobbing all over him every time he makes a move. He does not need the sentimentality of others. He deserves no-one's pity.

In everything except physique, Ian Dury is the biggest, strongest man I know: to sentimentalise him is to demean him. He

judges the work of other artists by the highest and harshest standards — anyone who can complain that Woody Allen's films are all extremely poorly made and that all the best jokes were on the comic's first album is not one to sentimentalise the works of others — and wishes his own stuff to be judged likewise.

He is at his most scathing when discussing what he considers to be an overall sloppiness in the standards of most rock lyric-writing, but cheerfully points out that "in rock and roll, lyrics don't matter. In the Kilburns, we went out for two years with a 100-watt PA, and no-one could hear anything but the vowel sounds. But then Marlon Brando's my favourite actor and you can't hear the words there either, but he needs a good script to be able to furrow his brow convincingly."

Before entering his rock and roll apprenticeship, Ian Dury was a professional artist. Like many other rock and rollers, he'd been to art school: unlike most of them, he'd done his course, picked up his diploma and gone on to paint and draw for a living. Like the humanist he is, he'd always end up drawing humans, working with the physical. He is preoccupied with the physical, and appropriately so: Dury lives with his body in a way that very few of us are forced to, and bodily doings are never far from his mind. In his songs they surface, and in his art there were faces.

"It all came down to faces — I never could get tits right. Stanley Spencer always used to start with the top left-hand corner, and I always used to start with the left eye, then move on to the bridge of the nose and then the right eye. If that looked all right, you had a face. Always from life. I was useless at drawing from memory."

Dury was one of the Walthamstow contingent at Hornsey Art College — he cites getting into Hornsey and releasing 'Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll' as the two turning points in his life so far. Surprisingly, in these days of the eternal, ritual broadsides against 'fucking students', Dury returns time and time again to the point that his studies and subsequent work as an artist gave him a discipline and sense of purpose that he finds missing from most of the self-taught 'artists' of rock and roll. As names came up in the course of a series of conversations, he would return time and time again to the point that if so-and-so had been to art school ("a wage from the government to be a loony — it's great") they would be more disciplined, more motivated, more determined.

One long-term project stuck somewhere in the pipeline is a book with the working title of *How Not To Get Lumbered*, a survival guide to the rock business that should tell young 'opelufs' everything from how to read a contract to how to perform on-the-road maintenance on AC30s without access to spare parts. Another is an album tentatively

entitled 'Dirty Dances' which will consist entirely of funk pieces w/rapping. This man's brain is obviously working.

SO — in a car racing towards Southampton, where Dury is scheduled to do a mini-interview for a local TV show — conversations take place. Dury is perched in the front seat, his scrambled egg stretched across the lap of his manager, Peter Jenner, who is driving. Random talk:

Do you want to make films?

"Not making 'em, no. I'd go in and pose for one or two if I got offered any, but not more than that because I think the parts would be too limiting for someone of my calibre. I'd do a couple before I got too old if they came along. I was Kosmos's manager for a while and we turned 'undreds of them down. (sings) I love the sound of... I'd only be interested in films that weren't purely about someone making loads and loads of money. If someone had offered me a part in *Rawlinson End* I would've jumped at it. I'd've done it like a shot for Viv — well, not for Viv, but for me, to be in there with that loony I would've been proud. I think that's what films should be about, really: loonies. The best film I've seen in the last five years was the Stiff tour film: *Wreckless Eric*... I know people said it was a home movie, but it was a great home movie. I can see that being expended into a two-hour movie some day if Costello keeps it together."

Would you want to write a movie, do a screenplay?

"I don't know if I could do the play, but I could do the verbal. I'm into that. Me and Chaz were going to do that once, because quite often when we had conversations he would play the guitar and I would talk for hours on end and he'd never talk at all and I'd just listen to his guitar-playing and he'd just listen to me talk."

Everything you've written has such immense detail.

"It's like trying to do a portrait, because that's what I used to do in the old days. I went to art school thinking that there was nowhere else to go anyway after leaving normal school. I got a bit irritated when I hear people say that rock and rollers all went to art school because what they did was hang around art school. I wonder how many there are with diplomas? Maybe these days there are a few, not that a diploma means anything except that you were there for three years. Art school was about the only place that you could go if you didn't want to work in a bank. I wasn't university material — my mum wanted me to be a lawyer; she wasn't half disappointed until she came to a gig at Exeter about two and a half years ago, and then she sucked it. She came in and said, 'I see. I said, 'D'you get it?' and she said, 'I get it.'"

"My paintings are where my kids live — I

Continues page 57.

Brooding on the bleeding

DENNIS BROWN: Blood City (High Times). Brooding, charged performance, wherein Dennis Brown caps another successful year with his finest of its releases. Departing from the lovers rock mainstream that has characterised the bulk of his recent work, Mr Brown invokes woe unto "the bloody city that is filled with liars, robbers and thieves" in a manner that recalls previous works of like power, 'Here I Come' and 'Emmanuel'.

Able assistance from Aswad, Tyrone Downie and Earl Lindo, masterful production from Chinna Smith and superior lyrics by Rassem Menelik and Melchizedek complete an accomplished piece of music. On the version flip, free form instrumentation creates what my review room companion Charles Shaer Murray describes warmly as lots of space.

BIG YOUTH: Jah Golden Jubilee (Nichols Delta). On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Ras Tafari's ascension to the Ethiopian throne, whereby he took the name of Emperor Haile Selassie I, Youth calls strong, calls one and calls all to chant bongo iris towards its celebration. Though lacking the same urgency as Youth's previous Nichols Delta efforts 'Green Bay Killing' and 'Political Confusion', the song nevertheless provokes a spirited exaltation from the toaster, and features some extremely pleasant keyboards playing.

TONY TUFF: Hustling (Scorchers). **ERRDL SCORCHER: DJ Spirit (Belmont).** A frenetic soundtrack to the greater skill of pool, pinball, asteroids and sundry idleness, this latest of Tony Tuff's many 1980 releases speaks of tedium and bleak prospect from its first cursory sentence: "hustling a hustling a hustling, a hustling a hustling a hustling, woe oh, we-ell, everyday's just hustling and hustling." A flat foot hustling furthermore, in fact a "shuffling and shuffling,

scuffling and scuffling." Sleeping on office desks, street-selling London's dying guide, begging a cigarette Jimmy, and other pastimes such as those of us gainfully employed know nothing of. Some advice to the rest: "you can't get no job no bother rob; you can't get no work no bother chuck; you can't get no work no bother go berserk; you can't get no work no bother lurk." Instead, "don't just stand on the corner, plant some yam and banana, raise a few chickens, you bound to have food in your kitchen."

Upon the identical rhythm, toaster Errdl Scorchers performs a zealous toast to Tuff's sentiment, making much Hallelujah and praise of the Lord, not to mention self-advertisement, thus: "it's me, it's me oh Jah, Errdl Scorchers. Bim!" The DJ spirit is moving just like a magnet, sister Margaret.

RAS IMRUH ASHER: Four Fold Runner / Look Of Love (Sasetone). Tottenham seer Asher predicts earthquake and snow in southern Italy in what he describes as a "supernatural outburst, civilisation reverse in



Dennis Brown stoically ignores the fact his beard is on fire.

this time," to strident accompaniment. Flip describes a love song of particular poignancy.

SISTER LOVE: At The Station (Soundoff). Mundane lovers rock in which the Sister Love trio make repetitive issue of the fact that they have made a rendezvous "to meet you at a quarter to nine at the station." The flip version 'Oxford Circus', through which 78 million people passed last year,

denotes their place of meeting. I hope they are all happy together.

JAH THOMAS: Looking My Love Styles (Jah Life). To the rhythm of Barrington Levy's 'Looking My Love', DJ Thomas makes pleasant remark on the subject of dance halls. The rhythm — actually 'Real Rock' — most properly belongs to 1973, as does Jah Thomas's more inspired version of it, 'Dance Pon The Corner'. This late variation is interesting

chiefly for its "style lily lily lee" refrain.

JIMMY LINDSAY: It's Hard (For A Dread To Live In Babylon) (Gem). Seemingly, it's not exactly a bed of roses for a baldhead either.

THE PIRATES: Six Lonely Nights (Big Ben Records). Old-fashioned harmony group effort from the label which gave the world Horace Martin. The buccaners in question bemoan six lonely nights, but are never

Reggae singles by PENNY REEL

explicit as to what happens on the seventh. Still, they do throw out one good line: "and you can play all the games you want but no try to tie me."

CONNECTIONS: Discipline (Budget). Vin Gordon trombone-led Studio 1 adaptation of 'Theme From A Summer Place' given lazy treatment to very pleasant effect.

PRINCE JAZZBO: Free We Want To Be Free (Brisco).

PRINCE JAZZBO: Slum Chant (Sparkles). The long due return of Prince Jazzbo giving voice to two strong titles in manner we had supposed he'd lost forever. 'Free' is a reworking of the 'Pick Up The Pieces' rhythm; upon which the Prince toasts "four hundred years in a slavery, eh, now we're coming out of slavery with bravery." The Sparkles side spotlights the danger of nocturnal strolling, especially in the vicinity of Upton Park.

Jazzbo footnote: Carnaby Street's long-time reggae venue Roaring Twenties/Columbo's — where Lloydie Coxson built his following — has now been transformed into the London Gambling Club.

MISTIC EYES: Shining Light/A Happy Dub (Black Rose). Vocal trio sing of seasonal shining lights on an average recording. The flip is a dub of vocal recording made by the group for Lee Perry some while back.

DERLAND BYFIELD: Jah My Light (Mephemaj Pheton). A similar light, but superior treatment. New name Derland Byfield reworks love tune in praise of the Most High. Amazing label for matchbox collectors.



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as Flash Gordon

ORNELLA MUTI

as Princess Aura

MELODY ANDERSON

as Dale Arden

MAX VON SYDOW

as The Emperor Ming

TOPOL

as Dr Hans Zarkov

TIMOTHY DALTON

as Prince Barn

BRIAN BLESSED

as Prince Winton

PETER WYNGARDE

as Klytus

MARIANGELA MELATO

as Kala

Music Composed Performed and Produced by

QUEEN

Screenplay by

LORENZO SEMPLE, JR.

Producer

DINO DE LAURENTIIS

Director

MIKE HODGES

Music by QUEEN on EMI Records and Tapes, EMI 3331

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Pic: Joe Stevens

Grace Jones: "C'mon, you guys, how about putting my pic in the paper for once?"

GRACE JONES: Love Is The Drug (Island). Fresh from her foray with bluff Russell Harty, the slab-faced slit-eyed one turns her formidable attention to Roxy Music with a single as rich and brittle as black chocolate, that's guaranteed to stroke the sensibilities of even the most jaded old sophisticate.

Grace is just so effortless, so unforgiving, that she rips the song to shreds, substituting a chilled, doomy

disco that deep-freezes the memory of a very warm sexy smooch. Her music unfailingly fits her face: sharp, emaciated funk that's strong and as striking as her own bone structure.

You can carp at Grace's blasé spoilt bitch style and the dedicated hedonism of her approach, but there's nothing dilapidated in the way she distills this song to its bitter essence. An unerring exercise in style.

BUZZCOCKS: What Do You Know/Running Free (United Artists). Pete Shelley may be driven by a different kind of tension these days, but sooner or later people are going to realise that he's still making superior pop singles. Of course the meaning of life doesn't fit so neatly into the pop format as the vicissitudes of love, but 'What Do You Know' is a hot blaze of sound, brass section subtly blaring and with Shelley himself almost singing soul.

'Running Free' is a bit of a misnomer and by no means the best of Steve Diggle's often excellent writing. It plods too doggedly and sounds, unfortunately, more than a shade too strained.

SEX PISTOLS: God Save The Queen/Pretty Vacant/Holidays In The Sun/My Way/Anarchy In The UK/Stepping Stone/C'mon Everybody/The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle/Something Else/Silly Thing/Black Leather/Here We Go Again (Virgin). Forget your festive spirit, this lot comes just in time to set the Christmas cash registers ringing. Balanced between some early blasts that still sound like the walls crashing down around your ears and the later shabby dross that shamed the name of Sex Pistols, this is what you might call scraping the bottom of the barrel. Only, for once, I think Branson's booted. This may be a handy, all-purpose present, but can you think of anyone who hasn't already got all they want of this stuff in one form or another?

GARY NUMAN: This Wreckage (Beggars Banquet). The android

awakes again and delivers suitably pretentious sentiments in his ansaphone voice over a dully pounding headache of an arrangement. This sounds more deadened than alive, and in his absence there's been a whole new wave of enthusiasm in the pop world that makes Numan's bleak, forced futurist techno-rock look as if it's never really stirred from a state of suspended animation.

ROD STEWART: My Girl (Riva). In which we find Rodney wallowing well out of his depth, well out of touch, just well out of it. This is mawkish, sticky, sweet and sickening. All of which is, of course, no reason why this won't be A Hit.

STEELY DAN: Hey Nineteen (MCA). Steely Dan have always had an irritatingly precious aura, and this smug, half-hearted sort of sigh over a slick, tepid shuffle is no exception.

BILLY PRESTON AND SYREETA: Please Stay (Motown). Billy and Syreeta supply some pretty masterly pacing in an exquisitely stretched introduction, then proceed to bludgeon the rept atmosphere into oblivion by an overdose of strings and general showbiz schmaltz.

BASEMENT 5: Last White Christmas (Island). The matching of Martin Hannett with Basement 5 achieves the odd effect of a single that's half crude punk rant, half completed HM flail, with only a brief, deep-bubbling bass line left to show anything interesting at all. I prefer the B-side; bastardised dub it may be, but then

Hannett's always had an ear for something eerie stirring in the black holes of space.

THE SPECTRES: Stories (Demon Records). **JANE KENNAWAY AND STRANGE BEHAVIOUR:** I.O.U. (Growing Up In Hollywood). **THE VIPs:** I Need Somebody To Love (Gem).

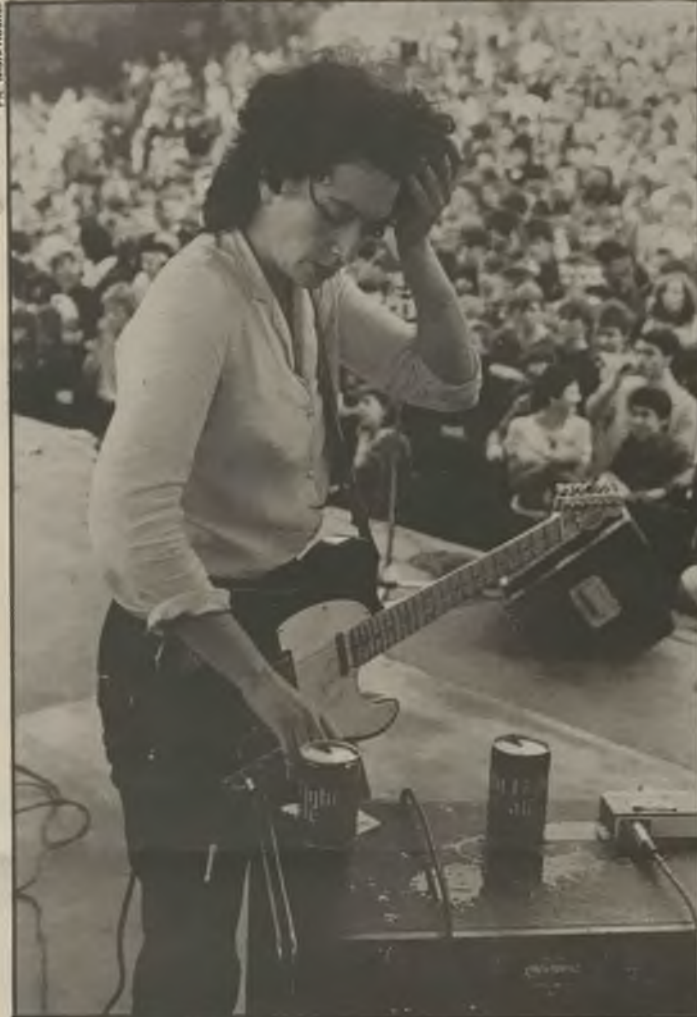
Three of those worthy, well-meaning records that are, like, Duillsville daddyo. Proficiently played, well-put-together and all those other things that damn with faint praise, but with a basic, stale rigidity in the structure that doesn't leave space for any twists, surprises or intrigue.

The Kustow/Matlock gang supply a perfectly acceptable pop saxophony song that's gone as soon as the needle leaves the grooves. Jane and her boys play a ponderously orthodox rock that lacks the requisite quantities of flair and fire. And The VIPs bounce energetically enough, but they're still left standing on the same old poppy, rocky ground.

MAX SPLODGE: Bicycle Seat (Deram). A reggae-calypto ode to the joys of cycling, backed by a steel band and sung by the madly chirpy Splodge with his usual air of desperate exhibitionism. Talking of exhibiting yourself, Max's highly personalised trademark is all over this record, including the cover. And if you can't guess what that is, I certainly don't intend to tell you.

RED BEAT: Red Beat/Machines In Motion/More Or Less Cut (Malicious Damage 12" EP). Compelling modern nightmare music from Killing Joke proteges. A distorted dub throb,

Pic: Mark Risher



Au Pair Lesley Wood does the can-can.

AU PAIRS: Diet/It's Obvious (021 Records). God knows, there's a lot that's wrong with the way this world treats women, but sometimes the best results are achieved by stealth, by sidestepping, by believing in oneself rather than barking every bloke in sight with a rolled-up copy of *Spare Rib*.

Actually, amazingly, The Au Pairs' single works wonderfully, despite lyrics that portray a female so stereotyped she could barely exist outside of advertising copy. But then, that may be their beef.

'Diet's' a kaleidoscope of sliding guitars that collide with the pure sound of smashing crystal. And Lesley Wood's voice is outstanding: taut, sorrowful, searing and with a lethal cutting edge.

By working from inside the issues, rather than just dressing up dogma, The Au Pairs have achieved a rare status in rock. There's a political pop that appeals to the emotions, a really moving music with message. On the other side, 'It's Obvious' is smoother, but still crucial. Definitely a soul single.

spacey bass, clever, off-centre chording and the cold, aggressive echoes of alienation set this deep inside the urban disaster area.

THE SHAPES: Blast Off (Good Vibrations). **THE SLIDE:** Superman's Shoes (Crash). **THE FILMCAST:** What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted (True Friends Music).

NOISE ANNOYS: Tomorrow (Adult Entertainments). **THE LIGGERS/THE MEKON/THE SPURTZ/BATHROOM RENOVATIONS:** The Potent Human EP (L'Adventure). Most of these get marks

for effort rather than actual achievement. Nevertheless... The Shapes go on a snappy pop thrash through the perils of outer space. The Slide indulge in jealous fantasies of a comic-strip hero; bright, slight but with a certain sparkle. The Filmcast single is a strange and baggy sax and synth cover of a tear-stained standard. Noise Annoys' 'Tomorrow' is a slim, uneasy song, very primitive but keeps a clumsy, circling sense of tension. And most of Manchester's 'Potent Human' EP relies on an endearing amateurism that is really seriously dated, with the exception

of one dreamily whimsical track by The Mekon which is soft, sly, breathy and innocently tongue-in-cheek about the pleasures of playing with boys.

THE KORGIS: Wish You A Merry Christmas/Rovers Return (Rialto). A Christmas turkey from The Korgis; coy, wimpish and with three wet-eyed canine namesakes clustered round the Christmas tree on the cover. Obviously they're listening to the record — it's enough to bring tears to anyone's eyes.

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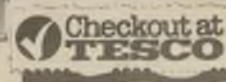
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THE TAPE OF THE STARS

PHOTOGRAPHY JOE STEVENS



THE STATE OF GRACE

GRACE JONES. Grace Jones is a nice lady who loves Japanese food. But how does the name Grace Jones figure in your code book?

Cod eyed intensity? Showbiz? (Luke)warm leatherette? Disco Elites? Whips and chains? A Certain Chat Show? Two cheek bones? One Hit Single? Avant garde fashion? Theatrical vacuum cleaner? Drag king? A...

Certain Style, 1980?

Grace Jones and a well known Manchester Factory act just recorded together a Talking Heads song off 'Remain In Light' named 'Houses In

Motion'. Grace chose this song, the first line of which is: "For a long time I felt without style or grace."

GRACE JONES was the supreme emblem of a not so mythical jet-set disco lifestyle. This was the mid-'70s, pre-punk. Grace Jones wore flimsy clothes, elaborate clothes, hardly clothes at all. Insignia. Outrage. Peeking breast.

Pre-, but like punk, 'musicianship' wasn't important. Grace Jones became a recording and performing star without the necessary qualifications. The idea: that anyone, in this case a model, a face, could be a singer. All very Warhol, but not quite so po-faced.

Grace Jones was not the cover of *Rolling Stone* or *New Musical Express*; she was cover of *Vogue*, with a side order (she didn't order) of *Time Out*'s hi-pseud disco phase. Her appeal was always truly international. Unlike groups who — along the way from the hometown to the World Tour — declared in

grubby interviews that their music wanted to be international, she always was. Didn't have to try.

Grace Jones mucked about the gender, with gender in performance — like Bowie before he fell to Earth (Eno). Her sexuality wasn't something you could buy, secure, wasn't a reassuring fantasy for any one body of consumers or lovers. A drift in the bizarre.

The gay connection was disco before disco was International Chic. Grace Jones was... the dark side of Bette Midler. Leggy, mouthy, thin. A camp preying mantis.

Grace Jones: a glaring Schille caricature of sexual independence, frighteningly stiff and free. Next. The rock world. Prudes!

To ease the passage of this threat into the rock world, writer Nick Cohn tried poetic eulogy (or so I'm told). She could be one of the Diamond Dogs! A female Bowie (inasmuch as they were both into bisexual imagery).

Passing coincidence: one of the first public places Bowie used to try on or try out his

'Bisexuality' was the Russell Harty show. Russell Harty said "Oh, not to worry". Bowie said "Who's worried?", talking to the wall behind the closet, as it were.

Cohn poeticized the chameleon for a tame Linda Ronstadt audience, but they weren't really interested in a black night goddess. Rock couldn't handle Myth Jones. Rock can't handle myths unless they're sick or watered down or collectable.

Like Bowie, Grace Jones was impatiently trying to bring art, graphics, drama, panto, pretension, pose and poise into The Noise. A bit of what the French call a *bricolage*: stealing from what's available, anywhere and everywhere — what's lying around fallow in other fields. Help from her husband Jean Paul Goude — artist, graphic designer, photographer, bit of a conceptualist.

Grace is all image — but no one image, thereby depriving the window shopper of the perfection of the merchandise. It takes a while

CONTINUES OVER

Ian Penman peers into the private life and Japanese dinner of Grace Jones

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

to coalesce. Till this year, in fact.

Grace Jones brought out an album named 'Warm Leatherette' — that's right, the Normal song, same single as 'TV OD'. There were other covers — Chrissie Hynde's 'Private Life', Ferry's 'Love Is The Drug', 'Smokey's' 'The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game', Tom Petty's 'Breakdown' and lesser knowns. Grace co-wrote one other.

'Private Life' was obviously the single, and it came out backed by a rendering of Joy Division's 'She's Lost Control'. My most worn-out 12" of the year! The nights I've spent with that.

She finally succeeded in getting the balance right: a great emphasis upon musical sympathy — Dunbar and Shakespeare didn't fail. A far more sensual whole, insolent but intense. Accessible distortions. Gone are the old tarty, brash, emaciated moods — flayed muzak. The absorbing interest in sexual patterns remains — but it is now expressed in a more muted fashion.

'She's Lost Control', though, is a real flare, the emphases lovingly exposed.

TRADITIONALLY admired singers fly their fine voices — a soaring soulful sound. Grace Jones' singing is the sound of something else, not intimate, a dizzy sound, the sound of involvement dissenting. Breakdown; aftermath. Acting; theatrics. She is all image, and the voice is part of the image — it is instrumental, you might say. Part of the message: lacking accent, blemish, nationality or partiality. It is mostly insidious.

We strain our ears, listening for the sound of commitment, and dare we hope, for the sound of something else, the intimate sound of the real person 'behind' the singer, confessing.

Habitual notions, or How the critic doesn't perceive the style for the hair.

"Facts don't stain the furniture" — David Byrne.

Some of 'my' people always just about miss it. Critics — they're like metal detectors.

Hear a song and interpret it through the singer. This doesn't work with those singers who use their voice as just another instrument. But we need messages, stories, secrets, facts.

Fact: on the one hand, the Grace Jones image — on the other, a very nice lady with a one year old baby boy and an infectious laugh. I do not propose to interpret one with the other — only to present both. Especially in the light of the Russell Harty debacle. She lost control, there. Only human.

The songs she sang were fine, but the 'interview' with slimy, dumpy Harty was a disaster. Didn't know whether to hoot or forget. There was a barrier — there were barriers — between the host and the guest.

Did you see it? Grace Jones got fed up with frumps. She slapped Harty around for turning his back to her — the force of which she later demonstrated on me for Joe Stevens' benefit. Ouch!

What she was really planning, she confessed, was to get Harty to move his chair back a little way, go on, just a little bit more, then you won't need to turn your back on anyone — and he would have tumbled over a small ledge on the studio floor.

That would have been funny!

GRACE JONES.

Grace Jones bubbles over. She has the flu, some kind of virus mixed with severe jetlag. Her voice croaks and crackles when she laughs — which she does a lot. No mask. Chat chat chat. Grace Jones wears a woolly hat.

Joe Stevens and I meet her in her favourite restaurant, a Japanese one named the Chinya. It is reached through the seedy lobby of the Woodward Hotel, on 210 West 55th St, which is just around the corner from where Grace lives.

Joe and I pore over drinks and menu. I'm so nervous it takes me three attempts to get my chopsticks together. A little Japanese guy wanders merrily about the small restaurant with a massive fishing rod over his left shoulder. This helps us relax.

I sit fully prepared for manoeuvres. Will she use that clipped, uncomprehending voice on me? Lash out? Even I get deceived by 'facts' and 'myths'! If she ever comes now, now...

WHAT GRACE SAID OVER DINNER



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PSYCHEDELIC ROCKERS
THE BEAT
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Without her plush leather and dark sunglasses — she's so nice! Not at all 'angular' like you'd expect. Almost boyish, and a big buoyant grin. An adaptable facial structure. Nothing is pointed or painted. There are scratchy remnants of red nail polish. She shatters the tense air of expectation. Her voice is loud, friendly and vaguely familiar — London West Indian. She loves to laugh.

When did you leave London?
"Two days ago? One day? I only flew out cos I wasn't feeling good. I'd been filming for like three days, for Granada television, before that I had the Russell Harty thing and before that I'd just flown from Acapulco — I was up three nights catching flights, and before that I was on tour for two months straight. So I just a-p-d-i-t."

So what you said on Russell Harty about being up for three nights was true?
"Yeah I was!" Voice crackles. "More than that!" Hearty laugh! "Probably a week! I probably had about seven hours sleep in a week."

What sort of person did you really find Russell to be?
"I don't even remember him. I don't have any recollection."

Laughter.
Did anyone play any of the show back to you afterwards?

"Had Island not packed a whole bunch of work for me I would have stayed and been able to see it. But when I saw what was gonna happen if I stayed I just got out. Figured I could see it later."

Did Russell talk to you afterwards?
"No, he split right away I think. I went back to my dressing room. By the time I got dressed and got my stuff out and went to — what do you call it? — his hospitality room or something, he was gone. Everybody else was too."

The waitress arrives.
"Yeah yeah yeah... I'll have some... I'll order some soup." Untranscribable (soup) name. "Would you like some soup? It's a really nice soup with mushrooms and..." Grace turns around to place her order and the waitress has gone.

"Well I like the way she comes and then disappears! She says what would you like, you go to order and she's gone..."

She giggles.
"You like this place?"
Joe says, "Yeah, I been here before." And the two New Yorkers get on with it. The waitress comes back and Grace orders three untranscribable dishes. Joe and I stick to economy class.

"I'm gonna get really hot; I'm gonna start sweating in a minute."
"I'll take this off," she says, and removes some kind of sweater.

HOW LONG have you lived in New York? I ask.
"Altogether about seven years, on and off. Two years there one year here, four years... I've been living here four years now."

You were born in Jamaica weren't you?
"Mmmm, Spanishtown. My folks moved (to New York). They lived up state. Ever hear of Syracuse? Syracuse University? It's a big university. You ever hear of Jim Brown? He played for Syracuse."

And you attended?
"Two years, studying drama, theatre."

Did you ever work professionally?
"About one year, on and off. I started, three months in Philadelphia and then after that I started modelling and then I did a couple of films, but... professional films but shitty parts."

What were they? Or would you rather not drag it back out?

"Oh not I don't care! They're shown once in a while on television. They were basically parts for men. I played a heroin carrier in one movie. I carry a gun under my wig and all this stuff. These guys follow, they rip my shirt off, my wig, and I've got the gun. They throw me around, they say the Big Guy's gonna get me! Stupid things like that!"

"Also I play a singing detective — I get a lot of offers to play singing detectives lately!"

Laughter.
Singing detectives?

Grace coughs and chokes on her increasing

laughter.

"Singing detectives. Very Italian!"
Did you catch your virus in New York? I ask with concern.
"I didn't get this one in New York... in Liverpool or somewhere." Blows nose fiercely.

What did you think of the North?
"I loved Liverpool actually. It reminded me of Venice... where everybody seems to have left. I didn't see that many people in the streets, 'cept for right in the middle of town. There was a huge dock and it doesn't exist anymore — it's just a huge space where the water used to be and it's just 20 feet of mud. It's all green and it looks like a map... these huge columns, and all the windows are busted glass. Very ghostly looking — I'm sure it must be haunted. I was there, walking on like... two tons of birdshit when we were first shooting in the morning."

Cracks up with laughter at this recollection.
"Fucked up the rest of my day — never saw so much birdshit in my life!"
Liverpool, she feels, has a "lot more character" than Manchester.

"... Just funny people walking down the street, like you'd see in the East Village, like, waiting for the Fillmore to open up again."

I don't crack the obvious jokes, at the expense of Liverpool bands.
"This is the first time I've been out of my house since I got back. I've just been sleeping sleeping sleeping."

How's your baby, Joe asks.
"Sick! On top of it all I come back and he's sick too. I think he was fine when we left Mexico. I went straight to London from Acapulco with about four stops in between and he and nanny came back, and are both sick. She probably gave it to him. He's alright — he still manages to laugh. He's got a runny nose — eugh! — but he doesn't know how to blow so he just sits there..."

We all imagine. What's his name?
"Paulo or Apollo or Paul. I don't know. Any one of the three you like. We still haven't decided — so we'll let him decide."

The soups arrive and my first tape ends.
Our spoons scoop up the soup and chopsticks explore thicker sections of the steaming broth underneath. They serve Grace some saki. Let's all relax.

Jean Paul said you spoke Japanese.
"A bit. Enough to get around. I don't speak it fluently at all. Just enough for the emergencies and to be polite. I speak French fluently. Italian I speak also, pretty fluently. That I learnt in about three or four months."

What's the French song ("Pars" by one J Higelin) on the last album about?

"Oh, it's stu-pid! It's very very French. One of those things about romance... one party wants to go, and you're saying, 'It's alright, go, I'll love you anyway, come back when you feel like it, I'll be here, I'll be here. But it's like saying LEAVE LEAVE, GO!'"

WE WIND our way back to the movies, which she still definitely wants to do. I ask if she gets offered parts other than singing detectives.

"Well, I get offered parts to be more or less myself. There's one that I was just offered... The star of the film is this little girl — she sees me and says she would like to be like me. I was basically playing myself, but... um. There was something with Alen Carr, a remake of Nellie (?) — remember that film?"

Er.
"About the three puppeteers that were touring — with the French star... Leslie Caron, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. I would play the Zsa Zsa Gabor part."

You fancy doing that?

"No. Unless it was totally redone so that it would resemble nothing of the original. A totally new concept. But he's been talking about that for the past couple of years. Instead, he did the Village People film (Can't Stop The Music) which was a big bomb in my opinion. Anything he would have done would have been better than that."

You didn't get an offer to play in that, did you?

Grace turns her nose right up.
"Oh God... Yes! I did as a matter of fact."

And thank God I didn't do it. Female intuition!

That Valerie Perrine hasn't got.

Alec, says Joe, you must have known

something was up when they chose the director — that woman who sells towels on New York television — Nancy Walker? (Better known as Rhoda's Mum)

"Oh God, that was terrible, disgusting." Appropriately enough at this point, I discover to my horror two large pink shrimps floating in my soup. What is this dish Stevens has advised me to eat? It's got shrimps! You know I don't like shrimps!

"You don't like shrimps?" Grace asks in somewhat maternal tones.
I don't like seafood.

"You don't like seafood? Oh wow! How can you not like seafood? Do you swim?"

Yeah. From a very early age.
"And you don't like seafood?"

How — I screwed up my face — do the two go together?

"I dunno!" Laughs. "I mean, the sea smells like seafood. You don't like the smell? The taste?"

I hate it all. It makes me sick. You love seafood, presumably.

"Yeah. My favourite. I like steak tartare though, too."

Grace has started on her second dish. Did you ever, enquires Joe, go to the Sushi bars in Tokyo — where the guy gets really dramatic and starts beating the hell out of the live fish?

"Uuuh. No, I never saw that. I went fishing once and I hated it. It was so brutal."

We tell her to be on the lookout for the little fisherman.

Grace points to her present dish.
"This is sea bass, in a special sauce. Would you like to taste it? The sauce is hot."

My scavenger friend does.
What's the red stuff, I inquisitively ask, pointing to the third Jones dish.

"That's tuna. But really, it doesn't smell or... I mean, I hate the smell of fish — the fish-shop smell we all know. This stuff never smells like that, or taste at all like that."

I screw up my nose in disbelief.
"It doesn't, really!"

The singer's teeth bite into the tuna and gain access to the red flesh underneath.

So naturally, I think of the way the singer savoured that cold blooded tuna "Warm Lesbette" — the title track of the last LP and always a Grace Jones song if you thought about it. A new, uncomfortable sort of 'sexiness'.

You ever meet Daniel Miller, who wrote it? I ask. No, she hasn't.

"Do you know if he's written anything else lately?"

(ARE YOU READING THIS, DANIEL?)
No, nothing like that. He's been producing a lot of people. Maybe you should get him to write you a song!

"Yeah. Would be a great idea."

He needs to come out of his shell (pardon the continuation of a metaphor) a bit. HE DOESN'T DO NEARLY ENOUGH.

"He'd rather stay underground? Doesn't want to become famous?"

Yeah, he is a bit of a Phil Spector. (I know I'll regret saying that.)

"I don't particularly care for that one," says Grace.

I wonder for a second — is she talking about DAF or Robert Rental or Fad Gadget? Maybe even Daniel's other brainchild, Silicon Teens? No, she's now definitely poking at one of her tuna segments.

"It's got dark patches. I'm going to go and ask them about it." She laughs and goes to the counter.

New tuna. What was wrong with it, Grace?

"Oh, don't know, it just had a little dark spot on it. Made it look like it wasn't fresh."

The waitress comes with yet another dish for our hostess.

"Would you like to taste this? It's really lovely — clams with cucumber..."

I decline.
This is a really culinary interview, I observe, wiping my mouth.

"You'll probably hear me crunching all the way through it! Oh well... I have some real homemade chicken at home that I'll have later — with rice and vegetables."

I screw my face up again at Grace Jones: how do you keep so trim?

"I think every time I tour I lose about 10 pounds. It takes me the rest of the year to

make it back up. I find myself being very hard to be pleased, eating in places like England... Uuuh! I ended up throwing the meat across the table — it just went rolling round like a turtle. It was horrible! All the meat is so overcooked. I couldn't get anything rare. I had a shish kebab on the last day — it was like a rock! I did have some nice liver. You probably don't like liver if you don't like fish, right?"

Liver or kidneys — uugh!
"I love liver and kidneys."

"All I ask for is liver or kidneys. 'Got any kidneys?' — she asks in mock Cockney tones and cracks up.

"I eat very slowly. Like a bird. That's probably why I don't gain any weight."

Grace hails the waitress. "One more saki please. Want something to drink?" (More manners than Robert Palmer, anyway, I think.)

"Gonna turn into one big Bloody Mary!"

"Suppose you don't like Bloody Marys?"

"I love Bloody Marys!"

That's something else you can't get very often in London — a decent Bloody Mary. I mean, is there anything good over there, do you think?

"I think the men are quite good looking over there. Good looking people, what else?"

Where do you get your clothes?

"Usually from Japan... and Paris. I like samples. I get a lot of sample clothing. Samples are clothes that they use to show but they won't sell them to stores 'cos people won't buy it..."

Laughter.
I'd always figured that about fashion show fashions. Especially with the British climate: I mean — weather and culture. Do they charge you for this stuff?

"Most of the time, no. 'cos it's designers I've worked with before. And designers I've never worked with before... I never buy their clothes!" She collapses with laughter.

That sounds like a good system.

JEAN PAUL said you were tending things down on stage.

"I wouldn't call it tending it down, not in my opinion. The whole thing about using black and white is it's very much more dramatic. More dramatic, less... sensational. More depth, quite strong, threatening."

"They had A Certain Ratio on this show last week. It was very interesting. Like the way they dress..."

You mean the army surplus shorts and everything?

"They weren't wearing that, they were all in their individual stuff. Real cute, though."

One of them's got a haircut like yours.

"Yeah, almost. The texture's different. I wonder who cuts their hair. I should go to their barber when I'm there."

Who cuts your hair?

"Jean Paul does sometimes, but only when I have the patience — because he cuts it hair by hair. I could be sitting there for five hours. I do it sometimes — I do it the exact opposite from what he does. I take the scissors and I just go chop! chop! chop! in about five minutes and it's cut. There are holes and things, and then either Jean Paul touches it up or he paints it in."

"I used to have lots of wigs, about 35 — every colour, every length. I got sick of going to the hairdresser."

Now that's a sentence I like.

THE CONVERSATION diversifies its interests. Just another meat out! How long would it have gone on if Grace didn't have to relieve her husband of babysitting duty? (I bet this is really annoying some of you — if you've got this far — isn't it?)

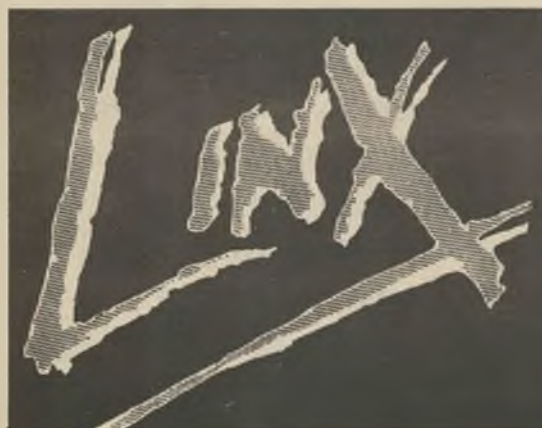
Grace wrapped up in lush leather, tied a long sausage "whip" type thing ("Russell Harty kept trying to grab hold of it during rehearsals!") around her waist and slipped on some kooky square shades. She looked so different! All of a sudden... tara, tara the other Grace Jones. I felt scruffy again.

We walked her back to the apartment block. Didn't we want to come up for a minute?

The mother Grace Jones. (A)Paul(a) padded about under the baby grand piano and the coffee table, came to rest at our knees and stared me out something rotten. I felt indicted, but apparently it signified instant affection.

And then we were gone.

And now Grace Jones is in Nassau, recording a new LP.



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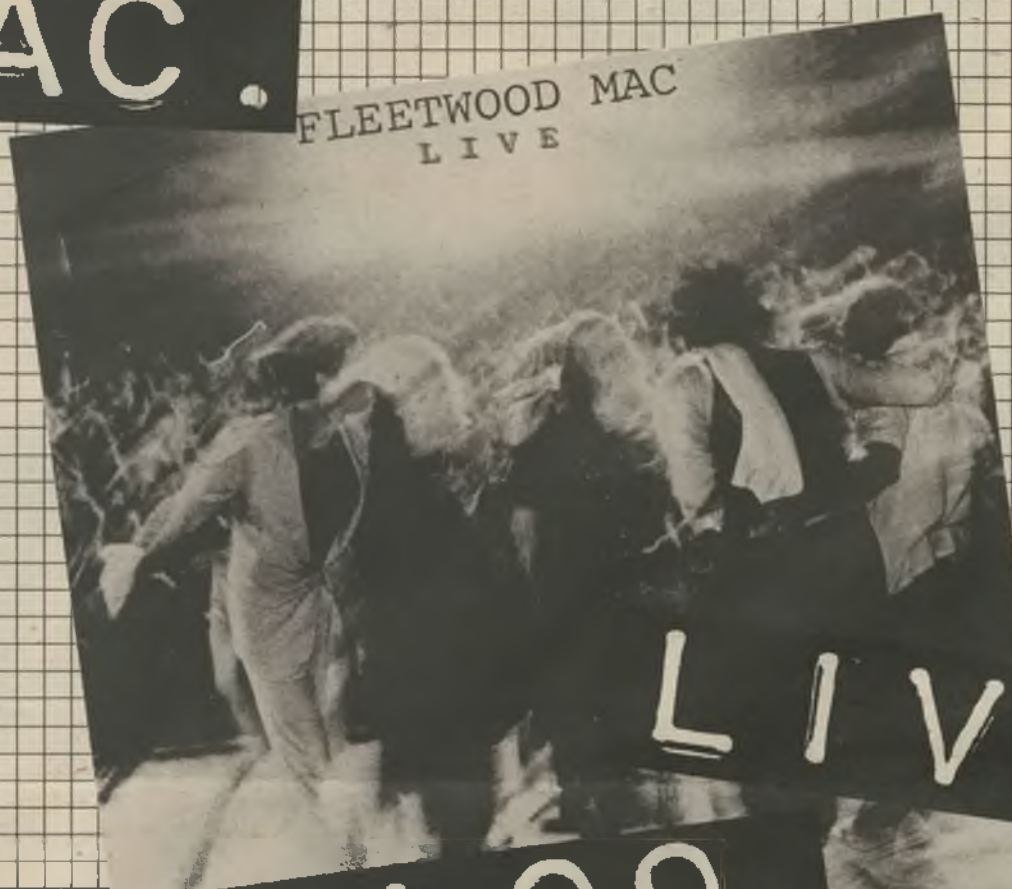
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ALBUMS-

THE CLASH
Sandinista! (CBS)

OK, OK, they're a jolly prolific bunch always about to give their audience more than their money's worth, but — Christ, let's not mince words here — 'Sandinista!', six sides of vinyl well-packed with 36 tracks, is a ridiculously self-indulgent communique from International Clash City headquarters.

There's a preponderance of The Clash gesticulating madly in every idiomatic direction conceivable, but precious little 'statement' making of any substance. This record is strong testimony that The Clash have — temporarily at least — lost a grip on their bearings and find themselves parked in a cul-de-sac.

They seem disorientated and not a little uneasy about their feeling that their previous body of work is musically restricting, not to mention being well out of sync with certain somewhat spurious 'new music' peers, be they Public Image's anti-rock'n'roll leering cacophony or James Chance's bent for collating disco pulse-beats into vehicles for watered-down 'cool jazz' brouhahas.

That's 'Sandinista's' principal blight; on the 36 tracks, The Clash are constantly attempting to grapple with differing musical idioms: the 'disco' pulse beat — usually a surly repetitious bass figure punctuated by an ethnic piano chord — is featured twice on Side One alone (The Magnificent Seven and 'Ivan Vs. G.I. Joe'); 'jazz', decked out in its most superficial gladiators, is first introduced via the scat-voiced tomfoolery that mars a Clash-up of Mose Allison's stoic diddley-bobbing 'Look Here' early on Side Two and sticks around for much of the record's playing time.

Then there's the gospel work-out ('The Sound Of The Sinners'), the Bo Diddley bim-bam-boom effort, (the Profumo song — 'Leader'), the rockabilly work-out, calypsoes, South American marimba-scraps (Washington Bullets') with 'yobiba'-style shoops and hollers ... oh, and I almost forgot the instrumental 'Mensforth Hill' which is strictly 'Revolution No. 9' revisited, not to mention the hearts of oak 'brass-band' splashes that make Messrs. Jones and Strummer's dual vocalising on 'Something About England' so

preposterous and precious that it sounds just like a Jethro Tull track. There's also lots of 'psychedelic' sound-effects which make large parts of Side Five. In particular, sound like The Grateful Dead's 'Anthem Of The Sun' (I kid you not), and an attempt at a Confederate Army waltz tune ('Rebel Waltz') that Joe Strummer should've dropped like a hot brick having taken a brusque sobering earful of The Band before he dived in. Oh, and there are seven 'dub' cuts (most on Side Six) plus an equivalent number of reggae-style toasters or else glib diatribes against Babylon's myriad inequalities and general shortcomings.

What there isn't, is much actual music of consequence — certainly not anything like the frenzied fillings of the first album, the sharp, terse stab of 'Give 'Em Enough Rope's' better work or the toughness and sense of The Clash's instinctual rocker fervour that one could denote maturing into a lethal musical cocktail on nearly half of 'London Calling's' four sides. With 'Sandinista', The Clash spurn this ferocity — the fullness of sound, the essential jolt of acceleration — which was their strongest musical suit. The idea appears to be — don't look back boys, sit down and soak up a load of influences and with the considerable aid of those outside players like Micky Gallagher and Tymon Dogg, plus Davey Payne, Norman Watt-Roy, Voldoid Ivan Julien and Law Lewis, become

professionals.

Unfortunately, this move must have become so obsessive in its implementation, certain key factors were disregarded. Subject matter for songs seems so scarce, Strummer and Jones appear so desperate to provide their followers with a relevant overview, we end up with another set of neatly glib black and white snapshots of 'the good fight' be it in Nicaragua or in a pub down Shepherd's Bush Junction (after all, when you've seen one ghetto you've seen 'em all, eh lads?), plus more ill-focused finger-pointing at the American disease (file under Babylon).

Secondly, the fact that the group even considered releasing six sides of music — albeit very modestly priced — indicates that some absurdly sychophantic reviews from

across the Atlantic have very probably blinkered them to their own strengths and shortcomings. No reviewer ever denotes problems when addressing this group — like the fact that vocally The Clash are incredibly limited. Strummer and Jones — and the latter sings a lot more on this new opus — both possess very limited vocal range, bad pitching and — in Jones' case — a severe inability to project. Meanwhile Strummer's singing on much of this new stuff is simply duff, because his fractured range is only truly effective when it's up front in the mix and allied to angry passions. When he's attempting to widen his powers of vocal interpretation, things sound perplexingly awry — until, that is, one notes that the sound that they've gone for is not only too grandly embellished by

(particularly) Micky Gallagher's keyboard work but also riddled side after side with a wafer-thin, soft-focus mixing down of instruments that divides everything off instead of building up textures.

This mix problem is such a crippling flaw that song after song fails because its clout is diminished. 'The Sound Of Sinners', The Clash gospel pastiche, is ruined by a make-shift choir bogged down in a sludgy mix that makes the whole effort sound like an amateur dramatic society in Wapping performing the Sammy Davis Jr. scene from 'Sweet Charity'. More obviously spoilt by this clumsy placing of instruments is Eddy Grant's 'Police On My Back' which comes close to being an ideal vehicle for The Clash's instinctual attack only to have the main ingredients mixed so

arbitrarily that the song's key sentiment of 'urgency' is completely overlooked.

The effect is tepid — The Clash seems too scared to actually muster up a convincing performance. The latter claim would seem to be proven by 'Washington Bullets', which inspired the 'Sandinista' title. Here the listener is told of a struggling Nicaraguan splinter-group that liberated the country from a wretchedly fascist regime. Strummer seems preoccupied with solemnly naming hero after hero — his vocal is tame, to say the least. But then again he has to contend with a musical backdrop that flip-flops so mildly along with its blurry 'white-boys get ethnic' South American clichés. You play the vibes, I'll muck about on the marimbas! It sounds like a backdrop for some Pontin's

Holiday advert. When the shouts of 'Yariba' start ushering it out in true 'Don't Stop The Carnival' fashion, one frankly doesn't give a damn about the plight of these people. More to the point, one wonders if Strummer really does either.

On 'Sandinista' The Clash seem to be feeling more demoralised than anything else a condition that's totally over-run the British Isles. None of the songs here, however, attempt to address that crucial malaise. Instead, Strummer dreams of good ole' Confederate Army boys, eulogizes the mavericks and supposed men of honour, the freedom fighters who take up arms in order to vanquish a highly palpable sense of evil. This adherence to courageous, plebeian hero vs. the typically Babylon villain is just blinkered romanticism, a kind of escapism for those of us Brits who still suck enough to believe in easy options cooked up there in fantasy-land.

It should be noted emphatically, though, that on the few cuts where something is delivered, The Clash remind one again that even when weighed under by empty gestures, there is a shambolic but still very real sense of something special hiding amid the debris. On 'Junco Partner' Strummer demonstrates his ever-increasing talents at tackling the roots reggae tradition vocally, whilst 'Broadway' may well be his most professionally adept vocal performance to date. Micky Gallagher plays beautifully understated jazz flourishes, Mick Jones' guitar sounds unnervingly like Jerry Garcia's at odd times but Strummer is out to get his story across, building up and up, until even in the foggy mix the wretched distance that seems to exist everywhere else on this multi-album is bridged. He also delivers a strong scat-down on 'Junkie Slip' whilst 'Kingston Advice' and even the single 'Call Up' stand up due to the mix-down working in his favour for a change.

Mick Jones, whose 'Lost in the Supermarket' and 'Train In Vain' were vital 'London Calling' songs, really flakes up on the ghostly 'Something About England' whilst suffice to say that his duet with Ellen Foley on 'Mistville U.K.' doesn't enhance a dull chant and is naively square-headed in its view of Britain's independent labels scene. Only on the haunting 'Street Parade' and the opening chords of 'Somebody Got Murdered' does he truly impress; otherwise his guitar work veers between the exciting and the very leaden.

One senses that Jones is a dominant voice in The Clash seeing these 'new directions' as a viable escape route from the band being 'White Riot' clones. Yet the fact is that 'Sandinista' is so fixated on diversity as an end in itself that it's actually hard to attribute this work to the same group that provided us with 'The Clash', 'Rope' and 'London Calling'.

'Sandinista' would be a formidable record to deal with simply due to the amount of stuff one has to listen to. Yet even after one gets acquainted, the record simply perplexes and ultimately depresses. Certainly a producer would be advisable as the band have no real perspective on their work in the studio.

One is also tempted to wonder just who the UK Clash audience are these days. Whoever they are, they'll buy the album, play it until its formidable insubstantiality has been used up and file under 'C'. No hanging matter, The Clash will survive. Why they bother to is the really painful question that 'Sandinista' forces me to ask.

Nick Kent



Joe Strummer demonstrates the best way to hear the new Clash album — through headphones worn around the neck.

Complete chaos

"This record is strong testimony that The Clash have lost their bearings and find themselves in a cul de sac."

Hit the road, Mac

FLEETWOOD MAC
Fleetwood Mac Live (Warner Bros)

"A good live album can be great, but it's often treading water a bit, and a very easy thing to do." — Mick Fleetwood, NME, 19th January, 1980.

The eighteen tracks on this double LP are taken from no less than eleven separate F Mac dates throughout the world, so presumably it must have taken about as long to listen to all the tapes of the group's lengthy stage show as to make a new studio album. Recording a new studio record, of course, would require the writing of a whole set of new songs...

In fact, though, three of the numbers on 'Fleetwood Mac Live' are brand new ditties, being unleashed for the first time to the great F Mac Adult Orientated Rock listening public in a rough, unpolished form that is the direct antithesis of the million bucks recording job that was last year's 'Tusk'; the inclusion of these songs is also a further example of the manner in which the compulsively listenable Fleetwood Mac go about their record business in a far more palatable, honest manner than any other LA-based megagroup.

Easily the best of the bunch is Stevie Nicks' funky, loose 'Fireflies', a folloping number with an insidious, unpredictable hook that could be a hit single even in its current form. Christine McVie has the brittle, pretty and predictably sad belted, 'One More Night', whilst Lindsey Buckingham offers 'Don't Let Me Down Again', such an identikit example of one of the guitarist's powerpop-like rockers

that I start searching the last three studio albums to see where it came from.

Unfortunately, the metallic, feminine-voiced Buckingham, the hero of 'Tusk' with his nine out of the twenty songs on the album, becomes through his exuberant over-confidence the prat of 'Fleetwood Mac Live'. The group's Cleveland date must have been an exceptionally appalling exercise in the showbiz techniques of the New Hollywood Rockers, for it is from that city that the worst of the guitarist's fatuous excesses come. Though the recorded applause suggests his attempts worked in concert itself, the teenage werewolf yelps with which Buckingham tries to whip up excitement, added to the pointless indulgence of the live lengthier versions, help destroy two of his best songs, 'Not That Funny,' and 'Go Your Own Way', the latter number further unhinged by the flatness of his vocals.

But this is just carping. Driven on always by one of the best rhythm sections ever in rock music, 'Fleetwood Mac Live' is eminently playable, containing the best tracks from the group's last three studio records — with the added bonus of an appropriately mellow rendition of The Beach Boys' 'Farmer's Daughter'.

Also, as no doubt should have been expected, the songs here from 'Tusk' contain a freshness and clarity that obviously became muted during all those mega-dollar hours of studio time.

Chris Selewicz



Per: Anton Corbijn.

Mick F thinks about renaming the band Fleetwood Horseblanket.

Gudbuy

SHAM 69
The First The Best And The Last (Polydor)

SLADE
Slade Smashes (Polydor)

JIMMY PURSEY hasn't written an awful lot of good songs, though he has written a good deal of awful ones. But on the occasions that Sham got it right they could be quite impressive. In their time Sham 69 brought the art of the crude punk-rock stomping to a sort of perverse perfection.

'Borstal Breakout', 'Hurry Up Harry', 'The Cockney Kids Are Innocent' — this greatest hits compilation brings them all together on one record in one heaving thrashing mass of noise and aggression. You might find some or all of Pursey's various personae a bit difficult to take — leader, martyr, visionary, clown, working-class hero — and even the title 'The First The Best And The Last' is an irritating

thin on memorable moments.

Mainly, you get lots of sci-fi whizz-bangs, snippets of the film's awful dialogue ('Forget it, Ming, Dale is with me'), and half-a-dozen musical gestures that could have matured into songs given more work.

Perhaps you need to see the film to appreciate the music. But the band only come alive once with a heavy metal thrash during a track called 'Bottle Theme', and it does sound as though we've heard that kind of thing before on several previous Queen albums.

Bob Edmonds

SHOWADDYWADDY
Bright Lights (Arista)

THIS IS the famous draped octet's eighth LP. On the cover are pictures of them with their various motor cars. There's a label on the front that says the record includes 'Blue Moon', 'Why Do Lovers Break Each

QUEEN
Flash Gordon (EMI)

QUEEN'S last album 'The Game' was a clever collection of sharp little pop songs, a number of which made the charts as singles. Among them were 'Another One Bites The Dust', 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love', and 'Save Me'. In each case, Queen had firmly resisted their normal tendency towards excess and come up with the goods in a disciplined fashion.

In a way, it was sad they didn't feel free to be true to themselves. After all, the band's original appeal lay in their combination of hard rock attack and camp, grandiose posturing.

With this soundtrack album, they evidently considered that a return to flamboyance was in order. Frankly, it's hardly value for money. Freddie Mercury only sings twice (which some may consider a bonus), and the intervening instrumentals are

JAMES BROWN
Soul Syndrome (TK - Import)

IN HIS concern for others, James Brown may have warned of the dangers of just about every human folly from dropping out to shooting up but — to his own detriment — neglected to observe that an overblown ego can prove equally self-destructive.

Today, JB may browbeat everyone by constantly comparing his stature to that of Elvis Presley but, at 52, Soul Bro' Numero Uno (reluctantly) faces the truth that, just like Elvis, there comes a time when name alone no longer sells records in bulk. In JB's case, fame demand more than egotistic rhetoric for their dollar and, as far as this man is concerned, excess immodesty and conveyor-belt product has only succeeded in generating public apathy and disinterest.

Last year's 'The Original Disco Man' — due to a great extent to the presence of arranger/producer Brad Shapiro — prompted JB's lapsed supporters to once more re-check the groove. Unfortunately, there was no continuity. The simultaneous release of 'People' and a 'Live In Japan' double wasn't helped by an extremely belligerent Brown bad-mouthing (for the umpteenth time) how his best licks were still being ripped-off wholesale by anyone he cared to name and warning that he would no longer offer the winking packs of jackals complete albums of funk. His timing couldn't have been worse, for once JB wasn't on the good foot.

Ironically, just as JB's old (and once loyal) following appeared to have deserted him



both at the box office and record counter a new (and predominantly young white) audience began to pick up on 'Mr Please, Please, Please' himself. Simultaneously, with the sudden cross-over popularity of rapping (just one of many styles to which JB naturally claims original ownership), radio programmes began airing the raps in Brown's extensive catalogue.

Now, after a decade with Polydor, Brown transfers to TK Records' Florida-based operation (word has it, for just this LP and some scattered singles) in a make-or-break effort to overhaul a fast flagging career.



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to Sham

reminder of that poignancy and legend he always tried to wrap around the Sham myth, never very successfully. But on the level of rough straightforward fun, the best of his anthems work well enough.

Forget the Sham back-catalogue: the albums are mostly unlistenable now. But if you haven't got the singles then this collection of edited highlights should prove a worthwhile acquisition.

Slade, of course, were Sham's spiritual forefathers. They weren't as hot on social relevance and urban anguish, but then the early '70s were more innocent times, more escapist. 'Slade Smashes' is just that: 20 (count 'em) slabs of Sladey, stomping through a huge collection of hits, good and great. 'Gudby T' Jane', 'Cuz I Luv You', 'Merry Xmas Everybody' and the rest still sound like the same coarse, good-humoured fun they always were. Put together, it all makes for a hell of a fine album.

Paul Du Noyer

Others Hearts', 'Doo Wah Diddy' and This Sticker Is Removable.

You know what Showaddywaddy sound like, and this album sounds like Showaddywaddy. I don't like it. It's got a press release which reads like a translation from the Urdu, typed by the celebrated chimpanzee. This tells us that the group are "Britain's top act", that the LP comes out "just in time for Christmas" and that "since 1974, Showaddywaddy have logged up on fewer than 21 top 50 hits in this country, 10 of which made the top ten — an achievement unmatched by any other group or artist (just behind them are such superstars as Abba, Donna Summer and the Beatles)".

If this line of reasoning appeals to you (and, in fact, the logic behind it is extremely subtle) then by all means go out and buy, buy, buy. And bye bye.

Paul Du Noyer

Instant results. The 12-inch 'Rapp Payback' aims into the charts with a premeditated vengeance. Oddly enough, though Brown's own brand of hell-raiser funk has allegedly fallen from favour in comparison to the slick sophistication of The Jacksons and Chic, there really isn't a noticeable compromise in style. All that JB has done for 'Rapp Payback' is to get down to basic mechanics, a more spontaneous and contemporary rhythm pattern spiced with jazz-flavoured horns.

So, Papa's got a Brand New Bag? Not exactly. The overall impression here is that a cautious JB is playing this one close to his chest. By reactivating 'Mashed Potatoes' and throwing in 'Honky Tonk' he hopes to regain the support of all those who no longer purchase each and every one of his releases as a matter of faith whilst, at the same time, the inclusion of the self-explanatory health warning, 'Smokin' & Drinkin'' and the boastful 'Funky Men' offer samples of what he's capable of doing best for those who may be buying their first James Brown LP.

Now 'Rapp Payback' has demonstrated (mostly to himself) that James Brown can still make the charts, will this once again inflate his pride and prompt him to pursue a stubbornly self-obsessive (suicidal) direction or will necessity motivate him to adopt a much less cavalier attitude towards his talent?

Nobody has ever yet disputed James Brown's claim to be Soul Brother Number One and it's up to him to make certain that they never do!

Roy Carr

Two Is are better than none

RITA MARLEY
Who Feels It Knows It
(Trident)
JUDY MOWATT
Black Women (Island)

"WOMEN can't make good reggae. It should be mystical, you see, and if women are there, the men are distracted and can't meditate on their music."

The statement was made during an interview I once did with a member of a promising young Midlands band, African Star; by no means an offensive bunch. These solo albums by two-thirds of the I-Threes, an integral part of Bob-Marley's entourage, should ridicule such attitudes once and for all. Mystical or not, these women can sing.

Neither album is particularly new. 'Black Women', recorded on Judy's own Ashenden label about two years ago, later found its way onto Grove and has finally been released here via the Grove/Island connection, while 'Who Feels It' was similarly out months ago in France on the Hense label, but has only recently been available in the UK other than on import. Better late than never, then, a review.

The Rastafarian image of women is one that many non-Rasta females like myself find hard to stomach, and I recall a very heated debate on the subject with an evasive Misty at the first RAB conference. Mr Tosh reckons we enjoy being beaten every now and again, Mr Marley leaves Rita at home with their five kids while he runs off to do interviews denying he even has a wife, and all this stemming from some Biblical tale about a spare rib, an apple, and a snake. And then Rita herself tells us in 'The Beauty of God's Plan':

"She is the mirror of her men/Forever beside him she will stand/He is all she needs."

Bleugh! But then, you know what to expect of most reggae lyrics, and the religious and cultural ideas expressed are at least usually more sincere than the endless odes to 'love' that clog much of the other pop musak. Anyway, Rita has an answer to moaning old(lah) sceptics like me: 'I've just made my decision/You can keep your opinions'.

In fact, the reason for any detailed discussion of lyrics here are that those of Judy Mowatt — six of the ten tracks are hers, compared with Rita's three credits — are refreshingly, militantly different. Her songs, a plea to 'Remove the shackles on your minds' ('Slave Queen'), add up to the most positive, assertive and inspirational statement for women I have ever come across in reggae. The title track says it all, really: 'Black women, know you've struggled long/I feel your afflictions, for you I dedicate my song.' She talks not of it, but of 'When you are fighting', and puts herself firmly, though never too stridently, in the front line.

Musically, too, both albums are more than competent. What we have here is some of the best JA's studios can offer: assorted Wallers, Vin Gordon, Bobby Ellis, and most of all Robbie Shakespeare being the ones I personally know and love best. This is sweet, poppy music, light but not throwaway: melodies that stay in your head long after your feet have finished dancing to them. Rita's mellow, velvety voice holds it all together, exuding an innocent, coy sensuality and a sense of bubbling joy that is infectious — hers are songs of celebration.

Although the information accompanying my sleeve-less

copy is scant, I would guess a similar array of talent is employed on 'Black Women'. The overall sound is spiritual rather than celebrational, the rhythms being less bouncy in comparison to 'Who Feels It', slower and more subtle. At times it seems to owe more to soul than to reggae. Judy's strong vocals appealing, asserting, drawing out the emotion from her words.

The I-Threes are apparently the front of women's reggae back home, and are acutely aware of their role. Their songs and statements are chosen with care, and they work hard to encourage the efforts of other women. As examples, they have let no-one down with these albums: Rita Marley has made a pleasant, high quality record, while Judy Mowatt's, to my mind, is a classic. Meditate on that, gentlemen.

Sheryl Garratt



Judy M (left) and Rita M hope there's a hair-drier in the house.

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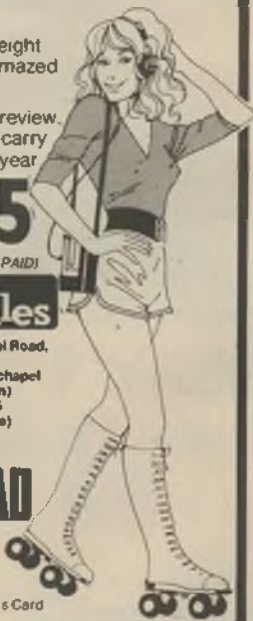
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VARIOUS ARTISTS The Legend of Jesse James (A&M)

BRITISH composer Paul Kennerley, having failed to provide new country's answer to 'Tommy' with 'White Mensions', has with his latest venture into bio-rock, moved on to tackle the subject of Missourian James, the world's most ill-fated picture-hanger.

The cast list — which includes Levon Helm, Johnny Cash, Emmylou Harris, Charlie Daniels, Albert Lee, Rodney Crowell, Rosanne Cash, Bernie Leadon, Jody Payne and Jesse Ed Davis — may cause suspicions that yet another totally over-the-top, pretentious, superstar-endowed concept job has been foisted upon us, but nothing could be further from the truth.

Kennerley's songs relate the saga of the James and Younger gang in a simple yet beguiling manner that would have certainly grabbed the approval of both John Ford and Audie Murphy, while producer Glyn Johns has utilised an almost direct-cut approach to retain freshness and spontaneity. Warmth and humour — frequent losers on concept jobs — are not forgotten either, the Tennessee Three-styled backing to 'The Death Of Me', a Cash and Helm duet being a whimsical touch of Johns-inspired genius. Add a smattering of beautiful singing — in the form of Emmylou's brace of solos — plus the quality of Lee's and Davis' picking, and the credits amount impressively.

There are faults, of course, these generally being in lyrics which, though strong narratively, sometimes fail to flow in adequate manner. Nevertheless, 'Jesse James' remains a praiseworthy sample of its genre and above all critical shots in the back.

Fred Deller



The headend of Emmylou Harris.

PRINCE FAR I Jamaican Heroes (Trojan) Showcase In A Suitcase (Pre).

THOUGH THERE are those who claim that he is no longer at his peak, my fondness remains for the often hilarious toaster Prince Far I, an affection based largely on the commendable lack of restraint of his stage shows and his exuberant 'Cry Tuff Dub Encounter' LPs.

Indeed, 'Jamaican Heroes' is almost the same set of toasts around which Daddy Kool constructed its 'Cry Tuff Dub Encounter Chapter III' LP and is really a jolly good record.

It's unfortunate that the Old Groener chooses to set the album underway with the unrepresentative 'Deck Of Life', a mild re-working of the immortal Wink Martindale's 'Deck Of Cards' which, though a strong concept in theory, proves tedious in practice. Far truer to the mischievously cheery spirit of the Far I-produced album is the adventurous 'Natty Champion' in which the Prince provides the round-by-round details of the Big Fight between a Mr Dreadlocks and his contender, Babylon. Incidentally, psychological clues to Prince Far I's creative processes may be discovered from his apparent obsession with lists — something like half the numbers on the record are based on the cataloguing of assorted items: as well as 'Natty Champion', there's the Martindale re-working, the near-mythological Jamaican figures of the title-track, and 'Prison Discipline' in which the royal toaster provides a somewhat subjective sociological analysis of certain world-famous nicks — e.g.: "Natty nah go ah Scrubs/Cos I don't like the grub!"

The title-track itself is a further phase in the toaster's efforts at transforming himself into a vocalist proper, and is really rather stirring what with its gospel-like back-up vocals from assorted Slicks and Viv Writer, and an early Stax feel — which predominates throughout the album — leaving a definite flavour of Booker T and the MGs.

On Charisma's recently inaugurated Pre label, however, 'Showcase In A Suitcase' is a really shocking business that suggests the Prince flogged a job-lot of cheap out-takes to the label who went for it on the strength of names like The Wailing Souls, The Congos and new Heptone Negus Morris. Do not be fooled yourselves; this is completely fifth-rate stuff, the worthlessness of which is compounded by the inverted colonialism of Charisma's deliberate attempts at

mis-spelling on the sleeve and the misplacing of a track on side one, presumably in a mindlessly twee attempt at Rootsiness! How appalling.

Chris Salewicz

PATRICE RUSHEN Posh (Elektra)

IS THE word 'posh' supposed to make us unemployed suckers feel uncomfortable, or prove to others that we have our groceries (and albums) delivered in a big green Harrods van? It does nothing for me except make me want to pick it up with two fingers and drop it in the rubbish bin: I thought that word went out with 'tradesman's entrance'.

In trying to establish what Rushen and her management (Close Act Enterprises) mean by all this toffee-nosedness I first scour the lyrics for some reference to Princess Anne or Barbara Cartland. Having no joy there I wonder if perhaps it's an abbreviation of polish — meaning the sheen on the genius of the musicians — but on repeated listenings I can't find any trace of that either. I conclude that it means the refinement of a musical style to the ultimate degree of perfection, which could be true to a point: this album is so refined it has just about boiled away.

Rushen's 1978 album, 'Patrice', was exciting and fresh, showing off her liquid voice and considerable talent for inventive vocal arrangement: this year's model is dreary and repetitive; in the main the songs are dull and the whole effect is sterile formula disco. Two hit singles are included, 'Never Gonna Give You Up' and 'Look Up', and these give a pointer to the rest of the album. Rushen's formerly imaginative lead vocals are tame, she seems content to find one good riff and then do it to death — nothing develops or grows within the tunes. On 'Time Will Tell', it sounds like she was so stuck for ideas she lifted the hook line from 'Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep'.

I know jazz musicians have to make a living and people should be allowed to tread water once in a while, but Patrice Rushen has proved that she can make disco music vital and original, and if she expects people to buy her albums she should create something better than this. The final track 'This Is All I Really Know', apart from being a blatant lie in its Rushen's case, has a hint of predictable born-again-ness about it: 'He's my light, He's my sight / this is all I really know / something just won't let me go astray'. Well, I wish something would.

Dorota Koc

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DATA CONTROL

SEVEN-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 Secret Affair, just go directly to LIVE! on page 44. For the rest of you, here's the small print that makes the rock go round.

● Tour News 37/38 ● Record News 28 ● Nationwide Gig Guide 39/40
● Garageland 43 ● Imports 43



Handic: Record News



Megahype: Tour News

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS 1

ROCK CITY IN LEGAL DELAY

ROCK CITY, the new 2,000-capacity venue in Nottingham, finally gets under way tonight (Thursday) — 11 days after its scheduled opening. The first week's shows had to be scrapped at short notice, after local magistrates refused to give the go-ahead, claiming that all necessary work had not been completed by the deadline. Shows by Iron Maiden (December 1), Human League (3), Lambretta (5) and Climax Blues Band (6) were abandoned and, although ticket refunds were made, the owners are trying to re-schedule those four bands as quickly as possible.

So the distinction of opening Rock City now falls to The Undertones tonight, and other previously confirmed gigs include Shakin' Stevens (this Friday), Echo & The Bunnymen (Saturday), Steve Harley (December 18), The Kinks (19), XTC (20), and Q-Tips (22). Newly set this week are Hinkley's Heroes (23) and a special Christmas Eve show by Gary Glitter.

□ Hinkley's Heroes — the occasional band organised by keyboards man Tim Hinkley, and featuring Roger Chapman on vocals — also play London Victoria The Venue on December 20.

LIZZY'S PLANS

THIN LIZZY start a European tour at the beginning of 1981, and this will be followed by an extensive series of UK dates. Their spokesman said that a precise period can't yet be specified, because they have also to fit in recording sessions for a new album, but hopefully the British schedule will open before the spring.

□ JUDAS PRIEST, currently recording a new LP in Ibiza, will be headlining a major UK tour in the spring — as will IRON MAIDEN.

□ MATCHBOX, who look certain to finish in the Top 20 singles sellers for 1980 (based on the NME Chart Points Table), will headline a new British tour in February. It will be their first full itinerary in the UK for a year, and they'll be playing at selected venues during the period February 6-25.

PUB-ROCK THREAT

THE FUTURE of another London pub venue is in jeopardy, with the John Bull in Chiswick facing the prospect of having to stop staging rock gigs. At present, it's one of the most active pubs on the circuit, with upwards of five gigs every week, but its licence is now threatened by noise objections. In fact, the pub's manager claims there has been only one objection — from the next-door flat-owner, who's just built an extension, which now adjoins the pub alongside the stage! But this has caused the local council to have reservations about the venue, and the hearing has been adjourned until January.

WEAPON TO HEADLINE —

WEAPON, the heavy metal band who've just completed an extensive UK outing as support to Motorhead, have now been lined up for their first headlining tour. Dates confirmed so far are London Fulham Greyhound (January 7), Bradford Princeville (8), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (9), Bristol Granary (10), London Richmond Brolleys (11), Burton 76 Club (16), Farnham West Surrey College of Art (22), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (23), Manchester UMIST (24) and Nottingham Boat Club (31), with further dates currently being set.

— AND GOD'S TOYS, TOO

GOD'S TOYS, the Coventry-based five-piece who've been touring as support to Adam & The Ants, are now being lined up for their own billtopping tour in the New Year — dates are at present being finalised by the Derek Black Agency for January and February, directly as the result of their success on the Ants' outing. Their new single, 'Everybody's Got A Mother' will be issued by Budge Records (through RCA) to tie in with their headlining jaunt.

Roxy in the flesh (and blood)

ROXY MUSIC are back on the UK concert platform in the New Year, with five dates scheduled for mid-January — at Manchester Apollo (13 and 14), Birmingham Odeon (15 and 16) and Leicester Granby Hall (17).

The Manchester and Birmingham shows have been slotted in as compensation for having to miss out those cities during their summer tour, when Bryan Ferry was taken ill. It was originally intended to re-schedule them in November, but they subsequently decided against this, and advised ticket-holders to obtain cash refunds.

This means that bookings must now start again from scratch — at Manchester, the box-office opens this Sunday (14) and prices are £5 and £4; at Birmingham, tickets go on sale next Monday (15), priced £5, £4 and £3.

Roxy's curtailed 1980 tour managed to play Wembley and Glasgow as scheduled, but Brighton Centre was another venue which had to be scrapped. But they're not going to Brighton this time, and are instead visiting Leicester, which wasn't on their original itinerary — tickets are all at the one price of £5, and they go on sale at the box-office this Sunday.

BRYAN HARRY
(above right)



Lionheart crusading

EARLIER in the autumn, in seemingly unconnected moves, guitarist Dennis Stratton quit Iron Maiden and vocalist Jess Cox walked out of the Tygers Of Pan Tang. Now they've joined forces in a new hard rock band called LIONHEART, whose line-up also features two former members of Wildfire — drummer Frank Noon and bassist Rocky Newton — plus ex-Liar guitarist Steve Mann.

Right now, they're rehearsing like stink for their live debut, a headliner at London's Marquee Club on January 10. They then expect to go out as support act on a major tour currently being set up, with their first single released to coincide. So it's on the cards that 1981 could be the year of the Lionheart crusade. (Left to right: Stratton, Newton, Cox, Mann and Noon).



JOHN OTWAY plays his annual free hometown concert on Sunday, December 28 — it's at Aylesbury Friars from noon to 2 pm. Meanwhile, Otway and Wild Willy Barrett have been added as special guests to the pre-Christmas tour by Madness, which started this week — the only exception being tomorrow (Friday) when they headline at London Victoria The Venue.

● THE ONLY ONES (December 18) and John Cooper Clarke (21)

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

have lined up special pre-Christmas shows in London — both at Camden Dingwalls.

● ANDROIDS OF MU and Brian Brain co-headline a Christmas party event being staged by Fuck Off Records at London's Actlam Hall on Saturday, December 20. It runs from 11am to 5.30pm, and it's free! Among many others appearing are The

012, Blue Midnight, The Members and Here & Now.

● GENERATION X have added another date to their mid-December comeback tour, reported last week — at Hatfield Polytechnic this Saturday (13).

● FAMOUS NAMES (formerly known as Writiz) present their Christmas show at London Victoria The Venue on December 19. Other seasonal shows there feature The Blues Band (22) and The Dance Band (23).

CASH TOPS IN '81 C&W FEST

MERVYN CONN has announced details of his annual Country Music Festival staged at London Wembley Arena every Easter — which next year means Friday to Monday, April 17-20. Among the artists lined up are:

FRIDAY: Ronnie Milsap, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Gene Watson, Wanda Jackson, Matchbox, Hank Thompson and Skeeter Davis. SATURDAY: Marty Robbins, Billie Jo Spears, Don Gibson, Superpickers, Marvin Rainwater, Melba Montgomery, Pete Sayers and Philomena Begley.

SUNDAY: Tammy Wynette, Hoyt Axton, Bill Anderson, Vernon Oxford, Mac Wiseman, Susie Allison and Raymond Froggatt.

MONDAY: Johnny Cash, June Carter, Joe Sun, Jimmy C. Newman, Jim & Jesse and The Virginia Boys, George Lindsey and Diane Pfeifer.

Further names, including another Friday headliner, have still to be confirmed. The package will also be playing ten dates at various European stadia, and it's expected that several of the individual stars will also be touring the UK separately while they're over here. Ticket prices range from £7.50 to £19.50 for one day — to £36 to £70 for the full four days, with a five per cent discount on bookings before January 7. Contact the Mervyn Conn Booking Office for more details (01-836 7255).

HAZEL EXTRA

HAZEL O'CONNOR and Megahype have added four more dates to their New Year tour, for which the first eight gigs were reported by NME over the past two weeks. The extra shows are all in February — at Uxbridge Brunel University (4), Poole Arts Centre (5), Guildford Surrey University (6) and Nottingham Rock City (7). At least two more dates have still to be finalised, including a major London show — but it's not yet clear if these will be at the outset of the tour in mid-January, or later on in February.

□ LITTLE BOB STORY haven't been such frequent visitors to these shores during the past year, but they're about to set things to rights. They fly in for two Christmas gigs this weekend — at London Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday) and Kingston Polytechnic (Saturday). And they'll be back in February for a full-scale tour, coinciding with the release by RCA of a new British album.

WINGS INTACT

WINGS remain intact, despite recent reports elsewhere that their two latest recruits — Steve Holly and Laurence Juber — are on the point of leaving or have left. The rumour was evidently sparked by the fact that the McCartneys and Denny Laine are at present recording without Holly and Juber, but with other session musicians. However, tracks currently being laid down are for Paul McCartney's previously reported cartoon film *Rupert The Bear*, and the extra musicians, were cast by producer George Martin. And work on a new Wings album, co-produced by Chris Thomas and involving the two sidelined members, begins in the New Year — with, as NME has already announced, live appearances to coincide with its release.

● Denny Laine was badly cut in an unprovoked attack in a London night club last week, and had eight stitches inserted in the injury. One recording session had to be cancelled, but he is expected to be back in action again this week.

JAPAN NIP ON STAGE

JAPAN, who played their only UK concert of 1980 at London Lyceum two weeks ago, have lined up another London show to compensate the hundreds of people who were turned away from their November gig. It's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, February 7, and tickets are priced £3.50 and £2.50.

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See the ATV documentary on Thursday December 18th at 9.00 p.m. (11.00 p.m. London)

TOUR NEWS 2

Emmylou gigs

EMMYLOU HARRIS & The Hot Band have been confirmed for a short concert series in the New Year. They open with four shows in Ireland — at Dublin Stadium (February 2 and 3) and Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre (4 and 5), for which tickets go on sale on December 18. They then play Glasgow Apollo (7), Manchester Apollo (8), Birmingham Odeon (9) and London Victoria Apollo (10 and 11) — tickets on sale from tomorrow (Friday) priced £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 in London, and £4, £3 and £2 at the three provincial venues. Warner Brothers will release Emmylou's new album 'Evangeline' to coincide with her visit.

THE CRAMPS, who fly into London to play a one-off at the Lyceum this Sunday (14), have announced that their new guitarist — replacing Bryan Gregory — is Kid Congo. He formerly played with Los Angeles band The Gun Club, and the other Cramps found him when they recently moved their base to L.A. from New York.

THE CHEATERS, whose December tour was listed last week, have cancelled their gig at Manchester Band On The Wall on December 16. But they've now added three new dates in that city — at Pinkies Place (18), Selsbybridge Commercial Hotel (20) and Portland Bars (24).

AL STEWART has added another concert to the three already set at London Hammersmith Odeon. The fourth show is a fast minute booking for tonight (Thursday), and tickets will be available on the doors.

CABARET VOLTAIRE have just two gigs remaining this year, and the first of these is tonight (Thursday) at Sheffield Paster Lane Art College, with Clock DVA supporting — tickets on the doors are £1.50. The second is at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall on Tuesday, December 30.

THE SPOILERS emerge from the studio, where they've been cutting tracks for a debut single under their new deal with Red Shadow Records, to play a handful of pre-Christmas gigs — at Slough College (this Saturday), Oxford Corn Dolly (Sunday), Chatham Scamps (December 17), Eton Christopher Hotel (18) and London Chiswick John Bull (20).

THE BOYS return after an extended absence, spent working in Europe, to play two Christmas shows in London — at Canning Town Bridge House (tomorrow, Friday) and Fulham Greyhound (Saturday). They'll be featuring material from their upcoming album 'Boys Only', due for release by Safari in the New Year.

THE SNACKS, a new Coventry-based band, are supporting Bad Manners on their December UK tour announced last week. And one further date has been added to the schedule — it's at Melton Mowbray Painted Lady on Christmas Eve.

VICTIMS OF PLEASURE play a charity show for underprivileged children at North Essex London Polytechnic on Thursday, December 18. Two other London gigs for the band, whose first EP 'When You're Young' has just been issued, are at Clapham 101 Club (tomorrow, Friday) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (December 17).

THE THOMPSON TWINS, whose new single 'The Perfect Game' is due out in mid-January, take part in a No Nukes concert at London Lambeth Town Hall (in Bristol) on Friday, December 19. And they have other dates at Rayleigh Croca (this Saturday) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (December 21).

LIVE WIRE interrupt recording sessions for their third album to play their only gig this month — a Christmas show at London Victoria The Venue on December 19. The LP, being produced by Simon Boswell, will be issued by A&M in March — and the band will undertake a major UK tour to coincide.

JOHN COUGAR is now confirmed for a nationwide British tour in February with this band The Zone. His latest album 'Nothin' Matters And What If I Did', already a hit in the States, will be issued here by Riva to tie in with his visit.

THE PURPLE HEARTS have December gigs in and around London at Canning Town Bridge House (16), Islington Hope & Anchor (22), Feltam Football Club (27) and Fulham Greyhound (29). Throughout next year, the members of the band will spend much of the time pursuing separate careers, though they will link up from time to time for occasional Hearts gigs.

ANSTY IN ROOTS have now confirmed seven January dates as part of their UK tour — at Lechworth Lays Hall (11), Luton Drill Hall (16), North London Polytechnic (16), London Southall Community Centre (17), London School of Oriental and African Studies (23) and High Wycombe Newland Hall (24). They'll be promoting their new single 'Zapata', out this month on their own People Unite label (distributed by Spartans).

WINNER CITY UNIT are three dates this month with their revised line-up, which involves the introduction of a new drummer and the departure of synthesiser man Stupid Steve. They visit Birmingham Golden Eagle (tomorrow, Friday), London W 10 Acklam Hall (December 17) and London Camden Music Machine (22).

FISCHER-Z have returned from dates in Europe and America as a trio — latest recruit Bernie Newman has already left the band, and they've decided to remain as a three-piece. They play their first UK gig in the slotline form at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, December 21, supporting Steve Harley.

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY have added Middlesbrough Rock Garden (this Saturday) and London Fulham Greyhound (next Monday) to their previously reported December tour.



THE KICKS and their 1980 gig schedule at London Camden Dingwalls (this Saturday), Kingston Three Tunes (December 17), Chatham Scamps (18) and London Harrow Rd. Windsor Centre (19). But they begin a new one-nighter series at London Greenwich White Swan on January 9, the same day on which their new single 'I Looked Could Kill' is released. Having recently left Carrere Records because "they didn't like the colour of the label", the band have now signed with the new Cygnat Records company — recently launched by Roger Bain, and distributed by PRT.

London rock week

ROCK WEEK PLUS is the title of an eight-day concert series to be staged right after Christmas at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall, sponsored by Capital Radio. The full line-up is: The Heat, Mass, Lemon Kittens (December 27); Essential Logic, Afterimages, Out on Blue Six (28); Cabaret Voltaire, Spec Records (30); Doll By Doll, The Soft Boys, The Flatbackers, Afghan Rebels (31); The Passage, Crispy Ambulance, Biting Tongues (January 1); The Sound, The Cravats, The Jump Club (2); Basement 6, Redbeat, Dislocation Dance (3); and Josef K, Orange Juice, Blue Orchids (4). All tickets are £2, in advance or on the door — and ICA day membership is 40p.

RECORD NEWS

Bowie: greatest hits compilation

THIS WEEK sees the release by K-Tel of a compilation album titled 'The Best Of David Bowie', containing his biggest hits from 1969 to 1980. As usual with this label, it will be supported by extensive TV advertising.

London-based four-piece Baby Patrol have signed with Secret Records (distributed by Spertan), and have their debut single out this week. It's a double A-side coupling 'Fun Fusion' and 'Turn It Down'.

Arista have released 'The Greatest Love Of All' by George Benson, due to heavy demand following the recent TV screening of the Muhammad Ali film 'The Greatest'. Feedback's new single 'Let's Do It Again', previously reported but subsequently delayed, has been re-scheduled by Polydor and now comes out tomorrow (Friday). The B-side is 'Chillin' Out', with an extra bonus track called 'Hot Box' on the 12-inch.

The Wit And Wisdom Of Ronald Reagan is an album being rushed out on December 19 at the budget price of £1.99. It's been licensed from America's Magic Records by Stiff, who've scheduled it so hastily that they don't yet know the contents — whether it's extracts from his speeches or excerpts from his film soundtracks. They say they also don't know if he'll be touring Britain to promote it!

With The Beat's new single 'Too Nice To Talk To' already on release, Go-Feat issue a special 12-inch version this weekend — it's more of a disco mix than the seven-inch, and features more instrumental breaks. The band go into the studios at the beginning of January to start work on their new album.

A limited edition 12-inch by Hiroshima — featuring 'Cruisin' O-Town', 'Warriors' and 'Lion Dance' — is out this week on Arista. The first two tracks are taken from the band's current album 'Odori', at which import quantities are also available.

Hendrix unissued live LP

HITHERTO unissued live recordings by Jimi Hendrix are featured on the album 'Woke Up This Morning And Found Myself Dead', issued on December 12 by specialist R&B label Red Lightnin'. The 50-minute set was recorded at New York's Scene Club in 1968, when the Hendrix band included Jim Morrison, Johnny Winter and drummer Buddy Miles, plus two members of The McCoys. Tracks include 'Red House', 'Bleeding Heart', 'Tomorrow Never Knows' and 'Sunshine Of Your Love', and the LP sells at £4.25.

From the same label comes a ten-inch album by former Ike Turner sideman Clayton Love, titled 'Come On Home Blues' (£3.50). Backing musicians include half of The Crusaders, and the LP is due out in mid-January.

Elton signs!

ELTON JOHN has put an end to speculation concerning his recording future, and that of his company Rocket, by re-signing with Phonogram International. The deal, signed in Australia two weeks ago, is worldwide — except for the U.S. and Canada, where he recently inked a long-term pact with Geffen Records. The announcement puts an end to widespread rumours that he was about to sign with another major company. Meanwhile, Elton has confirmed NME's recent story that he will be touring Britain extensively in the early spring.

YES LIVE LP FINALLY OUT

YES finally have their double live album 'Yesshows' released by Atlantic on December 19. Originally intended as a companion set to their 1973 album 'Yessongs', it's been completed and gathering dust for many months, but now at last sees the light of day. It was recorded in Detroit (1976), Rotterdam (1977) and Wembley (1978), and the tracks featured are Parallels, Time And A Word, Going For The One, The Gates Of Delirium, Don't Kill The Whale, Ritual — Parts 1 and 2 and Wonderful Stories. The LP was produced by Yes, with a sleeve by Roger Dean.

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Ruffies: Killing Joke
Aberystwyth University: XTC
Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Quads
Birmingham Cedar Rooms: The Stray Cats/Crozier
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Solitaires
Birmingham Market Cross: Sky Drive
Birmingham Newman College: U.X.B.
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Birmingham University: The Special Guests
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Vardis
Bodmin Jail Club: Metro Glider
Bokan Aquarius: The Salford Jets
Bradford St. George's Hall: New Electric
Warriors' package tour
Brighton Centre: Yes
Brighton Concorde Club: The Technicians/The Corvettes
Bristol Colston Hall: Steeleye Span/Canta Major
Bristol Green Rooms: Streets Ahead
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: The Rank Amateurs
Canterbury Art College: Strong Silent Types
Coventry General Wolfe: The Dealers
Coventry Trinity's: Ten Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Chart
Coventry Warwick University: Boss Crews/Alasgar College: Roy Wood's Helicopters
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: Childe Rolande/Dr. Coghill
Derby Assembly Rooms: Light Of The World
Durham O-Ball Club: Prefab Sprout
Eastcote Bottom Line: Paz
East Minnis G.P.C.M. Hall: The Tea Set
Edinburgh Astoria: The Dance Band
Edinburgh George Square Theatre: Here & Now
Glasgow Doune Castle: Rhesus Negative
Hartley Victoria Hall: The Skids
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Imperial Eyes Band
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: The Houghton Weavers
Kingston Three Tuns: Fecal Frontier
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: Chevy Leads Fan Club: The Mo-dettes
Leeds Wiggie Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Leicester Ford Ingham Offices: Sudden Sway
Liverpool Brady's: A.I.Z.
Liverpool Kirklands: A Formal Sigh
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Revels
London Acton White Hart: Gun Control
London Blackheath Coach & Horses: Big Table
London Camden Dingwells: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Monsters
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
London Clapham Two Brewers: Brunel
London Cockfosters Cat Hill Collage: Petrifi Fitzgerald Group
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Pylon/Tier 3
London Dalton Pembury Tavern: Avenue
London East Ham Rustin Arms: Devotion
London Fern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
London Fulham Greyhound: TV Smith's Explorers/SOS & The Escape
London Fulham The Cock: Route 66
London Hackney Deurgans Park: Avenue
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Basement): Straight From The Ground
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: The Flying Lizards
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus

London Hampstead Starlight Room: Black Market
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Shadowfax
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Pictures/Havana Lata Go
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Squad
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kentish Town The Forum: Mud
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Elaine Delmar & Guests (until Saturday)
London Marquee Club: The Krates/Rubber Johnny
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: Crescent City Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Instigators/Stigma
London Rainbow Theatre: Burning Spear
London Richmond Snoopies: Midnight & The Lemonboys/La Change
London Soho Pizza Express: Al Grey & Buddy Tate
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Johnny & The Jailbirds
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford Band
London Stratford Green Man: A.E. Liguid
London Tooting The Castle: Fruit Eating Bears/Empty Vessels
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Sky
London Victoria The Venue: John Cooper Clarke
London Walthamstow The Towers: The Razy Dazzy Spasm Band
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Decorators/The Lines
London Woolwich Tremashed: More
London W.10 Acton Hall: The Fall/The Hamsters
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Saffie
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Rod Stewart
Manchester Band on the Wall: Chris Williams Quartet
Manchester Carousal Club: Gary Gitter
Manchester Raters: Classix Nouveaux
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Generation X
Milton Keynes Campus Club: Zooms
Newcastle City Hall: Showaddywaddy
Newcastle Royale Theatre: Adam & The Ants
Nottingham Boat Club: Def Leppard
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
Nottingham Rock City: The Undertones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gelfs
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Shake
Preston Polytechnic: The Breathers
Preston Warehouse: The Idiot Dancers
Reading Target Club: The Attendants/The Chaps
Scarborough Grand Playhouse: The Insets
Sheffield Limit Club: Bad Manners
Sheffield Pealier Lane Art College: Cabaret
Volkare/Clock DVA
Shetland Sullom Voe Oil Terminal: Sillyette
Shrinat Star Hotel: The Samples/The A Strigade
Southampton Gasmont Theatre: Ultravox
Southampton Joiners Arms: The Exploding Seagulls
Southampton The Haymarket: The Motifs
Stockport Technical College: The Cheaters
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Eddie & The Hot Rods
Taunton Stage Fitzpane Greyhound: Asylum

Walden Bulls Head: Rock Horse
Walsall West Midlands College: The Planets
Whitehaven Copeland Hall: Chris Barber Band
Wigan Trucks: Poison Girls/Reputations In Jeopardy
Willeshall The Cavalcade: Sub Zero
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: Switch 7
Worthing Balmoral Bar: Suspect

FRIDAY

Bath Moles Club: The Rockets
Biggleswade Shuttleworth College: Switches
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Footboys
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Evereadys/Prefab
Birmingham Market Cross: Situation Critical
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teaser
Bishops Cleeve Triad Leisure Centre: Lights Of The World
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Pylon
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Steeleye Span/Canta Major
Bradford Princess Club (lunchtime): J.G. Spolls Rock Band
Brentwood Hermit Club: Twig & The Kicks
Brighton Althamra: The Ammonites
Bromsgrove College: Soul Direction
Cambridge Histon Football Club: The Amyl Ducks
Canterbury Odeon: Ultravox
Charley Joiners Arms: Asylum
Coventry General Wolfe: The Reluctant Stereotypes
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Croydon The Star: The Chevrans / B Film / Red Box
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: Anarley Park
Dunbar Victoria Ballroom: Wested State / Peleon Whisky / Rebel Youth / Halls Highway / Speed / Sceptic / Mental Excursion
Dundee Maryhill Hall: Killing Joke
Dunoon Tor-Ne-Des Hotel: H20
East Cotes Town Hall: Feedback / Owen Lee
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: The Cheaters
Edinburgh Odeon: Hawkwind / Chevy Chase
Fife St Andrew's University: Here & Now
Glasgow Strathclyde University: The Dance Band / Silento
Glasgow University: Gary Gitter
Glossop Surrey Arms: The Swinging Lamphades
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Kevin Coyne
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Skids
Huddersfield Town Hall: Chris Barber Band
Hull City Hall: The Undertones
Hull University: The Step
Ipswich Gasmont Theatre: Adam & The Ants
Leicester University: Dire Straits
Leamington Town Hall: The Bricks / 3rd Program / The Bricks / Lepel Eagle Blues Band / The Inconvenience
Leeds Fan Club: The Temper
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: Def Leppard
Leeds Wiggie Wine Bar: Diddy Tactics
Leicester Bassway Hotel: Manabout
Leicester Highfield Centre: Pressure Stocks
Leicester Light Centre: The Mo-dettes
Leicester University: The Idiot Dancers
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Chris Williams Quartet
Liverpool Brady's: The Stray Cats
Liverpool The Dolphin: Stun The Guards
Liverpool The Masonic: Dick Smith Band
London Camden Dingwells: Little Bob Story / Private Lives
London Camden Southampton Arms: Johnny Blue Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Boys
London Central Polytechnic: Eddie & The Hot Rods
London Chiswick John Bull: Roy Hill Band
London City Polytechnic: Frankie Miller Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Weapon Of Peace / TV 21
London Dagham North-East Polytechnic: Sonny Set & Red Holloway
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: The Enid
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: Climax Blues Band / Back Door Man / Transdats / Thompson Twins, etc.
London Fulham Greyhound: The Regiment
London Fulham The Cock: The Munchies
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Breakfast Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Modern Jazz / Plastic Mole
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Hank Wangford Band
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: A.M.Z.
London Lewisham Odeon: Yes
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: David Mitchell Quartet / Simms Mellor Band
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Jabula
London Peckham Walmer Castle: Shadowfax / Dirty Strangers
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Rainbow Theatre: Awed / Hugh Mundell / Marty In Roots
London Richmond Snoopies: Out On Blue Six / Eyesize In Glass
London Soho Pizza Express: Ronnie Ross Quartet
London Stokwell The Pough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juke On The Loose
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Buzz
London Victoria The Venue: John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Josef K / Square One
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Local Heroes / Kan Kan
London W.10 Acton Hall: The Fall / The Hamsters
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Kevin Coyne
Loweroft College: Budget
Lowestoft Hall of the East: Witchfynde
Macclesfield Masonic Arms: Rockin Horse
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Madness
Manchester Polytechnic: Wah! Heat
Mansfield Masons Arms: Sarscon
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Boss
Newcastle City Hall: Sky
New Romney Southlands Y.W.: The

Circuit sleighride

ANOTHER frantic week on the circuit, with the rock-biz enjoying its final fling before the holiday. Among the many bands setting out on pre-Christmas treks this week are THE KINKS, kicking off one of their rare concert series in Southampton on Friday; HAWKWIND, who begin a string of season dates in Edinburgh on Friday, even though they've only just finished a massive autumn tour; and STEVE HARLEY and his new-look Cockney Rebel, who choose Grimsby as their starting point on Wednesday.

Additionally, we have GENERATION X back in action after a lay-off of more than a year; STEELEYE SPAN headlining their reunion tour; BAD MANNERS serving up their special brew to audiences around the country; and reggae star BURNING SPEAR engaged in a nationwide jaunt. Plus major one-off concerts in London by THE FLYING LIZARDS (Thursday), THE CRAMPS (Sunday), ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN (Sunday) and ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES (Wednesday), with an extra Echo gig in Nottingham on Saturday. Not to mention the various tours — Skids, Yes, Dire Straits, etc — already on the road.



BURNING SPEAR



STEVE HARLEY

and January deadline

A REMINDER that, because of holiday printing arrangements, the Gig Guide for the first week of the New Year will go to press before Christmas. This covers the period from

JANUARY 1 to 7

If you want your gigs listed on this page for that particular week, please note that details must be received by us not later than

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17

That is the absolute deadline. So don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today, bearing in mind the postal delays usually incurred at this time of year. And remember, December 17 is less than a week away. So mail your New Year details at once to NME Gig Guide, 6-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 6PG — and make sure you're not disappointed.

● If you've got a gig coming up before the end of this year, which you want printed, you're too late — the deadline has already passed.

RAY DAVIES of the Kinks



Pulsters
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: Roy Wood's Helicopters
Northampton Roadmender Club: Poison Girls / Zounds
Nottingham Rock City: Shakin' Stevens
Oldham The Lancashire: J.G. Spolls Rock Band
Oxford Caribbean Club: The Mighty Strypes
Oxford Pennyfarning: Spring Offensive
Oxford Polytechnic: Petrifi Fitzgerald Group
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Even Waugh
Perthshire College of Horticulture: Switch 7
Peterborough Jay Theatre: A Sudden Sway
Poole Arts Centre: De Bit / Seven
Reading AUEW Hall: Between Pictures
Reitford Porthouse: Generation X
Rochester Brewery Folk Club: Dr. Coghill
Scarborough Casino Rooms: The Insets
Scarborough Penthouse: Vardis
Scarborough Taboo: Bow Wow Wow
Sheffield Polytechnic: Slade
Southampton Gasmont Theatre: The Kinks
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Chicken Shack
St Albans Weldo's Club: The Tea Set
Stirling Fallin Miners Welfare: The Debt Jerk
Teddaker Youth Club: Shake Appeal
Teun Punchbowl & Ladle: Metro Glider
Winchester Railway Inn: Martin Simpson
Worthing Balmoral Bar: Suspect

SATURDAY

Bath Moles: Juan Fools 'n' The Grave
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Bingley Hall: Burning Spear
Birmingham Cedar Rooms: The Idiot Dancers
Birmingham Market Cross: Handsome Beans
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: Rod Stewart
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
Birmingham Talbot Beerwood: U.X.B.
Bishop Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Shokatz
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Stray Cats
Brighton Dome: The Kinks
Bristol Granary: Bonz
Cardiff Mela Showroom: Tenzacheu
Cardiff New Theatre: Shakin' Stevens
Chelmsford Odeon: Adam & The Ants
Coventry General Wolfe: Alien
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: Vision
Colleton/The Degotom/Dietart Resort
Cromer West Runt Pavilion: Bad Manners
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Planets
Dumfries Nith Hotel: Cruiser
Edinburgh Nite Club: Bow Wow Wow
Edinburgh Odeon: Saxon

Eton Christopher Hotel: Motley Crew
Farnborough Technical College: John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Jan Anderson & The New Life Band
Goole Station Hotel: Head Hunter
Greenock Victorian Carriage (afternoon): Rhesus Negative
Hoddeston Civic Hall: Chris Barber Band
Hornchurch The Bull: The Apocalypse
Horsham Horse & Groom: The Xperts
Hull City Hall: Slade
Kidderminster Boars Head: Bad Publicity
Leeds Polytechnic: The Skids
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Shake Appeal
Leeds University: Dire Straits
Leicester University: The Temper
Liverpool Brady's: John Cooper Clarke/The Beatles
London Battersea Belleville School: The Government
London Camden Dingwells: Split Rivet/The Kicks
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Fabulous Poodles
London Chiswick John Bull: Mickey Jupp Band
London Clapham Two Brewers: Sed Among Strangers
London Clapham 101 Club: The Blumblasters
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rico
London Fulham Greyhound: The V.I.P.'s
London Fulham The Cock: Hi Fi
London Greenwich White Swan: Shadowfax
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammersmith Odeon: Ultravox
London Hammermith Starlight Roller Disco: The Regents
London Hampstead Starlight Room: No Mean Feet/All Known Germs
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Steps/BHM
London Highgate Lauderdale House: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Lemons
London Lea Centre: The Shoppers
London Manger Park Three Rabbits: Suttel Approach
London Marquee Club: The V.I.P.'s
London Morden Baptist Free Church: The Paradise Band
London New Kent Rd. Jubilee Hall: Rubber Johnny
London N.4 The Stapleton: Sore Throat/Dave Ellis Band
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: M.G.A. Group
London Putney Star & Garter: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Dave Walters

CONTINUES OVER...

ANDY McCLUSKY (right) will be manoeuvring, both orchestra and vocally, when the band play their Christmas concert at London on Wednesday.

Compiler: Derek Johnson

DAY CONTROL

London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box
 London Soho Piza Express: Richie Cole/Martin Drew Trio
 London Southall White Hart: Level 42
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London S.W.11 Pine Tavern: Brunel
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Buzz
 London Victoria The Venue: Marmalade
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Les Apaches/Out On Blue Six
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Frankie Miller Band
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: O-Jah
 London Christchurch Civic Centre: Josef K/The Fire Engines
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Dooleys
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Citizen U.K.
 Manchester Polytechnic: Gary Gitter
 Manchester Portland Bars: The Index
 Manchester The Scout: Real
 Life/Playground/Zanussi
 Middlebrough Town Hall: Hawtins/Cherry
 Newcastle La Dolce Vita: Here & Now
 Northampton The Roadmender: Classix Nouveaux/Trance
 Northampton White Elephant: FMJ & The Firebirds
 Nottingham Boat Club: Quartz
 Nottingham Rock City: Echo & the Bunnymen
 Oldham Tower Club: A.M.Z.
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Ice
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Chesters
 Rayleigh Croca: The Thompson Twins
 Reading Target Club: Die Laughing
 Reading Portershouse: Def Leppard
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII: Mademeanour
 Slough College: Arrogant/The Spellers/The Attendants
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Steeleye Span/Canta Major
 Southampton The Spints: Switches
 St Albans City Hall: The End
 St Albans Horn Of Plenty: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 Stockport Ups & Downs: The Swinging Lamphades
 Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre: XTC
 Taunton Community Centre: Asylum
 Tunbridge Wells Traders Bar: The Pulsaters
 Wallasey Dale Inn: Asylum
 Warrington Lion Hotel: Spider
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Switch 7
 Whitstable Joy Lane: Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs
 Wick Rosebank Hotel: Legal Aid
 Widsomouth Manor Hotel: Metro Gilder
 Wislaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Parts
 Working The Crickets: Consenting Adults/White Colours
 Worthing The Maltard: The Accelerators

SUNDAY

Ayr Pavilion (matinee): Bow Wow Wow
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Odeon: Dire Straits
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham Rialto: Rico
 Birmingham Star Club: The Nightingale/Distort
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Stuffed Badgers
 Brighton Alhambra: Daddy Yum Yum
 Brighton Centre: Madness
 Bristol Colston Hall: Shakin' Stevens
 Bristol Locarno: XTC
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Cardiff Too Rank: O-Tips
 Chagwell White Hart: Park Avenue
 Corby Festival Theatre: Chris Barber Band
 Doncaster Rovers: Def Leppard
 Gillingham Old Ash Tree (lunchtime) and Dymchurch The Neptune (evening): The Pulsaters
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Saxon
 Glasgow Doune Castle: H2O
 Glasgow Gigs: The Associates
 Glasvoth's Rother Arms: The Chesters
 Grangemouth Interation Hotel: The Daff
 Halesham Crown Hotel: Tim Broadbent
 Hatfield The Stonehouse: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 Kettering King's Arms: Dave Johnson Jazz Band and guests
 Leeds Florida Green Hotel: The End
 Leeds Haddon Hall: George Little's Cool In The Shade
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 Leeds Stepping Post: The Localeros
 Leeds University: Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Burt
 London Acton Kings Head: Red Letters/The Spiders
 London Battersea Negs Head: Jugular Vein



BILLY IDOL is back on the road again with Generation X, after a lay-off of more than a year. Pre-Christmas one-nighters will be followed by a full tour in the New Year.

London Camden Dingwalls: The Me-dettes/The Temper
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Sunfighter
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Chiswick John Bull: Jackie Challenor Band
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rins
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Tribesman
 London Fulham Greyhound: Earl Oak
 London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre Studio: Mike Westbrook Brass Band
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Yee
 London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: The Government
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave Ellis Band
 London Heme Hill Half Moon: Transists/The Venimus
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Orange Juice
 London Marquee Club: Roy Wood's Helicopters
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: The London Apaches
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway
 London Putney Hall Moon: The Blueblasters
 London Rainbow Theatre: Echo & The Bunnymen/The Passions
 London Richmond Ecollys: Mera
 London Soho Piza Express: Red Hunt
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Sam Mitchell
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The Cramps/Wasted Youth/The Polectars
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: The Kinks
 London Victoria The Venue: Eric Burdon's Fire Dept
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Soja Thew/Broadcast
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Bob Kam's Whoopie Party
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Sammy Rimmington Quintet
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Steeleye Span
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Vibrant
 Theat/Fifth Gushion
 Manchester Fentons: Sudden Sway
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: Stiletto
 Newcastle Spectro Arts Centre: The Fauves
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Centre: The Australian
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nottingham Palais: Shakatsck
 Oxford Corn Dolly: The Spoilers
 Oxford New Theatre: The Shids
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Never Never
 Paisley Bungalow Bar (lunchtime): Sidewalk
 Poynton Folk Centre: Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
 Runcorn Cherry Tree: Rockin Horse
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: The Undertones
 Taunton Odeon: Adam & The Ants
 Wigan Trucks Club: Here & Now

MONDAY

Aylesbury Grammar School: The Step
 Birmingham Arts Lab: Fast Relief
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Briton/Mayday
 Birmingham Cedar Club: Lowdown/Distort
 Resort
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Odeon: Dire Straits
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Rialto: Rico
 Birmingham Star Club: The Nightingale/Distort
 Boston Folk Club: Kette Abbott
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Dial
 Bradford Princiville: Head Hunter
 Bury Nailers Green: Private Sector
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: The Shots
 Coventry Tiffany's: Hawkwind/Cherry
 Croydon The Ship: The Telham Tinklers
 Derby Asjenta Cinema: Anti-Past
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Madness
 Derby Tiffany's: Burning Spew
 Dundee Caird Hall: Saxon
 Quinestable Queensway Hall: The Kinks
 Edinburgh Netherbow: Twisted
 Nerve/Chainsaw/Young
 Innocence/Tennessa Cremation
 Gravesend Woodville Hall: Light Of The
 Harlow Benny's Nightclub: Pre-Sat/Pressure Stops
 Harrogate Lounge Hall: X-O-Due/The Mirror Boys
 Herford Market Tavern: Here & Now
 Lord Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side
 Stompers
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
 Leeds Florida Green Hotel: Frankie Miller Band
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: Goff Jackson & The Huns
 Leeds Warehouse: Pylon
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Jon Anderson's New Life Band
 London Clapham 101 Club: Petite & The Carbon Link
 Liverpool Star & Garter: Asylum
 London Camden Music Machine: Stiletto/Laurel
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Purple Hearts
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Me-dettes
 London Dartford Flicks: Shaktak
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Night
 London Fulham Greyhound: Punishment
 Of Luxury/Thieves Like Us
 London Fulham: The Cook: Toa Rag
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Yee
 London Hammersmith Palais: The Undertones
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Mechanics
 London Kenilworth Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
 London Marquee Club: Roy Wood's Helicopters
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Syndicate
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: The Part Jones Band
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Reflections/The Low Countries/Strong

Silent Types
 London Ronnie Scott's Club: George Melly & The Feetwarmers (for three weeks)
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Sons Of Cain
 London Stratford Green Man: Telemoque
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Polytechnic/Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra
 London University Union: John Cooper Clarke/The Piranhas/The Soul Band/Avant Gardens
 London Victoria The Venue: Night
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Martian Dance/I'm So Hollow
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Johnny Dankworth Quintet
 London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Wild
 Maidstone Queens Head Hotel: The Pulsaters/Start/Approprate
 Noise/Chotic Children
 Manchester Band on the Wall: The Drones
 Manchester Rottens: Slade
 Middlebrough Teeside Polytechnic: The End
 Newarthill Silverburn Hotel: Rhesus
 Negative
 Newcastle City Hall: Steeleye Span/Canta Major
 Norwich Jacquard Club: Frequency Band
 Nottingham Boat Club: Wahl Host
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalie
 Nuneaton 77 Club: Compans/Future
 Toys/Ronnie Slicker & The Benditz/The Absolutes
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: White Light
 Preston Pear Tree: Rockin Horse
 Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: Between Pictures
 Sheffield Byron Arms: The Active Gliders
 Sheffield Top Rank: Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Burt
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: XTC
 Southend Zero 8: Huang Chung
 Wallasey Labour Club: Dick Smith Band
 Watford Bailey's: Lulu (for a week)

TUESDAY

Harstead The Victoria: Avenue
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Playthings
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Odeon: Madness
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: U.X.B.
 Birmingham Top Rank: XTC
 Blackburn Bay Horse New Inn: Rockin Horse
 Bolton (Bromley Cross) The Railway: The Accelerators

Bradford St. George's Hall: Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Burt
 Brighton Basement Club: Cabaret Voltaire
 Cambridge St. Northern Hotel: Frequency Band
 Chesterfield Polytechnic: The New-Matics
 Chiswick Piaz Bar Pavilion: Slade
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: James Galway
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Dire Straits
 Edinburgh Netherbow: Twisted
 Nerve/Chainsaw/Victims Of
 What/Young Innocence
 Edinburgh Odeon: Steeleye Span/Canta Major
 Glasgow Bank Brewers Arms Hotel: Prefab Sprout
 Harrogate Annabells: No Swastikas
 Hull City Hall: The Skids
 Hull The Bull: The London Boys
 Kenilworth Kings Head: Goff Jackson & The Huns
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Jake Thackray
 Lancaster University: Hawkwind/Cherry
 Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: Steel Locks
 Leicester Luca Centre: Man/Too/Disappearing World
 Lincoln Guildhall: Bed Manners
 Little Sutton Bulls Head: Dick Smith Band
 Liverpool Brady's: Here & Now/Accident
 On The East Lanes
 London Acton King's Head: White Light
 London Clapham 101 Club: Stiletto/No Sweet
 London Covent Garden Community Centre: Rubber Johnny
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Regents/The Institute
 London Fulham The Cook: The Other Bros.
 London Greenwich White Swan: The Apocalypse
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Small Talk/Bed Publicity
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Yee
 London Hammersmith Palais: The Undertones
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: White Lines/The Attendants
 London Hornsey King's Head: Main Avenue
 London King's Head: Goff Jackson & The Huns
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Weapon Of Peace
 London Kingsbury Bandwagon: Metal Mirror
 London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park: Neville Declie & Guests (for four days)
 London Lee Old Tiger's Head: Yakety Yak
 London Marquee Club: Tygers Of Pan Tang
 London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Dave Ellis Band
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razy
 Dezz Spasm Band
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: The City Gents



London Oxford St. 100 Club: Delta 5/Girls At Our Best
 London Richmond Snoopies: English Subtitles/Agony Column/Popular Theory
 London Soho Piza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Stratford Green Man: Bad News
 London Tooting The Castle: Brunel
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Shakin' Stevens
 London Victoria The Venue: Peter Hammill/The Books
 London Wandswoth Southbank Polytechnic: Stan Arnold Combo/Joe Stead
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Theatre Of Hate/Final Made
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Ken Coher Band
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Jon Anderson & The New Life Band
 Manchester Band on the Wall: The Chesters
 Manchester Polytechnic: Bow Wow Wow
 Newcastle City Hall: Saxon
 Newport Stowaway: Creation Rebel
 Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Crimpelene
 Skinblende/Howdy Boys/Troy
 Kiljoy/Long Tall Jacks and many more local bands
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Brandon Kidule & The Stroll
 Nottingham Polytechnic: Roy Wood's Helicopters
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Restricted Code
 Sheffield Limit Club: Frankie Miller Band
 St Albans Horn Of Plenty: The Plugs
 Swansea White Swan: Graham Larkley
 Tunbridge Wells Mid-Kent College: Budgie
 West Bromwich Menzies School: Soft Asylum
 Worthing Carnegie Theatre: The End

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Danette Darnage
 Birmingham Finch Club: The Accelerators
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: M. S.
 Nightwork
 Birmingham Odeon: Saxon
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham Rialto: Bulle Head: Rosas
 Brighton Top Rank: Burning Spear
 Bristol Berkeley Suite: The Barracudas
 Cardiff Casablanca: Dangerous Girls/Moira & The Mice
 Chatham Scamps: The Spoilers
 Chatterham Gloucester College: Bad Manners
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadstars
 Edinburgh Nite Club: Frankie Miller Band
 Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
 Grimsby Central Hall: Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel
 Hanley Victoria Hall: Madness
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Dire Straits
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Bernard Wrigley/Mountain Road
 Kettering King's Arms: Sid Langley with Less
 Kingston Three Tuns: The Kicks
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: The Escorts
 Leicester Scamps: Witchfynde
 Liverpool Brady's: Pylon
 Liverpool Scamps: Asylum
 Liverpool The Masonic: The Dick Smith Band
 London Acton Kings Head: The Attendants/Red Box/Organ Blake
 London Camden Dingwalls: Nine Below Zero
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Rockies/Mugshot
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Back Door Man
 London City University: The Planets
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Victims Of Pleasure
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Stiletto
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Lee Krasner/Fred
 London Islington Pied Bull: A Popular History Of Signs/To The Finland Station/Bay Of Pigs
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goggles
 London Marquee Club: Simple Minds
 London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: The Irving Street Band
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Chris Barber Band
 London Rainbow Theatre: Yee
 London Richmond Snoopies: Fruit Eating Bears/Empty Vessels
 London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: Shadowbox/B Film
 London Soho Piza Express: Al Grey & Buddy Tate/Eddie Thompson Trio (for four days)
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Back To Back
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Final Mode
 London Victoria The Venue: Joe Jackson
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Orange Juice/Huang Chung
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Johnny G
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Pyewackett
 Loughborough Charnwood Theatre: Chris Barber Band
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Kinks
 Manchester Polytechnic: Here & Now
 Nantwich Roosters: Vermilion Hair
 Newcastle City Hall: Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Burt
 Newcastle The Cooperage: The Chesters
 New Romney Southlands Y.W.: The Pulsaters
 New Romney The Seahorse: Splitz Brook
 Nottingham Ad Lib Club: Mantoux
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwelir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Oswaldtwistle Town Hall: The Nosenables/The Stiffs
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Perfect End
 Preston Ritzzy's: Sensation 90
 Rowley Regis College: U.X.B.
 Sheffield Brindley Oaks Hotel: No Mystery
 South Woodford Railway Hall: Original East Side Stompers
 Telford The Ironmaster: Sub Zero
 Weymouth Pavilion: Weapon Of Peace
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Hawtins/Cherry
 Worthing Balmoral Bar: Panther 45

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

SLADE + GUESTS
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
MON 26th JANUARY 8.00pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B.D. Tel. 01 748 4081

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 11th December **TV SMITHS EXPLORERS** + SOS & The Escape £1.00

Friday 12th December **KIM BEACON & THE MOONBOYS** + The Nuggets £1.00

Saturday 13th December **THE BOYS** + Twig & The Kicks £1.50

Sunday 14th December **EARL OKIN** + Catchermann £1.00

Monday 15th December **PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY** + Thieves Like Us £1.25

Tuesday 16th December **THE REGENTS** + The Institute £1.00

Wednesday 17th December
Closed for Private Party.

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane
Tel: 01-223 8308

Thursday 11th December **BLACK MARKET** £1.00

Friday 12th December **THE BREAKFAST BAND** (Veggies/Wythes) £1.00

Saturday 13th December **NO MEEN FEET** + All Known Gernies £1.00

Monday 15th December **FOLK & BLUES NIGHT**

Tuesday 16th December **Phunk Club for details**

Wednesday 17th December **VICTIMS OF PLEASURE** £1.00

Thursday 18th December **BLACK MARKET** £1.00

101 CLUB
101 St John's Hill
Tel: 01-223 8308

Wednesday 10th December **MIDNIGHT & LEMON BOYS** + Frank Gang

Thursday 11th December **THE FIX** + The Producers

Friday 12th December **VICTIMS OF PLEASURE** + The Allies

Saturday 13th December **FAMOUS BLUES BLASTERS**

Sunday 14th December **ORANGE JUICE** + The Fire Engines

Monday 15th December **PETITE & THE CARBON UNITS** + Way of The West

Tuesday 16th December **NO SWEAT** + Skillet

Wednesday 17th December
Closed for Private Function

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Caralgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 12th December **GENERATION X** £2.00

Saturday 13th December **DEF LEPPARD** £2.00

ERATIC PROMOTIONS presents
at LUCA CENTRE, Rutland St., Leicester

MO-DETTES
+ THE NEW-MATICS

Fri Dec 12th, 8.30. Bar till 2 am

Adm. £1.50 Adv. £2 Door
From OASIS, Silver St. or Tel. 700498

Regents

Sat 13 Dec - Starlite Roller Disco, Shepherd's Bush Road

Tues 16 Dec - The Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road



STEVE HARLEY
and cockney rebel
The Hitmen
LYCEUM
FISCHERZ
SUNDAY 21st DECEMBER at 7.30

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GARAGELAND.

IMPORTS

BELGIUM continues to put out some of the best independent product around. Not on the heels of the delectable 'From Brussels With Love' cassette (reviewed in last week's NME) comes a single by Sic, 'Between'/'Cover Girls Smile'.

GARAGE BAND

SINGLES

Self-styled "anti-modernist" Inertia Records bring out an EP this week — by Inertia — called 'Danceband Attitude' (Pop Anthology En Route). It's got four tracks and, with a name like that, a hell of a lot to live up to. Inertia's first 45 'The Screen' is also re-released and you get the records for 80p each (incl. p&p) or both together for £1.50 ('the perfect gift set' it says here). Write to Inertia at 2 Hillingdon Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

Bytens are a four-piece band whose origins lie in the network of obscure-but-almost-legendary Liverpool bands like Activity, Minimal and The Jetsons. They hope to have their debut single 'Sonery' out by the 14th, on Stress Records.

'Angel In My Pants' is a double EP out on Deleted Records. As well as a, quote, "fab sleeve", it's got 16 tracks by luminaries such as The Door And The Window, The Digital Dinosaurs and Lily Malone & Angus McSteering-wheel (doesn't he write for NME?). You can get it for £1.15 (incl. p&p) from 19 Ribby Road, Keeby, Grimsby, South Humberside.

A Popular History Of Signs and To The Finland Station are the two bands who run the Islington-based Meloid Records. 'Justice Not Vengeance'/'Possession' is the first single from the first of those two bands and it's out now.

Kleen Heels describe themselves as a "half scouse half blind singing octet". Be that as it may, their single 'Lady'/'For Skin' is out on Ruff Mix Records for 75p. Ask for Dave at The Two Brewers, Clapham.

Busker Chris Evans makes his

Write for info to Rue de Trazegnies, 53-6031, Monceau, Belgium. The 'Brussels' tape, incidentally, will be available from Rough Trade for around £3.00. Also out on Disques Du Crepuscule is the Michael Nyman record 'Mozart'/'Wabern'.

CASSETTES

The Strangers have made a tape of three of their songs. It's yours for £1.20 if you write to Phil Day, 8 Belmont Road, Burshey, Herts.

Whoever The Insurmountable Midget might be, his cassette is called 'Just Around The Corner'. Send a C80 plus 50p to Butter, 202 Wanstead Park Rd., Hford, Essex.

'Episode 3' is an eight-track compilation tape of people from the Merseyside area: Cooking Towers, Chinese Religion, Just Phase, Stewart Landler and Unframed Picture. It costs £1.50 plus SAE from CTS, 2 Wrigley Road, Haydock, Merseyside.

Still on Merseyside. Dead On Arrival are offering a tape of their greatest hits. Send a C80 and SAE to Flat 4, 31 Seabank Road, Wallasey, Merseyside.

Yes, it's true: Rong Wrong Cassette has issued 'RWS' by D Hopwood. Prove it to yourself by writing to the man (enclosing £1.00 and SAE) at 44 Rosefield Crescent, Rochdale, Lancs.

Vaguely experimental? Is the tantalising description offered of the tape by TMX 113. It's obtainable from Steve Whitford, 33 Lodge Hill Road, Lower Bourne, Farnham, Surrey — just include either a blank cassette (30 minutes or more) or else £1.20.

'Whatever Happened To Punk Rock?' isn't a rhetorical question, it's a compilation tape put out by 4 Minute Records for 50p and SAE. They've also got solo tapes by Still Life, Complex Society, Teenage



Compiled by
PAUL DU NOYER

Vice, Deft Jerks, Plastic Noise, Subtle Props and Sinister Turkey — all at 60p each or £2.50 the lot. And they've got Electric EP for £1 plus p&p, not to mention those Sinister Turkey 'Those Who Dance' EP for £1.20. The man to blame is Allan Brown, 69 Glen Carnich, St Leonards, East Kilbride, Glasgow.

The cryptically-named The have a C80 called 'Music Without Culture'. Send a quid or blank tape and SAE to 2 Drayton Street, Swadlincote, Derbyshire, DE11 8LB.

Gordon Hope is putting out a C80 of his "artistic doodlings". It's 'Those Little Aliens Electronic Noise Tapes Incident In Modern', or something, and comes with a free booklet for a total of £1. He's also got 50 copies of the first Strange Sounds fanzine left (after selling 250) and offers one to anyone who sends an SAE — first come first served! And there's another ish on the way soon. Write to Gordon at 24 Cowper Mount, Leeds LS9 7BB.

There's a C80 compilation of young Watford groups called 'Bouquet Of Barbed Wire' sub-titled 'How to Pitchfork Babies into Telephone Boxes'. It's available from Dead Hedgehog Enterprises (for £1 incl. p&p) at 20 St John's Road, Watford, Herts.

Irrelevant Wombal Records have two cassette LPs: 'The Demonstrable Index Of Kellarity' by Amsterdam's (C80) and the IWR compilation (C90). Send your blinks with SAE to 7 D'Arcy Drive, Kenilworth, Middlesex HA3 3JR.

Both works are guaranteed not to be "some idiot improvising on a synthesizer". Could you ask for more?



Delusions

THE FIRST ROMANTICS single, 'What I Like About You', was a superior power-pop anthem which suggested that the band had something to offer. 'The Romantics', the Detroiters' debut album, also proved to be a good, if hardly wonderful, sample of their particular line in red-leather rock. But now, with the release of 'National Breakout' (Epic), serious doubts arise about the band's ability to find a niche of their own. For, despite a belief by the Pete Seely-produced foursome that this'll be the big one, 'Breakout' seems to grab at everything but ends up with a pocketful of air. One track alone, a backstreet

crawl known as 'A Night Like This', but elsewhere, Messrs. Palmer, Marino, Cole and Skill merely elect to revive memories of Crowded House's 'I Can't Tell You Anything', Hank Marvin ('21 And Over'), and The Beatles ('Take Me Out Of The Rain'), even copying our annual Gerry and The Pacemakers soundalike award for their performance on a Mersey strumalong titled 'Forever Yours'. All great fun, of course, but unless The Romantics take a look around and really try to get to grips with what's happening then I fear their only contribution to the '80s scene will be as additions to the dole queue.

● **S&S**: 'The Biggest Tour In Sport' (Polydor). Not so much an album as a 12" EP containing six tracks — 'Homicide', 'Feelin' Alright', 'Inside Out', 'Emergency', 'Titanic Reaction' and 'Boys In The Band', recorded during 1999's last 54 days US tour. And housed in an eye-catcher by the highly-esteemed Caramel Crunch.

● **Various Artists**: 'Pebbles Vols. 9 and 10' (BFD). More psychedelic punk of the '60s dispensed by numerous US and Canadian bands whose fame generally never spread past the next block, the exceptions being Moondog, who became Sugarloaf, Idea of March, The Five Americans and The New Colony Six.

● **Various Artists**: 'The Day The Music Died' (Silhouette). The

death of Buddy Holly, commemorated by an album that includes newcasts of the 1959 air crash, several tribute songs, and some interviews not only with Holly (one by Alan Freed), friends and family, but also one with a guy whose claim to fame was that he once interviewed the Lubbock bopper! Grave on.

● **Jack Miller**: 'Rockers Rising' (Haiti). Super reggae and jazz slanted release from a white Californian singer-songwriter who sensibly decided to head for Jamaica and have such luminaries as Robbie Shakespeare, Sly Dunbar, Carlton Davis, Ching Smith, Ansel Collins and The Mighty Diamonds provide his rhythm tracks. Deserving of release on a major label.

IMPORTS TOP 10

1. Clash Black Market (Epic)
2. Stranglers Stranglers IV (A&M)
3. MF50 Mystery Of The World (TSOP)
4. Jimi Hendrix Free Spirit (Thunderbird)
5. 999 Biggest Tour In Sport (Polydor)
6. Gang Of Four Gang Of Four EP (Werner Bros)
7. Clash Pearl Harbour (Jap. Columbia)
8. Yarbrough and Peoples The Two Of Us (Mercury)
9. David Coverdale Whitesnake (Vogue)
10. The Reddells The Awakening (I Believe In A Dream)

Chart courtesy: HMV Oxford street, Bonaparte Kings Cross, Record Corner Belham

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LIVE!

August and a swinging coconut.
Pix Peter Anderson

Kid Creole And The Coconuts

New York

DEEP INTO the cool night, the nightclub crew arrive; see them cruise the room, when that Kid Creole starts to croon!

Actually, it was about nine o'clock, and the chintzy crazy crazy Coconuts were trying to jump-start a misty Beacon Theatre (somewhere under the Rainbow) full of militant thread dreads and plainer white compatriot youth all waiting for the Main Attraction — Mr Jimmy Cliff. The ambience only suited intervention, and the acoustics were decidedly wide open plains... but I wouldn't have missed them for a party at Robert De Niro's.

The massed rank and smiles of the Coconut package tour jiggled and dribbled onto the stage to the lowly slow skank of a gorgeous and unrecorded piece named 'Deputy Of Love'. August Darnell's entrance is built up — the man in baggy white suit looking tonight like a cross between pyjamas and zoot (Little Lord Calloway?). But for sartorial attention zooms stageleft to joint lead vocals Lori Eastside — wearing what looks like an acid-panto version of Robin Hood tunic and cap (except she's got these space-age antennae pigtails screaming out starward and kept in place with ribbons like creeping ivy).

Bigger seating arrangements! My smile and my knees led me to the front of the stage, where I exchanged fingerclinks with (namecheck!) Lori's sister and her friend Sharon. H — as Max Bell suggested last week — The B-52's have the rhythm frenzy but no visual front, then this is the school of cool they should attend to, but quick (before they're overshadowed).

What a show! This mob's got it all — sex, dance and unprejudging dashes of theatrics. Vibesman Andy Hernandez vies with Lori for upstage and outrage, achieving near total eclipse with a loop of backflips, toe touches and other more elaborate dance moves. He's now got a crew cut.

The three Coconut bathing belles meanwhile, do the Dance of the Year and project an exceedingly attractive auto suggestion to men and women. Talented gals!

Numerous jungle hats wear bass, keyboards, guitar and drums, and make but devilish with a judiciously juiced



voodoo beat, it should be heard much nearer midnight, methinks. It made me dream of a white Christmas...

Anyone disappointed with Coconuts on record (like rock

music or something, do you?) will either respond to the live levitation of standards ('Mr Softer', 'Dario', 'There But For The Grace Of God' are the ones I recall) or shuffle off in the opposite direction; there's a club I know, named

the Mortal Coil.

One last thing: at a party on a separate night, I was informed by Lori that the accent I attributed to her in a previous Coconuts piece was entirely erroneous. As she and her friend are very

capable (pro) female wrestlers, I hereby retract the comparison with Rhoda Morgenstern, and in its place inscribe the proper borough of Shee-car-go. Swing it, Coconuts!

Ian Penman

cultural context from one society to another.

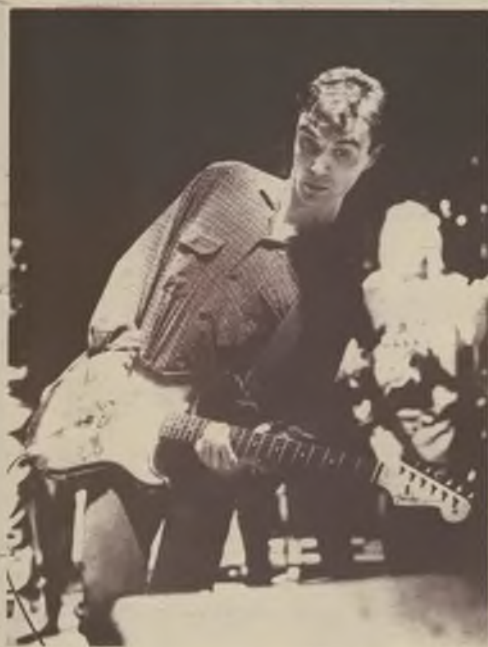
Whatever function an African music has for its particular society, it can't possibly have the same meaning for a Western audience conditioned to listen for, and expect, different things from their culture.

Still, I do like 'Remain In Light' and was keen to see the new nine-piece band in action at the packed Palais. From the opening notes of 'Psycho Killer', the crowd went apeshit, waves of bodies pagging around in wild, zig-zagging sweeps. If, later, things weren't quite so frantic, a party atmosphere did prevail, partly eclipsing the peculiar happenings onstage.

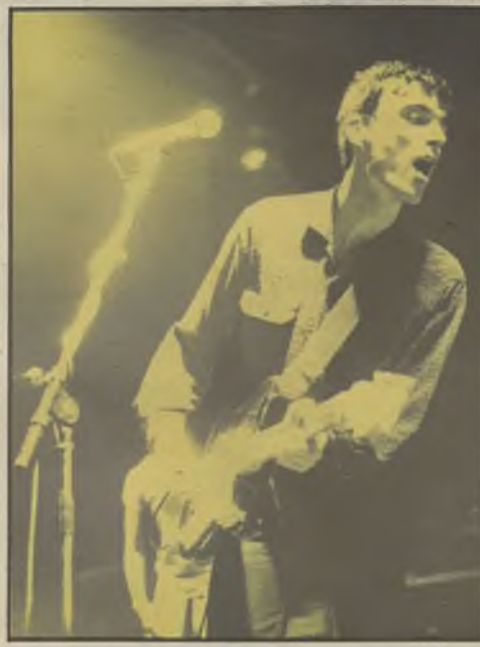
For a start, the band — and this was especially true of the new members — appeared to have strapped on their smiles with their instruments and all their onstage jokiness and bonhomie looked blintently phony. Adrian Belew's smarmy grin was wall over the top and only Tina Weymouth, hunched tentatively over her bass, seemed as unsure of what was happening as I was.

Belew had come onstage with the basic quartet of Byrne, Frantz, Harrison and Weymouth and by the time the rest of the band had assembled — wandering on one at a time during 'Psycho

AND NOW I WANNA KISS YOUR COCONUTS



Byrne in motion. Pix David Corio.



Talking Heads

Hammersmith Palais

A STRANGE night at Hammersmith Palais.

During their set, I liked Talking Heads; afterwards, all that stayed with me were the flaws. On the one hand, it was sloppy, loose and fun, on the

other, it was sloppy, loose and... I begin to worry. As if the high of seeing the Heads slowly but surely drained away, replaced by a reluctant awareness that a lot of their songs didn't really work at all. Boots For Dancing and U2 didn't work either, they were obstacles to be endured rather than extras to be

enjoyed, their dull and crass ego trips exacerbating the crowd's natural impatience for Talking Heads.

Boots For Dancing, an Edinburgh quartet currently on Bob Last's Pop: Aural label, were clearly out of their depth.

"We usually play youth clubs," their singer Dave Carson explained as yet another song shuddered to a clumsy, ragged finish. Pity the youth. BFD's chief problems appear to be a singer who can't project either his voice or himself and their desire to play a manic pop-funk that they simply don't have the technique to manage. Nearly every song ran out of either steam or control about halfway through.

U2 were reviewed last week so I'll just say that I hate them. Their pretension, conservatism and the egotistic melodrama that underlies their whole Romantic Rock style (closer to Barclay James Harvest than Iggy Pop) made it difficult to imagine a more inappropriate support to Talking Heads' new pseudo-tribal funk grooves.

I say pseudo-tribal because David Byrne's in-print ramblings about a mystical communion with the audience stemming from his new Afro-derived music seem to me a load of bunk. It's okay to enliven rock by introducing African drumming, rhythm patterns and musical devices (remember Oshibisa?), but it seems absurd to imagine you can also import a music's

Killer', 'Warning Sign', 'Stay Hungry' and 'Cities' — I was already sick of the whining feedback that was to be his sole contribution to the evening. To quickly flat my other doubts: Dalette McDonald has a magnificent voice, but it didn't fit and tended to drown out David Byrne; there's little point in having two bassists if they're both playing the same riffs; and the sound overall seemed too densely textured, only 'Houses In Motion' benefiting from the contrast of quieter passages. The band could have been tighter, better mixed and altogether harder.

And yet... I enjoyed them, particularly on the new songs like 'Born Under Punches' and the marvellous 'Once In A Lifetime'; they laid down a celebratory, swirling soft-core funk that switched between pounding rhythm tracks and those swaying, buoyant choruses that really do feel like they could lift you away, if the songs lacked the tension, poise and subtleties of the album versions (and the 'Fear Of Music' tracks certainly did), their live power and vitality seemed ample reward... at the time.

In the end, I can only reiterate my confusion. On paper, this nine-piece band sounds like a brilliant, innovative move for Talking Heads; if it didn't gell on the night, well, there's always the next gig. But a few days after this one, I can't shake off a gnawing desire to have the old Heads back.

This five Afro-funk had an ersatz quality to it that can be put down to the new members and their fooling around. At least, I remain deeply suspicious — I mean, what a terrible fate for a critic, to be conned into having a good time!

Graham Lock

A color photograph of a man and a woman in a social setting. The man, on the left, has a beard and is wearing a light-colored blazer over an open white shirt. The woman, on the right, has long brown hair and is wearing a light-colored dress with a colorful patterned bodice. They are standing behind a round table. On the table are two bottles of Ricard Pastis: one is a clear glass bottle with a red and white label, and the other is a dark green bottle with a blue and white label. There are also two tall glasses filled with a yellow liquid and ice cubes. A yellow ashtray with a cigarette and a pack of cigarettes are also on the table. The background is dark and out of focus.

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The Human League

Hammermith Odeon NOTHING HAS ever gone right for The Human League. At the Odeon, the conclusion of a survival tour, an audience's sympathy, love and blind faith combined to give the band a rousing supportive reception for a set that was built on hope, ambiguity and a tenuous tactical mobilisation of all the good things in The Human League baggage. But if the performance had the trappings, encores and dotty dancing to suggest that the League have at last got it right, the overall impression was that they are beginning a long journey that can only end with them being dismissed as revivalist kings of the electronic 'age.' Or accepted as revivalist kings.

Ignored for so long, having survived a split straight down the middle, The Human League might yet be stubborn enough to persist until their original ideas are fully accepted — if ever — instead of developing and expanding them. Hopefully this enchanting but uncomfortable show was just the philosophical result of shock, a sentimental confirmation that the League still throb, not a resigned announcement that this is how it's going to be for the next five years.

The split has left the League with the boy and his toys, Adrian Wright, and the fringe with the voice, Phil Oakey. The inclusion of Graph bass player on lone synthesiser to add fills to the deliberate, fatigued backing tapes; and two rarely heard, starry-eyed, twitchy backing singers have meant the music has assumed an agonising, entrancing precariousness, a palatable, purgatorial primitivism. But with the continuing presence of Oakey and Wright, the League gimmickry, or facetious eccentricity, or morbid irony, has been compounded. At

times, via Wright's relentless slides and Oakey's impressively solemn vocals, we're watching a picture show and hearing a beligerent commentary. The current balance is away from musical demands and towards the images Wright flashes on five screens — if they don't overwhelm the music, they surround it — and the implications. This could be a cut-de-sac: there could be a temptation to use slides for the sake of it.

For now, burying the doubt, the slides are cleverly compiled — less puppets, more of a scan of mass culture — and add dimension to the music so we're at least aware a pattern is developing.

The attributes of mass culture dictate the level of the League's contribution and action: they use these attributes with low comedy, composure and compendious rhythm to make their comments. The secret depth about The Human League, as Paul Barker said about mass art, is that it has no secret depth. It's no secret that the band mould dance music that views, through fable, corruption, political and social circumstances, death, poverty, lust but that it infuses through this a necessary awareness of the transience and triviality of the pop operation.

The Human League have been doing this for a long time: it's almost something we're taking for granted. It's almost becoming a pantomime. The show certainly started off with a slice of slapstick, implying Oakey and Wright are aware of the need to break out of just being The Human League being the Human League. Up on a platform in the top left hand corner of the stage Adrian and Phil sing in deep harmony over a melodramatic bass-drum backing tape the Judas Priest



Der Plan: Moritz and friend. Pic: B. Shrub/Spex

song 'Together We Will Take On All The World.' The two go-go girls also add a new twist, though not a profound one, as they take over the raised platform and strain to impress with their best steps and mime. It could expand into something of a review (revue), a vaudeville: hope so. The Human League doing cabaret would perhaps be the correct home for these heroes.

And whilst the scenery and stage setting looked expensive, and the lighting was impressive, and Oakey looked enigmatic, even feminine, he would keep opening his mouth and come out with nervous intimacies and apologies. He should keep his mouth shut: not demolish the theatrical mystery. For all the flaws and mistakes and nerves, The Human League survived and were lauded. That might not have been a good thing. But could 1981, after all this, be the year The Human League come in from the cold? Breath is bated: a nation waits...

FUNERAL IN BERLIN

R.I.P. American rock'n'roll

German New Wave Festival

THE LOCALS aren't used to the strange sight of punks wandering through Dahlem, an attractively wooded suburb in the south of the city earmarked by the Americans for their occupation forces back in 1945. Berlin's Beverly Hills equivalent, it also houses its own Berkeley University in the Freie Universität, which used to be a rabid breeding ground for anti-American discontent in the '60s. Vietnam war demo heyday. And today it's the setting for a vital new assault on, shall we say, US/British pop imperialism in the form of a German new wave festival headlined by Deutsch-Amerikanische Freundschaft — or DAF to their friends.

Hence the few punks filtering in from the industrial districts of the North and the Turkish quarters, like Kreuzberg, where Berlin's most important punk venue SO36 opened a few years ago. Even if the walled city has only recently produced worthwhile new bands, the club was an important catalyst for the richer Düsseldorf scene, well represented at the festival. For instance, Mittagspause played their earliest gigs here and from that band came DAF's singer Gabi Delgado-Lopez and Die Fehlfarben's vocalist Peter Hein, two of the day's highlights.

While DAF's more radical and rigorous rejection of rock and roll conventions make them the more exciting of the two, Fehlfarben's polished pop spurts are equally invigorating.

Formed a year ago from the remnants of Düsseldorf's earliest punks, they decided on straighter pop in protest against the ramshackle approach of the new pogo bands, who are ironically benefiting from a late-come explosion of punk popularity. Fortunately the best bands here are far in advance of this manifestation.

Fehlfarben's songs are sharp, fast, melodious and somewhat bitter. Hein, a spellbinding front man who dances as though his mike was live, exhorts and berates the newly formed ensembles, as well as tackling broader problems, perhaps best summed up by their intense version of DAF's 'Kebabträume' — on which they have a claim through Hein's Mittagspause connection. Translated, Fehlfarben roughly means

Off-shades, an apt description.

One time punkband S.Y.P.H. is now mainly guitarist Harry Rag, who performs in various combinations with the misplaced experimental enthusiasm of Mark Perry's post-ATV work. Long gloomy guitar pieces played with a few pick-up musicians are a touch too ambient for this volatile audience, who are only partially appeased when one of their number gets up to holler and wheeze gibberish into a mike. But for the rest they shower Harry with paper cups of beer, according him a similar treatment to the opening band PD, from Mainz, who deserved it far more than he did.

PD's unrhythmic breakdown of bass/drum parts and deliberately ugly electronic noises is just out of place in this day's context.

Back again with the Fehlfarben connection, guitarist Frank Fenstermacher doubles up with Der Plan, another excellent Düsseldorf-based outfit. A Smurf-like backdrop and illustrated indication boards reinforce the nagging fairy tale weirdness of their treated music. The picture itself is flanked on either side by step ladders about which various combinations of the trio — all dressed in white, faces in pan make up and topped by dunce's hats — precariously drape themselves.

Midway through their set you suddenly realize that practically all of it is a mime. It's a good trick they're capable of carrying off due to the strength of the pre-recorded music. Vo-coded voices and slight, gently boiling electronic tunes merge to create a sinister

Paul Morley



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Fehlaffen: far right, Peter Hein, far left, Thomas Schwenke. Pic: B. Schenck/Spex.

The Damned

Hammersmith Odeon

WHY IS it that The Damned invariably leave one with the single feeling of resolute indifference? Is it because, as a friend of mine was inspired to phrase it after this show, they are the Arthur Askeys of the old new wave? Tired comedians over the hill.

Vanian stumbles about the stage like a neurotic gravedigger in a sub-Hammer horror spoof; Paul Gray still looks like a Hot Rod; and Sensible is just tiresome — "Bet none of you bastards

remember the Roxy." Only Scabies might qualify as being in any sense "damned."

The band were on stage for under three quarters of an hour. Out of what felt like one long manic medley I occasionally recognised the odd song: 'Neat, Neat, Neat', 'Hit Or Miss', 'New Rose', the incredibly tedious 'Drinking About My Baby', and — with Vanian offering his mike to a prostrate Sensible as if in lieu of artificial respiration — 'Love Song'. As for 'Smash It Up', Vanian doesn't honestly look capable of smashing anything besides a blood capsule.

It should perhaps be recorded here that Vanian's voice was for most of the time as good as inaudible. 'Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde' might as well have been an instrumental. Bands who play such astonishingly orthodox material at such breakneck speed need singers who can be heard. Only the truly urgent 'Just Can't Be Happy Today' gives any indication that The Damned could do something worthwhile.

They encored with 'Noise, Noise, Noise' and their perennially awful version of 'Looking At You' (Sensible's attempt at the Wayne Kramer guitar lick making less sense than ever). The proceedings finally fizzled out when Lemmy (on broomstick) and assorted Ruts bundled themselves onstage to perform an all-mates-here-type jamboree. The spectacle mercifully disintegrated, and only the truly damned Lemmy was left, broomstick in hand, trying to find his way offstage.

Barney Hoskyns

atmosphere similar to that surrounding children in Roman Polanski movies. It's particularly fitting in context of their Schoolbook primer-styled songs, especially 'Da Vorne Steht 'Ne Ampel', which advises Germans that the first step forward might be crossing the road against the red light. Excellent.

Compared to Der Plan's inventiveness, the rootsy rock of Vorsprung (formerly Mafé) doesn't sound as good as it might in other circumstances. Basically true to their early punk beginnings, they still manage to incorporate keyboards into their guitar oriented drive, to lighten the 77 blueprints. Also, importantly, the rhythms have adapted to fit the language of

the performers. In fact, most all bands appearing today sing in German and they sound all the more natural for it. They are definitely more distinctive and confident than their rock forebears, who not only hankered after English/American styles, but also sung uncomfortably in English.

The girl trio Mania D are the exceptions who prove the rule. Their set consists of a mixture of both languages, but their music's always their own. They've improved enormously on the reedy sound of their debut single 'Track 4'. Their bassist Beete now lays down dense carpets of noise, ruffled up by drums that go clump in the night, while the axist/guitarist/vocalist

Betting sings some great sarcastic "love" songs with a mixture of disdain and nonchalance. Her English has torch-like Dietrich overtones, most effectively used during a declamation of foreign pop and rock idols (Mr Midnight) who soak up the city's surface atmosphere without really attempting to understand what it's like to be surrounded by barbed wire. Surprisingly, they're the only Berliner band on the bill.

These days though, DAF divide their time between London and the Mauerstadt, so vividly satirised in vocalist Lopez's 'Kebabtraume'.

Like Der Plan, their pre-recorded backing tapes are largely self-sufficient, thus how much the trio actually contributes depends on the

conditions of the night. Today they rise to the noisily enthusiastic reception by filling in far more than they have done recently in London. The difference is telling.

Guitarist Wolfgang Spielmann's purgative atonal thrashes whip the chattering electronic rhythms to new peaks, while his one-note-at-a-time playing on the rearranged 'Kebabtraume' throws more emphasis onto Lopez's words. The audience love it, especially the last shrieked line "Deutschland, Deutschland, alles ist vorbei!" ("Everything's over!"). Their next single 'Der Reuber Und Der Prince' is far prettier than their harsh industrie funk — a tinkling German music box tune that might make the charts if released in time for

Christmas.

DAF's compulsive hybrid of frustrated noise and acute observations, all shaped into awesome rhythms, is still the most original music I've heard from Germany, but it's great to see they're only the tip of the iceberg. We might have missed out in the first wave of German bands, but they've given birth to more composed and distinctive combinations that deserve to be heard.

As they insist on singing in German, they probably won't be, which only attests to English arrogance with regard to the rest of Europe.

Chris Bohn

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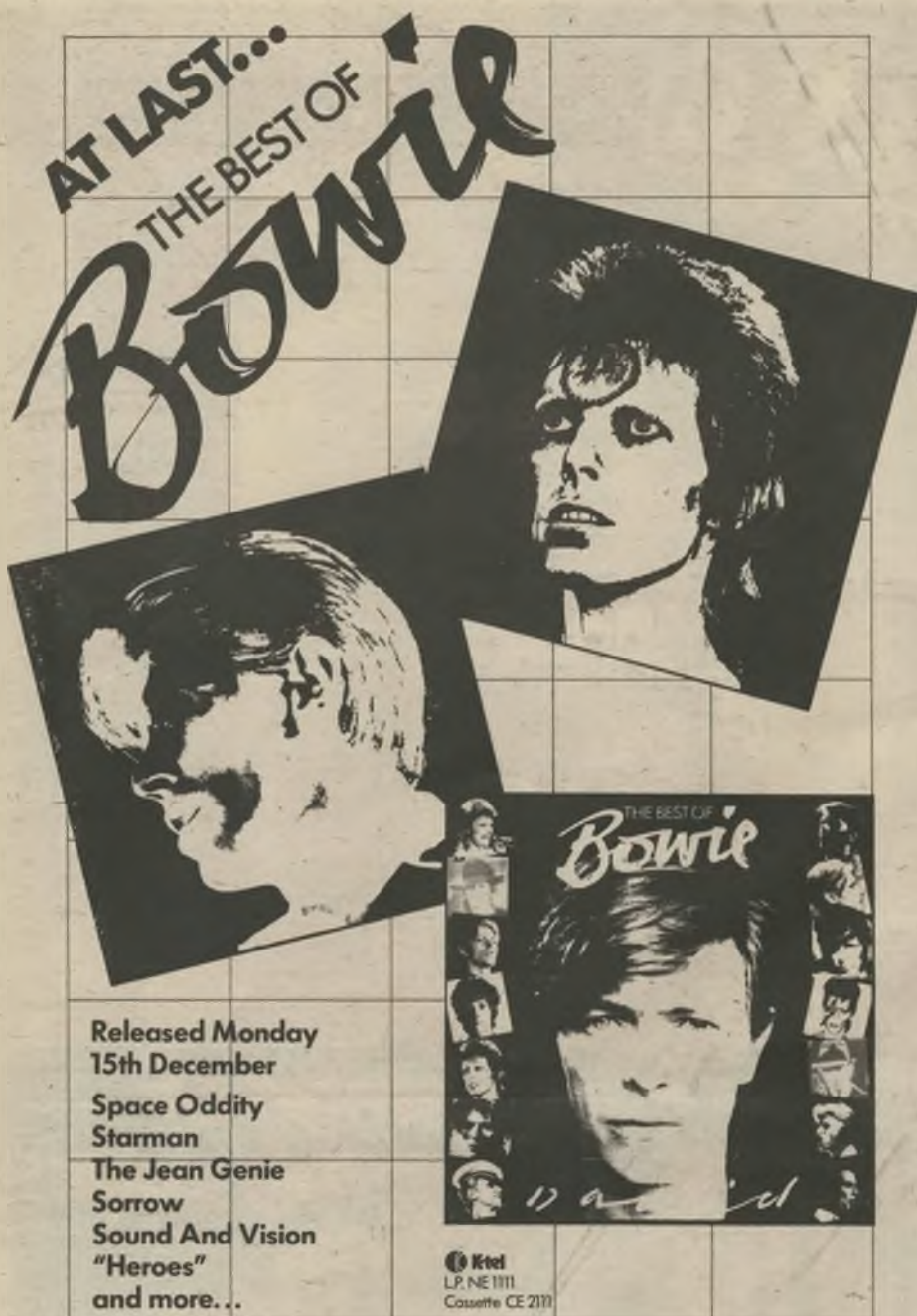
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Bruce delivers the sermon

OH WORSHIP THE SPRINGSTEEN

SHE MOUTHED all the words as if they were a familiar prayer, hands clasped. She wasn't the only one. Look around Madison Square Gardens, at all the white working-class suburbanites, short-but-not-too-short hair, fake designer jeans, and they're all lip-synching every word Bruce sings. Why does she like Bruce Springsteen? "It was the lines about 'You ain't no beauty, but hey, you're alright, and I'm not perfect either'. He's realistic, you know? So honest. The way he talks about relationships, you can tell he cares."

Madison Square Gardens is St Peter's Square, with the distant figure of Springsteen as the Pope running through the well-loved litanies. At one point he stops singing and the audience sings the song word for word, pause for pause, in unison. His unpaid choir.

It's important to realize the tunnel vision that blights Manhattan, the chic dismissal of anything that happens off the tiny island, in Queens or Brooklyn or the Bronx. Bruce is from off Manhattan — he announces that night, "I'm Bruce, from New Jersey!" and the audience, all obviously hauled over from New Jersey for the event, applaud and cheer wildly.

Check it out: this little dude has actually made it as far as Europe. Now the snotty side of his home town is even presenting him on the evening news — yes folks, scalpers were selling Springsteen tickets for 100 bucks (£50.00) tonight.

For all that, the man himself worked bloody hard for hours. Two sets in a row, no support. He must have done everything of any note he's ever recorded, got into some snazzy acting with Clarence Clemens (running gags involving UFO's pivoting around his identity as The Boss), and at one stage went into this tender rap: "I used to sit on the porch in front of my house" (cheers from all the New Jerseyites picking up on this familiar architectural reference), at five o'clock to watch the girls walking back from work. I never introduced myself to any of 'em. Later, I was glad I never did. I guess."

Got to hand it to the lad, he made this bit of nonsense sound quite poignant, even though I was forced to leave the room halfway through the second set before tedium turned me into a pillar of salt. Clarence Clemens' sax playing was, as always, the best bit.

Springsteen's written some good words and all, but rock and roll is so dull that even good lyrics can't effect a total facelift. Forget the Pope, this was Lourdes, even down to the candles. Bruce didn't save me, but then I wasn't crippled to begin with.

Vivien Goldman

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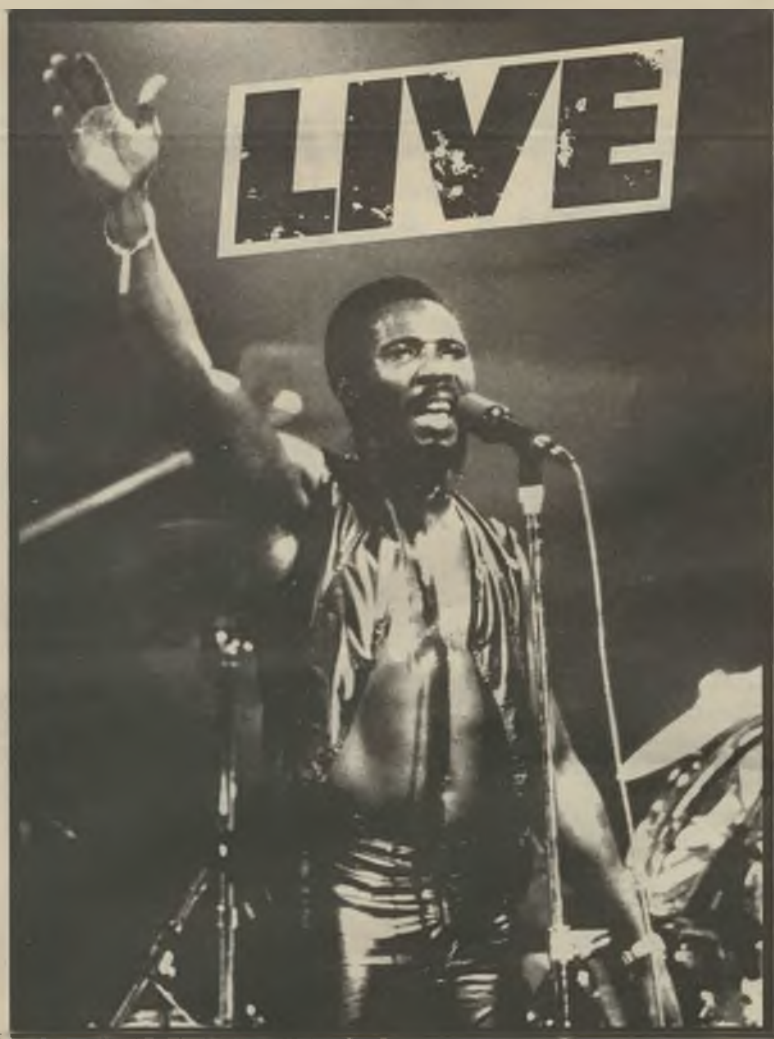
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WHAT THE OTHER PAPERS SAY

DICK TRACY looks at a section of the Alternative Press

THERE IS no other newspaper like *International Times* — that much can be said with certainty.

The "frivolous summer issue" features two enormous pigs on the cover, clasping opposite sides of the world, facing each other snout to snout, dribbling over Europe while farting into the ionosphere. The cover lines are little better: "God's Hitman, Psycho-Terror Meinhof Ethnocide".

Inside there's Simon Vinkenooog on Dutch Mobs, a conversation inside Bristol's Horfield Prison between convicted acid head David Solomon and Allen Ginsberg (in the company of Peter Orlovsky), telegraphic reports by Mel Clay from San Francisco, a poem in memory of Andreas Baader taken from a poetry anthology entitled *Crippled Warlords* published in Amsterdam and the words of Salvador Allende.

One of the original underground newspapers, *IT* remains the genuine article, the paper for the Left Bank movement. Part beat, part Paris '68, part psychedelia, part tape people. You'll read things here that you'll see nowhere else.

● *International Times* BCM IT, London WCIV 6XX. £2.50 for six issues. Sample copy: 50p. Cheques payable to IT.

□ *Achilles Heel* is the aptly named journal for the anti-sexist men's movement, produced by a collective who sternly announce they are "heavily influenced by socialist

and anti-sexist experience and theory."

It's about patriarchy and house husbands, about changing attitudes, and it's run, according to their letter, on a "nearly-broken shoestring".

Issue 4 is on Men and Work, an attack on the stereotypes as portrayed on the Letraset Art Sheet they reproduce — full of chunky hunks clutching spanners, smoking Woodbines, or making tense executive decisions at The Desk. Their approach is too heavy for my taste but it's a subject worth thinking about.

● *Achilles Heel*, 7 St Mark's Rise, London E8 2NJ. Price 60p.

□ Readers of *Where is the Other News*, a study of the magazine distribution system in the UK, recently reviewed in these columns, should note that the follow-up booklet entitled *The Other Secret Service* is now available. This concentrates on a study of the French system of wholesale magazine distribution, which operates on a completely different line to ours. Jointly published by the Minority Press Group and the Campaign for Press Freedom, this is a further encouraging sign that the major problems plaguing independent print are, at last, being tackled by publishers, unions and the trade alike.

● Available from Minority Press Group, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG. Price 60p.

□ *The Leveller*, after grinding out some 40 monthly issues of generally hard-nosed investigative material from a



IS THIS the greatest monster-from-space picture of all time or just a very thin cat on tipptoe? The origins of this particular chiller are unknown, but legend says it depicts a deceased, two-eyed UFO pilot who came down near Mexico City in the 1950s (hence the very stylish Mexicali macs). The body is alleged to have been sent to Germany for more efficient examination, but no-one knows for sure. Just like we don't know anything for sure.

The picture comes from *Photographs Of The Unknown*, by Bob Alkerd (editor of *Fortean Times*) and Richard Kelly, which is described modestly as "the greatest collection of its type" ever assembled in one space and time. There is also some text to explain such phenomena as possession, stigmata, bleeding images, angles, and rocks that go walkies all by themselves. Very much an ongoing wow situation. Price is £7.95 from New English Library.

And from the same Fortean stable (Charles Forte was an American writer and absurdologist) comes *Man Bites Man: Scrapbook of Edwardian Eccentric George Ives*. Here was a poet, a gentleman cricket player and collector of ludicrous newspaper items. He clipped for more than 50 years, assembling 45 volumes which illustrated the follies of popular imagination; that the world, as portrayed through the media, is a grotesque, naive, absurd, cruel and pedantic place. Paul Sievking has thankfully boiled the job lot down to 160 pages and asks for it £6.50. No fuss, just the original cuttings reproduced on the page and divided into irreverent section headings. From Jay Landersman Ltd., London.

Andrew Tyler

PRINT

determined Leftist perspective, ground to a halt in some confusion. Happily this has resulted in the magazine's reappearance as a fortnightly which looks and reads about 50 times better than the old model. The design is sharp and clean, they've got good illustrators working for them like Ray Lowry, it's packed with solid news and useful information and even the dialectic pieces seem less Left-obsessed and more open. It's a real live magazine again which deserves your support.

CAMELWORK



□ *Camelwork* is produced by the Half Moon Photography Workshop with support from the Arts Council. The issue July 1980 features photomontage by Peter Kennard with words by E. P. Thompson. Sharp black and white politicised photography, printed large format on quality paper, makes it a classy production — but more images and less words would make it even better.

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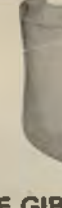


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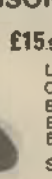


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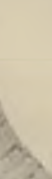
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DURY CONTO.

□ From page 23

think I only ever sold three paintings. Sometimes I have a poke through and look at them."

How do you feel about your past work: visual and musical?

"I was glad I did it, mostly. I don't feel precious about it. When you paint seriously for seven years and you want to be a painter, you do the groundwork for being very patient. You don't want to get it together, particularly, until you're in your forties. You don't want to get off too quick. I know lots of people who got off in their '20s, but David Hockney was the only one I know who got off really young and stayed there. The art game is really such a bent, crooked, horrible, disgusting racket, twenty times worse than the rock business... if you sign up with a gallery and you're — say — 24, and you've got a promising career, you give the dealer 85% on a ten-year contract because it's the only way you're going to get a show. They don't really make much of a profit from young painters; they make it from old masters."

"There was one really flash dealer from the '60s who went skint when the bottom fell out of the abstract market. Mark Rothko committed suicide, and one of the reasons was that his paintings weren't selling, so he put about 20 of 'em up and bought 'em himself at inflated prices because he only had to pay the 15% commission. It was worth it to him to have those prices in the paintings' histories so that he could flog 'em again, but they caught him and that — and a lot of other reasons — led to him dispensing with himself. Slippery. Don't like it. Any of it. Really good paintings should be on public view anywhere, behind bullet-proof panes in the street."

(Wind forward, land slap in the middle of another topic)

"I used to think one day I will be good, and I consciously didn't want to be impatient about it and I feel like that again now. I've got that feeling back in me head. What's actually enjoyable about doing it is taking it... not ponderously seriously, but seriously because you wanna do it. It's no big number, you don't write it in the sky or anything, but doing it properly means doing it for a living, doing it as a way of life, whatever it is that you do. I felt like that with the Kibbuna. I felt, 'I can keep on doing this for 20 years, I don't mind because I enjoy it'. It was a bit hard with the financial stuff, of course... but it's nice to be legit, to get a wage packet. It's like getting a grant when you're a student. Bein' paid by the government to be a loony. It's great! Students — especially at art school — are encouraged to develop their spirit and everything, get their pose together, and it's great to be officially approved."

"I get a social conscience about it to get a wage packet at the end of the week. It doesn't have to be a large one; it's just a symbol of approval. I dig that. I'm a very insecure person because I spent so much time away from home. I think staying power's all you need in life. Staying power's the thing that makes you do it anyway. If you know you'd do it anyway, it makes you very strong. You're unbribable then, and I think it's very important to be unbribable. I think I'm an unbribable person, but I don't know. I've had some good offers! But they'd only be good offers if they were offering something that I wanted more than I've already got. I think self-possession is the most important gift that a person can ever hope to start looking for. That sounds fairly ponderous... I'm not self-possessed, but I'm fairly aware that that's what I should be looking for."

"It was obvious to me when we made 'New Boots And Panties!!' that it was good enough

that it didn't need to sell a lot; it would still be a good record, so I was quite happy to go with Stiff Records. If you trust only one thing about yourself, and that is that you're glad to be doing what you're doing, then it isn't a neurotic compulsion to do it, then you needn't even be frightened of not doing it. I was really involved with painting and then I stopped doing it boom! and started doing this full-time without any withdrawal symptoms, without any anxieties. Everything I've learned as a painter except holding a pencil... even that was useful. Everything is useful, and if more rock and rollers had had four years training in how to be skint or four years training in how to sit there doing something really hard for eight hours and then being disappointed with it and then getting up and doing it all again tomorrow... then there would be more wind in their windmill."

"In Russia, they have these official approved painters and they are told what to paint. Well, I would do that quite happily. I'd get me wage and paint bloody good pictures. It wouldn't bother me to be given a subject matter."

Or an attitude?

Or an attitude. The attitude hasn't got anything to do with the concept of the thing, only with the hand and the eye. None of that bullshit that you can put in books can come anywhere near to Rembrandt's hand. The only thing that matters about Rembrandt is going to see the pictures. The only thing that mattered to him was doing it. For sure, I didn't particularly enjoy being a painter, but I got enjoyment from the fact that I was doing something, that I was alive... well, I've met lots of rich people and lots of successful people, and it's only the ones who are really proud of what they're doing who are happy. As in Bowie's remark about the worst curse is to be an artist but only a mediocre one?

Whenever Bowie pontificates about something I always remember he didn't go to art school. I think it's necessary — if you're going to pontificate about art — to know what you're talking about. David is a person who's never had the opportunity to be at peace with himself because he hasn't learned about study. But a lot of good people help and advise him and he's obviously got his hands on an enormous amount of information. But information is currency, it's not activity. I disdain a lot of information for that reason."

SO WHERE does it end? With the thunderous ovation that Davey Payne — definitely the people's choice as most popular Blockhead — gets at the end of each set? With Norman Watt-Roy remarking that playing with Wilko Johnson is like playing with a drummer and the resulting realisation that the current Blocks sound like a band with two drummers? With the astonishing assortment of weird toys in Davey Payne's trunk? With Don Cherry covered in goo and streamers and fake snow and still blowing that marvellous solo that he contributed to 'Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll' — a number that Dury and Jankel developed from a bass-line on one of Cherry's records in the first place — at Poole? With Charlie Charles' brightly urbane performance as a Barker for the souvenir stall? With Dury in the television studio? With Spider Roe's announcement at hotel reception desks to the effect that, 'We're Blockheads. We're very polite, but we're a bit stupid?' With Johnny Turnbull's staggering array of costumes? With...

Well, obviously it doesn't end. It's still going on somewhere or other, all of the above and all the other stuff. Things go on. The Blockheads are unblocked, and — whether they're as 'popular' as they were a year ago or not, ultimately it doesn't matter. They're doing it, they're doing it right and they're enjoying it. One door closes, two more open."

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"TO GO where no man/woman has gone before — rock's final frontier." Has half NME's staff increased their aesthetic sensitivity by reaching this goal? Is this metamorphosis symbolised by the change from newspaper to glossy? Or do they simply commute from the frontier at 52 back to the lurid pit at number 5? Positive Nihilism, Bangor. You're not enjoying the medicine? — PM.

For quite a while now, I've felt that NME writers have been a pain in the arse. For the most part your paper is boring. All agreed? You're so self-important and authoritative that it makes me squirm half the time. I get the impression you lot really think you're stars.

Stars? Du Noyer belongs on Sounds. Parsons would be lucky to get that far — all his 'points' and 'beefs' are so undynamic, he seems to think that 'punk' was so heroic. It's all his fantasy. I don't care how bloody honourable he and Julie etc think it was — when it started it was more to do with upsetting people by being morose than anything else.

Parsons just wants some glorious memory to cling to. Kelly (heroine of Parsons' *Dangerous Visions*) was a vicious idiot, punks at the beginning were like her, though there were a few that were intelligent. Punk has been re-defined by TP and JB like it's theirs, so has rock'n'roll. It seems they've forgotten that original rock'n'roll was not really angry, just a bit rude and very boisterous. It never had to criticise anything to be credible.

Who else? Oh yeah, boring, sensible Kent and Murray, good old rock fans. Has Paul Rambali ever been called a pret? He sounds like he's the divine arbiter of good taste all the time. OK, Monty and Danny can be funny when they try, Lyn Hann comes across OK.

Listen, someone has got to tell Morley to stop taking drugs — so many bloody boring new music articles on such sadly mediocre music. If NME was a person I'd have to be bloody desperate to go for a pint with it. Why do you have those letters in *Gesbag* praising you? Because you think you're great and you're not. Boy, I could play some music that'd shake you up.

Fred I didn't write this — honestly. — PM.

Is your change of format a joke? It should be. There is nothing remotely 'new' about it. It reveals more about your vulnerability and hypocrisy than a 'restless' urge. The NME generally condones the tauntology of the music scene pretty harshly and yet feels justified in calling a grouping of the same regular features 'new'!

I'm not slagging-off your hypocrisy, it's amusing to see how susceptible to trends you are, and also relieving to see the media being forced to try to cater for its readers rather than the reader having to adapt to your news. And I hope everyone sees it that way.

You're probably losing readers and it's not really surprising. You've taken a too serious stance to music with relation to its social environment. Of course, music can reflect social problems quite acutely, but it won't find any performers who'll seriously give all to change the problems. They'd be social workers, politicians or whatever if they were sincere. If you've seen large flocks of students singing along to 'Working For The Rat Race', or hordes of bedraggled youths chanting 'No Love In The Heart Of The City', you'll understand. Each individual is in his own little

world and the 'realistic' music you tend to prefer, largely for its 'socially relevant' value, is just as 'escapist' or 'fantastic' for its audience as the more obvious creeds.

Why don't you try freebie CND peace-symbol stickers? Nik, Lancaster University. I have many criticisms of the

here. (Well, odd traces.) I'd give away ACR stickers, flexi Orange Juice singles and fab posters of Ian McCulloch: If I was NME boss. — P.M.

Why have we not had more of the writings of this Anthony Parsons chap in the past. I was thoroughly refreshed by his spiffingly critical review of

nancy boy socialist ideals like understanding and consideration for the damned idle working class of this once-great country. Colonel Blimp, president of the Nottingham 'Keep The Hicks Out Of London' campaign. PS: Did Parsons write the

up for the fascist vomit they actually are, and not claim any 'measure of justification' (your own words) for just taking the piss excuses. Kojak If Tony Parsons has seen Clive Jenkins drinking porter, he must go to some very odd parties. Porter is a beer made of garbage and drunk by

Yes. I don't understand your grouse. Is it male make-up (handy stuff), Lord Longford, or that you weren't invited? (I know what you're hinting at really. Very clever.) — PM.

I wish Waldemar Januszczak contributed to your paper. L. Fontana, Camberwell. I don't. I wish Simon Hoggart and Nancy Banks-Smith contributed to our little organ — PM.

I remember when Spandau Ballet used to be called The Makers. They never had a synthesiser then and they used to play jolly pop songs. I used to go and see them at The Hope And Anchor and it cost 75p to get in. They always were a lot of narcissistic bastards.

Candy, an Islington Posseur. Spandau Ballet are daft enough as it is without digging up their ignoble power-pop past. They were also called The Gentry, which they reckoned suited them better, and played dirty rock'n'roll gigs like The Rock Garden. But at least they never played West Runton Pavilion. — PM.

You lot probably can't spell either but what chance has a small town big shot boy like me got without a sub-editor? At least Ian Penman can blame it on the printers. Kevin Rowland, New Street, Birmingham. Or Roland Barthes. — PM.

You haven't printed a nice word about Dire Straits since 'Sultans Of Swing.' Okay, not everybody has to like them, but surely they're better than some of the 'mod' and 'disco' rubbish (note that I am writing this without putting a four letter word in every sentence — your paper has too much of that as it is) which you think is wonderful.

Helen, Leicester. Piss off! (The depths you stoop to when you're lurking in the butch and beery part of the paper!) — PM.

Re my Wilson Felder piece in last week's ish. I didn't quickly adopt a slighted, defensive tone, Felder did — or so it sez here in the handy Xerox of my original piece. ii) for the nth time, the name is MacKinnon and iii) oh, never mind.

Typographically yours, Angus, London W11. I'd resign if I were you. — Paul Morley.

Hopefully, I misread the meaning of Monty Smith's statement about the US elections — "at least they voted a man in." Implying that weak lineys voted in a mere woman. Listen Mr Smith, we hate this government as much as anyone, but not because their leader happens to be a female: do you think Keith Joseph would be doing it any differently? Substitute "at least they voted for a white" and maybe it's clearer — the oh so liberal NME would never accept such a racist comment, but sexism is still OK, huh?

For those males out there who still think it is just a joke: have you ever been raped? taken valium? been forced to have a child you don't want or a backstreet abortion? had anorexia nervosa? been told your period/pregnancy/ menopause pains are all in the mind? No? Then do you really know what you're laughing at?

Thatcher is not inferior because she is a female, but because she is a parasitic Tory, and instead of diverting ourselves with jokes about her sex, we ought to be facing up to that and working on getting rid of the shits for good. Keep taking The Au Pairs, Monty... More humourless feminists. Monty beams on defiantly: the wind-up king. I think Monty Smith and Lesley Woods would get on splendidly. Yes, you've noticed, as the song goes, it's back to Monty, the jokey chauvinist. I'll see you. — PM.

GAS TOLERATED BY PAUL MORLEY BAG

current NME. Its slip towards 'glossiness', its frequently repressive cynicism. Certain parts of it — this very page and its brother opposite — are hangovers from 'The Golden Age Of Rock'n'Roll', and have become clichés, difficult to maintain and freshen up. There is definitely a standard "letter to *Gesbag*". I'm dripping in them now. A tray full of humourless humour. The shadows hanging over us from NME 'Golden Ages' are a bloody nuisance. But Nik, following through your line of thought, we'd end up like *Sounds*: shabby, squebbling, compounding the sexism, racism, stupidity, violence inherent in rock musics. We're not losing readers — but if we did, it wouldn't be for the reasons you're trying to state. And there's no hippiesism up

Kelly Woz 'are (ITV). I'm sure that Mrs Thatcher will not be slow to see this fine journalist's point of view is one which could well be incorporated into the next Tory manifesto.

I quite agree that young scum from the provinces should not be allowed to "come to our capital and rot". I was very impressed with his suggestion for shipping these scum out of our fair city into the less sensitive provinces and I think Northampton would be an ideal place to deposit these undesirables

I agree that if the cost of the final solution can be met by utilising their bodies for use in providing raw materials for industry then we should take advantage of it. I'm delighted to know your publication does not hold with any of these

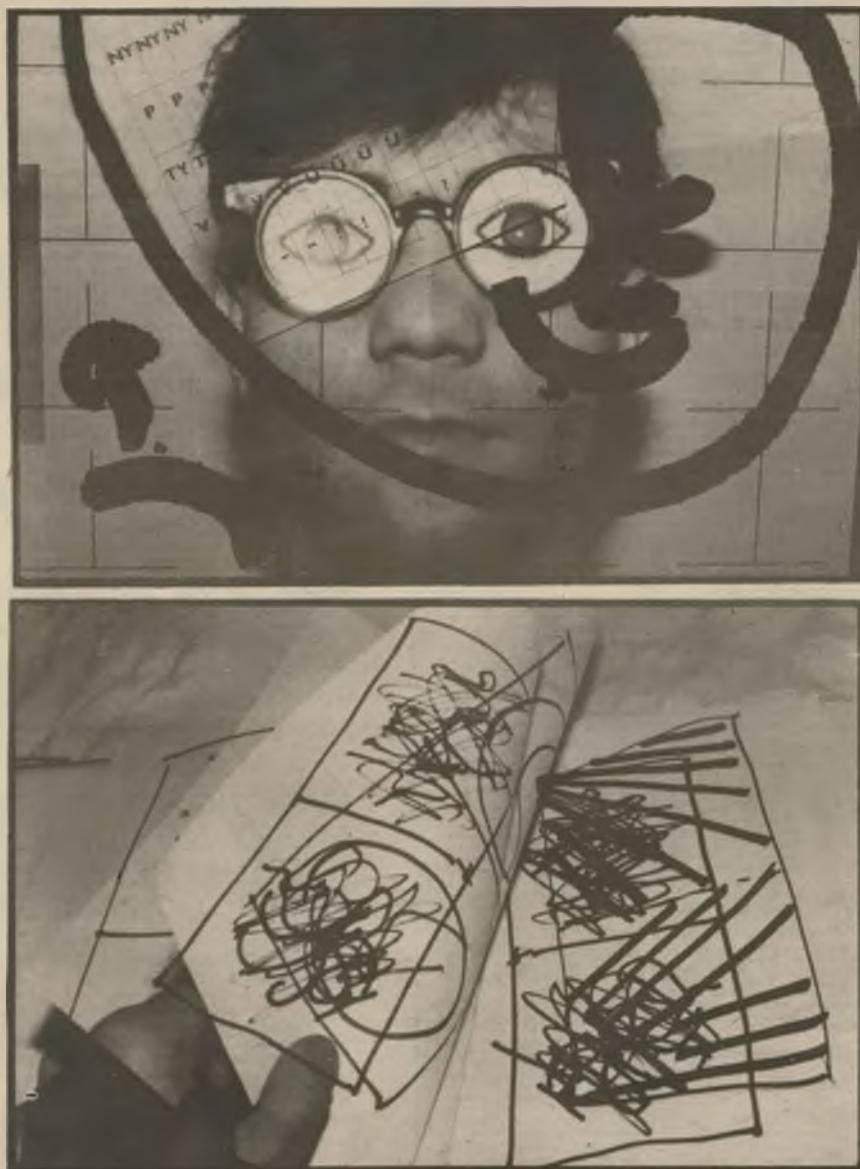
excellent leader column in the *Telegraph* this morning? Him or Bushell — PM.

On Wednesday night's early evening news, the BBC reported that Oswald Mosley, the former leader of the British Fascists, had died. Upset? They gave the bastard a near tribute. Celebrity status. 'A great mind etc.' The discerning mind would have hardly thought him a piece of scum.

Thursday, NME. 4 "Be2"s page 6 etc. "The guys themselves singing are Jewish. One of them, Sothy, goes to the match every Saturday wearing his skull cap. They're just taking the piss." I have never read (in NME anyway) such offensive garbage. Do these Anti-semites warrant space in the paper? If they do, the least you could do is show them

Dickensian coach-drivers: posh folks take a spot of port with their Stilton. Anne Hegerty, Palmers Green. White wine drunk through a mouthful of polo mints is my favourite tittle of the moment, but I am only halfway through my posh apprenticeship. When I'm fully posh I'm asking Spandau if they need a conga player — PM.

I see from this month's ish of *Harpers And Queen* that Neil Spencer, Charlie S.M. and Danny B. attended a party at H & Q's offices last October along with Lord Longford, Rachel Billington, Ned Sherrin, Julianne Martinez etc. The white wine was foul and you all talked about *The Times* closing and there was enough male make-up "to sink a rowing boat". Need I say more? Elizabeth, Gateshead



SNAKE TYPE BY JANOS VETO

T-ZERS

NME

THIS is a truth universally acknowledged that a rock star off the road is in pursuit of a wife. Which is a pretty long-winded way of saying that **Undertone Fergal Sharkey** has just got hitched to his childhood sweetheart **Ellen** in Derry, where they've also bought a house. Howman The Tones managed to leave Sire with full re-release rights to their back catalogue?

The Associates have just left Fiction Records because the parent company Polydor weren't offering 'appropriate financial support'. This may well be why Associates didn't turn up for their recently cancelled London dates.

Nine Hagen is pregnant in LA, perhaps by someone called Ferdinand? Poor old **Herman Brood** had to be content with dumping his band in Holland instead. He spent two days in London looking for a new one without success. Apparently the Broody one hires and fires so damn fast that no-one takes him seriously anymore (that's the excuse anyway).



T-zers exclusive!

The winning threesome in Hollywood's recent **Stavis Wonder** lookalike competition, sportingly share the champagne celebration with the tall-ender (far left) in a field of four. **Harry Nilsson** (far right, for it is he): "Bob, I've just gotta tell ya. Grace, Ringo and I, we're all agreed, it was only self-confidence that let ya down today. You've just to believe that people will still recognise ya with shades on."

THE FOLLOWING selection of T-Zers come to you courtesy of our Transylvanian correspondent. **Udo Kier**, star of **Flesh For Frankenstein** and **Blood For Dracula** (Morrisey and Warhog productions) gets his teeth into an up-and-coming Hungarian epic called **Psyche**.

In the can: **Holger Czukey** produces and plays for German electro punksters **SYPH**. Their lead singer is tagged **Harry Rag**, after **The Kinks** number.

And **Connie Plank** is producing **DAF** as soon as their guitarist **Wolfgang Spelmann** recovers from a nasty bout of yellow fever (he listens to too many of them **YMO** things).

Hot on the heels of the Comedy Store as rock venue is **Richard Strange's** new Cabaret **Future** in Rupert Street, London West One. The first show has **Kristina** (of **Za** fame) singing with tapes, an electronic group called **Blanchange** and **Richard Johnson** reading his poetry...

CAN'T AFFORD Christmas this year? **Kenny Rogers** can. He is reputedly the highest earning musical performer in the world at present, having copped a cool ten million greenbacks this year. Quoth Ken: "I'm having me a rest. I reckon it's worth taking a drop in pay to have some time to myself."

Viewers of last week's **World in Action** investigation into the Roseminster tax avoidance scam will have noticed that **Lad Zepplin** are just one group who owe the tax man a whole bundle.

Jimmy Pursey warded off a bunch of smart-asses when he went to speak to the Cambridge branch of the Tory Reform Group (wets). The chairperson of the TRG there was very impressed with Jim's common sense and wrote to us to say so...

That other **Strange** person, **Steve**, has given up throwing parties at home and has 'em at the **Venus** instead. Last week's bash featured few personalities but was enlivened by two fights and a set by **Metro**.

To whom could **Cliff Richard** have been referring on the **Perkinson** show last Saturday, when he spoke sorrowfully of a paper "that now resorts to four-letter words"? The only clue we have is that a '50s **Cliff** cutting from said publication hangs proudly upon his wall.

Joe Strummer is currently collaborating with drummer **Richard Dudanski** on a project

to find and release old tapes by **The 101ers**. Called 'Elgin Avenue Breakdown' the album should be coming out on the **Andalucia** label.

Bad timing? **Cramps** and **Echo** play on the same night soon (December 14).

There was a rumble in **Mortons** club last week between **Wing Denny Laine** and members of the **4 Be 2's** entourage. Laine, who owns a horse called **El Sid**, was said to have had a bottle thrown at him.

On December 21 the **Starlight Roller Disco** will hold the **London Roller Skating Championships**.

Talking of which, our

apologies to the **Keefco** TV production Company for inadvertently pirating their logo "We Shoot For The Stars" and attributing it to rival **Mike Mansfield** in our **Bow Wow Wow** article, 'twas done without malice... the miscreant writer has been forced to walk the plank.

U2 so miffed at not getting a soundtrack at the **T. Heads** **Hammersmith** Palais funk-in that they almost refused to go on.

Hazel O'Connor is a pin-up in next year's **Edwin Shirley** **Trucking Co. Calendar**. Fully clothed, we hasten to add.

Not so Ms (Mr?) **Tanya Ransome**, a transvestite performer in a NYC leather bar. She (he? it?) does a wicked dance to **The Diagram** **Brother** single 'We Are All Animals'.

IN THE sunny Bahamas, at **Nassau's** **Compass Point** Studios, **Grace Jones** is laying down tracks for her next LP with staff by **A Certain Ratio**, **Bill Withers**, and 'Hot Head' (a song by **Captain Beefheart**) — all of which sound good. **Robbie Shakespeare** was to play on the sessions but is still

in the slammer by Jamaican police for alleged possession of a gun. **Ringo Starr** and **Henry Nilsson**, also in **Nassau** for recording purposes, piss-ups and perpetual pranks. Even **Robert Palmer's** across the road in a beach house with his family, resting up from his tour. "That piece in **NME** made me look a cheap, middle-class prat," he told **T-Zers** as he poured **Chateau-Neuf du Pape 1978** for **Ringo**, **Harry**, and **Grace**.

Keith Emerson is mixing a **Sylvester Stallone** film track in **Compass Point** as well, and **Parlick Orchestra** are heavy metalting an album down the hall. During the afternoon there's **Charlene Couture**, and he's **Island's** first **Frog** signing — he sounds like a French cross between **Ian Dury** and **Tom Waits**, with some excellent songs wrapping up a debut album.

When **Talking Funkheads** era off the road, **Chris** and **Tina Frantz** live across from the **Palmer** in **Nassau**. **Chris Blackwell** has bought (yet another) home here, and **Peter Frampton** as well. **Frampton**, by the by, has had a bad week — first, on his 'Banana Tour' of **Central America** (that's right: **NME** lensman **Joe Stevens** saw the stickers on his luggage) his

equipment plane crashed with four dead... none his lads but **Latino** passengers and pilot.

Also, a promoter in **Panama** tried to sue **Frampton** for not showing, and his home in **Nassau** was cleaned out by burglars, right down to the digestive bickies and **Pete's** collection of **Beano**s!!

CLEANLINESS is next to Godlessness and if **Jim Morrison** hadn't taken that fatal last bath he'd have been 37 right now and there would have been no need to tell you that the biography on the **Dead Door**, **No One Here Gets Out Alive**, is just published in England by **Plexus**.

Adam Ant's real name is **Stuart Goddard**. He's told the **Daily Star** that "I feel like a youthful warrior". Don't we all?

Like that kind of scuzz? Huh? Well, we didn't bore you last week with re-writes of ex-Ferrari siren **Jerry Hall's** true confessions in **The Star** and the **Mirror** did we? All that "How kinky Mick turns me on" stuff. But this we can't resist. Our man in the newsgates with a packet of **Rothmans** and a soiled copy of **Oui** reports that **Ms Hall** is now pouring out her thoughts on Mick and masturbation in aforesaid glossy ish. When **Oui** asks **Ms Hall** what turns her on in a man the leggy Texan has no hesitation in telling the breathless world: "A really big dick".

Recovered? Good because we're about to play on the conscience of the nimble fingered sort who half-inched **John Cooper Clarke's** book of original poems from his very grasp at the **Sheffield Limit Club**. Please call 01-439-1274 and no questions asked (well, only a few leading ones).

More illegalities: so many of the tickets for **Bruce Springsteen's** New York concerts went a stray in the postal only buying system that the **Sprouce** hired a **Private Eye** to investigate.

Pass the windowpane **Spirit** have reformed as a trio with **Ed and Randy** and signed to **L.A.'s** **Rhino Records**.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, **XTC** became the first newish, wavyish group to play **Madison Square Gardens** when they supported **The Cars** at the latter's request. 36,000 people did the hully gully according to **XTC's** official fan-club and part-time Virgin employee **Al Clark**. Back to earth for **Swindon's** finest though when they commenced their British tour at **Liverpool Rotters**. Byebye.

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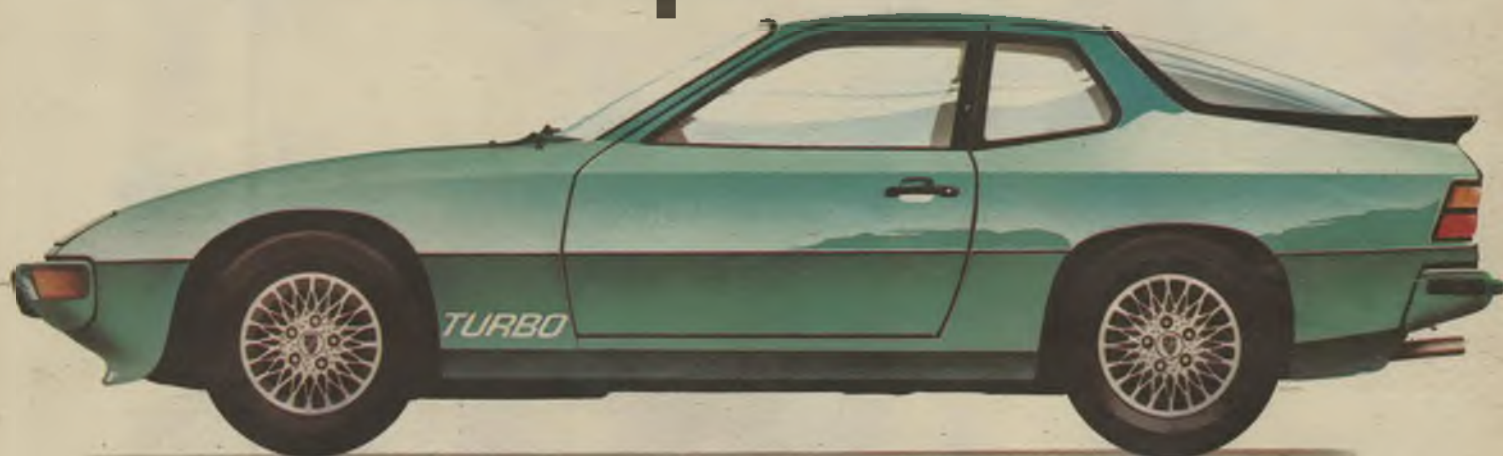
Above: Whatever happened to? Part 33: **Minnie Mouse**. An industrious right-sided midfielder, **Minnie** never really fulfilled her potential with **Watford** and was finally promoted upstairs and joined by **Bertie**, previously with **Arsenal** and founder of what **Tom Wolfe** later described as the 'Mee generation'. As we see here, though, **Minnie** is still a big hit at the **Watford** social club.

Below: Whatever happened to? Part 33: **Jordan**. A big bustling centre-forward of the old-fashioned school, **Jordan** first achieved notoriety under 'Big Mal' **MacLaren** before being transferred to **Man**. Unlucky where cartilage trouble prematurely ended a promising career. **Jordan** now acts as part-time 'libero' for **Adam and the Ants**, a second division outfit bidding strongly for promotion.



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