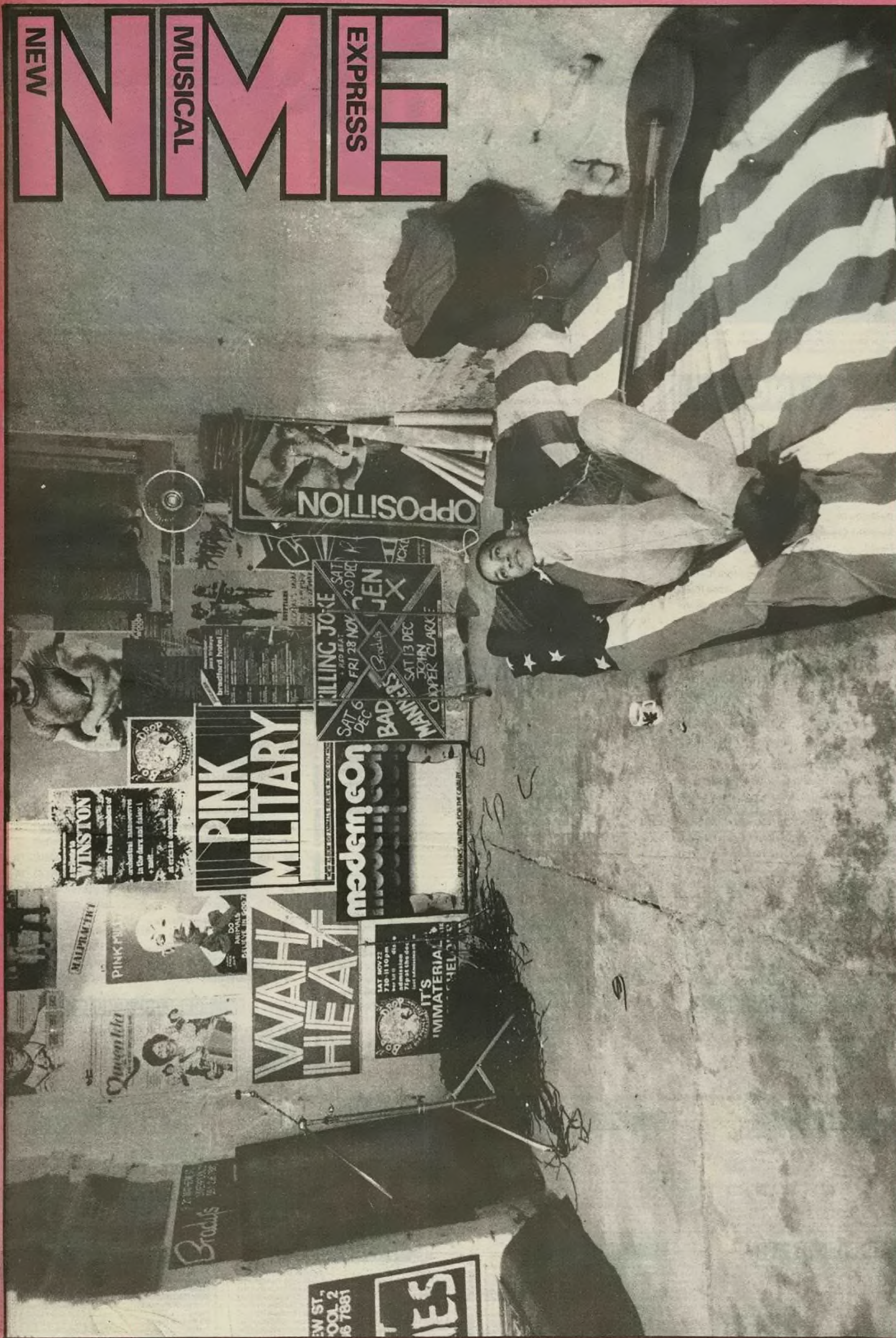




**EARTH WIND & FIRE! BAD MANNERS!
THE URGE! COSTELLO TOUR DATES!**

★ JOIN THE WAH! HEAT!!

**RACE AGAINST
ROCKISM**



Presenting the mysterious world of NME Indies charts. This week's number one album is 'Gyrate' by Pylon. No-one knows why or how this happened, but happen it undoubtedly did...

Pic: Julie Guther.

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
January 17th, 1981

US SINGLES

This Last Week

- | | | | |
|----|------|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 | (1) | (Just Like) Starting Over | John Lennon/Yoko Ono |
| 2 | (2) | Lady | Kenny Rogers |
| 3 | (10) | The Tide Is High | Blondie |
| 4 | (6) | Love On The Rocks | Nell Diamond |
| 5 | (3) | More Than I Can Say | Leo Sayer |
| 6 | (8) | Hungry Heart | Bruce Springsteen |
| 7 | (7) | Hit Me With Your Best Shot | Pat Benatar |
| 9 | (9) | Guilty | Barbra Streisand |
| 9 | (11) | Every Woman In The World | Air Supply |
| 10 | (15) | Celebration | Kool & The Gang |
| 11 | (13) | Passion | Rod Stewart |
| 12 | (5) | Another One Bites The Dust | Queen |
| 13 | (14) | De Do Do Do | The Police |
| 14 | (16) | Tell It Like It Is | Heart |
| 15 | (4) | Master Blaster | Stevie Wonder |
| 16 | (27) | I Love A Rainy Night | Eddie Rabbitt |
| 17 | (20) | Hey Nineteen | Steely Dan |
| 18 | (21) | It's My Turn | Diana Ross |
| 19 | (19) | Suddenly | Olivia Newton-John |
| 20 | (22) | I Made It Through The Rain | Barry Manilow |
| 21 | (24) | This Is Time | Andy Gibb |
| 22 | (12) | Woman In Love | Barbra Streisand |
| 23 | (30) | Miss Sun | Boyz n the City |
| 24 | (26) | One Step Closer | The Doobie Brothers |
| 25 | (25) | I Believe In You | Don Williams |
| 26 | (—) | Same Old Lang Syne | Dan Fogelberg |
| 27 | (—) | Together | Tierra |
| 28 | (—) | Nine To Five | Dolly Parton |
| 29 | (—) | Giving It Up For Your Love | Delbert McClinton |
| 30 | (—) | Keep On Loving You | Reo Speedwagon |

Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

This Last Week

- | | | | |
|----|------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 | (1) | Double Fantasy | John Lennon & Yoko Ono |
| 2 | (2) | Greatest Hits | Kenny Rogers |
| 3 | (3) | Guilty | Barbra Streisand |
| 4 | (4) | Crimes Of Passion | Pat Benatar |
| 5 | (5) | The Jazz Singer | Neil Diamond |
| 6 | (8) | Eagles Live | The Eagles |
| 7 | (6) | Hotter Than July | Stevie Wonder |
| 8 | (7) | The Game | Queen |
| 9 | (10) | Gauche | Steely Dan |
| 10 | (9) | The River | Bruce Springsteen |
| 11 | (12) | Back In Black | AC/DC |
| 12 | (13) | Autoamerican | Blondie |
| 13 | (11) | Zenyatta Mondatta | The Police |
| 14 | (14) | Greatest Hits/Live | Heart |
| 15 | (15) | Foolish Behaviour | Rod Stewart |
| 16 | (21) | Live | Fleetwood Mac |
| 17 | (18) | Barry | Barry Manilow |
| 18 | (16) | One Step Closer | Doobie Brothers |
| 19 | (19) | Christopher Cross | Christopher Cross |
| 20 | (—) | Hi Infidelity | Reo Speedwagon |
| 21 | (23) | The Turn Of A Friendly Card | The Alan Parsons Project |
| 22 | (22) | Faces | Earth, Wind & Fire |
| 23 | (17) | Triumph | The Jacksons |
| 24 | (24) | Celebrate | Kool & The Gang |
| 25 | (26) | Greatest Hits Vol Two | Linda Ronstadt |
| 26 | (27) | Greatest Hits | The Doors |
| 27 | (—) | Lost In Love | Air Supply |
| 28 | (28) | Makin' Movies | Dire Straits |
| 29 | (30) | Hits! | Boyz n the City |
| 30 | (—) | Super Trouper | Abba |

Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Pic: Harry Papadopolous.

With Josef K at number two in the Indies singles chart Paul Haig is seen here as the struggling artist alone in his humble bedsit where he sits reading Kafka.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|-----------------------------------|--|---|----|
| 1 | (1) | Imagine | John Lennon (Apple) | 3 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | Antmusic | Adam & The Ants (CBS) | 4 | 2 |
| 3 | (6) | Happy Christmas/War Is Over | John Lennon/Yoko Ono (Apple) | 3 | 3 |
| 4 | (7) | De Do Do Do | Police (A&M) | 5 | 4 |
| 5 | (5) | Stop The Cavalry | Jona Lewie (Stiff) | 5 | 1 |
| 6 | (12) | Flash | Queen (EMI) | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | (2) | Starting Over | John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen) | 9 | 1 |
| 8 | (10) | Super Trouper | Abba (Epic) | 9 | 1 |
| 9 | (11) | Rabbit | Chas & Dave (Rockney) | 6 | 9 |
| 10 | (18) | Do Nothing | Specials (2-Tone) | 3 | 10 |
| 11 | (9) | Embarrassment | Madness (Stiff) | 7 | 3 |
| 12 | (8) | Runaway Boys | Stray Cats (Arista) | 6 | 7 |
| 13 | (4) | There's No One Quite Like Grandma | St Winifred's School Choir (MFP) | 5 | 3 |
| 14 | (13) | Love On The Rocks | Neil Diamond (Capitol) | 6 | 13 |
| 15 | (16) | Lies | Status Quo (Vertigo) | 5 | 13 |
| 16 | (19) | Too Nice To Talk To | The Beat (Go-Feet) | 4 | 16 |
| 17 | (15) | Banana Republic | Boomtown Rats (Ensign) | 7 | 2 |
| 18 | (20) | This Wreckage | Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet) | 3 | 14 |
| 19 | (—) | Who's Gonna Rock You | The Nolans (Epic) | 1 | 19 |
| 20 | (17) | Lonely Together | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 5 | 17 |
| 21 | (23) | Over The Rainbow/You Belong To Me | Matchbox (Magnet) | 3 | 20 |
| 22 | (24) | Do You Feel My Love | Eddie Grant (Ensign) | 8 | 8 |
| 23 | (28) | My Girl | Rod Stewart (Riva) | 4 | 23 |
| 24 | (—) | I Am The Best | The Look (MCA) | 1 | 24 |
| 25 | (—) | Scary Monsters | David Bowie (RCA) | 1 | 25 |
| 26 | (—) | Runaround Sue | Racey (RAK) | 1 | 26 |
| 27 | (22) | Lady | Kenny Rogers (UA) | 8 | 11 |
| 28 | (14) | To Cut A Long Story Short | Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis) | 8 | 7 |
| 29 | (30) | I Ain't Gonna Stand For It | Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 2 | 29 |
| 30 | (—) | Lorraine | Bad Manners (Magnet) | 1 | 30 |

BUBBLING UNDER

Rapp Plays Back James Brown (RCA)
Don't Stop The Music Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)
Days Are OK Motels (Capitol)
Guilty Barbra Streisand and Barry Gibb (CBS)
The Call Up Clash (CBS)
Fade To Grey Visage (Polydor)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|------------------------------|----------------------------------|----|----|
| 1 | (1) | Supertrouper | Abba (Epic) | 8 | 1 |
| 2 | (4) | Dr Hook's Greatest Hits | Dr Hook (Capitol) | 5 | 2 |
| 3 | (1) | Double Fantasy | John Lennon (Warner Bros/Geffen) | 7 | 1 |
| 4 | (—) | Imagine | John Lennon (EMI) | 1 | 4 |
| 5 | (12) | Manilow Magic | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 22 | 5 |
| 6 | (7) | Zenyatta Mondatta | Police (A&M) | 16 | 1 |
| 7 | (11) | Flash Gordon | Queen (EMI) | 3 | 6 |
| 8 | (6) | Kings Of The Wild Frontier | Adam & The Ants (CBS) | 8 | 6 |
| 9 | (3) | Not The Nine O'Clock News | Cast (BBC) | 9 | 3 |
| 10 | (8) | Barry | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 6 | 4 |
| 11 | (9) | Guilty | Barbra Streisand (CBS) | 13 | 2 |
| 12 | (14) | 20 Golden Greats Of Ken Dodd | Ken Dodd (Warwick) | 4 | 12 |
| 13 | (10) | Absolutely | Madness (Stiff) | 15 | 2 |
| 14 | (23) | Hotter Than July | Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 10 | 1 |
| 15 | (—) | The Very Best Of David Bowie | David Bowie (K-Tel) | 1 | 15 |
| 16 | (5) | Autoamerican | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 2 | 3 |
| 17 | (16) | Foolish Behaviour | Rod Stewart (Riva) | 7 | 3 |
| 18 | (15) | Classics For Dreaming | James Last (Polydor) | 5 | 11 |
| 19 | (18) | Inspirations | Elvis Presley (K-Tel) | 8 | 6 |
| 20 | (17) | Chart Explosion | Various (K-Tel) | 6 | 6 |
| 21 | (29) | Sound Affects | The Jam (Polydor) | 4 | 3 |
| 22 | (13) | Jazz Singer | Neil Diamond (Capitol) | 7 | 8 |
| 23 | (26) | Yes Shows | Yes (Atlantic) | 2 | 23 |
| 24 | (19) | Scary Monsters | David Bowie (RCA) | 14 | 1 |
| 25 | (—) | Shaved Fish | John Lennon (Geffen/WEA) | 1 | 25 |
| 26 | (21) | Signing Off | UB40 (Graduate) | 14 | 1 |
| 27 | (25) | Best Of Barry Manilow | Barry Manilow (Polydor) | 4 | 15 |
| 28 | (22) | Slade Smashes | Slade (Polydor) | 3 | 22 |
| 29 | (—) | Makin' Movies | Dire Straits (Vertigo) | 1 | 29 |
| 30 | (20) | Sandinista! | The Clash (CBS) | 4 | 20 |

BUBBLING UNDER

Dirk Wears White Sox Adam & the Ants (Do It)
Arc of a Diver Steve Winwood (Island)
Personal Troubles & Public Issues The Wall (Fresh)
Beatles 62-66 Beatles (Parlophone)
The Hitmakers Various (Polystar)
One Step Beyond Madness (Stiff)

INDIES 33s

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1 | Gyrate | Pylon (Armageddon) |
| 2 | Live At West Runton | The Normal & Robert Rental (Rough Trade) |
| 3 | Factory Quartet | Various (Factory) |
| 4 | Fire Engines | Fire Engines (Pop Aural) |
| 5 | Are You Glad To Be In America | James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade) |
| 6 | Pin Drop | Passage (Object) |
| 7 | Closer | Joy Division (Factory) |
| 8 | Grotesque | The Fall (Rough Trade) |
| 9 | Voltage 80 | Various (Attix) |
| 10 | Personal Troubles and Public Issues | The Wall (Fresh) |

INDIES 45s

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | It's Obvious/Diet | Au Pairs (Human) |
| 2 | It's Kind Of Funny | Josef K (Postcard) |
| 3 | Try | Delta 5 (Rough Trade) |
| 4 | Animal Space | Sits (Human) |
| 5 | This Is Love | Gist (Rough Trade) |
| 6 | At Last I'm Free | Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade) |
| 7 | Flight 12" | A Certain Ratio (Factory) |
| 8 | Politics | Girls At Our Best (Rough Trade) |
| 9 | Seven Minutes To Midnight | Wahl Heat (Innovative) |
| 10 | Guilty/Dub | Honey Bane (HB) |
- Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1.

REGGAE

- | | | |
|----|--------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | You're The One | Tropical Breeze (Silver Camel) |
| 2 | Warmonger | Barry Brown (City Sounds) |
| 3 | Flute On Fire | Majestarians (Daddy Kool) |
| 4 | The Stiff | Jr Mervin (Joe Gibbs) |
| 5 | If You See My Mary | Gregory Isaacs (African Museum) |
| 6 | Natural Collie | Freddy McGregor (High Times) |
| 7 | Good Thing Going | Sugar Minott (Hawkeye) |
| 8 | Never Get Burned | Twinkle Bros (Virgin) |
| 9 | At The Club | Victor Romero (Special Request) |
| 10 | Runnings | Dennis Brown (D.A.N.C.E.) |
- Chart by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

DISCO

- | | | |
|----|---|--|
| 1 | Don't Stop The Music Yarborough and Peoples | (Phonogram) |
| 2 | Baby Burn Rubber | Gap Band (Phonogram) |
| 3 | Groove On | Willie Beaver Hale (CBS) |
| 4 | All My Love | (U.S. Import) Lax (Prelude) |
| 5 | Everybody Get Off | (U.S. Import) Daybreak (Prelude) |
| 6 | You Love A Life Saver | (re-mix U.S. Import) Gayle Adams (Prelude) |
| 7 | Do You Feel My Love | Eddy Grant (Ensign) |
| 8 | Mysteries Of The World LP | MFSB (Philadelphia) |
| 9 | On The Water | (U.S. Import) Harry Truman |
| 10 | Magic | Tom Browne (Arista) |
- Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1.

5 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | Bohemian Rhapsody | Queen (EMI) |
| 2 | Glass Of Champagne | Sailor (Epic) |
| 3 | Let's Twist Again/The Twist | Chubby Checker (London) |
| 4 | Wide Eyed And Legless | Andy Fairweather-Low (A&M) |
| 5 | Mama Mia | Abba (Epic) |
| 6 | Art For Art's Sake | 10cc (Mercury) |
| 7 | The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine | Laurel & Hardy (United Artists) |
| 8 | Golden Years | David Bowie (RCA) |
| 9 | King Of The Cops | Bill Howard (Penny Farthing) |
| 10 | Can I Take You Home Girl | Drifters (Bell) |
- Week ending January 17, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|---|
| 1 | Keep On Running | Spencer Davis (Fontana) |
| 2 | Day Tripper/We Can Work It Out | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 3 | Spanish Flea | Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass (Pye Int) |
| 4 | Michelle | Overlanders (Pye) |
| 5 | Let's Hang On | Four Seasons (Philips) |
| 6 | My Ship Is Coming In | Walker Brothers (Philips) |
| 7 | A Must To Avoid | Herman's Hermits (Columbia) |
| 8 | The Carnival Is Over | The Seekers (Columbia) |
| 9 | The River | Ken Dodd (Columbia) |
| 10 | Till The End Of The Day | Kinks (Pye) |
- Week ending January 19, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 | Grandad | Clive Dunn (Columbia) |
| 2 | Ride A White Swan | T. Rex (Fly) |
| 3 | When I'm Dead And Gone | McGuinness Flint (Capitol) |
| 4 | I'll Be There | Jackson Five (Tamla Motown) |
| 5 | (Blame It On The) Pony Express | Johnny Johnson & The Bandwagon (Bell) |
| 6 | Apeman | Kinks (Pye) |
| 7 | I Hear You Knocking | Dave Edmunds (J&W) |
| 8 | It's Only Make Believe | Glen Campbell (Capitol) |
| 9 | Black Skin Blue Eyed Boys | Equus (Prestige) |
| 10 | You Don't Have To Say You Love Me | Dusty Springfield (Philips) |
- Week ending January 20, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | Poetry In Motion | Johnny Tillotson (London) |
| 2 | Are You Lonesome Tonight | Elvis Presley (RCA) |
| 3 | I Love You | Cliff Richard (Columbia) |
| 4 | Save The Last Dance For Me | Onitars (London) |
| 5 | Portrait Of My Love | Matt Monro (Parlophone) |
| 6 | Tequila | Duane Eddy (Philips) |
| 7 | It's Now Or Never | Elvis Presley (RCA) |
| 8 | Perfidia | Ventures (London) |
| 9 | Counting Teardrops | Emile Ford (Pye) |
| 10 | Buena Vista | Acker Bilk (Columbia) |
- Week ending January 20, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' MOTTO: IF IT MOVES, SHOOT IT
OUR WRITERS' MOTTO: IF IT MOVES, RUN IT DOWN



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

SPECIALS' ANGER AT VERDICT

ATTRACTIONS GIG THROUGH MARCH

GUILTY!

— of inciting a riot
they didn't start

SPECIALS TERRY HALL and Jerry Dammers were left bemused and angry — not to mention over £1,000 lighter in pocket — after a court ruled they had incited violence in their audience during a gig on Cambridge's Midsummer Common last October.

Despite pleas of not guilty, both vocalist Hall and organist Dammers were convicted for using words likely to cause a breach of the peace at Cambridge City Magistrates Court last Friday afternoon.

It seems highly ironic that The Specials, a group who have always been unequivocal in their abhorrence of mindless violence, should be made the scapegoats for a series of fights which were already well underway before they went onstage.

Obviously shaken at the verdict and fine, Dammers said after the six-hour hearing: "It was horrible. I know I'm biased, but to me the evidence against us just didn't stand up. The 3,000 people at the concert will see the injustice of this decision. We detest violence at our concerts."

Court report
and comment by
ADRIAN THRILLS

"This ain't a town. It's a trained dog-act! That's a quote from an old film by the way."

On a more serious note, Specials manager Rick Rodgers and Chrysalis press officer Chris Poole, both at the hearing, expressed concern at the precedents the conviction seemed to have set.

"It looks to me as if they are setting a precedent which makes bands accountable for the behaviour of their audiences," said Rodgers.

Added Poole: "If a band try to stop two people fighting by using any terms which could be considered insulting to the people fighting, then the band can be done for it. They seem to be saying that an artist on stage should just ignore any trouble in the audience and not make any attempts to calm it down."

THE TWO SPECIALS were charged under their full names of Terrence Edward Hall and

Jeremy David Dammers.

Prosecuting, Mr David Beal claimed that the band's behaviour onstage was likely to cause trouble, whether or not that was what they intended, and called five witnesses to prove his point — two police

to come onto the stage if they wanted to fight."

Chief steward Harry Sparks, a beefy bouncer who, stated the Specials defence lawyer, was himself "a man of violence" with plenty of convictions to prove it, also claimed that the

saying that the tent was a pig-sty. It was just one big melee. The lead singer and organist were singing 'Cambridge United are a load of wankers!' The lead singer said 'If you want to fight, come up here and fight me'. Then he picked up a mikestand and tried to hit a steward with it."

According to police sergeant Ronald Pearce, the stewards were trying to deal with the situation but the group were hurling abuse at them from the stage. "They said the bouncers were a load of wankers and if they wanted to cause trouble they should come outside. This sort of language served to aggravate the unruly elements."

Defending, Mr Tom Culver told the court that the bouncers were unable to control the fracas in the crowd, which had stemmed from football

■ Continues over

'They are setting a precedent which makes bands accountable for the behaviour of their audiences.'

— Specials manager Rick Rodgers

constables, one sergeant and two bouncers.

Said PC Mark Mills: "The lead singer and organist were calling the bouncers a load of wankers and telling them to fuck off. They made the atmosphere very tense. The group were constantly inviting the audience

band were responsible for the trouble.

"They started singing a record in which the lyrics were 'It's a load of bollocks' (believed to be a reference to the song 'Pearl's Cafe' off the 'More Specials' album). Then they started f-ing and blinding and



Terry Hall and anonymous accomplice fight off fans outside Cambridge Magistrates Court. Pic: David Corio

City hall land

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions' major UK tour has finally been announced. It will occupy the whole of March — except for five nights — and take them to all parts of the country. Promoted by Paul King and Paul Loasby, who have yet to name the support act, the dates and venues are:

St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (March 1), Exeter University (2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (5), Bradford St George's Hall (7), Manchester Apollo (8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Lancaster University (13), Bridlington Spa Hall (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Brighton Centre (18), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (19), Hanley Victoria Hall (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Derby Assembly Rooms (23), Cardiff Top Rank (24), Guildford

Civic Hall (25), London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28), Ipswich Odeon (29), Oxford New Theatre (30) and Southampton Gaumont (31).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues — except Brighton, Bristol, Exeter, Lancaster and Wolverhampton, where readers should contact local box-offices for details. In all but two cases, tickets are all priced at £3 — the only exceptions are Glasgow (£3 and £2.75) and Hammersmith (£3.50 and £3).

Costello's new album 'Trust' is now confirmed for January 23 release by F-Beat. It comprises 14 new Costello songs: 'Clubland', 'Lovers Walk', 'You'll Never Be A Man', 'Pretty Words', 'Strict Time', 'Luxembourg', 'Watch Your Step', 'New Lace Sleeves', 'From A Whisper To A Scream', 'Different Finger', 'White Knuckles', 'Shot With His Own Gun', 'Fish'n'Chip Paper' and 'Big Sister's Clothes'.

UB40 quit Graduate?

RUMOURS are rife of an impending split between UB40 and the Dudley-based independent Graduate Records, the label behind the group's three hit singles and recent

chart-topping LP. The band and label are to issue a joint statement within the next few weeks, which is expected to confirm the signing off — a move which would leave UB40 free to negotiate themselves a new deal or, more probably, form their own independent label.

Stranglers off riot hook — book planned (but of course)



THE STRANGLERS' protracted French court case saga — which began at their riot-torn Nice gig last spring, and has since clouded all their plans and activities — is finally over.

With the threat of prison sentences lifted in early December, it looked as though the final outcome would result in a heavy fine, adding a further burden to the band's strained financial resources. But manager Ed Kleinman has now been informed officially that no more action will be taken and the matter is deemed to be concluded.

Drummer Jet Black (above) has written a factual account of the whole proceedings, and this is to be published in book form next month under the title of *Much Ado About Nothing*. It's described as "a cynical view of a ridiculous situation", and details of how it can be obtained will be available in a week or two.

The band are now busy rehearsing for their 20-date 'Meninblack' tour next month, coinciding with the release of their new Liberty album of the same name, from which the single 'Thrown Away' is out this week. Two changes in their tour schedule involve the cancellation of Cardiff Top Rank (February 8) and the addition of Durham University (23). They're currently being lined up for an early summer tour of the States.

THE BAND THE LOOK THE SINGLE I AM THE BEAT

THE LABEL

MCA RECORDS

1 GREAT RUTLAND STREET LONDON W1P 3FW

THE LOOK ON TOUR
JANUARY
FRI 16 SOUTHBANK POLY S.E.1
MON 19 MARQUEE LONDON
TUES 20 GREYHOUND FULHAM

THURS 22 NORBRECK CASTLE BLACKPOOL
FRI 23 YORK COLLEGE
SAT 24 FFORDE GREENE HOTEL LEEDS
SUN 25 PRIORY ST. NEOTS CAMBRIDGE
THURS 29 TROUBADOUR PORT TALBOT

FRI 30 BIRMINGHAM POLY
SAT 31 GUILDFORD UNIVERSITY
FEBRUARY
THURS 5 LONDON

Verue

By
ALEC ROSS

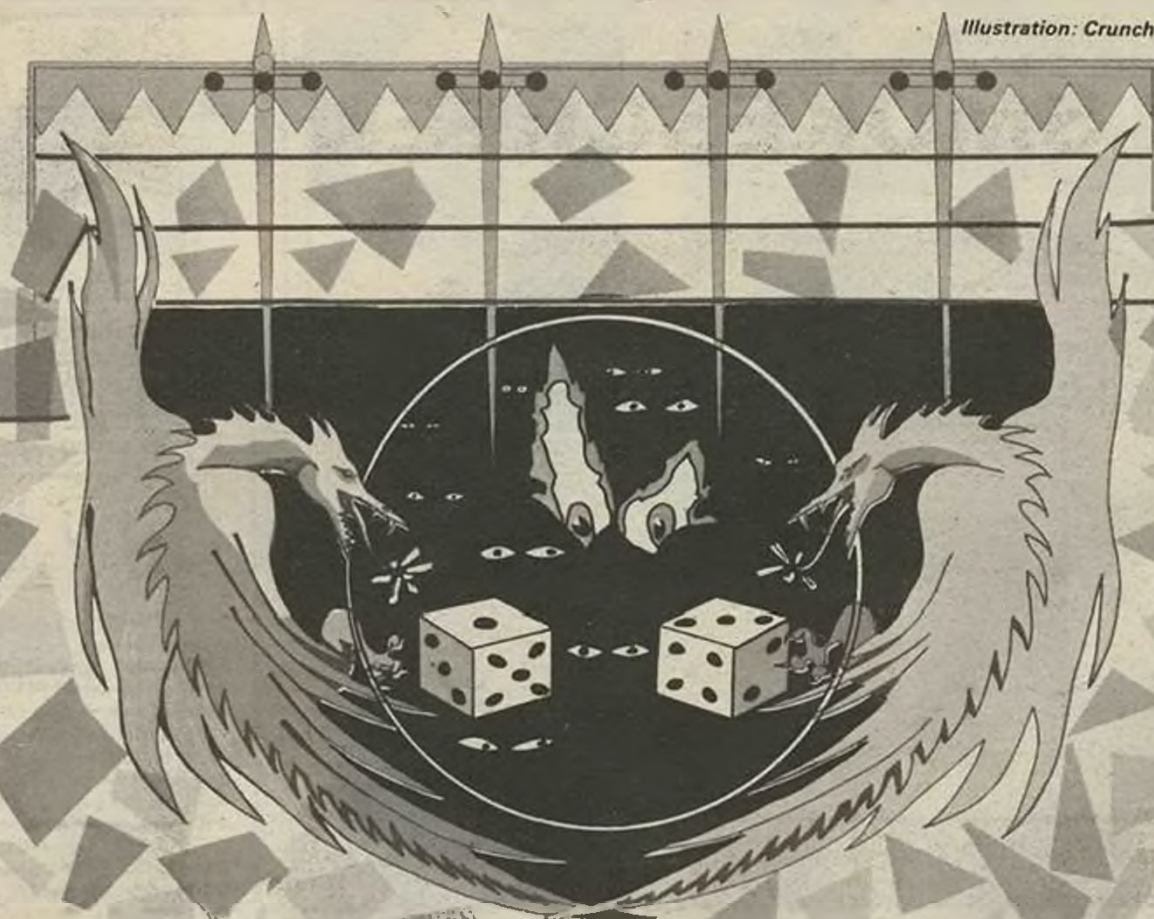
THE CORRIDOR you walk is dank, almost lightless. Beside you, your gnome comrade mutters. Glancing nervously about, the magic-user begins to mumble a prayer. You grip your magic sword with a clammy hand, and hope it is the only prayer you'll need.

Suddenly the wall shatters outward, and in the spray of debris come ghouls and vampires, hungry for flesh and blood. A vampire sinks its fangs deep into the gnome's neck, tearing open the throat. The magic-user dies horribly, ripped apart by ghouls. Your sword becomes a blur of blood and silver as you hack through your enemies...

The above is a basic situation in a game called Dungeons and Dragons, rapidly becoming the thing to play in the United States — and now set to take off in the UK.

A cross between the old-fashioned strategic war games that were popular in the 1950s and *The Lord Of The Rings*, Dungeons and Dragons is a complex, unusual game with no board, no strict rules, and no way to win in the usual sense of the word. Practitioners describe the experience as "group storytelling".

The brainchild of a war games manufacturer in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, D&D works like this: players get together and determine who will be the "dungeonmaster". The dungeonmaster officiates the game and creates the "dungeon" (a generic term for the field of battle). The players roll dice to determine their identities and skills — and then try, with the aid of dice and dungeonmaster, to get through the dungeon. Success in battle depends upon the player's imagination and the throw of the die. On the other side, the survivors take their new skills and go off to a more elaborate dungeon.



IN EVERY FANTASY HOME A GNOME

Games only end by mutual consent, and it's common for them to last weeks. Like a fantasist's heroin, Dungeons and Dragons costs a healthy chunk — it's manufactured in Britain by TSR Games at £8.25 for the basic set, £9.95 for the Dungeonmaster's Guide, £4.95 each for the two Player's Manuals, plus numerous expensive accessories. With several hundred thousand

**It's the new thing!
It's the game you can
play between
consenting adults
without losing your
pants! It's sweeping
Middle America and
Middle Earth too!
It's Dungeons
and Dragons!**

players, profits in the States have risen to \$5 million per year.

THAT SUM has triggered a legal wargame between the creators of D&D, Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson. Gygax's floundering wargame company has skyrocketed out of the red and published a magazine for D&D fans called *Dungeons*. A movie based on the game is in the works. Dozens of imitation games, repeating the

sword-and-sorcery motif or steering into other ground like science fiction, are glutting the market. The field has even produced an expensive, slick zine called *Ares*, that intersperses articles on gaming with militaristic science fiction.

Already, certain characteristics of the fantasy gaming audience are beginning to stand out. The orientation is heavily male; only one per cent of the players are women. There is no strong political emphasis, and players seem to be attracted both by the personal combat element and by the fantasy and the role-playing involved.

Not surprisingly, players are inclined to have a strong background in science fiction and fantasy. Outside of their jobs (a large number of gamers are computer programmers), that seems to be the extent of their interests. Most prefer adventure films and TV shows and they show little concern about art (beyond the heroic paintings popularised by Frank Frazetta) or music (though one games dealer says that many of his teenaged customers talk about Ted Nugent a lot, and he had once engaged several older gamers in a discussion about the Grateful Dead).

Archie Goodwin, the editor of *Marvel Comics' Epic Illustrated* and a curious spectator of fantasy gaming, has suggested that the games draw people away from science fiction and fantasy literature and into a less vicarious experience.

In a recent interview, Gary Gygax agreed. "Dungeons and Dragons allows the players to more or less write their own fantasy stories in the course of play. To be a fan of Conan, you have to identify with Robert E. Howard's characters, at least to some extent. If you're playing D&D, you can create your own persona who operates in a fantasy milieu, and who has his or her own adventures. It's very much like being an author. The dungeonmaster creates the world, writing a big, broad general script, and the players are the heroic characters."

Understanding the fascination of D&D comes only from playing it, most players advise. They hunt for new players with a fervour equal to their enthusiasm for the game, and their voices take on a spooky, almost religious tone.

Dungeons And Dragons — the new cult for the 1980s?

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black sabbath

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Specials

From previous page

supporters getting themselves in trim for a forthcoming Cambridge United v Coventry match. "These young men (Hall and Dammers) were in an almost impossible situation. They were going onstage when there had already been a lot of trouble. It was football trouble. The group had come to play music, not cause fights."

Appearing in the dock wearing a French blue suit and narrow black tie, Terry Hall said he was unaware of any trouble until a group of youths started spitting and shouting Cambridge United slogans.

"We had to stop singing and I just told them how ridiculous they looked singing football songs in the circus tent where we were playing. When more trouble started at the back of the tent, the only way I could see of us stopping the fighting was to

call them wankers, which I thought they were for fighting. I just told them to get out if they wanted to fight. I was more concerned about the people around them. It was only, like, 30 people fighting out of 3,000.

"When I said 'If you want to fight, come up here', what I meant was for them to come up onto the stage so the whole audience could see what sort of fools they are."

"The only reason I used language of that extent was to control the violence. We did not provoke any trouble. We tried to stop the fighting that was already there."

Added Dammers during his turn in the dock: "We always stop playing if there's trouble. I saw one particular bouncer wading in with his fists. It was just a fist fight. To me, a bouncer should try and eject someone, not engage in a fist fight. Then he ploughed through the audience towards the stage and started making

gestures at Terry. Terry picked up a microphone as if to make a gesture and then threw it down in disgust as if to say that we don't want any trouble at our gigs."

The Specials' account, however, found little favour with the magistrate — ironically, a Mr John Hall — who said, in fining both Dammers and Hall £400 apiece with £265 costs, that a group playing in front of a young audience must realise the danger of violent situations.

The band are considering an appeal against the decision and fine, the maximum amount a magistrate can impose, although no date has been fixed.

The band, added Rick Rodgers, would probably only play Cambridge again under one circumstance. The gig would be a benefit for CURB — the Campaign for the Registration of Bouncers.

Selector squash U.S. package deal

AN AMBITIOUS plan for The Selector, Skids and Hazel O'Connor to undertake a co-headlining package tour of America, aimed at dissipating some of the Stateside apathy towards British acts, was scrapped this week after The Selector decided against being involved. The tour was to have warmed up with three consecutive nights at London Marquee from January 30 — but, with the cancellation of the U.S. tour, these have also been called off.

Amid speculation that all is not well in the Selector camp, their drop-out has produced mixed reactions from the parties involved. The Selector themselves claim they had never finally agreed to team up with the other two acts, and it would be impossible for them

to go to the States because of the release schedule of their album. But Hazel and The Skids insist that the package had been planned for months, and both regard The Selector's attitude as a let-down.

● The Selector will now be doing a few dates in their own right — the first two set are at Coventry Tiffany's (January 29) and Lancaster University (30), with a London show currently being finalised. These preview the February 27 release by Chrysalis of their new album "Celebrate The Bullet", preceded by a single of the LP's title track on February 6.

● Hazel O'Connor will still be going to the States as planned, but will now be headlining — and, in some instances, linking with such acts as The Stranglers

and 999. Meanwhile, with the cancellation of the Marquee gigs, she will now be playing a major London concert at the Rainbow on Sunday, February 1 — launching the venue's experimental seatless policy.

● The Skids have cancelled their planned date at Nottingham Rock City on January 29, as well as the Marquee shows. They won't now be doing any live shows in the foreseeable future.

● Despite Danny Kustow and Mark Ambler having left the band, and Glen Matlock joining The Subterraneans, The Spectres hope to be gigging again by the end of the month. They have already recruited a new guitarist, Mick Hanson, and are auditioning accordion players to complete the line-up.

Fleshtones and Tetras for Rainbow

TWO MAJOR London concerts featuring new bands — one show devoted to British acts, the other American — were announced this week.

The UK bill is at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, January 25. Headlined by *Classix Nouveaux*, it goes under the banner of "The 2002 Review", and will feature seven acts plus a number of surprise guests. So far confirmed are Richard Strange, Theatre Of Hate and Shock, and promoters Straight Music are at present finalising another three bands for the show, which runs from 4 to 11pm.

The package of New York-based bands is staged at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, February 20. It was put together by British promoter Paul Loasby in association with Ruth Polski of Hurrah's club in New York. Confirmed so far are

Fleshtones, Polyrock, The Bush Tetras, The Raybeats, Bongos and The D.B.'s, and several more will be added to this line-up. Admission is at an all-in price of £2.99, and there's an early start at 6.30pm.

● *Classix Nouveaux* have a new single titled "Guilty" issued by Liberty on January 26. It's taken from their self-produced debut album, which is due for spring release.

● Theatre Of Hate have gigs at Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (tomorrow, Friday), Brighton Poly (Saturday), Stevenage Assembly Rooms (Sunday), Canterbury Kent University (January 19), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (23), Leeds Warehouse (27), Preston Warehouse (29), Scarborough Taboo (30) and Oxford Scamps (February 3).

The Telly-Watchers Guide To Banality

THE TV SMOKESCREEN

A SORT OF Science Fiction is never off the screen these days. I say 'sort of' because I was brought up on Ellison, Dick, Sladek and Ballard, and TV S.F. is always biased towards pulp and pap and special effects. For the fan who says 'sci fi.'

From television's point of view, S.F. is not so much literary as laughable, and everybody has to laugh along. With **Dr Who** it works because Tom Baker takes control; a shambling rendition of a shambolic script. Peter Davison looks to be a bad choice for replacement; he's on the screen too often, usually in clapped-out half-hour comedies. Presumably his introduction will see the end of the deliciously implied relationship between the Doctor and his 'assistant'. Davison's wife, the awful Sandra Dickinson, is to be a regular in **The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy**. (Davison will make an appearance too — what a hack!)

The Hitchhikers blah blah has taken its time to reach television. It should have taken forever. After the moderate radio series that started it all (repeated more than once, I'm sure), the stage production, the book, the record, the stamp, the loaf of bread, the end of the world . . . Now it's been properly visualised, surely even ardent fans are fed up with it. I've never had much contact with this tedious, tangled up industry, but even I was chanting along with the first episode (in my sleep of course) — where the world is demolished, the journey starts, etc, etc. Half a good idea, and look what happens to it. That's the BBC for you. (Although the producer of *HHGTTG* is complaining that the BBC has not pushed the series enough — Jesus Christ, what does he expect?)

Time travel ain't what it will be. The best fantasy of the week were the old faithfuls, and one surprise. **Star Trek, Outer Limits** and **The New Original Wonder Woman**. *Star Trek* is a serious script treated melodramatically, *Outer Limits* is always a melodramatic script treated seriously (this week's edition featured Martin Landau, later to be the commander in *Space 1999*, and John Hoyt, later to be the Police Commissioner in *Batman*.) *The New Original Wonder Woman* was a warped script treated melodramatically — campy camp — the pilot for the wretched series where a weak script was treated weakly. How could Lynda Carter be so good in one and so bad in the other? Presumably because she's a puppet.

Television can transform the devastating terrors of a Nazi deathcamp into something controllable, even into fantasy. **Playing For Time** was too long



Deathcamp: Redgrave as Fenelon in *Playing For Time*. Pic: Syndication

DANGEROUS



In which PAUL MORLEY moans about things being too long

**(Hoots of derision from NME
sub-editors)**

(two hours forty minutes — for 'serious' works length seems mandatory on TV, to impress that it's a momentous work) but avoided appearing routine. Despite the simplification and miniaturisation, dialogue that trembled on the edge of the absurd, different patterns of dramatic conflict that were inevitably clichéd, *Playing For Time* was still a strong, occasionally searing indictment of the power of a state that so easily and unthinkably dispensed with a human being.

The film, for all its faults and the passions of its disclaimers, was a lingering exclamation of the evil of racism, determined to make the simplistic point that we are all human beings. Nationalism/racism is the root of all war, etc: "I am a woman, not a tribe."

Vanessa Redgrave, in the throes of controversy rooted in the complications of modern day racism, concentrated her political commitment and conviction into a single role. The intensity of her performance compensated for the compromise apparently necessary when television records such vast events: the puerile censorship that alleviates the 'shock' that by the

very nature of the venture should be shrill, chilling and insightful.

It was left to Redgrave, pure emotion and deep expression, to implicate, illuminate and to elevate beyond the merely fashionable; yearning for an awesome sort of freedom amidst the distractions of a television production. TV, working against wills, can always soften impact, undermine intention and emotion, distort incidents. It was Redgrave's non-sensationalist passion that tarnished the TV gloss with a rare small screen sense of impotent rage.

Redgrave was Fania Fenelon. *Playing For Time* was Arthur Miller's adaption of Fenelon's biography. (Fenelon had threatened to sue CBS over their choice of the anti-Zionist Redgrave). Fenelon survived the Auschwitz deathcamp partly by using her musical talents and singing voice to transform the Camp orchestra with her tele-idealised compassion.

Belonging to the camp orchestra was an Auschwitz 'privilege'. Members became isolated, even insulated, and remained alive — just. They weren't comfortable, just less

abused than their fellow prisoners. In return for belonging to the orchestra, they had to entertain their keepers, play march music for fellow prisoners walking to 'work' or death. While conductor Alma Rose forced her orchestra towards attaining musical perfection, Fenelon struggled against the sickening process of dehumanisation all around.

The separation of behaviour patterns and values inside and outside the Camp was shown to be intensely radical, that the prisoners feelings were "what I do here or what is happening to me doesn't count at all — here, everything is permissible as long as it contributes to helping me survive in the camp". Fenelon was set above this, and yet at the same time deep inside.

The film glanced at the terrifying details of Auschwitz, the methods utilised to destroy all personal autonomy, personality disintegration, the degradation, the appalling adjustments, with reticent apprehension. The mass extermination, the fear, the constant threat, was almost background. Amidst all the American accents, the St Trinians bickering, the Nazi caricatures, it was the force of Redgrave's acting and indignation that translated all the abstractions into something understandable, frightening and real.

"We know a little something about the human race that we didn't know before. And it's not good news."

It needs performances like Redgrave's to prevent such words becoming withered, watery TV words; cutting through distraction, the attractive excesses of banality, and reminding us, through one broken look, that such things did happen, are happening and will happen.

Click. The set's switched off. Click on again. Oh! look. It's *Fantasy Island*.



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Max Webster

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**Campety-camp: Sid and Doris
Martian get hitched**

ON THE BOX

This week on telly
by MONTY SMITH

Thursday January 15

George Harris continues his stint as **Wolcott** (ITV), the black cop who gets pissed at the Notting Hill Carnival before sobering up and ridding the city of crime and corruption: sounds damned realistic to me. Also bound to be lacking somewhat in the old credibility stakes is **The Treachery Game** (BBC 1), a three-part serial from the team responsible for *The Assassination Run*. And as for Paul Starsky Glaser guesting on **Kojak's** beat (BBC 1), that's a bit like Meg Richardson dropping in for a swift one at *The Rover's Return*. Isn't it? There's also Sir Robin returning with **Question Time** (BBC 1), and it's a real heavyweight line-up: Cyril Smith, Willie Whitelaw and BR's Peter 'Porky' Parker (plus Babs Castle) — who said fannies were last year's thing? (*We did, you fool.* — Ed.)

Friday January 16

Thin pickings (*That's better.* — Ed.), but the consistently watchable **Playhouse** (BBC 2) should save the day: the question is, in Rita May's *One Hundred And Eighty*, will the Bluebell Inn darts team save their faces and overcome the pub sit-in by the landlady and four fellow protesters? Has anyone noticed that Bob Monkhouse has returned with **Family Fortunes** (ITV)? There's something not quite right about ITV getting us to laugh at the crassness of overseas TV in a show like Dennis Norden's *World Of Television* when they continue to put out poop like this, regularly.

Film: **The Hired Hand** (Directed by Peter Fonda 1971). Verna Bloom the extraordinarily stoical missus, Peter Fonda the terminally monosyllabic cowhand in an ever so pretty, ever so pretentious western in which nothing much happens; in fact, nothing at all, until Warren Oates shows up and wonders what the hell he's doing in such an earnestly 'artistic' endeavour. (ITV, some regions).

Saturday January 17

International Rugby, International Darts, International Skiing (BBC and ITV) — what did you expect? There's

also Dick Emery and Jim'll Fix It (BBC 1), *Dallas* and *The Dukes Of Hazzard* (BBC 1 too), *OGWT* and *Arena* (BBC 2), and *Carry On Henry* (ITV). This is because it's Saturday, and nobody worth their salt is sitting at home watching the bleeding box. Film: **Grip Of The Strangler** (Robert Day 1958). Boris Karloff keeping his end up, to dismaying effect. (ITV).

Sunday January 18

Someone called Danny Baker tells us all about gangs in **Twentieth Century Box** (ITV London), and someone called Hieronymus Bosch is investigated in **An Unusual Detective Story** (BBC 2). I'd go to church, if I was you.

Film: **Charlie Bubbles** (Albert Finney 1968). Whatever happened to Albert Finney? Whatever, he's outstanding in this, an unpromising tale of a disillusioned writer, and there's meaty support from the likes of Colin Blakely and Billie Whitelaw. (BBC 2)

Monday January 19

Bent cops in **The Sweeney** (ITV), bad apples in **Shelley** (ITV), big noses in **Barry Manilow** (BBC 2) and bleeding great mammals in **The Mouse, The Merchant And The Elephant** (BBC 1).

Film: **Winning** (James Goldstone 1969). Extremely dull racing circuit soap opera that the Bees seem to trot out every six months or so. Paul Newman and his old lady must be glad of the royalties. (BBC 1)

Tuesday January 20

Ronald Reagan takes office! And there's live coverage of this auspicious occasion in **The President's Inauguration** (BBC 2). More unsociable behaviour in **Play For Today** (BBC 1): *A Brush With Mr Porter On The Road To Eldorado* deals with excessive consumption. Should tie in neatly with *Omnibus* (BBC 1): it's a special on ITV commercials, from 1955 onwards.



"Did someone say commercials?"

THE GREY MATTER UNDER THE BLONDE MATTER

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

IT MAY SEEM an unlikely venue, but the current edition of **FORUM's** sex mag has about the best interview that Debbie Harry's given to date.

In that anything-goes context she talked to writer Jane Goldman (no relation that I know of) and proved that, yes, she is a person with grey matter as well as blonde matter. The views on sexual politics that don't exactly shriek through Blondie's music (although the attitude is generally good and positive) are here made explicit:

ON 'OPEN' RELATIONSHIPS:

"If you have enough freedom, or compassion, or understanding for the other person and they want to fool

around, fine. Of course that's all idealistic. Personally, I don't think I could stand it. I'm very emotional and jealous... but it depends on the person. If you have a boyfriend who needs to have a lot of different sexual interests, you should be honest and say 'Okay I need this and you need it, so go have your fling and I'll go have mine. See you next week'...

"Basically, I've always felt that I was was a woman with a man's brain, a man trapped

inside a woman's body. I always had the initiative of a man, but was always treated like some idiotic creature, some little buzzy beauty. And in most of my relationships with guys, they would always be the leader. And I really wasn't interested in that. I don't think I've ever gone out with anybody that was as smart as me, except Chris (Stein)...

"I'm an independent person and I've survived quite well being independent. I don't need

a man for support in that way. I need a partner, I need someone who wants to share the kind of things that I enjoy doing and who is willing to have a woman who's strong. A lot of men don't want to have a strong woman — but a lot do...

"When I was 18, I thought I wanted a handsome man, some kind of male hero type... that's all pre-programmed pretty much, through television..."

ON WOMEN IN SCHLOCK: "I don't think a lot of the standards



Photo: Andre Colling



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are right about women and their sexuality. I think girls should be a lot stronger, more aggressive and express themselves better. That's what a lot of my stuff is about, my point of view. Where can rock and roll go but in another direction, sexually?

"Men have fought this for a long time, really fought it. Male rock and roll musicians for many years fought off letting girls be in their bands as instrumentalists. Or else they were nothing but a piece of fluff. Didn't do anything but stand there and look desirable . . .

"(In my own music) I don't draw conclusions, I try to create positive thoughts. (Women are) the only place for rock and roll left to go. There's nothing left for men to do. The only people that can express anything that hasn't been expressed in rock and roll are fags and girls. There's bound to be more male stars, but they can't express anything new . . .

"Girls are saying 'Don't treat me like that, treat me like this' — which Nancy Sinatra initially did with 'These Boots Were Made For Walking' . . ."

ON BLONDIE'S WORKS ON THE PLANET: "I've created an image, a schick, that has been bought by the public. And from that, people are categorising me, without really understanding what I've done. Being Blondie is like creating a role and having a run on Broadway for five years. I feel that Blondie is part of me, but not all of me. I think that I can do a lot more . . ."



The basic Urge (L-R): Nigel Mulvey, Billy Little, Linda Wulf, Kevin Harrison, Dave Wankling.

REALLY WE should have gone from Luton airport, but the only flight to Barcelona that night was from Heathrow.

And so, two days before they were due to play a concert in a bloodstained bullring, The Specials and new Arista signing Urge and all their aides-de-camp picked up 36 tickets from a Coventry travel agent and only a few hours later were puking up their paella and chips and Spanish-brewed Skol after an evening's relaxation in the historic Spanish port.

The colour of the puke of Urge co-singer Linda Wulf matched her pink hair — she'd been imbibing red wine. Her husband, Urge guitarist and co-songwriter Kevin Harrison, pointed this out just as we were stepping into a taxi outside Studio 54, the city's main discotheque which, even though it's unrelated to the now deceased New York club, would make Franco turn in his grave.

"Urge is a group of many paradoxes. I'm dreamily determined, for example," sighed Kevin with poetic wistfulness as he flopped down on the cab's back seat, tossing a casual glance in the direction of his missus as she levered her

head upwards from the pavement and searched in her hand-bag for a tissue.

A major Urge paradox is that their music consists of clear-visioned, witty pop songs. Yet Kevin himself, often as ascetically insecure onstage as only a Fripp-like guitar anti-hero may be, seems far more comfortable sitting at home in his Coventry council flat releasing the tapes he makes with his Revox and synthesizer. "New Easter Electric" is how Kevin waggishly describes what he is creating on such sound collages as 'On Earth 2', an *NME* *Garageland* featured cassette.

He denies, though, that he'd

prefer working on his own — his solo work, he claims, is just one of the elements that go towards making up the Urge sound. "Philip Glass meets The Kinks at the grass-roots of . . . whatever . . ." he succinctly sums up their music. "We're doing The Shangri-la's 'Past, Present And Future' on our first album.

"I'm very fond of the intertwining of fact and fiction," continued Kevin as we sat in the back of the Spanish cab making drunken attempts to recall the name of our hotel. "For example, on our original record company biography we were listed as 'five former supermarket managers'. And now Nigel Mulvey joins us on

Urge throw their hats into the ring, throw some shapes, throw up . . .

CLOSE TO THE URGE

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

bass and that was what he really did once do."

(Nigel Mulvey is a portly, large fellow who eats vast amounts of sweets and has about him something of the air of one-time Turtle Mark Volman.)

Much of this makes more sense, of course, when you appreciate that our Kev is a former art student. After twelve months at the internationally renowned Nuneaton Art College, Kevin applied for a course in communications at Leicester University. "They didn't seem to be able to handle it when they discovered my portfolio wasn't visual, but

■ *Continues over*

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Where you see this sign



Antmania marches on charts

By GAVIN MARTIN

ANTMANIA HAS COME in off the streets and stormed up the charts with a vengeance, with no less than four placings for Adam and the Ants on the singles Top 75 and two on the album charts. Not bad considering the combo was considered a spent force this time last year.

From the chart-topping CBS album 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' both 'Antmusic' and 'Dog Eat Dog' are hit 45s, likewise 'Young Parisians' — the first ever Ants' single, astutely re-released by Decca. And Do It Records — the Ants' second label — have benefited from the group's new-found popularity as well, with the 'Cartrouble' single and 'Dirk Wears White Sox' LP also charting. And even John Peel has joined in, playing again old Ant sessions featuring Adam's Jubilee co-star Jordan.

'Young Parisians', originally released in autumn 1979, might aptly be described as Adam's 'Laughing Gnome'-type skeleton in the closet (well, if you want to be this year's David Bowie you have to pay the price). With lines like "I want to go to Paris with you / Just to see what the French boys do / Why don't you go to Paris with me", and its weedy accordion stroll down the boulevard coupled with pseudo-French intonations, it's more than the sort of thing one would expect from Peter Sarstedt than the supposed figurehead of the 'sex people'.

'Dirk Wears White Sox' and 'Cartrouble' — which provides the stepping stone between the old and the new Ants, having been re-recorded with the newly acquired Marco Perroni before they left Do It at the beginning of the year — shouldn't be causing the Ant camp much embarrassment, or doing the bank balance any harm. 'Cartrouble' and 'Zerex', the group's other Do It single, have in fact never been deleted and have sold steadily since release. They are longtime regulars in the alternative chart — though it's only now, with sales of 35,000, that 'Cartrouble' has found its way into the official listings. It was recorded in February last year with production by Chris Hughes, who's been at the control board on subsequent CBS releases as well.



Adam's 'Laughing Gnome'? The lovely Jordan onstage with Antmen — anyone with fond memories of scenes like this go to the back of the class. Pic: M. Harrison - Goudie

When Thrills contacted the Do It offices they admitted to having other Ant material in the can, but had no plans to release it.

Likewise those paragons of virtue at Polydor, who have on catalogue the very first Ant recordings, 'Deutscher (sic) Girls' and 'Plastic Surgery' — feeble, sleazy contributions to Jubilee. "Not being an exploitative record company, the last thing we'd want to do is release an Adam and the Ants single in the present climate," said a press officer.

Meanwhile Adam is in America (visiting a reservation, perhaps?) and was unable to comment on all the renewed interest in his back pages.

URGE

From previous page

aural. It was made up entirely of tapes of sound."

So Illuminatus-fan Kevin went to work instead at British Leyland as a systems analyst, which maybe he was destined to do all along: 18 months ago, as a victim of cut-backs within the car firm, he picked up £1,500 redundancy money and bought the Revox and synthesizer with which he makes his tapes.

Kevin Harrison, in fact, is a fully paid alumnus of the Coventry Scene: the last group he was in before Urge was Transposed Men, which also featured Special Brad, sometime Selector Desmond Brown and Selector mainman Neol Davies — it was Kevin's long-standing friend Davies, in fact, who first brought Urge to my attention, playing me the group's tapes when I visited his home last summer.

Although a different Urge line-up was already established when Kevin joined in January of '79, he quickly became a central force and in September of that year, his wife Linda was added to the group to share vocals with the less willful David Wankling, who writes the lyrics and founded the band.

Whimsically having decided in 1976 to quit his native Coventry, David had moved to Brighton where he quickly found he was combining his job of croupier ("Casinos don't have to be fixed: they always end up winning") with singing in a punk band with flat-mate and guitarist John Shipley, later of the now defunct Swinging Cats.

The pair returned to their

home-town in 1978 to form the first edition of Urge, which included the group's current drummer, rockabilly fan Billy Little, who'd previously played behind Special Terry Hall in The Squad. When Shipley departed for the Cats, it was Kevin who came in as replacement.

January of 1980 saw Urge releasing their first 45, 'Revolving Boy', an independent single that the group is re-recording for release by Arista. Under the terms of their new deal, Urge have already been in the studio with Dennis Bovell at the production helm. They have decided, though, against working with Bovell on their imminent album. "He's a helluva nice guy," says Kevin, "but I think the problem is that half the time he's too stoned to actually get anything together. It makes studio work very expensive."

At the same time as 'Revolving Boy' came out, Urge endured their first national tour an ordeal by mutant gob when they supported The UK Subs. At the Marquee date on that tour Billy Little's kit was so covered in plastic beer glasses that had been chucked at the group that he was actually unable to make contact with his drum-skinn.

Also, this Barcelona bash is not the first time that the group have trod the European boards. Picking up their passports in Coventry Post Office late last winter for a couple of Dutch dates, Linda ran into Jerry Dammers. "Oh, come along to Germany with us when you're finished in Holland," offered the

generous Jerry, and Urge ended up as support act to The Specials on their European tour.

At least those dates were not as disaster-prone as this Spanish trip: perhaps it was something to do with the karma of attempting to put on a pop show in a place normally reserved for the unnecessary

slaughtering of inoffensive animals. As Kevin remarked at one point, "there's an awful lot of bullshit about this gig."

Only 2,000 Spanish punkettas show up — which may have been caused by a rival promoter having taken a TV ad the previous evening to announce the concert had been cancelled!

This left the German promoter, a man whose finances came from the buying and selling of exotic snuffs, to lose his shirt, and nearly his life — this particular bullring being apparently controlled by the Spanish mafia.

As Jerry Dammers and Urge manager Ian Foster were

departing their hotel the next morning to travel back to London by road, the promoter suddenly appeared out of the shadows, to request a ride to the border. He'd also been busted in Barcelona some days previously, and he only had one of his four passports left.

Dammers and Foster made their excuses and left.

With one hand they give you the sus laws repeal — with the other they hit you with a whole new armoury of police powers ...

SUS-PECT DEVICE

By PAUL RAMBALI

AFTER 157 YEARS, the 'sus' law which has caused so much ill-feeling between young black people and the police is to be scrapped.

Yet the first, almost un-noticed, reading in the House of Commons just before Christmas of the Criminal Attempts Bill — which will repeal the 'sus' law — was overshadowed last week by the publication of a controversial Royal Commission report recommending increased police powers.

Section 4 of the Vagrancy Act 1824, in other words the 'sus' law, prohibits "every suspected person or reputed thief" from loitering or frequenting almost anywhere public "with intent to commit an arrestable offence". The new Criminal Attempts Bill, amongst other things, provides for this law to be scrapped outright.

While prosecutions for 'sus' will cease, the indiscriminate stopping and searching of most young and often black people will probably continue under other legal umbrellas. Section 66 of the Metropolitan Police Act of 1839, for instance, allows police to "stop, search and detain ... any person who may be reasonably suspected of having or conveying ... anything stolen or unlawfully obtained". And there are many other such powers available around the country.

If the passing of the Criminal Attempts Bill serves to end the public outcry against 'sus', the publication of the massive report by the Royal

Commission on Criminal Procedure, set up two years ago by the previous government, promises to start a far more serious debate on police methods and accountability. It also raises the fundamental question of, in the Commission's words, balancing the rights of the individual against the security of the community.

Broadly speaking, the report sets out to codify fully and clearly police powers that have been granted piecemeal over the years. Amongst the many proposals it makes, those bound to cause alarm are increased powers of surveillance, search and arrest on so-called 'reasonable' grounds, which would have to be recorded at the time and told to the suspected wrongdoer.

But perhaps the most contentious proposals are those concerning what happens after the arrest of a suspect.

Peter Thornton, vice-chairman of the National Council for Civil Liberties, voiced some of his misgivings to the Commission's chairman, Sir Cyril Phillips, on a London radio programme last Thursday.

"The process of interrogation at police stations is crucial, and this has been recognised for many years by the Judges Rules — the right of a judge to exclude evidence at trials. The Commission has failed to recognise the importance of this stage because, according to their proposals, if there is a breach of the code of conduct, however serious that breach was, when the case comes to court the evidence will not be excluded."

Ironically, the Commission was set up partly as a result of an enquiry into just such a case — the murder of Maxwell Confait, for which three youths were wrongly convicted. Sir Cyril, who seemed a timorous man anxious at best to see that two years' work didn't fall flat on its face, evaded the issue.

He said: "The report aims at getting a code to control the powers available to the police and to control the way they use them. I hope that the whole of the report will be applied, but it will take five to ten years to do it."

He also claimed that it was Commission member Jack Jones who leaked details of the report to the NCCL and thence to the press some two weeks before publication.

Jack Jones, in fact, although a Commission member, has publicly denounced the report — as has his fellow member Canon Wilfred Wood, a West Indian.

Civil Rights groups have been quick to point out the loop-holes and inadequacies in the Commission's proposals, and even the Bar Council, representing the legal profession, expressed some "very grave reservations".

All, however, agree that there is a need for some sort of code. What sort of code, exactly, depends on the answers to two basic questions:

● Who polices the police? To whom and how should they be accountable?

● And how much privacy are we entitled to — or in other words, if you have nothing to hide from the law, what have you got to fear from it?

You may, if you wish, refuse to answer these questions without a solicitor being present ... For now.

LOWRY



"Oh well. That's SHOWBIZ!"

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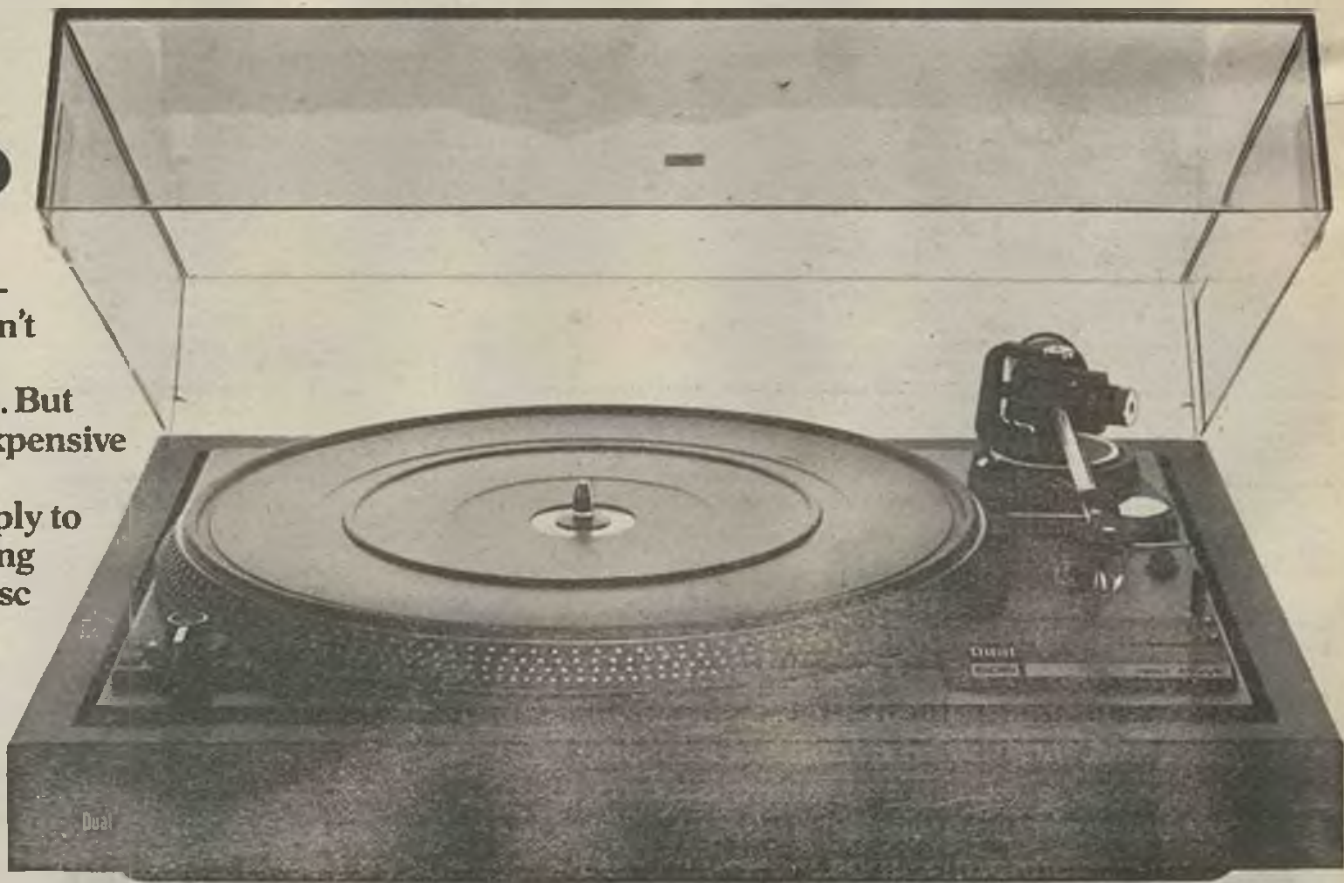
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The Repetitions, left to right in order of appearance: Sarah, Pete Petrol, Tim Transe, A.S.D.H., Nicolas.

Pic: Peter Anderson.

DARKENING
MOODS
AND
DESOLATE
HOPES...

By PAUL MORLEY

REPETITION ARE NOT a party group. I should say this. Repetition are not a party group.

With a name like that they're asking for trouble. They wear black clothes, and whilst onstage they never smile. Big deal! Big deal.

Once when they were playing someone whispered Killing Joke into my ear. I should say this. But... no! For a start, Repetition song titles are more attractive, and the group does have a kind of glamour... and the feeling, despite it all, is up.

First impression of their music: such a darkening mood, a laden atmosphere, a slow build-up: but there's also bubble and squeak, quietly detailed action, whispers, slowly swooning melodies, softness. Where Altered Images extract the lighter side of Banshee music and transform it, Repetition take up the darker side with confessional, converting zeal. A sulking, sobering pre-New Order mood music. You can't smile all the time.

"The humour seems to be left out of our songs," Transe says as seriously as possible.

"What we're trying to get across is what's preventing us from doing it," claims Petrol earnestly.

I don't understand. Say that again. "What we're trying to get across is our own emotions towards a lot of things that are wrong, but it's the things that

are wrong that are stopping us getting across in the first place."

"It's difficult also to know what to say, because a lot of what we should be saying, drawing attention to 'our plight', goes almost without saying.

"What we're trying to get across..."

"What we're trying to get across... People are always timid about the next step."

Pete Petrol (guitars, ex-Spizz Oil) and Tim Transe (drums) are representing Repetition, but are concerned to point out the importance of democracy within this set-up. "There's no one person dictating style, this is a total thing. Everyone contributes what they want to, and it's just very lucky that it falls together — which it has been doing."

I meet A.S.D.H. (synthesiser), Nicolas (bass) and Sarah (voice) at a party a few days later. Nicolas floats around the background, A.S.D.H. is a hard edge, Sarah gains natural attention. Repetition onstage merge into each other... they have a visuality they determinedly, disappointingly smother.

Transe is a talker; a bit of a moaner, perhaps too practical for this set of circumstances. Petrol is eager, fair-minded, perhaps not as world-weary as Transe. They're not affected by talking to a journalist but their

conversation, when it deals with their music and manners, is sketchy, simplistic. They use the word 'experimental' a lot, but it has a definition that's very much their own — more Cure than This Heat.

"People seem so reluctant to move away from traditional sounds... people get frightened to introduce certain instruments into their music, instruments which can turn out terrific. Some groups are bringing in, say, acoustic guitars now, which was unheard of in '77, '78. Everything was so fixed and tight then."

Is it difficult to talk about your music?

Transe, cautiously: "There's nothing solid..."

Petrol, honestly: "It is difficult to talk directly about what you mean..."

Transe, agreeing: "Yes, come to think of it." And then, darkly, about something else altogether: "It's very hard to know who to trust."

Crazy to explain. PETROL was the initial impetus. Back in those crazy days (Roxy, Vortex, the world) Petrol teamed up with wild-sprat Spizz for Spizz Oil/Energi, arguably (certainly!) Spizzboy's best music. Petrol uses the word experimental for that music, notably the 'Cold City' EP and '6,000 Crazy'. The two drifted apart as Spizz was

led towards 'bad things' (rock).

"I don't think it was actually Spizz. I shouldn't really say this, but it was outside influences... "Spizz, he reckons, retains his sense of adventure. There were, though, huge streaks of humour in Spizz Oil. Humour is not an integral resource in Repetition music.

Transe: "The humour seems to be left out of the songs."

Petrol: "Spizz Oil was actually very close to this, just a different way of putting it across. When me and Spizz started off we said the same things as we are now, that we were pissed off with the ways most people tend to use standard, regular formats, and that we wanted to produce alternative ideas."

"The humour seems to be left out of the songs."

I wouldn't quite agree. Certainly there's a situational humour. But what's all this talk about humour! You can't smile all the time! Serious things go on.

Let's get practical. "There are so many things that are stunting what we are trying to do..." The way things are these days, agencies, gigs, record companies, radio, you wouldn't think anything had happened these last few years. The 'scene' is enclosed, staggeringly narrow-minded, a circuit that revels in clichés, clumsiness and the old pals

cracked act. Ageing rock groupies still control how things are run: on a business level, on a show level, nothing has changed.

"It is difficult getting gigs or getting record companies to listen to you. Because of the stage we're at, we have to play really small clubs, but if you play atmospheric music, the actual mix in the sound is very important. It isn't a straight, square rock sound.

"There are three places you can play in London if you haven't an agency — the Moonlight, the 101 and the Rock Garden. After those three places, and occasional support with friends like Spizz and Altered Images, it's a brick wall. It's hard to know how you're going to penetrate it. Very frustrating. It makes us more determined, although the aim is becoming so distant. Horizons are getting further and further away."

You've got to have friends. Factory director Rob Gretton took an interest after receiving a tape. "I think he was into the attitude more than the product." Through Gretton and other friends they came into contact with Anikh, who organises the visionary Benelux/Les Disques Du Crepuscule labels from Brussels. A Gretton-produced Repetition song 'Strangers' appeared on the 'From Brussels With Love' cassette treat. "We

Put an end to those troublesome parties with Repetition...

thought it was great to be in that context. People with similar attitudes to us were on that tape... It was quite lucky we were on it though."

Their first single, self-produced, 'The Still Reflex / Fade Out' appears on Les Disques Du Crepuscule this month. Cocktails and confessions.

Confessional... Darkening moods, slowly swooning melodies, gentleness. "What we're trying to get across..." And perhaps more than that.

"It's like a desolate hope.

You're out there on a fucking limb and you just hope to hell someone out there cares..."

"When we do get a gig, when we manage to muster one up, it looks like we blow it because of the equipment... When we played the Moonlight with Altered Images the guy from CBS, who have signed the Images, came up to us and he said well I didn't like you, you were too much like the Banshees!

"I said why didn't you like us? He just said, with a big beam, your songs aren't good enough. He was an absolute arsehole. I don't think your songs are good enough. A great big smile. OK lads? It was as if it was your dad or something."

Their first single, self-produced, 'The Still Reflex / Fade Out' appears on Les Disques Du Crepuscule this month. Cocktails and confessions. Carved. An Inquisitive, watchful, graceful single. And perhaps more than that.

"Things like the Crepuscule thing are really down to luck." "What we're trying to get across..."

Have Repetition a future? It'll end in tears, or blows, or something solid. I should say this: Repetition are not a party group... yes, come to think of it...

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON





HULK OF THE MONTH

Gavin Martin meets Buster Bloodvessel and hears how fat is fun and fun makes money.
Pin-ups by Anton Corbijn

INTO the reception area of Magnet Records bounds one third of North London's ska specialising, rumbustious revellers extraordinaire — Bad Manners.

Leading the trio is the inevitable bulk of Doug Trendle aka Fatty aka Buster Bloodvessel — the group's frontman, vocalist of 13-inch tongue and God-knows-how-many-inch waist. In the flesh he's nowhere near as prepossessing a figure as pictures and TV appearances would suggest.

He's actually quite short and with the chills of winter now upon us his shiny cranium is covered with an eighth of an inch crop, his considerable physique is wrapped in a dowdy bell tent of a crombie which,

along with a tatty combat jumper and pair of unwashed jeans makes him look like an anonymous building site navvy — the occupation he held before going along his starred career path with Bad Manners.

Following in the tracks laid by Fatty's springy airwairs comes the sheepish, shuffling Winston Bazoomies who spends his time giving wind to his harmonica or trying to untangle the strings of verbal jumble in which he has a habit of ensnaring both himself and his listener. Perhaps it's just as well that for the duration of the interview he decides to say as little as possible.

Louis Alphonso strides in purposefully at the rear. A diligent and passive character who's writing a score for an opera(!) he has with him his girlfriend and the same jolly glow on his face as his partners, brought on by a bout of lunchtime drinking to celebrate the presentation of a silver disc the same morning.

The Trendle manner is simultaneously extrovert and amiable but when he exchanges a bit of banter with me it's obvious he's unaware of my mission — my request to go upstairs and my Irish accent leave him a bit confused. Dazed but not yet dazzled, he turns to the receptionist and asks "Where am I?" before disappearing into the toilet.

On his return we're properly introduced and I mean properly. Not for Trendle the cool detachment of a handshake. Instead he's immediately on bended knee placing loving kisses on my Doctor Marten's. I could see we would get along famously.

That may not have been my reaction on first hearing Bad Manners' second album, 'Loonee Tunes', but it's taken me very little time and even less effort to fall for its effervescence,



variety and surprises. The cues and colours are taken from a number of sources — fabled eras of Hollywood cinema, smoky soul, troubling dub, bawdy ska, children's comics, British TV and western theme tunes. It's not a lewd ramshackle mess as some opinions might have it but actually a courageous, crafted and credit-worthy assimilation of styles, shifts and sentiments embraced by popular music and cultures over the past several decades. It bridges four generations. Quite an achievement!

'Loonee Tunes' gives you the impression it was recorded by nine people bursting with a love for the interests and oddities which were the mainstay of their youth, their present and their future. Bad Manners play music with a passionate gall, a frank romanticism, a boiling brain, a warm heart and a dab hand. They are one of the few groups who've helped tease the mainstream out of its dogma and sloth by reintroducing and revitalising that spectacular essence which dominates the music of Louis Jourdan (be-bop swing cat), Little Richard (ready teddys?), Roland Alphonso (ska'd skinhead) and James Brown (thinking man's soul hero not two but *three* times round). It



OVER

A color photograph of a man and a woman in a social setting, likely a bar or club. The man, on the left, is wearing a light-colored blazer over a white shirt and a necklace. The woman, on the right, is wearing a light-colored dress with a patterned bodice and has her mouth open as if speaking or singing. In the foreground, on a wooden table, are two bottles of Ricard aperitif: one is a clear glass bottle with a red label, and the other is a dark glass bottle with a white label. There are also three tall glasses filled with a yellow liquid. A small yellow box with the Ricard logo and a pack of cigarettes are also on the table. The background is dark and out of focus, showing other people.

RICARD

FRANCE

N°1 in France

HULK OF THE MONTH

♦ FROM PAGE 12



would have been unthinkable to find them in the albums or even the singles chart five years ago.

But because their songs aren't constructed with a lot of fuss and theory, because the listener does not have to strain the brain or examine their position in a social / worldly sense, the band are subjected to derisive dismissals. Observers invariably pinpoint vulgarities and lavatorial humour as being the crux of the appeal. I used to be one of them, but there's a lot more goes on here than meets the eye. And thankfully the most indecent thing about Banners is the naked enthusiasm and upfront delight they take in delivering a song.

"The original idea of Bad Manners was to have a laugh, keep our friends happy and just enjoy what was going on, we didn't expect to get anywhere. But it all started happening and we had to take it more seriously," says Doug.

THE SUCCESS came in a quick flurry with three singles 'Ne Ne Na Na Nu Nu', 'Lip Up Fatty', 'Special Brew' and their debut album last year and continues this year with 'Lorraine' and 'Loonee Tunes'. But it wasn't an overnight occurrence. Bad Manners have been together for six years. Formed at school under the encouragement and influence of a group of teachers who called themselves Snacks At The Bar, Doug and friends quickly followed in their footsteps giving impromptu performances in the school assembly hall. Since then their numbers have wavered from 16 to the three man nucleus who are now seated around the video room in Magnet's third floor office, swigging lager (guess what kind? Fancy that!) and watching the aborted film they made to go with 'Lorraine'.

Trendle takes the role of King Henry VIII at the head of a banquet table telling his comrades that when he finds his air-filled vinyl-skinned spouse he's gonna kill her. The tongue is almost stuck through the cheek.

"I was always the sort of person who'd be mucking about and everyone would see me and go, 'Oh there's old Dougie...'"

"Making a nuisance of himself again," chides Louis.

"I suppose anyone who wants to go onstage must be something of an extrovert but it makes you calm down as well. I mean I used to be a right nutcase but now we go onstage so much I'm not so bad. Cos I let all my energy out onstage so I don't need to let it out in pubs and other places whereas a lot of other people I know still do."

His ambition received a heavy blow in the early days when the school put on a production of 'Mother Goose' in which he was cast as a

then I started eating and drinking to excess, that's the saddest part of my life really," he sighs mockingly. "People used to take the piss out of me but I consider that part of life, everyone gets the piss taken out of them. It's good for you, makes you live properly."

Are you in the position where you can exploit what a lot of people consider to be a disability.

"Well you could say that about Ian Dury if you wanted to. I don't consider it a disadvantage — they take it seriously and they all get complexes about it but I'm quite happy with what I've got."

He slaps his belly with a resounding thud.

"That's the way I am and the way I always want to be. It's nice to lose weight ... and it's even nicer to put it back on. We've wrote two

trouble, people who've just gone to the gig wanting trouble. The press try to blame it on the groups because they want you to have views. Well, fair enough, if you want to have political views. But we play music because we love it, any time we have is spent listening to music. We're driven by the idea that music is for music's sake."

Hold on. Winston wants to have a word on this one.

"Maybe it'll benefit the people more if we leave it open rather than try to convince them ... well I don't know, I suppose I might talk a lot of rubbish quite a lot of the time."

Oh well, keep trying!

Their music is the sound of rolling down a hill backwards, falling over, getting up, getting down, throttling, oozing and smiling; layers of scrumptious soul, sizzling ska and joyous jazz. An antidote to depressive dirges and wretched obliqueness. How do they do it?

"Well we play on our mistakes really well, some of our best ideas have come from slip ups in the studio and onstage."

You can hear it in their music, they bring a vibrancy to the old rules, and create some of their own, mainly based on fun, laughter and madness — what else does a good time involve? I say that one thing that spoiled it for me was the toilet humour. Doug is nonplussed and he explains the occurrences as well giving an insight as to how, here we go, Andrew 'Marcus Absent' Marson (tenor sax), Martin Stewart (piano), Louis Alphonso (guitar), Gus 'Hot Lips' Herman (horn), Winston Bazoomies (harmonica), Brian Chew-it (drums), David Farren (bass), Chris Kane (Alto sax) and himself work in the studio.

"I don't think it's toilet humour. One song on the LP called 'Doris' says 'in the bog' and since then we've had loads of reviews saying Bad Manners do their toilet humour which means nothing to us. It's quite an emotional song, I was in the bog — which is quite a normal thing, everyone shits quite a lot — and this girl came to tell me she was leaving. Some of the press also slagged us for the lyric writing on the first album and we just have to laugh at that because it took us no more than five minutes. I mean things like 'Here Comes The Major' have no meaning whatsoever, we don't think it matters. 'Ivor The Engine' was just pure improvisation. I just said whatever came into my head and it came across good, I won't ever capture it again. In the first bit I got so into the music that I just went loony, I started shouting things and I felt frightened because I thought there was a lobster after me because of the sax solo, so I just said it."

"On 'Echo Gone Wrong' there's an organ solo and it sounds like someone having a piss against a wall — people always ask us why it says 'I'm going to have a wee-wee'. It's because I felt like I needed a wee when I heard that organ solo. That whole song is just me and Winston working with a backing track in the recording studio, it sounds like a really heavy dub song and that's why it's sung in that way. People say we're taking the piss out of dub but we love dub. People like Dillinger take the piss out of dub far more than we do. There's a lot of similarities between the rubbish he comes out with and the rubbish we come out with."

"The way 'Ne Ne Na Na Nu Nu' was written was pretty much the same way this group works though we didn't find that out until we'd recorded it. This guy Ed Dene went into the recording studio without any idea of what he was going to record and just came up with the silliest thing he could think of, and we admire him for that."

DOES HE feel changed by the success of the last year?

"Everyone says it's going to change you but I don't think we've changed, it's usually other people who've changed their opinion of you. We're in the music business all the time talking about music so when you go home you want to have a pint but you get all your mates coming up to you asking about the group and the single. They just seem to bombard you with questions, and that's a strange thing being treated like that by your mates."

"The thing that changes you is money but I don't think we're ever going to have a lot of that because there's nine of us. Although we'd obviously love to have a load of money, we'd be a three piece if it was our primary concern."

Louis: "If we fall from fame — which we won't because we're so good — we'll still carry on. I think Bad Manners are going to be around for a very long time whether people like it or not."

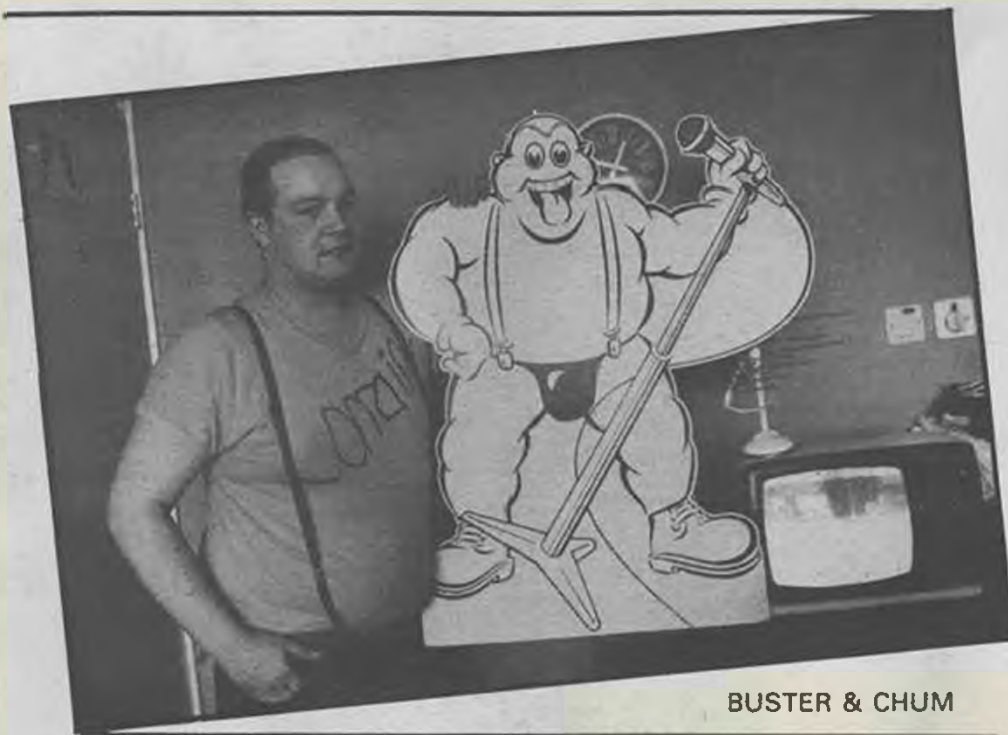
So what are the aims and aspirations they've yet to fulfill, where is it all heading towards?

"Well I'd love as much as anything to live in a cellar with a load of food and drink and a load of personal supplies of dope and drink, a good stereo and lots of records. But I couldn't do it because I'd be enclosed and everyone would go, 'whatever happened to Buster Bloodvessel'. Like why doesn't Toyah Willcox go out and rob banks, it's not hard to rob a bank, she's got the capability. That's why I think anarchists are usually people who don't believe in what they are doing."

Louis: "Can I just say, I used to have an amplifier that had Toyah sprayed on it and I was very proud of it because it used to belong to Toyah Willcox, but our drummer and our singer decided it wasn't a good thing so they sprayed it out. That's one of the things I'm most annoyed about in life."

Oh, and Winston wants to say something more as well.

"Well I'm definitely going country this year, what country I'm going to is another matter ..."



BUSTER & CHUM

villainous underling and his arch enemy got the coveted title role. But you swung back with a vengeance, right Doug?

"Oh yeah, we still see teachers and friends from school and they love it, seeing someone succeed at something they never thought they'd do."

Trendle weighs in at around 17 stone and although he wasn't always so fat he doesn't regret his obesity.

"I was skinny up until I was nine or ten but

songs about being fat while a group like The Darts have wrote loads and loads of love songs. You can't go up to them and say 'you must have a really tender heart, are you exploiting that heart?' You can't really say that, can you? But you can about being fat and I don't think you should be able to. If you're fat, you're fat, and that's a way of life."

DOUG AND Winston spent the early '70s watching a British ska skinhead following emerge though they still went to certain concerts for the sense of occasion they presented.

"At first we only half accepted ska, we were still going to see Deep Purple and Led Zeppelin without really knowing why we were there. I suppose the reason we were there was the publicity those groups had — it was the music business at its best. Whereas punk was the complete opposite of that, that's why kids loved it because they could make their own choice."

Louis: "The best thing about punk for us was that it meant people no longer wanted to listen to sombre professional groups all the time."

Coming up with a veritable circus of an outfit culled mostly from North London and riding on the irrepressible 2-Tone banner has meant Bad Manners are often compared with Madness, unfairly emerging as copyists.

"In Stoke Newington Town Hall round about 1972 they had people like Roland Alphonso and Prince Buster playing and if you go into any secondhand record shop in the area you'll find loads and loads of ska records so you can't avoid the influence. I don't like the term 2-Tone myself it's just groups under a certain label, you've got to consider them individually."

Surprisingly, Doug sees few parallels between the mid '70s ska scene and the following Bad Manners attract at their gigs.

"It's completely different. In the early days, ska created a mixed black and white audience. It was black music and skinheads came along because they liked the music whereas nowadays it's more of a white audience and the music's played by white people. It's been completely reversed."

"The whole idea when The Specials started was to mix the two audiences and it would be really nice if that happened but speaking truthfully it hasn't worked out that way. So you get all this trouble with Nazis and stuff like that."

You still get those vermin at your gigs? "Not so much now, because I think they realise that we're not part of them and that we want nothing to do with them, they see that we're a band playing black music and think it's not for us. People always say we get a lot of trouble at our gigs but on the last tour I only saw one fight."

"What we'd like to say is that you don't have to be racist to be a skinhead. If we had to make a political statement that would be it."

"We don't want to say we're against Margaret Thatcher. We're against her but we don't want to say it. What's the point? — We don't want to be a political group. We're playing music that's got fun in it so we emphasise the fun factor rather than the political factor."

So that's a statement against Margaret Thatcher in itself?

"Yeah, but people can suss it out for themselves. We don't want to try and impress people into thinking like we do."

"It's usually just one or two people who start



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TRANS EUROPE EXPRESS

PART TWO — HUNGARY

STRANDED IN a suburb on the outskirts of Budapest, a bunch of disappointed kids crowd the front of the recreation hall. Though so far away from home, the situation of the moment is depressingly familiar: a sold out concert, hefty bouncers on the door and a long, suspenseful wait while someone checks that you really are on the guest list.

Two strategically parked squad cars ensure no one is about to take matters into their own hands, and just to make doubly sure, half a dozen policemen mingle in the crowd, some with their nightsticks drawn. But they won't be needing them tonight, as the kids look more dejected than angry or even frustrated, even though this is their favourite band Beatrice's first concert in the city for three months.

Finally allowed in, we're confronted by the strange sight of a raggedy fourpiece all pushing 30; curly, rattish hair falling to their shoulders, balding heads and gringo moustaches seem defiantly at odds with their status as most popular punk band in Hungary.

But it's their music and not their looks that has won them their reputation. For some, their unlikely alloy of pogo, boogie and homespun folk melodies is akin to voting punk by proxy, but to most of this audience they're loved in their own right. Then, they do work hard at getting a healthy response with a series of clappalongs that are closer to Slade's community chants than Sham's earthier terrace rants.

They also know the value of a gimmick and theirs is the red polka dot neckerchiefs tied to their wrists or around their throats, and most everyone of the predominantly pre-20s crowd has at least one. The kids are really enjoying themselves, responding eagerly to Beatrice's all-join-in invitations. In between numbers, some yell for Sex Pistol songs, but the most consistent chant goes, "RA-MONES RA-MON-ESI!"

The band tease them for a while by ignoring the requests before finally appeasing their appetite for blitzkrieg bopping.

Midway through, an influx of new faces breathlessly work their way to the front of the stage. Apparently the police benevolently ordered the bouncers to let in the ticketless kids waiting outside.

And thus ends happily my one and only real concert experience during 12 days spent in two of Europe's capitals.

IT IS not just the winter sun illuminating the bright and breezy wide streets of Budapest that relieves a traveller of the melancholic impressions left by Prague's seductively gloomy, winding alleys. The atmosphere of Hungary's one major city is noticeably freer and consequently it is a popular holiday spot for people in their neighbouring Warsaw Pact countries.

The citizens of Budapest are both wealthier and better dressed than their counterparts in East Berlin or Prague (in fact it's difficult to distinguish the locals from Western tourists). Nevertheless the street-hustlers easily pick you out and they openly approach you to change money; which is hardly surprising really, when the "tourist" shops containing sought-after buys will only take "hard" western currency, in effect making them off-limits to Hungary's own citizens. (Such off-limits shops can be found throughout the Warsaw Pact).

The subways leading down from the station into the town centre are lined with gypsy women hawking baskets and gaudily embroidered

cloth, while their menfolk and children offer watches and jewellery to unsuspecting passers-by. Such small enterprises might not be



BALATON

officially recognised, but the government encourages privately run restaurants, small food shops and the like, because they found it difficult to get people to work bad hours for little return, without the incentive of a more direct share in the profits.

In fact, Hungary has made some remarkable economic advances since the war, especially taking into account the lost years of the 1956 revolution when, prompted by Stalin's death, young intellectuals, students and workers united in a bitter fight for greater freedoms. It was savagely crushed by Soviet troops who re-installed the Kadar regime still in power today. But despite a few hard years following the revolution, the same regime nevertheless cautiously began a slow liberalisation process.

Always sensitive to events at home and abroad, its progress was hampered by the Prague spring of '68, but set back on course again by the Helsinki Human Rights agreements, dealing with, for instance, more open communications between East and West and greater press freedoms.

Unlike its allies, excluding perhaps Poland, the Hungarians have to date stuck by the latter. Consequently it's possible to buy papers like the *Times*, *Herald Tribune* and, naturally, the *Morning Star* in hotel foyers and at some newsagents. Bookshops carry a greater selection of foreign literature — one I visited had a comprehensive Penguin collection — and more Western movies get shown these days. The topical *Norma Rae*, an American film about organising a union, was running during my stay.

However, some people think the Polish strikes will mean greater restrictions at home, although the first steps the Hungarian government took to prevent disaffection spreading was to make more "hard" currency available to fill the department stores with Western goods in time for Christmas.

But one import that's still alien to Hungary is the Western concept of marketable youth rebellion.

AS ROCK and roll became more entwined with youth rebellion, patriarchal states like Hungary — whose structures and institutions are geared towards age and experience (check the ages of their polit bureaux etc) — grew increasingly afraid of its potentially disruptive influence on their young. Ironically, points out one observer, the more the white rock revolution embraced leftwing ideals rejecting material values, the less likely it was to win support from Hungarian youth.

"Since the Second World War Hungary has tried to build up a country and economy, and only recently has wealth played any real importance in people's lives," he says. "And you can't expect a youth who has never had any kind of wealth, or who has never owned a car, to start refusing it."

"Therefore youth films, beat songs and rock lyrics from the West were quite alien to many people and

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

AND OTHER MAGYAR MELODIES

'WE CANNOT ACCEPT TEXTS WHICH EXPRESS NO PERSPECTIVES, ONLY NIHILISM, AGGRESSION AND CRUELTY FROM MUSICIANS WHO ADDRESS THEMSELVES TO TEENAGERS AND UNDER SIXTEENS.'

— STATE RECORD COMPANY

THIS WEEK CHRIS BOHN ENJOYS THE THAW IN BUDAPEST. THE PARTY GOES ON, BUT OTHER PEOPLE HAVE FUN, TOO. MUSIC MAKING WITHOUT A LICENCE ISN'T THE EASIEST OF OPTIONS, BUT THE SEMI-LEGAL AND UNDERGROUND BANDS BREATHE MORE FRESH AIR THAN ELSEWHERE. AND IN THIS TENSE ATMOSPHERE OF QUASI-LIBERTY, BALANCED BY THREATS OF BEING BANNED, THEIR MUSIC FLOURISHES. THE MOOD VACILLATES VIOLENTLY BETWEEN EXHILARATION AND DEEP DEPRESSION; SOMETIMES IT IS HARD TO KEEP UP WITH AND SOME PEOPLE WANT OUT



GERGELY OF SPIONS



PIC BIBA KOPF

GALLOPING CORONERS

it took a few years for people here to really understand them. Rock and roll somehow never really had any roots in Hungary, but it's difficult to work out whether that's due to a lack of information — because we live in an enclosed society — or just a lack of interest."

Nevertheless, rock and roll has always found an audience.

"Yes," the same observer continues. "There are basically two groups of people sensitive to it: those termed by the authorities as 'marginal' youth (who include the chronically unemployed and the grammar school kids posing in the subways) and the marginal intelligentsia, consisting of disaffected intellectuals unable to find suitable work or unwilling to play a part in the system."

By bracketing the intelligentsia with the vagrants, the authorities might hope to minimize their influence on mainstream thought, but in truth they help create a romantically misleading myth by equating the inhabitants of the subway with the underground.

And by way of countering both their homegrown underground and western music, Hungary licenses its own official bands. Being more open than their Warsaw Pact neighbours, these bands are marginally better than, say, Czechoslovakia's, but there's not much in it. It's funny to see Socialist states supporting the kind of music which represent the worst excesses of materialism at home — megarock and heavy metal bands. One night on TV I saw budding David Byrons bearing their breasts and throwing back their hair in a vulgar display of guitar heroics and ego gratification.

The leader of one band, however, seems to be universally liked — even if his music is loathed. His name is Hobo, of the self-explanatory Hobo Blues Band who, after hearing that the *NME* was in town, spent the next few days trying to track us down. Lack of time meant we never got to meet, but apparently all he wanted was to give us a picture of himself taken with Allen Ginsberg during the poet's recent visit to Budapest. Ginsberg has a walk on part in Hungary's first rock and roll movie *Bald-Headed Dog*, starring Hobo, thanks to the relentless self-publicising efforts of the singer.

However the release of his first album did throw up a few interesting contradictions. Coming out, naturally, on the government owned label, it was panned by the critic of the city-run *Time Out* equivalent magazine.

One reader tells me: "I was surprised to read such a sharp criticism of the LP. The Hobo Blues Band were so warmly cherished by the authorities — probably in order to appease their own bad conscience in their choice of music."

"But the review earnestly analysed the lyrics and music, pointing out where it was stolen from (John Mayall, Chicken Shack, King Crimson and The Rolling Stones) and ended by saying it was just plain bad."

Journalists, the reader points out, are usually far more ambiguous in their statements, making you read



URH ON A BUDAPEST STREET

PIX JANOS VETO

between the lines to find true meanings.

"Hungarians have learnt to do this very well — we all know what lending a friendly hand to our socialist brothers means."

THE MOVIE *Bald-Headed Dog* is centred on Hobo's sharing a cave with an eccentric old man, who sometimes provides shelter for homeless youths. Chances are that people will go see it less for the odd story line, or indeed Hobo himself, than for its brief filmed concert appearance by Beatrice.

The concert was a massive outdoor event attracting some 20,000 people to an island in the Danube. As most of the bands in Hungary are poorly equipped, it was only made possible by them all pooling their PAs to put a big enough sound system together. The live recording from the subsequent film soundtrack will be Beatrice's first appearance on record in ten years.

Though they enjoy a semi-official status so far they have adamantly refused to make the compromises necessary to get a contract. Their popularity dictates a demand for one, but the authorities are being equally obdurate in their policy. The record company made their position plain in a statement to the same magazine which tore apart their Hobo release.

It says: "The Beatrice case isn't a problem for us. Here's a group of

talented musicians and as soon as they have prepared their album, the texts of which won't hurt our social norms, we will go ahead and release one."

"We have shown them confidence — they figure on our live recordings and their film music will be published soon."

"Let's correct a misunderstanding, this isn't a political disagreement, although most everything inevitably stems back to politics. It is simply this: we cannot accept texts which express no perspectives, only nihilism, aggression and cruelty from musicians who address themselves to a certain part of teenagers and under sixteens."

"This is NOT a political question of first degree, just a question of responsibility toward the future Hungarian society. We hope that Beatrice understand this."

"THE RULES OF THE GAME ARE COMPULSORY FOR EVERYONE WHO WANTS TO CONTINUE," it says, closing with what sounds like a veiled threat. (The emphases are ours.)

BEATRICE WOULD hardly rattle the walls here with their luke-warm brand of "real" socialist realism, but their hard work has undoubtedly earned them a large following and it's this that worries the authorities. Indeed their reputation goes beyond Hungary's borders into Poland and East Germany.

But, as singer Nagy, points out, "Hungary is possibly the only conceivable country in Eastern Europe where a band like us could play overground — even if they won't publish our words. We wouldn't have survived anywhere else making social criticisms of certain parts of society."

(That's not strictly true. Reports from Poland are promising. I've heard about countless new wave bands, themselves a development from garage punk bands from Gdansk and Warsaw, many of whom played a large new wave festival last Summer. Apparently the official scene has more credibility, too. Unfortunately, my visa application for Poland was turned down because I was a journalist, but *NME* will be carrying a report shortly from Mykel Board, who caught the festival.)

Their popularity tied with their survival has aroused suspicions of compromise reached with the authorities, but one associate of the group refutes the allegation with the astute observation that they simply sidestepped the need to go underground.

"Some bands want to be underground," he says. "But Beatrice just continued to play in public places for kids and now they are maybe too popular to ban, as the authorities don't want any martyrs around. If they had the chance, they wouldn't have let them play to begin with."

The band calmly refute any allegations of compromise.

"We once refused the chance to record an album, even though there's great demand for one," says Nagy. "But they pinpointed six of our songs as unacceptable, so we took a step backwards and refused to make it."

Though they've been playing for ten years, they only really took off three years ago, when their music became more punk oriented. Was that a commercial gambit?

"No," asserts their singer. "It's just the way the music turned out when we started to write our own songs. They reflect our Hungarian nationality on one hand, and have an affinity with Eastern Europe on the other. They're mainly based on Hungarian, slavic melodies and harmonies, while the words refer to certain aspects of reality."

Will Beatrice show "some responsibility toward the future Hungarian society? "Will they play the "compulsory" rules of the State record company game?

Watch this space for future developments.

AT BEST Beatrice's music is great fun, but the music gets better the deeper you dig. And the more underground groups you

talk to, the more often the name of Spions crops up. Their leader Gergely Molnar fled to Paris just ahead of the authorities in April '78, where I find him on my home. His post-Hungarian period history is fascinating enough in itself, but for the present we'll confine ourselves to his influence on Budapest's underground of today.

A composed and self-assured individual, he speaks English with an engaging Jacques Cousteau accent as he expresses a reluctance to discuss his past.

"Hungary is over for me," he says, dismissing discussion of his flight. "It is better that you talk to the people who are still there."

I did. They all bring up your name. Why? Well simply because before he threw himself into the short-lived venture of Spions, he lectured students on the likes of Bowie and — later — punk. A keen follower of McLaren's situationist comedies, he decided to stage a few himself in Budapest, choosing the swastika as the most potent symbol to upset established moral standards. It was a considerably more reckless step in Hungary than here, bearing in mind their past (fighting on Hitler's side) and present (under Soviet influence) positions. The concerts were challenging experiences, incorporating dance and music, using as themes subjects like Anne Frank's relationship to her killer.

He chose punk as a violent form of address, he says. "Because there was no way out of the closed intellectual circle I was in at the time. I used to lecture on music because I thought the people really needed it, but now I don't know — I just look back on that whole period as some kind of madness."

He continues: "I wanted to make my concerts impossibly difficult to follow so I brought together themes like Nazism, Baader Meinhof and the Russians, making an emblem to represent them all — it was some kind of espionage."

Amoral, to say the least, his dangerous juggling of fascism and bolshevism might seem ill-advised, but he contends it had nothing to do with political convictions. It was all part of a mind cleansing process to rid himself of a "baseless Russian education."

He says "I wanted to purify myself as completely as I could of any political poison, so that I could feel again... education (in Hungary) is a complete abstraction, we learnt nothing else but a fight with God... we would learn physical laws but because the system was so anti-religious they didn't connect with anything, they were just left in space."

CONTINUES OVER



BEATRICE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

He continued the cleansing process for a while in Paris, from where he sensibly decided not to return three years ago. However the impact of his daring performances — not his politics — is still felt today.

A SENSE of helpless despondency pervades some intellectual circles of Budapest. Knowing they have little chance to change a stiflingly "humane", patriarchal system that governs them, realising they would find little popular support, they choose instead to have nothing to do with it.

"They don't have a choice," counters one observer. "They don't have a chance to refuse their help. There's a mistrust of the intelligentsia anyway. At all levels of government and bureaucracy people are elected to posts through the party and there are certain people who are inadmissible from these posts — like most of us..."

"Besides," adds his friend, "people up there realise that workers and intellectuals feel contempt for each other and play the two sides against each other. Neither really has a say in making decisions anyway, but workers don't expect anything from the intellectuals — they think they're lazy, and the intellectuals think the workers are unorganised and slow thinking."

"Intellectuals have a relatively comfortable life even though they're in opposition. They don't really need to establish any relationship with the workers."

"Things aren't so bad here," takes up the first speaker, "so the intellectuals are more reformist in their thinking, rather than revolutionary. There was once a revolution here and it failed... so they prefer slow reform."

O NE NIGHT at a party a group called Balaton (named after Europe's second largest lake) turn off the sound system, commandeer the kingsize double bed and begin an impromptu performance. Well, not so



PIC BIBA KOPF

impromptu, as they've brought their slide projectionist with them.

Normally electric, this night their two guitarists play acoustically, though most of the attention is centred on vocalist Mihaly.

A compulsive performer as capable of commanding attention as Jimmy Pursey, he can similarly exasperate. He talks and talks and... seemingly oblivious to the growing impatience of most people in the room, but he scores some laughs and a few scowls by throwing out half-jibes and 'thank you's' to the predominantly intellectual audience for paying him any attention.

Some people credit him with plenty of potential, others say he hides a lack of it with his quick wits. One fan explains they've so far played five concerts under the most adverse of conditions. The first two were awful, the third great and the last two didn't live up to the middle one.

His overlong party piece does have some good moments, where Mihaly's doleful voice, his guitarist Karoly's vigorous but careful chordings and the slides combine to create chilling moods that hint at what Balaton's capable of under better circumstances. And even during the longeurs, Mihaly's

animated, emaciated face, accentuated by tufts of beard, is spellbinding to look at.

A melancholic, pessimistic person, he's none too happy with his lot. He tells me later about the difficulties of working in Budapest.

"We inherited such a difficult, unsafe situation (from the likes of The Spions and other pioneering performance artists) in which many ideas are futile from the beginning, because those who think are not understood by the public or the authorities. But on the other hand we didn't start making music to make a fortune..."

The best moment of the set comes when they're joined by URH guitarist Jenó, whose one song performance is perhaps the most astonishing thing I've ever seen. Seated, legs crossed, on a low wooden stool, supported by the acapella mouthings of the Balaton pair, his voice barks into a terse rant, which apparently runs along the lines of "Too many police, too few whores" and back to "Too many whores, too few policemen". (The song's words and emotions are far more complex, but not so easy to translate to paper).

By the end he is bent almost double spitting out the words and most everyone in the room is supporting him, either clapping along or providing the bass parts.

After hearing URH's tapes he turns out to be an equally compelling guitarist. URH music is the best I heard anywhere during my stay in Central Europe. They make wild, swinging music driven by runaway rhythms, barely controlled by some wonderfully furious guitar. It's all shaped by the ironically maulin but masculine noise of the choral singing.

Led by student film director Peter Muller, they come from mixed working class and intellectual backgrounds. Their lively music cuts dead the lumbering rock of officially supported bands in the same way punk cleared the air here a few years ago.

The authorities have already betrayed signs of interest in URH's activities. Just before I arrived they were due to play at Budapest's law school, promoted by its young

communist organisation. However, their secretary cancelled the gig, apparently under pressure from college professors. They tried to discredit the band by claiming the initials URH stood for Ultra Radical Bureau or Ultra Reactionary Frequency, although it's commonly known their name means Ultra Rock Agency. It is also the code for the police emergency short wave frequency, some one tells me.

The band's *raison d'être* is partly to encounter the reams of misinformation disseminated about rock and roll, hence the name, says guitarist Jenó.

"There has never been any precedent for new wave here in Hungary. And we have no proper rock tradition — well, maybe in form but not in content. People here have a very distorted view of it. Thus we try to bring through our lyrics and music and also the kind of life we live the idea of what rock and roll existence really is."

A fan supports his view, adding the following: "The system should realise that the need for information from punk rock groups and their kind, but on the other hand they over-estimate them and attribute too much importance to rock, which is the only reason why they fear it."

"That's the paradox of the system," he concludes. "On the one hand they financially support traditional rock music, which is often excessive, and on the other condemn the bands who don't stand for that sort of thing."

BY DENYING people access to Western pop, it inevitably appears more attractive and consequently a thriving black market for less accessible records can be found in Budapest, too. But, unlike Prague's moral guardians, Hungary's authorities have expressed more sympathy for young consumers forced to pay extortionate prices for albums.

Thus there are hopes that the state record label will license more up-to-date records from the West. Already (predictably) The Police's first album is available, and a popular turntable hit in record stores

last winter was Pink Floyd's 'Another Brick In The Wall'. But as one observer points out, fuelling the vinyl needs of their young isn't the State's first priority.

Given more Western records, plus Hungary's part-open door policies to Europe, music must improve — not that aping Western mannerisms guarantees that. The underground has always been strong and individual enough to create their own standards, but ironically the state seems to encourage their official bands to mimick the West's worst excesses.

I mean, why a rock and roll movie, when even supposed experts like Roger Corman have failed to make a good one? Especially when money would be better spent encouraging their film school's adventurous new directors. Check Gabor Body's upcoming movie *Psyche*, starring Udo Kier when it finally gets here.

(The more alert film-makers take an interest in the activities of the underground. For instance I saw a great video one made of a cellar concert featuring the shambolic Galloping Coroners, whose music teeters on that uneasy line between excitement and chaos. The heat of the moment became too much for the band, and their set ended when they broke out fighting...)

From the outside Hungary is the most liberal and advanced state in Central Europe, but comparisons with their neighbours are neither valid nor helpful. Hungarian musicians enjoy greater freedoms than their colleagues in Czechoslovakia, but they're under no illusions as to who's holding the leash, no matter how long it gets. The underground still lives under constant threat of the clampdown and the apparatus of secret police, informers and hardline party members is always there, ready to move if necessary.

However the authorities have proved reluctant so far to hinder Hungary's progress to a more humane form of socialism. Perhaps they recognise that latitudes — no matter how tenuous — once experienced are far more difficult to take away.

• REFORMATION •



SPINDLE BULLET

THE FREEZE

THE FREEZE (VERSION)
A SINGLE AVAILABLE
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SINGLES

Reviewed
by
IAN
PENMAN

R A P P !

This is an introduction to the singles page. What words and phrases have been chosen to do so? Big noise — shift critical perspectives — free drinks — scheming — new signs — hell of it — the real beat — figurative speak — sexy dancing — fibs — ask me — pissed — angles — choice — next! It is also crowded with the all too familiar — so "beware of the pat on the back". Are you really in the mood today? Answer honestly. This is an introduction to rapture . . .

Why will so many people buy this record?

BLONDIE: Rapture (Chrysalis) Blondie merchandise is bought for the thrill of its "foreign" perfection, and alien and imagined sexual splendour. Pop music!

Debbie & Blondie: a specifically American picture. The cover for 'Rapture' presents an unconvincing picture of "rapture" on Debbie's face. A reclining Debbie, eyes softly shut, dark eyebrows arching classically under fright white hair, glossed lips parted, a black jumper with "Blondie" handwritten in red across her chest. Mmm: The "ie" of "Blondie" is obscured — the Ghost of Roland Barthes is suitably perplexed. The shot is undeniably pornographic in address. Pardon me for saying so, but the whole way it is posed convincingly suggests that the captured erotic subject is receiving out-of-frame oral sex.

Debbie: not a Nolan sister, nor was meant to be. A sexuality slightly ajar. "Mum — I haven't told you the whole truth. I'm married to two Nolan sisters". "Oh, that's alright." But Debbie — there's too much knowledge under those dark eyebrows. She exudes a superior — and therefore unfamiliar — posh, fully realized enjoyment of sex: an awesome consummation only money, the high life and a hint of hard drugs can bring out in a girl. She is *other*. She is *difference* in predictable surroundings. In grubby reality you can only hope to be a Nolan, sister.

Blondie: what sells them so? The ability to combine what is essentially "perfection" (the perfectly "bland", immediately Blond

sound) with a spicy taste of the "menacing" and the "mysterious". It is this ability to combine — pleasure and pain, pop and pretension: get it just right — that seduces us so. Blondie records have more cheek — a thorough cynicism, a natural smugness. 'The Tide Is High' — execrable record — is the hit The Clash surely dream of.

'Rapture' combines melancholy undercurrent with dreamy declaration of perfect pleasure — halfway between need and satisfaction. The component parts — bar Debbie's voice — are individually weak, but this is not the point. The point is an absolute zero. Debbie's sister Christine exploits the "disco" idiom well again and imbues the simple song with an irresistibly mocking sense of the Epic. The main 'Rapture' refrain — a blissed hiccup — is inescapable. It is lovely.

Rap: 12" features a surprisingly accomplished Debbie tribute to the New York "Rappin'" "craze" — complete with ultra hip Grandmaster Flash namedrop. Debbie raps a silly story — about real space invaders — but for once sounds genuinely entertained by what she's doing. The absent "g" is the all important bit: in my mind's rappin' eye I live in the 'hetto.

Buy this record: . . . dreaming of that moment when the two different realities merge. Is it at all possible — the reciprocity of sensations between mythical Debbie and your sedentary wallpaper self? Answer sensibly.

Why have so many people bought this record?

FANTASY: You're Too Late (Pavillion 12") is extremely

well placed in a multiplicity of specialist Soul Charts, but is nowhere to be found in this *Music Week's* Top 75 Singles . . .

This is probably because it lacks an instant focal (selling) point. The point is its quality within its own idiom. As it lacks the implacable hook of a 'Funkytown' and has nothing like the Deb sign in Blond, it isn't going to meteor into popular recognition. What are its component parts? A nice introductory phrase to — of course — begin with. Some familiar terms: drum (beat), then piano (motif), bass (elixir), synth (embellishment), one guitar (rhythmically inclined) then another (red underlining) and strings (grand design).

A young woman's vocal pleads and theorises and is backed up by some friends in the chant chorus. What's it all about? A familiar story:

ought to be halfway up our national 20 by now. What are big labels for? Answer immediately.

Why not buy these records?

SHEILA HYLTON: The Bed's Too Big Without You (Island)

THE TAMLINS: Smiling Faces Sometimes (Taxi/Island 12") The same sad story as Fantasy — except these two class Dunbar & Shakespeare (Fatman and Robbie) singles probably stand even less chance of entering the national 20, where they should undoubtedly be. Sheila Hylton could get there on the strength of the song alone — one which looks set to be one of The Police's few finest moments, if they keep up the standard maintained by that awful 'Zen Chatter Wrongdata' LP. If you don't know the song — it's tremendously sexy, sly and funny. Yes, I did say a Police song.

The Tamblins' 'Smiling Faces Sometimes' is even better: a more than lovely sway — Curtis Mayfield vocal textures, lonely hurt harmony — insidious rhythm guitar (Best Employed Guitar of The Week, in fact). As well as the "beware of the pat on the back" line, there is one contributed by the Labour minister for Housing in The Tamblins' borough, which runs "Smiling faces tell lies — and I've got proof". It all rides on the familiar Shakespeare & Dunbar beat — as heard most widely courtesy Grace Jones last year — with requisite didjereedoo syndrome.

If 'Smiling Faces Sometimes' was by UB40 (no disrespect — it certainly could be) it'd be a Big Hit. This is criminal. Quality is quality — and I've got proof!

What is it?

WAS (NOT WAS): Wheel Me Out (Ze/Antilles 12" Import) This is an inadequate introduction to a mystery dance. Who are they? I know not. What is it? Hard, weird. Can't you elaborate? Funk (Not Funk). What are its component parts? Jump start drums — crazed dub decoration — inhuman bass lines — an unimaginable beat — lurid, melancholy, utterly glorious synth/brass leading phrase — bebop trumpet scribbles — catch chorus — a dozen electric voices. What do these voices connote or denotate? Extremely venomous metaphysical nonsense. For Example? Well, it doesn't sound the same out of context but — "I'm rolling on these wheels . . . I'm really in the mood today . . . I'm a former scientist . . . Now I'm a realist . . ."

"THEN I WAS DISCOURAGED BY YOU! YOU — WHO NEVER PUSH THE WHEELS — YOU DID IT, AND I'M NEXT!" And as if to underline their difference the other side is something called 'Hello Operator . . . I Mean Dad . . . I Mean Police . . . I Can't Even Remember Who I Am'. Equally inescapable? But of course.

The conveyed essence of it all is one of serious hedonism gone sour or haywire — remember all those mornings sliding dispiritedly asleep when the dull codes of daybreak punched the theatrical eyelid so hard? Smoke and sweat and somewhere a fast heart. Was it not? Immediately alalia.

How does he do it?

JAMES BROWN: Rapp Payback (RCA 12") This is an introduction to a real

comeback: "RAPPPAYBACK!!!"

James Brown can be: imitated and copied but rarely equalled, for some reasons. For example? Oh, stop being so scientific!

James Brown can never be: underestimated or undervalued. It's always hard to understand all those people who purport to have assimilated James Brown as "an influence" and yet end up sounding as flat as a hedgehog. What do they lack? Alchemy — alacrity — sometimes sheer ability — some electricity? You obviously have to be a bit mad to (think you can) turn bass mettle into gold.

James Brown has been: ON/OFF for a number of years. The endless self-aggrandizement circulars tend toward tedium — no match for the earlier tracts on the ecstasy, of the recall of the ecstasy of the night before. But . . . but . . . this rap says he's back. Back with the sprung out bass — a real beat. What words and phrases could be chosen to emphasize that 'Rapp Payback' is not of the clean, polished, finished school of contemporary black dance music? Burbles — simmers — stamps — dribbles — doubles back — hoots — drools — barks — walks the dog — rasps — raps — drops — squeals — pounds — pounces — let's give the bass man some! — give that bass man some! This is inadequately expressed. Dance, sexy.

What does she love?

BETTE MIDLER: Big Noise From Winnetka (Atlantic) "She loves the bass! She loves the drum! She loves to stay out

SURPRISES GALORE
AS BLONDIE GET A
RAVE REVIEW!

callous suitor realizes his true love for singer he has just deserted and — too late, chum — she declares her utter independence doop doop doop doop doop doo doo doo.

That's the point! 12" features a well paced instrumental wander and short discourse between discouraged suitor and immovable singer. This is not a "sensational" single — nor was meant to be — but really



James Brown and Blondie graphics by Serge Clerc.

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SINGLES

*late/And dance the...
sambal rhumba salsa!*

The never supine Miss M has all the risky, randy component parts that "rock stars" are supposed to but seldom ever have. Of course — she's better than them. Sex — outspoke — outrage — fun — show — knowing grin — whacky glamour — tinsel — quips — tease — spontaneity — ease — self-mockery. Possibly the missing link between Mae West and August Darnell! 'Big Noise From Winnetka' is a perfect Midler showcase song — as good as we'll get without flesh. The bad noise behind her bossy vocals has real stinging swing and furious flash production — an (im)proper party record that'd be before Blondie if it was on 12". Can you resist the tale of a good time girl "who was the Einstein of the dance"? with fab tribal drum and tin whistle Astaire & Rodgers itchy calypso intro? Answer me!

"She's so restless/She's on every guestlist/No one can please her —/She'd say no to Caesar!" Ask her immediately.

What's this for?

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.: *Let It Flow (Elektra)* For when you've finally locked up your nightclub and the director needs some backing for your dusky walk home. Melted ice cubes and some lil' guy hosing down the sidewalk.

What can I say?

JOHN LENNON: *Woman (WEA/Geffen)* Death — be it a natural or an emotive and tragic one — cannot and should not automatically confer holy status upon every single work left behind by the deceased; to pretend otherwise is wilful naivete at best, condescension at worst. The release of 'Woman' may well have been planned before John Lennon's death, but there seems little justification for it — especially (and unfortunately) so given the three singles already crammed into our Top Five.

'Woman' is an album track — from an album even diehard fans agreed couldn't count amongst Lennon's best work. The poignant resonance bequeathed a 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' is not to be found on 'Double Fantasy' — a celebration of life, peace of mind, comfort — some might say (or have said) complacency. "I will try to express... My thankfulness for showing me the meaning of success," runs 'Woman' — which would be more usefully titled 'Yoko', instead of seeming to aspire to a universality it patently lacks.

Sadly, in the current atmosphere of mercantile hagiography and obsessive "collector's" mass consumption of Anything Lennon, it might be more truthful to say that it is Mark Chapman if anyone who has showed us the "meaning of success", the real chill of fame. Without being weak wet liberal about it — he only took to an extreme the same "collector" mentality, the same pathetic wish to somehow "possess" the personage of the Star.

Yoko Ono's song 'Beautiful Boys' on Side 2 is a more fittingly intelligent and melancholy epitaph. Her lyrics on male (in)security ring out strangely in their new, untimely context: "Don't be afraid to go to hell and back / Don't be afraid to be afraid."

What has it come to?

THE CLASH: *Hitsville U.K. (CBS)* It has come to this. We are accustomed to The Clash xeroxing every other ethnic idiom and cause they

excitedly stumble upon, but 'Hitsville U.K.' has to be the (ir) nadir: a belated tribute to the flourishing Great British Independent Label — how simply wonderful they all are, no PR, A&R, expense account lunches, triple LPs, etc., etc. Like everything else they've ever laid their hams on, the subject is romanticised out of all reality — not dealt with at all. Pathetic phrases such as "They cried their tears and shed their fears" and "stealing guitars" abound; oh yeah — Rough Trade's independent distribution network was set up by stealing G.P.O. vans! suppose? I find it sickening, I really do — and I'm not even the one being patronised.

Since their 1st LP (I hate it aesthetically like all the rest but can just about concede its importance) the history of The Clash has been one long refusal to come to terms with their own identity. The reason that large chunks of the mealy-mouthed, muddle crass music press love 'em so is that they're a palatable whole, one which reflects what you want to see in it: The Clash tells you what you want to hear, or already know — and long after the event. Gawd, The Clash will be lionising The Sex Pistols next.

'Hitsville U.K.' features a mock "gospel" intro, punky bass and drums and a syrupy vocal ensemble chant that's nearer Joan Baez than Hitsville U.K. 1981. The flipside 'Radio One' starts with the very un-hackneyed Radio Being Tuned sound effect and shrugs into a predictable Clash straight-reggae plod. They never take from an idiom — they're just copycats. There's no difference in their cultural stamp collecting. What do they see when they look in the mirror? Third World guerillas with quiffs?

What do I get?

REPETITION: *Still Reflex (Les Disques Du Crepuscule)* **BLUE ORCHIDS:** *The Flood/Disney Boys (Rough Trade)* I do not object to the repetitive — on the contrary, I welcome it. As long as it is my kind of repetitive. I value the subjective: what do I get? Both these records excite me in terms of their 'commitment' — but I find them completely unlistenable. Can I judge any artefact that I shall never value? I must say this: I might find myself seduced by the style of a colleague's value judgement. But... but... this does not guarantee my affection for the object in question. Both these (new) groups use (old) textures and strategies which leave me smugly convinced of their marginal worth.

Repetition use post-Banshee Mysterious & Grandiloquent instrumental devices — rather naive, cluttered, obvious. By the sound and pose of it, they'll end up making fools of themselves in the same fashion as The Skids on last week's O.G.W.T. (sounded like '73 to me!) The conformity of their textural retention — a certain rocky atmospheric pitch and structure — leaves me glum. It's so ordinary! so equatable with so many other sounds and aims...

Blue Orchids are exactly the same but opposite. Anyone familiar (which is not to say in love with) early Fall will recognise the noises, combinations, stops, starts, chagrin, bloody mindedness, rhythmic antiquity, Lou Reed and disgust in these two Orchids songs (bastardisation of the Grateful Dead and Beach Boys?) I'm not in love. I don't get it. Paul?

OU?

ULTRAVOX: *Vienna (Chrysalis 12")* A group who've already reached the Skids '73 — An Epic Year stage. From the extremely stylised (ie, precipitously

♦ CONTD PAGE 51

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IN SOMETHING close to hip colonial theft, Britain's post-'77 rockers have plundered reggae mercilessly — yet reggae artists themselves have benefited little from this exploitation.

At least, though, The Clash have made strenuous efforts to repay some of the success they have achieved from a sound which could not have existed without them being thoroughly steeped in Jamaican music. Rather than permitting the money to disappear into the pockets of the producers of 'Police And Thieves' and 'Armageddon Time', they insisted that Junior Murvin and Willie Williams personally received the royalties for The Clash covering their songs.

Equally, the current success of Mikey Dread's 'World War III' LP owes certain of its sales to his involvement with the group. The Jamaican radio personality turned toaster and production star was seconded at the eleventh hour as replacement for the errant Toots And The Maytals on The Clash's British tour at the beginning of last year.

"I-man just get a message in Jamaica saying I must come over to England and join them. I didn't know what I was coming to do at all," he tells me, in a voice that rises and falls with the same gristly, laughing bounce as his vocals on record.

Mikey knew not at all what this Punk Music stuff was about. "I am well engrossed in reggae, and I know a lot about soul music. But punk I just couldn't relate to it, seen?" He chuckles, swaying mirthfully on his upright chair in an empty office up at Stiff Records, the distributor of Kozmo Vinyl's Dread At The Controls label, on which the 'World War III' album appears.

"Number one, I couldn't hear the bass, because their guitars are well loud. And I just couldn't understand what they were saying. But when I go on tour with The Clash I become seasoned to it, and it just become like a natural part of me. I hear what the music is saying and how people react to The Clash, and I see that the music is revolutionary.

"I-man feel happy when I'm at one of their shows, and when I'm on the road with them. A 'ole 'eap o' good vibes. I like 'ow them interpret reggae. Paul really understands the bass — well tight," he adds, contradicting a widely held opinion that Paul Simonon is the weakest musician in The Clash.

Plans are underfoot, indeed, for Mikey and Simonon to make an album together for Dread At The Controls — though CBS may yet stymie this. Not that this problem surprises Mikey overly — as producer of the group's 'Bankrobbing Song', the release of which was delayed by some six months, he's already experienced CBS's capabilities for interfering with artistic freedom: "CBS shouldn't have taken that attitude towards the song. They never gave it a fair chance. It could've been a much bigger hit if they hadn't messed it around like that."

BROUGHT UP in the North-East Jamaican coastal town of Port Antonio, Michael 'Mikey Dread' Campbell remained at Titchfield School until the sixth form. Whilst there he was taught for a while by rock photographer Adrian Boot, who remembers him from this earlier career incarnation as "a very bright pupil".

As a teenager, Mikey would put on mini-sound systems for which he would act as toaster at Saturday night parties. His fascination with radio, however, won out over his love of creating music, and in his last year at school Mikey operated a pirate radio with a transmission radius of about a mile. Already he had his sights set on a job in Jamaican broadcasting, and when he left school he studied electrical engineering at Jamaica's College of Higher Science and Technology in Kingston: "You learn how power plants work, how generators work — when I started dealing with the technology of recording studios, I realised how useful it was to know all this stuff. But anyway, after two years I quit the college when I got a job on JBC."

Working first in production at the Jamaican Broadcasting Corporation, Mikey soon rose to running his own John Peel-like nightly show, *Dread At The Controls*, acting as DJ in both the conventional radio manner and the reggae toasting sense over the hardest, most obscure reggae sounds.

"I used to get slates of the rhythm tracks and play them on my shows. One I got hold of from Joe Gibbs was the slate of Trinity's 'Three Piece Suit' which I played with these two little girls, Althis and Donna, doing it — 'Uptown Top Rankin'. Straight to number one! The Trinity song was great too, though — the best thing he ever did. Nice rhythm track, rasta."

Early in 1978, Mikey Dread went down to King Tubby's studio with a tape of a toast, 'Love The Dread', that he'd performed on his programme. King Tubby told him the track, which these days can still be found on Mikey's Trojan 'Dread At The Controls' LP, should be put out as a single. "But no one would release it for me: they thought that I-man wasn't serious about the recording business."

So Mikey put the track out on his own label, using his show to give it airplay. "Straight into the Top Ten!"

Soon Mikey found himself spending as much time in the recording as the broadcasting studio. His influence at the radio station ensured that he has none of the stock Jamaican musician's tales of being ripped off: "They think that if they don't pay me, then I won't play their records. Them 'aveta make sure them treat me right."

At the radio station itself, though, resentment and jealousy towards the new star ran riot. "The other DJs wouldn't even back-announce my records," says Mikey. "They'd just slot them in between station IDs and other records and no one would be

From radio star to toaster to production and recording star, Mikey Dread Campbell is still well in control . . .

Pic shows Mikey waiting for the dreadful puns to start (oops, there they go).



told who they were by!"

Meanwhile, Mikey Dread started producing other artists like Rod Taylor. Though he remained working for JBC, his recording career and the sounds he liked to play on the air caused continual friction at the station. This tension peaked at the end of last summer when, after his programme had already been cut back from a nightly to a weekly spot, he was sacked altogether.

At JBC, as amongst the ruling JA middle-class as a whole, there is no understanding whatsoever, claims Mikey, of the way the outside world views reggae music as Jamaica's principal cultural export. "They'll play disco and funk and soul, but you hear very little real roots stuff — they're much more impressed if something's on a major label. They prefer music to sound British or American rather than Jamaican."

Currently, Mikey Dread is living in Harlesden in North-West London, having felt it discreet to quit Jamaica for the period of the recent blood-spattered elections.

"WORLD WAR III' was recorded at Channel One, but mixed — as with all Mikey's records — at King Tubby's. "They have a really old-fashioned console there that makes the music sound really different — I can get all the effects I want from it. Everything I do in record-producing, I learnt whilst I was working in radio — things like cross-fading.

"Also, I always try and do original rhythms to toast over, but I try and make them sound like there was a 'ole 'eap o' songs that went like them before. When artists do a non-original toast they start it off with the singer and then echo him away after a couple of

■ Continues page 53

Pic by Jean Bernard Sohlez

THE DREAD MAN TELLS HIS TALE

By Chris Salewicz

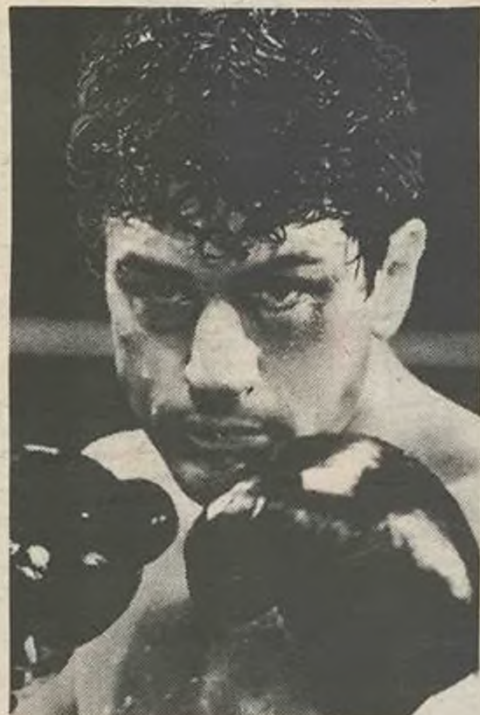
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7. DONCASTER, RIRCOTTS CENTRE
8. HULL, HUMBERSIDE THEATRE
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The Americanisation Of 'Enery

Sitting Ducks

Directed by Henry Jaglom
Starring Michael Emil, Zack Norman, Patrice Townsend and Irene Forrest (Contemporary)

WHEN *Easy Rider* began accruing all those buckets of dollar bills for Columbia Pictures from 1969 onwards the company turned to the film's producer, Bert Schneider, and said to him, "Here's seven million dollars, Bert, we want more." They said, "We want more sensitive, influential, challenging, unorthodox money-spinners." And before you know it, Schneider had delivered them *Drive, He Said*, *Five Easy Pieces*, *The Last Picture Show*, as well as a movie beloved by Parisian intellectuals and practically no-one else, called *A Safe Place*.

The last was the work of one Henry Jaglom, ugly duckling of the Schneider-Columbia set,

and yet by no means its least artful practitioner. So how come everyone knows a Dennis Hopper, Jack Nicholson, Peter Fonda, Peter Bogdanovich and even Bob (Five Easy Pieces) Rafelson, and yet no-one, apart from 356 Frenchmen, knows Henry Jaglom?

The fact is, Jaglom is a man cursed not so much by the indifference of a general public, but by the base assumptions of major American distributors who until now have pegged him roughly: 'Allegorically artsy — OK for funk European cinemas where they make their own carrot cake'.

The stereotype is confirmed by all the acclaim and awards Jaglom has won for his two major directorial efforts to date. *A Safe Place*, dealing with the real life perils of romantic fantasy, was likened to *Last Year At Marienbad*, while *Tracks* (for which no US distributor was forthcoming)

shared a 1979 Italian Award for Best American Picture with W. Allen's *Manhattan*.

Jaglom can perhaps appreciate the funny side of the critical kiss-of-death syndrome. He did, after all, study acting under the redoubtable Lee Strasberg only to wind up as a Columbia contract player featuring in puke TV sitcoms such as *Gidget* and *The Flying Nun*.

Sitting Ducks, in his own words, is about three fierce American habits — sex, money and vitamins. It is very much a piece on the behaviour of the modern American but also tells a story of high villainy that'll at times turn your knuckles white.

The story is of a couple of no-hope hustlers who decide to heist three quarters of a million dollars from the syndicate, for whom one of them book-keeps, and take it and themselves to Costa Rica, via Miami. It's the journey to Florida in a Cadillac

stashed with the misappropriated bills, as well as three whacko passengers picked up en route, on which the narrative hangs.

Ducks, it must be stated straight away, is a magnificently funny film; funny for the truth it tells about the way people are and the way they try too hard or not hard enough. The sharpest observations involve the characters of Simon and Sidney, played superbly by Michael Emil and Zack Norman.

Jaglom, who also wrote the script, lovingly cultivated these roles during a six-month period when he practically lived with his leading men, taping their syntax and being ever alert to the compulsions and tics that go towards forming ordinarily compelling human beings. Simon and Sid are apparently no more than accentuated, compressed versions of the actors who play them. The

The Further Adventures Of Supersap

Somewhere In Time

Directed by Jeannot Szwarc
Starring Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour and Christopher Plummer (CIC)

WHENEVER I see this rose, and the name Mills & Boon, I know I'm in for a really good love story. This one concerns a young playwright, Richard Collier (Christopher Reeve), who becomes infatuated with an old photograph of a young woman he finds hanging in a hotel (the photo, not the woman, I'm afraid) and, after much lying abed, tossing, turning and staring to the accompaniment of a gushing orchestral score, elects to travel

back in time to 1912 and capture her heart.

The method he uses to effect this seems to consist largely of lying on his bed dressed up like Robert Redford in the "smart" scenes of *Butch Cassidy* and simply imagining himself in another age. Unscientific, maybe, but it appears to work.

The woman, an actress called Elise McKenna (Jane Seymour), falls for Richard despite the attempts of her fiendish, over-protective manager W.F. Robertson (Christopher Plummer) to dissuade her. Undeterred, Robertson attempts to dissuade Richard, by the rather more scientific method of hiring heavies to rearrange those hunky he-man features.

After his fittingly numb, transparent performance as *Superman*, Reeve here gets a chance to show the world the full range of his acting ability: his expression vacillates madly between genial grins and looks of bemused frustration, with nothing in between. It's patently obvious that he, like the audience, experiences great difficulty in making the necessary suspension of belief — the whole thing's so absurd, he must have either been offered lots of money or, like the *Star Wars* kids, found serious parts hard to come by after participating in an FX-dominated SF extravaganza. My heart bleeds for the poor sap.

As the baddie, Christopher

Plummer does a fair job of metaphorical moustache-twirling, the cad, whilst Jane Seymour simply drifts through the affair like a soft-focus blob of Pre-Raphaelite fantasy — which is, after all, her sole function in the debacle. There's only the most rudimentary fleshing-out of the patchy plot, but plenty of period-piece interiors and Seurat-esque gardens and gazebos to please the eyes of those legions of housewives with Victorian soft-sex fantasies.

Tell your mum to lay in the Kleenex when *Somewhere In Time* turns up on Friday afternoon TV; she shouldn't have to wait too long for it...

Andy Gill

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Zack Norman, Patrice Townsend and Michael Emil (in his uncompromising portrayal of Jackie Charlton) caught off-guard in a tense moment from Henry Jaglom's 'Sitting Ducks'.

SILVER SCREEN



Christopher Reeve: Superman's big shyler.



Burt Reynolds: Bandit? They should have done.

same goes for Jaglom's wife Patrice Townsend, whose debut performance bodes extraordinarily well for her future.

Emil, for example, really is a health/vitamin freak who, while resting between parts, acts as a sex therapist. Norman, by the same token, actually has been a dealmaker motivated by money. And Patrice Townsend is as nuts for yoga and diet off-screen as much as on. This would explain her incredible lithesome stretchability and a face that radiates like a 200-watt bulb.

The fourth and fifth occupants of the Cadillac and of the motels along the way are less finely worked out, possibly because Jaglom never got to live with the actors. Irene Forrest's frequently-hysterical waitress is endowed with not much more than the standard comic psycho-babble; crushingly indulgent declarations of self that alert us to a lonely, confused, scared and unloved interior. Simon

would love her very much if only she'd shut up. Richard Romanus' Moose is the pancake of the piece, a flat, almost lazy showing of the empty-headed American aspirant, the young man of no special musical ability who noisily weaves for himself dreams of glittering fame.

In fact all the characters noisily go about their business. And all of them — here's the comic rub — are not so much what they say they are but very much the reverse.

For all Simon's talk about sexual sensitivity he is a sexual pain in the arse whose tender caresses look suspiciously like the aggravated, unrelieved pawing of a man who doesn't know when to stop. His bullet-headed pal feigns invincible hardness but is exceptionally vulnerable.

The most subtle, though not necessarily the most enjoyable, character is Townsend's good health advocate who joins the party after a bizarre altercation

with her boyfriend (played by Jaglom). As Jenny, she suggests a woman of unpremeditated sensual joy. But by her actions we see her as a cold heart; a woman who screws like an electric drill but never kisses. The permanent smile, it turns out, masks a gruesome secret. And her's isn't the only one.

Yes, there's a twist to the tail of *Sitting Ducks* that gives it a dramatic dimension we hadn't a right to expect. Another big twist is to the career of Jaglom himself; obscure art director makes journey from the funk houses of Europe to High Street America and with that most unmanageable of vehicles — the straight, intelligent film that has you laughing your head off.

The next big American heist will be by the same Henry Jaglom. He's already been offered 30 million dollars to do his *Son Of Sitting Ducks* stuff, but wisely he bides his time. Jaglom knows the score now.

Andrew Tyler

Smokey And The Bandit Ride Again

Directed by Hal Needham
Starring Burt Reynolds and Jackie Gleason (CIC)

WHEN A film does as well as *Smokey And The Bandit* did in America — it took over \$60 million in the States alone, and stands at 13th in the biggest grossing films of all time, right up there with *Animal House* and *American Graffiti* — then the very least you have to suffer is a sequel.

And sure enough, Jackie Gleason's outsize Sheriff Justice is still car-chasing Burt Reynolds's affable Bandit the length and breadth of the country — just for the hell of it, it seems (although Bandit Burt has run off yet again with Sally

Field, betrothed to the Sheriff's idiot son).

Burt Reynolds never was a serious macho man. He's always had a neat sense of slapstick (and slapdick, when you remember those centrefolds), but not even he can raise *Smokey* from being anything more than a lame excuse for extravagant crashes and pile-ups. Sam Peckinpah's *Convoy* did this cast of a thousand stuntmen thing much better — and funnier. And slack editing doesn't improve the folksy redneck humour; *Smokey* is the US equivalent of our *Carry On* films, all amateurish knockabout and predictable prurience — *Carry On Truckin'*, or *Burp On Your Budweiser*.

Apart from the closing credit sequence — which shows Burt & Co mugging their lines — this

is all stale beer. It adds up to nothing, really, except 100 minutes of saddle/cab sores.

Paul Tickell

BOX OFFICE

London

1. Flash Gordon (Directed by Mike Hodges)
2. The Dogs Of War (John Irvin)
3. Caligula (Tinto Brass)
4. Any Which Way You Can (Buddy Van Horn)
5. Hopscotch (Ronald Neame)

Regions

1. Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs (Walt Disney)
2. Flash Gordon (Mike Hodges)
3. Any Which Way You Can (Buddy Van Horn)
4. The Blue Lagoon (Randal Kleiser)
5. Raise The Titanic (Jerry Jameson)

(Screen International)

BEGINNING OF THE ENZ

Side One
MY MISTAKE
CROSS WORDS
BOLD AS BRASS
ANOTHER GREAT DIVIDE
CHARLEY

A NEW
ALBUM

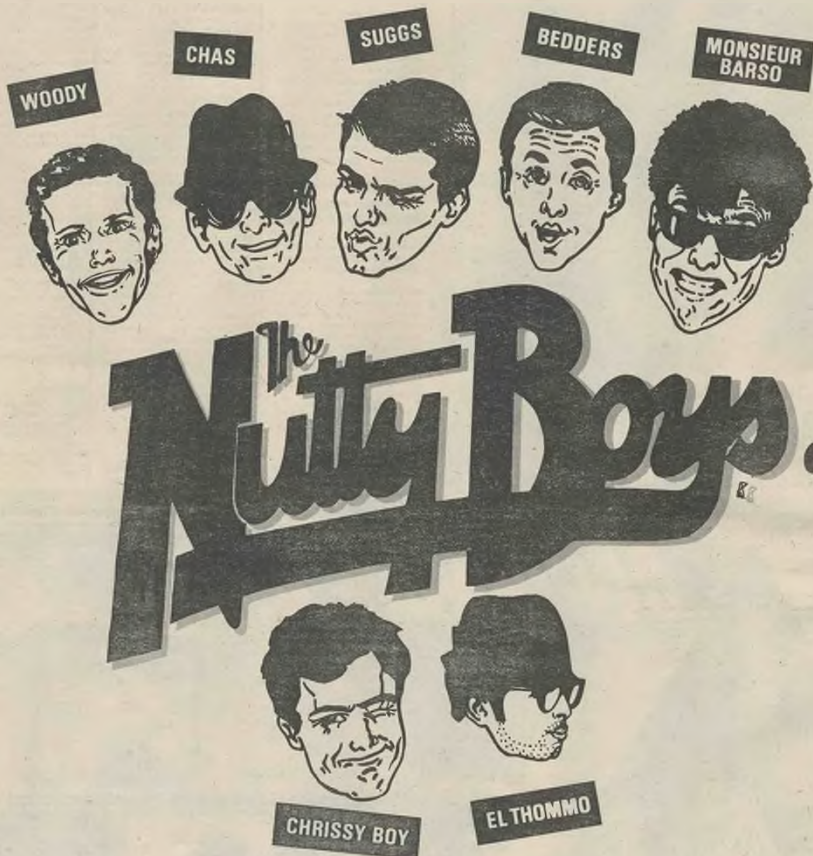
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STRANGER THAN FICTION
TIME FOR A CHANGE
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PHOTOS ANTON CORBIJN



HOW THE BLACK MAN BLEACHED HIS SOUL

WITH EARTH, Wind and Fire, the concept of the black superstar has entered a new phase.

In the '60s, a black superstar was an image of power; at one time soul godfather James Brown could halt a race riot. This charisma soon gravitated into the black superstar becoming a symbol of almost mythological sexuality, reaching a kind of apotheosis with the mass worship of Isaac Hayes.

Things radically changed in the second half of the '70s. Black protest died and disco gave the illusion that it had never existed. In New York it was heroin, in LA self-realisation; both amounted to the same thing — silence. When everyone woke up again, black was chic (with a small c).

Today, the black superstar tends to be the exclusive property of that utopian citadel Hollywood. And Earth, Wind And Fire are up there in the vanguard of this new elite. Seven beautiful angelic heroes of Californian love. With the Jacksons and Stevie Wonder, their beatific commercial vision has buried the old black superstar for good.

Whatever happened to Shaft, or even Al Green?

Who remembers James Brown at the Apollo?

As for the funksters, let them have fun, they're no trouble.

One Nation Under A Groove? No chance.

Hollywood was created for stars. Stardom was *invented* there, dammit! No one goes to New York anymore, because New York does not show enough respect to stars. It turns them back into anonymous citizens. If it has a star-system at all, that system is social, money-oriented, and European. In New York, dress designers are more famous than rock stars.

Only Hollywood's star-system is oriented around the most ingenuous notions of fame and glamour. Even today, it is a place where entertainers sit around racking their brains for new ways to comfort and flatter the American people.

LA HAS hyped up the East Coast disco sound into an astral, disembodied mind boogie. You may dance, but you dance with your

Or how Earth, Wind & Fire guru Maurice White deserted Memphis to achieve Nirvana in Hollywood.
By Barney Hoskyns.

head. The Blackness has been drained out for the sake of inter-racial harmony, and black and white merge somewhere around the Doobie Brothers. As the line goes on Let Me Talk — "We're all the same, with different names". This is the message from beautiful California, a blissful paradise that absolves one from the anxiety of thought. Earth Wind and Fire look like the crew of the Starship Enterprise a half century from now. Like most of today's black superstars, they haven't risen from the gutter, they've dropped in from outer space to solve our problems.

At least, that is what their whole image and appearance suggest. In fact, behind this image lies a rather more orthodox story of apprenticeship, influences, and dues paying. Maurice White has enjoyed a musical career that covers everything — blues, jazz, soul, and pop. Born in Memphis, where as a kid he would go to a movie theatre on MacLamoor Street that was later to become Stax studios. At 16 he moved to Chicago.

So he was moving in the same direction as music itself, since, as he puts it, "The path of music most of the time ran from New Orleans to Memphis to Chicago to Detroit to New York." All his roots are therefore in gospel, blues and jazz.

In Chicago he enrolled at college to become a doctor, but music was too strong a temptation, and after a few years of playing clubs he landed a job as staff drummer at Chess Studios. Soon he was playing not only with major blues acts, but sessions with Fontella Bass, Billy Stewart, The Impressions, and other Chicago vocal acts. He was even flying up to Detroit every other week to do sessions at Motown.

The second half of the '60s saw a change in Maurice's musical direction that proved to be crucial in his conception of Earth, Wind And Fire. From 1966 to 1970 he played drums in the Ramsey Lewis Trio, gigging extensively throughout the world. No longer one of the many nameless sessionmen of America,

he began to see just what live performance could be. Although playing in an instrumental trio was a poor outlet for self-expression it was with Lewis that he first visited the Far East and encountered the various mystical philosophies that later inspired Earth, Wind And Fire. He began to conceive of a "band that would appeal to more than one culture", and at the end of the decade he split to do just that. He moved to LA, which was "like a vibration", and set about finding himself.

"At that time I had not evolved to a metaphysical place of consciousness, so I was still searching for self, and I had to find that before I could evolve any further."

The first band he formed, to all intents and purposes a prototype for Earth, Wind And Fire, stayed together 18 months.

"The primary influence at that time was still Chicago, because that is what I had lived. My message was directed towards the Chicago streets, directed towards the community, towards people evolving in pride, people searching for themselves... all the experiences I had endured myself."

When he formed Earth, Wind and Fire with his brother Verdine, he drew on his jazz experience and included a large horn section. At last he had a group with which he could reach the people. The rest is history.

By 1978, the band had released their first greatest hits album and consolidated their status by the rather gross move of appearing in Stigwood's horrendous film *Sgt. Pepper*. The year after, they made the miraculous 'I Am' and embarked on one of the most successful world tours of the '70s.

NOW we are back in the present: Maurice is in Britain promoting the band's new double album, 'Faces' — a record which leaves me decidedly lukewarm. When I recall the ecstatic sensation of listening to 'I Am' for



the first time, I have to face the possibility that either they have changed or I have. Only 'Let Me Talk' strikes me as anything to get up and dance about. Most of the other songs are not just pretty, but pretty amorphous. There is exultation in the lyrics, but the very self-consciousness of this exultation has lessened the urgency of the music. Oneness: one long piece of music, with everything flowing into everything else. A general sense of the machine slowing down.

Maurice White is a serene, unruffled man who deals with such complaints quietly and professionally. His small, kind eyes and large, dome-like forehead are not accustomed to frowning.

"Faces" is not a single-oriented album. It is put together on a musical — not a commercial plane. We've had 12, 13 hit singles, so we're just doing something else."

Is it a 'concept album'?

"The first and second sides are an album, and the third and fourth sides are an album. Each has a different energy: the first album is fast, the second is a little softer. As for commercial records, I like doing them, but personally I have a responsibility, because we started with a cult following, and for us to do a whole album of songs like 'Best Of My Love' would be to sell out our following."

But Earth, Wind And Fire are superstars, Maurice. They can't give people what commercial dance music gives them, which is something that runs alongside their

lives. Earth, Wind And Fire's show is a gigantic theatrical spectacle, an event that holds people spellbound, but it isn't something that keeps them going or hoping. As saviours of the human race, you are necessarily somewhat remote.

Maurice doesn't believe that.

"Blacks don't just go out on Saturday nights anymore. That was fifty years ago. And blacks don't just live in the ghetto anymore. They don't need discos, and they don't go to discos. In America, whites go to discos. Now black people see us as trying to instill confidence in them and their children. The children are the ones that buy the records. The parents are already cool. The kids relate to us as... as... heroes, basically. And we have to give them something positive back."

"But that relates to just the blacks. In America, you have just as many oppressed Chicanos and just as many oppressed white people. It's a melting pot. So it's *people*. That's what we're relating to."

California Dreamin'. I'd be safe and warm, if I was in LA...

"What we're trying to say is that we should all be aware of each other. Now, people at the top — in the sense of the political structure — they separate us. So what we're saying is that we have a bond between us, the bond of love, the bond of life, the bond of concern for each other... to bring us all together, so we can all reach a higher plane, and the whole planet lifts."

EARTH, Wind, And Fire are likely to remain superstars for the rest of the decade at least. Recently, the group built a studio complex in Hollywood that has three recording studios, and facilities for video and film. Maurice has personal plans for further involvement in theatre and film, including something on Broadway. If they hang on to artists like Deneice Williams and The Emotions, they should have enough subsidiary concerns to keep their inspiration alive.

It cannot be said, though, that 'Faces' is a particularly significant departure from the commercial mainstream. Before they become an institution, Maurice White had better accept that his main strength lies not in albums but in exploiting and transcending the very commercial sphere that has turned the group into superstars.

WAH LIGHT! WAH HEAT! WAH TOUCAN?

Vaguely I remember a sad, picturesque old legend about the Liver Bird — that grimy, soot-stained symbol of civic pride which stands above the grandest building on the waterfront. The legend says that one day the Bird will free itself and fly away, back to its mythical homeland. And then Liverpool will die.

Well this year there's a big sign on the Liver Building, saying 'To Let', just like the signs that go up each week over all the local factories.

Half a mile away in Matthew Street, a street full of graffiti lamenting John Lennon, I'm sitting in The Grapes with Pete Fulwell — who used to co-own Eric's next door till that too was forced out of business — pondering these glum events in the correct and traditional manner, over a pint of Higson's. Wryly Pete reflects that the sign's like another way of saying 'Will the last person to leave Liverpool please turn out the lights'.

It's just as well that no-one believes in old legends. Least of all Pete Fulwell. Even with Eric's gone he's still fired with ideas and enthusiasm for the talent and potential he can see in the city: 'young kids, especially up at the north end where nobody looks — Walton, Bootle, Kirkby.' And he wants his label, inevitable (the project he runs when not working with partner Roger Eagle on the Eric's label) to be a stimulus, a focal point.

Inevitable recording artist Pete Wylie doesn't believe in old legends either. Much as Wylie's group Wah! Heat draw excitement and incentive from the swaggering flash and romance of rock'n'roll, these people are hell-bent on carving out a role for themselves that owes nothing to tradition, to the old dead ways. They're too much alive for that. And whatever the decay around them, Wah! Heat are giving fierce expression to that vitality — to the unquenchable spirit which still lives on in Liverpool and won't give in. Ever.

Cheering up quickly I finish with the Higson's and follow Fulwell around the corner, a sprint through the drizzle to Square One Studios where Wylie and Wah! are hard at it, working on the powerful sound which is a part of the inevitable / Heat campaign. It's a campaign which — wags that they are — they describe as their 'Race Against Rockism'. And I think they mean it. Rockists beware.

Some people in the past have found Pete Wylie a little hard to take. That's probably because they function at a speed of 33, whereas his words pour out at 45 — while his mind goes round at something like 78.

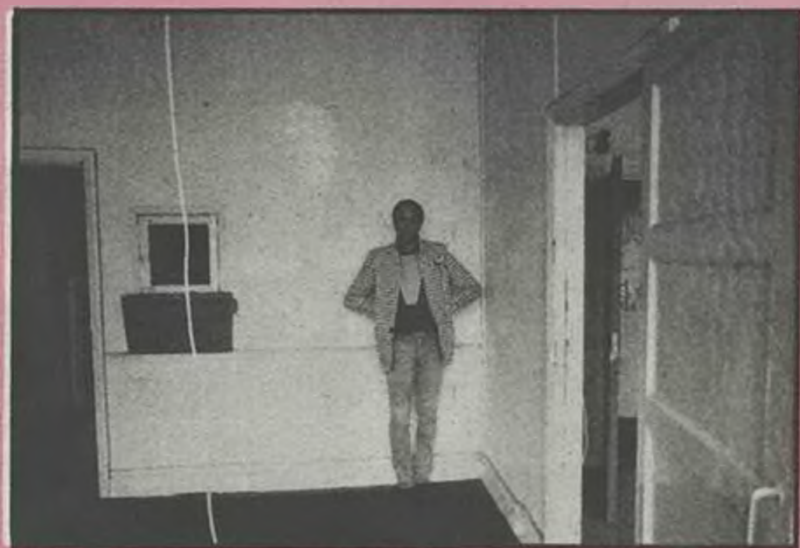
He shoots out ideas in an urgent and often confused torrent, laced with self-mockery and humour. It gets him misunderstood a lot, not least because of the thickness of his accent. But what you can't mistake is his commitment and his energy, his absolute dedication to Wah! — Wah! Heat the group being only one facet in a wider, more dynamic concept.

So far, Wah's practical achievements have more than lived up to the frontman's extravagant ambitions and claims. The group have now put out two magnificent singles — 'Better Screen' and the equally dramatic 'Seven Minutes To Midnight' — and even if they never manage another thing, well, that's two more magnificent singles than most of us ever get round to making. At present they're putting together the Wah LP — but don't say 'album'. Pete regards the word as too 'rockist'.

The line-up at the moment consists of only two regular members, that's the lightly-bearded, flamboyant Wylie — himself a veteran of numerous seminal Liverpool outfits like The Crucial Three (with Budman McCulloch and Teardrop Cope), Mystery Girls and Nova Mob — and the coolly stylish bassman Washington (with a background in



WAH! BY PIX PENNIE!



PAUL DU NOYER travels to the 'Pool to get the (liver) bird from Wah! Heat, specifically from the sort of legendary Pete Wylie, a man who threatens to do for toucans, music and self-appreciation what Cyril Smith did for trousers.

reggae), who replaced 'Scream' era bass player Pete Younger.

Drummer Rob Jones has left, and now Joey Musker of Dead Or Alive (formerly Nightmares In Wax) is filling in for recording purposes. Fourth Man is on/off keyboards player Ken Bluff (who couldn't stay for the evening but left offering me this token quote: "You don't buy a dog and bark yourself"). He's very enigmatic like that).

Confused? You will be. Wah! Heat see a virtue in keeping things unsettled. But what is likely to stay constant is the hard, passionate edge which the band bring to their music. Even the two B-sides to date — 'Hey Disco Joe' (also on the 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation) and 'Don't Step On The Cracks' — positively burn their way into your mind. Maybe ironically, this is the sort of band to give 'rock' a good name, provided you're prepared to take nothing for granted.

"We hear from people all the time who say they had given up on rock", Pete Wylie enthuses, temporarily still in a corner of the studio. "And then they see a band like us who put so much life into it, and make it such a valid, viable thing, y'know?"

rock because there's 'no choice', who have the attitude 'we can't go outside those confines'. We're trying to see how far we can push it.

"If rock is dead then we're not a rock band. If rock has the potential to be an exciting, inspirational thing, then we are, y'know? It's as simple as that."

Washington and Joey listen in, nod agreement, add a word or two here and there. If Wah's music represents a free exchange of ideas, it's generally understood that it's Pete who'll do the explaining.

But what about the group's seeming inability to find a permanent line-up?

"Well, in fact none of us are permanent. I'm the one it's probably revolving around, but Washington is equally important. Me and him are the nucleus at the moment. Joey's been helping us out, and he might stay for a long time, he might stay for a day, y'know? It still isn't the final line-up by any means. We want another guitar player as well as keyboards. We just want it to get crazy."

Do you even want a final line-up?

"Ever, you mean? The ultimate Wah. Hopefully we'll find people who you just couldn't have it any other way. That's what you aim for. The trouble is with most bands they probably decide too quickly that they've got the right people, rather than keep on testing. It's the same with relationships, between men and women, or whatever. People jump in with the first one that seems right and that's probably why there's so much breaking up."

"And people get so wound up about the 'break-up' and yet it's probably a good thing, it's healthier than staying together."

"I hear people on the bus all the time, y'know like teenage girls saying to their boyfriends, who they've probably been going out with for about three weeks, about their friend's great new engagement ring, and how jealous they are, and pushing their boyfriends to get them one. And it's not so much the boy they're into, it's the actual state of engagement. So they can show the ring off to their mates."

"And a lot of groups tend to get like that, so they can say 'Oh, we're the band now, this line-up' whereas they're a long way off it. We're a long way off it. But we're aware of that."

This lack of a stable line-up, together with recording work (and Pete's dislike of playing Liverpool's licensed venues) is likely to keep Wah! Heat out of live action for some time. They're in no hurry. Some observers have accused Wylie of undue negativity, even hostility and arrogance at gigs (a regrettably rockist word, gigs, as Pete reflects, considering 'booking' as an alternative) especially in front of London crowds. Partly Pete feels his occasional heranges have been misinterpreted. But basically, giving audiences a hard time is just one more aspect of Wah's assault on obsolescent customs.

"The ritual, it's terrible. It's amazing, y'know, when you actually see it. They're not even thinking; they've been drinking for half an hour and all of a sudden they go clap clap clap. They don't even know what's gone on, they just remember they've got to clap, and at the end of the gig you have to shout for an encore. We don't want that."

"It's rock as a ritual that's the bad thing, when it's not done out of love or passion, when it's done because that's what you're used to doing. Like when Julie Burchill was talking about rock's rich tapestry. That was brilliant."

But I remember at your ICA thing it was said you came across as having a chip on your shoulder, the old Hicks from the sticks business.

"I was glad that you were doing this interview because you were from here and might have a bit of insight. Y'see a lot of the things I've said I've said joking. But when you're on stage people make you something that... apparently I seem kinda heavy on stage, and people think anything you say is dead serious — unless you're standing there with a stupid grin on yer face. And in London last time...

"If there's something worth saying then nothing's gonna stop me from saying it. But it was almost like they were expecting us to go on stage and go right, first song we'll do 'Better Screen', second song we'll do 'Don't Step On The Cracks', third song we'll slag the audience, fourth song I'll say something about London, and it was like they thought we had a script. When I said those things I never had a clue about saying them, I just reacted as I felt them."

"People think if you're verbally heavy, then you're a hooligan, y'know? Which isn't true. And the A&R, it's like that Fall article... At the 100 Club, when we came off Pete Fulwell was talking to someone from a record company and he introduced us and I went 'hallo!' and she JUMPED BACK in fear. I just walked away after that."

"It's something I'm not even aware of. Last time we played down there a fight started, and without even thinking I just put me guitar down on the floor and jumped in the middle and as I did I realised 'groans' 'Oh God, Death'. But as I went everyone just stepped back and apologised. The fight stopped, they shook hands and it was all cool."

"But that thing of people expecting you to live up to some kind of image... When we played Manchester the PA blew up or something, and I just kept talking. Rather than go off I was just messing round, doing Jimmy Tarbuck kind of routines. And it was kinda bizarre because we'd been all heavy one minute and next minute I was singing Sheena Easton songs or anything, and asking people to shout things. And I was saying 'if there's any lepers in the house come on up and I'll cure yer'. It was great, and it seemed the people in Manchester understood that. Whereas if I said that in London they'd go 'Who does he think he is? They wouldn't see the humour.'"

Pausing for a moment, he adds: "But at the same time we're not gonna be some sort of showband. If you wanna make a point you've got to be thorough in the way you go about it. You've got to take it seriously."

Evidence of just how seriously Pete Wylie does take Wah is offered by the attention he devotes to planning extensions of the group's work on stage and record. For example there's Radio Wah: "That's about going into a studio like this — Square One Studios! — and making up, say, a 15 minute tape of I don't know what exactly. Radio Wah might be a rare Wah, or an alternative version, or a new song or just things we've been thinking about, whether it's something we've read, or anything we wanna say."

"It's just making radio more like it should be: rather than being a reflection it should be leading. And what we'll do is we just make a tape and send it to the radio stations and let them use it, and encourage people to tape it. Make a series of them. Get people like Peel to just give us a space every week, or month, and encourage people to build up a collection of Radio Wah, a C90's worth."

"Every time we talk we get on to slagging Peel. Obviously he's a lot better than Andy Peebles and everything. But he's really no more than an alternative Andy Peebles, y'know what I mean? He must have feelings which he doesn't express. If he's gonna play records with a radical content, why doesn't he say something like that himself?"

Another idea is to bring out a magazine: "But that's not gonna be a musical thing. It'll be more than a Wah fanzine. Y'see, people tend to think that the groups they like have been inspired by other groups, whereas anything from Marion Brando to e.e. cummings (the poet) has inspired me and made me wanna do it."

"The only thing Wah is aiming at, basically, is giving people the feeling that I, and Wash and Joe, got off the groups that we liked — cos we're doing it in a musical way at the moment — try and get the feeling I got what I first heard The Clash, or even way back to early Elvis, to get the buzz."

To get the buzz. Up until now Wah! Heat have succeeded dramatically in that department. Already, though, they're talking about ditching past styles, about refusing to stick with winning formulas. So how will that affect the new work they're recording now?

"The link with those singles is that we've still got the edge. Like, The Clash were my favourite band, and now when people say 'You can't expect them to stay with that amphetamine, speedo rock' well I don't. But I expect them still to have that edge, the bottle they used to have: y'know, the thing that just makes you go 'Fuckin' 'ell!' and gives you butterflies in your stomach. You just gasp."

"With Wah I want it to be so that if I was in the audience it would have that effect on me, I'd buy our records — and I imagine there's some groups that wouldn't buy their own records!"

But nor do they want to go on the treadmill of regular gigging: "We want it to be so that when we do play it's a killer. We want to play live but we don't want it to be Wah! Heat off, then do an encore. We want to break that up and find new ways... We were talking before of almost doing a pantomime on stage, just finding other ways of doing it. I'd like frogs on stage with us, dunno why. Just have some crazy things going on. Performance art, even, to disorientate people, make them on edge, cos when you're on edge you're more receptive to things."

When the Wah LP does appear, it'll most likely be on their own Eternal label — a name chosen to suggest the quality of permanence that Wylie wants at the core of his music, no matter how often or how fast his ideas on everything else might change. The signs are the group is pouring into its making the same level of intensity that characterised 'Seven Minutes To Midnight'. ("That was meant to be the feeling of being told that you've got minutes left to live, and using three of those minutes to make a record.")

With a wide-eyed frankness it's hard to find objectionable, Pete expresses his amazement that the single didn't clean up in the recent NME writers' poll: "Instead it was just mentioned in dispatches or something, shot down on the barbed wire." Nevertheless he claims that critical praise is something he can keep in perspective. A current obsession of his is the cult-ish book *The Dice Man* in which a character leaves his wife — on the throw of a dice — and then returns to admire the independence she's acquired.

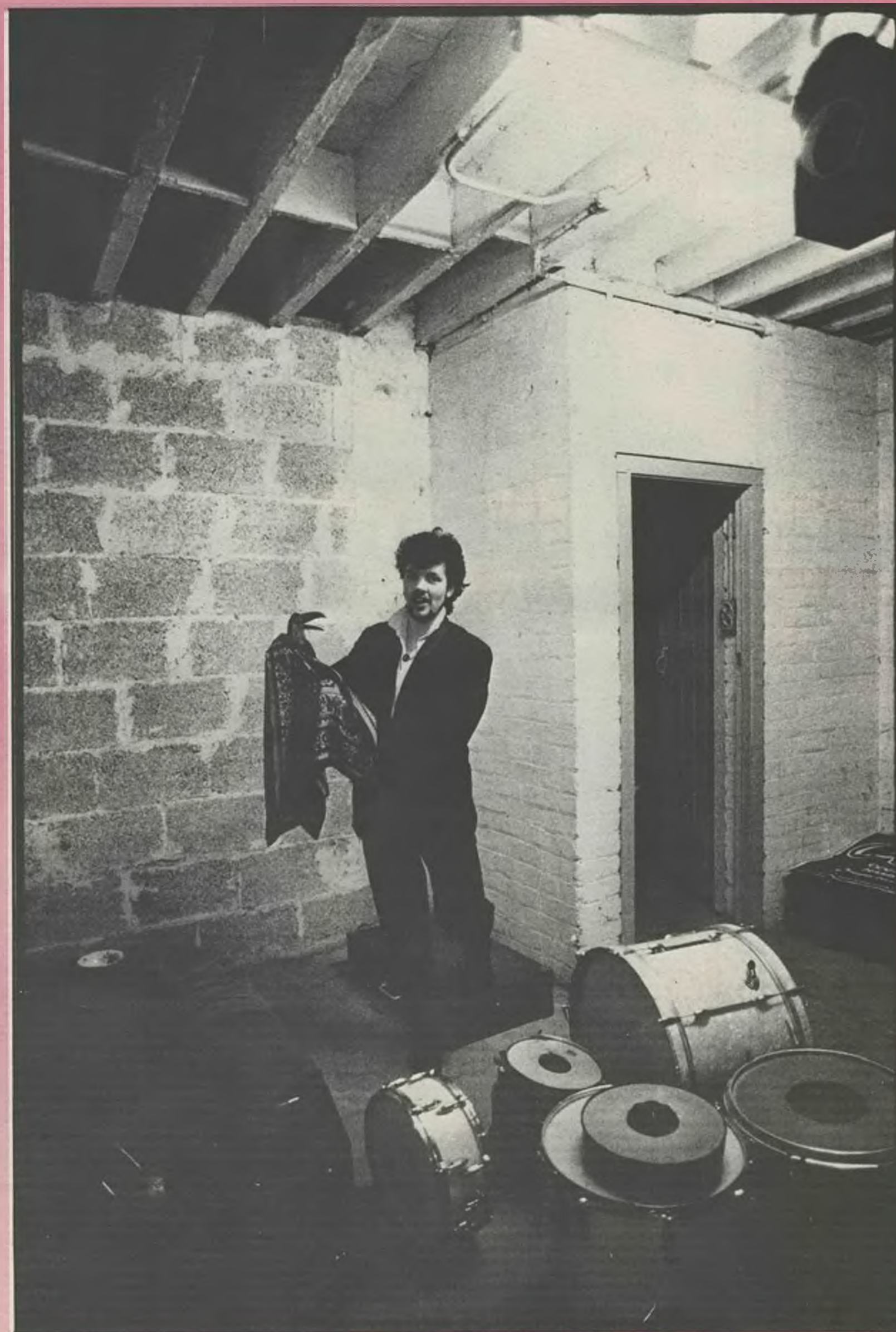
"He praises her, and she just says 'Forget it. If I still needed your praise I wouldn't have done it'."

"And now I realise that applies to us. If all the time we were waiting for a pat on the back there's no way we could have pushed on. It's kind of nice when you get that but it shouldn't matter. That's the thing that corrupts people even more than the money."

"The Dice Man's a good book: it's saying that you should express different sides of your personality (forcing your actions by deciding them on a dice throw), although he does go to extremes a little, to say the least. He says we suppress parts of ourselves, and these parts are equally valid, they just need a chance to be developed. So you can't argue with the dice. And now I carry a pair of dice around with me — although when it says you can't go for a crap I do tend to go against it!"

Before I left, the two Petes, Wylie and Fulwell, each warned me of the jinxes they carried on anything to do with machinery. If Fulwell goes to a Wah gig, the PA breaks down. Washington demolishes bass strings. Wylie himself goes through so many he's thinking of getting shares in Rotosound. And when I took my tape home, it was full of a funny noise.

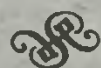
Whole chunks of the interview — including, would you believe, a critical survey of the music papers — were utterly scrambled. All you can hear is the tape, repeating what might, after all, be the only sound that matters. It goes WAH-WAH-WAH-WAH-WAH...



“If rock is dead then we’re not a rock band, If rock has the potential to be an exciting, inspirational thing, then we are, y’know.”



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Pic: Kate Simon.

Can't see the Bunny for the hairs.



A young Bunny.

BUNNY WAILERS Sings The Wailers (Mango)

AS TO WHY Bunny Wailers has chosen this moment to come down from the hills and ransack the files of old Wailers' material — well, at various times in the past five years I've had occasion to ask Wailers Bob, Peter and Bunny why they were covering old songs all the time, and the answer was always that these were good songs that hadn't been heard.

Regardless of the cry of "can't come up with enough good new songs" that may rise from Cynics' Corner, it's true. The Wailers were like The

Beatles in Jamaica, hit after hit. If you think of this as an ex-Beatle covering 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', 'Paperback Writer' et al, you'll get the notion.

These songs were mostly from the Wailers' Studio One days, when Bunny was the piercing high note. The album's a beautiful reminder of all the original Wailers trio song-craft. There's Tosh's 'I'm The Toughest', Marley's 'Mellow Mood', 'Hypocrite' and 'Rule This Land', plus Curtis Mayfield's 'Keep On Moving' as a reminder of the Wailers' earliest influences.

Knowing Bunny's honourable temperament, he probably didn't intend to slant it this way, but his own tracks (credited under his original 'slave' name, Neville Livingstone) like 'Dancing Shoes' stand out as particularly exquisite, joyful songs. 'Burial', which Tosh covered on his first album, has a new arrangement

that whips it bang up to Bunny's unique contemporary sparseness — he's currently the Jamaican artist who makes the best use of silence, as on his Solomonite 45's like 'Crucial'.

Bunny's classic 'Dreamland' is a superlative vision of Utopia — although he's already re-cut it on the classic 'Blackheart Man' album, it's the track that I play repeatedly. There are two tracks I've never heard in the original — both Bunny's, both extra fine — 'I Stand Predominate' and perhaps my favourite track of all, 'Walk The Proud Land.' Both tracks demonstrate the excellence of all the sessioneer elements like Chinna's subtle rhythm guitar, Sterling and Wright's sensitive keyboards, and the clarion horns of Youth Fraser Nambo and Bennett.

Basically, this album is not startling: its excellence lies in its extraordinary craft. The legendary Sly and Robbie rhythm machine isn't dealing in neon fireworks, as on the Black Uhuru LP. Robbie frequently

ORIGINAL BUNNYMAN ECHOES HIS ROOTS

follows the original bass line, in his own uncannily steady fashion. Sly's drumming is thus the greatest revolution in the use of the instrument. Still the most ahead of all drummers, his ears hear beyond the rhythm and force our slow ears to imagine new subtleties.

Novelty isn't everything, but twitching your audience to new rhythms while never losing

DEFUNKT Defunkt (Hannibal import)

DEFUNCT: dead, lifeless; the current state of funk in America, one nation under an unchanging groove.

Defunkt: withering pun; septet formed by disenchanted members of Mr. Chance's James White & The Blacks.

'Defunkt': lyrically mordant, musically exhilarating debut album on enterprising new label set up by former Fairport Convention producer Joe Boyd and distributed through Island.

Younger brothers of the Art Ensemble Of Chicago's trumpeter Lester, Joe and Byron Bowie aren't the first of the Afro-American avant-garde to have broken ranks in hot pursuit of a wider audience, but the odds are they'll make a much bigger splash than previous defectors like guitarists Michael Gregory Jackson, Sonny Sharrock and James 'Blood' Ulmer.

Coming at a time when even hardened funkateers can be heard complaining of the music's relentless monotony, Defunkt's emergence is enormously cheering. Their achievement is twofold. They've singlehandedly revived funk's obese corpse; placing it on a crash diet, and at the same time brutally subverted its empty slogans to depict the embattled realities of existence for all too many in any sprawling American metropolis without a heart.

Defunkt music is edgy, obviously high on its effortless grasp of fundamentals and wealth of long-overdue innovations. Joe Bowie's trombone, Byron's sax and Ted Daniel's trumpet punch through their charts or skid sideways into freeform. Breaks by all three players are all the better for their brevity. Martin

Fischer's synthesizers are mostly abstract, washes or whirrings, sudden spills or infuriating mosquito whines.

The guitars of Martin Aubert and Kelvyn Bell cross-reference each other, pitch wriggling, fuzzy solos against clipped, flipped one-chord rhythm parts: scrambled Chic. Elastic, forward and often flanged, Melvin Gibbs' bass is a weighty presence, Ronnie Burrage's drumming hi-sprung and dynamic. Labels are optional, but Defunkt play the hardest funk 'n' jazz I've heard. Only 'Melvin's Tune', an instrumental showcase for Byron's flute, and 'Blues', an almost throwaway bout of sleek R&B, shrink from the brink. All the rest is on, up and over.

'We All Dance Together', 'Make Them Dance' — happy hustles both, right? Wrong. 'We All Dance Together' is one long alienated howl, a last-ditch protest against uniformity and the numbing repetition of working life. The couplet 'Everybody wakes up when I do / Everybody makes love when we do' doesn't celebrate mass amorous synchronicity, but actively resents it. Alcohol and tranquilising drugs are poor palliatives for the crushing weight of nihilism.

'Make Them Dance' is no less bleak. Vocalist Joe Bowie addresses an embittered agonist thrashing around at the bottom of the rat heap, an ad man's cipher, sex-crazed, homicidal and, finally, suicidal. The dance in question is 'the dance of death.'

As for the would-be super-studs of 'Strangling Me With Your Love', 'Blues' and the title track, they're all washed up, physically and mentally wrecked, just so much flotsam and jetsam. The 'hero' of 'Defunkt' might winge that 'I live for you — But you want me to drop dead', but at least he's in better shape than his fellow loser who slumps, heroin-hazed, in the doorway of a vacant lot for 'In The Good Times', a parody of Chic's 'Good Times' that's as scathing as the way 'Thermonuclear Sweat' turns a string of vocal clichés inside out: 'Step on or be stepped on / Move or be removed...'

Defunkt's harsh laughter might ring hollow if it weren't reinforced by such a pulverising soundtrack. As it is, Defunkt are to funk in 1981 what the Pistols were to Rock in 1977. About time too. Better Defunkt than defunkt? You betcha.

Angus MacKinnon

'Walk The Proud Land'. His delivery is all dignified, intelligent control; he is a most conscious singer.

All the music here is so polished and controlled that it's easily absorbed as background music. When you listen you realise its remarkable quotient of heart.

Vivien Goldman

Bongoing going gone

THE BOOMTOWN RATS Mondo Bongo (Phonogram)

ONE OF 1980's more pleasant aspects was the general absence of Bob Geldof's scrawny mug and dimwit musings from the nation's dailies and pop periodicals. Geldof finally twigged that he and his peachy girlfriend had overdosed the public with their insatiable demands for publicity and so he shut up, laid low and licked the wounds of rebuttal caused by US apathy towards the Rats and the aftermath of their previous long-playing debacle.

Not that he's learned anything from the sabbatical.

"It was great," he told MM's Allen Jones, referring to the Rats' US gigs, "everyone was there. Lennon came to it so he didn't die in vain."

'Mondo Bongo', not surprisingly, is the work of just the kind of prat who'd make statements like the above. Hollow pop, quaking under a plethora of poorly integrated rip-offs, with only the glossy sheen of Tony Visconti's

production to keep all the clumsy gestures balanced just so.

Bob locks into the old Burundi Black percussion that Adam And The Ants and Bow Wow Wow have been pillaging relentlessly these past six months and dusts off his old Last Poets' album for 'Mood Mambo'. Geldof simply takes all the substance out of The Last Poets' rantings, refurbishing the empty conceit with a load of free-association lyrical bollocks, whilst his confederates go through their usual "Crazy Gang goes pop" motions.

Only producer Tony Visconti comes out of this grotesque pantomime with any credibility, granting 'Mondo Bongo' its few bearable moments 'Straight Up', one of numerous ham-fisted Geldof attempts at apeing Elvis Costello, just about crawls from the wreckage by dint of Visconti getting a decent group sound to the point where one can actually ignore Geldof's Quasimodo vocalese. Other Costello pastiches like 'Another Piece Of Red' or 'Elephant's Graveyard', the next single, are, however,

impossible to rescue due to earnest Bob's predominance.

'Banana Republic' plummets — as Joe Strummer noted — a new low in white reggae: clever-clever pontificating over lumpy-gravy onbeat propulsion is the most ill-matched pairing one can think of; while 'Under Their Thumb', the Jagger-Richards original with Geldof playing silly buggers with lyrics and dynamic, is so bad it's no wonder Keith Richards originally nixed the reworking.

Only one song rises above the mire here. On 'Fall Down', Geldof drops all the cheapskate eclecticism to sing a straightforward love song that, though hardly a masterpiece, at least says something with a modicum of emotion.

As for the rest, 'Mondo Bongo' moves from the irksome to the infuriating. Infuriating in that Elvis Costello is unable to get radio play because his songs are too 'real', yet The Boomtown Rats — by taking out the guts and substance of a Costello song — will pillage the whole wretched marketplace with plagiarised dross like 'Elephant's Graveyard'.

Nick Kent



Pic: Fin Costello.

A bad case of foot-in-mouth disease.

Subtle as a brick

BASEMENT 5
1965 — 1980 (*Island*)

FREE WITH the first 15,000 copies is a poster, in beautiful primary colours, a photomontage of the kind the hipper sections of the left were using a couple of years ago: a tower block, NF placard, Thatcher, the Ayatollah, Carter, gunmen, lots of policemen, you know the sort of thing. After the band's name is the streetwise slogan, "Stay cool. Hang loose. Admit nothing." A bit of a cliché nowadays, but I get the message: this album is political. First, though, the music...

Through the efforts of RAR and others, it has become quite acceptable for punk and reggae to share a bill, and since then a lot of white bands have made a lot of money (as well as some catchy pop tunes) by adapting reggae rhythms into a rock framework. Basement 5, however, are the first band I've seen attempt the fusion the other way around, and although I've heard pretty dismal live reports, on this Hannett-produced studio album, it works.

Ace photographer Dennis Morris comes up with some distinctive, if a little one-dimensional, vocals that owe a lot to reggae in their phrasing but are shouted more than sung or chanted; the bass is forward in the mix and backed by thrashing, rock guitar, while the drumming has a reggae rather than rock feel, resulting in a simple, high-energy sound that isn't my personal favourite but

impresses nonetheless.

The lyrics, unfortunately, are the band's downfall. There is no subtlety here, no room for personal interpretation, just pure sloganeering on subjects that have been flogged to death already: nine to five jobs ('Hard Work'), high-rise urban living ('No Ball Games'), unfair priorities and distribution ('Too Soon'), and nuclear war ('Omega Man'), only the last putting any slant on the issue that hasn't been said a hundred times before.

In other songs, the slogans are far less worthy: "England is under female rule/That's why we're turning to ruddy fools" ('Last White Christmas'). And there was silly old me thinking the problem was her politics! So William "short sharp shock" Whitelaw would be OK? Or maybe Keith "the lower-classes-breed-too-much" Joseph? Our PM is no sister of mine, but if we're going to attack her simply because she is a woman, count me out. Following that little gem is 'Union Games', an anti-union rant that *could* be a parody, but as the other tracks are about as subtle as a brick, it's not very likely.

The problem is that Basement 5 seem to use the music as little more than a vehicle for their opinions: the words are printed on the inner sleeve and the vocals are clear, dominant, and hard to ignore. Their total TRB-type lack of finesse means they are pushing themselves up the same dead end as he did, and this time I personally can't even support all of their ideas. A pity.

Sheryl Garratt

THE FIRE ENGINES Lubricate Your Living Room (Accessory/Pop Aural)

IT'S THE new thing! In the slipstream of Bow Wow Wow's flip-pack 'Your Cassette Pet', some people seem hellbent on making the dividing line between the single and LP ever more diffuse and irrelevant; hardly a bad thing when you consider how arbitrary such categories are in the first place.

This 12-inch Fire Engine artefact — the first release on Bob Last's latest toy, the Pop Aural offshoot label Accessory — was undoubtedly conceived completely independently of the Bow Wow Wow tape, but still feels very much like its cousin, a vinyl version of the same theme with the same number of tracks — eight — and a price tag — £2.49 — again closer to a single than an album.

But that's roughly where any resemblance between the two bands ends. The Fire Engines sound something like Buzzcocks would have sounded had their trail of vintage UA singles from 'Orgasm Addict' to 'Ever Fallen In Love' been produced by Martin Zero rather than Martin Rushent. Not that there's anything wrong with crisp production — just that The Fire Engines' messy assault of dirty metallic guitars comes as a welcome alternative at a time when everyone else is going out of their way to sound clinically clean.

The twin guitars of Murray Slade and David Henderson dominate most of these eight tracks, Henderson's "vocals" being restricted to no more than a few selected chants here and there. Towards the end of the second side — 'Hungry Beat' and 'Lubricate Your Living Room Pts 1 & 2' — their relentless rifferama becomes tiresome, though it never degenerates into mere cacophony, always retaining just that vital semblance of

structure.

Elsewhere, like on 'New Thing In Cartons' and that great 'Get Up And Use Me' single — again featured here — they do nothing but excite, with Russell Burns' tinny toytown drums and Graham Mains' minimal basslining swerving nervously along with the breakneck impetus of the two guitarists. "Background beat for active

people" says the release which accompanies this noisy package along with a tasty plastic carrier bag.

This is pop?

Adrian Thrills

Fire Engines pic: Peter Anderson



GEN X Kiss Me Deadly (Chrysalis)

AFTER THE success of their 'King Rocker' single almost two years ago, Gen X looked set to become what they'd always really wanted to be — the teen pin-ups with the punk trimmings. But the dreams

never materialised, even though glam boy Billy Idol was on offer.

Paradoxically, the pretty face of this veal-cake Adonis has been the bane of Gen X. Billy Idol, you see, stops existing below the neckline, while the Great Faces of rock (even that of teacher Uncle Sting!) invoke the

body and hit centuries at the sticky wicket of vicarious sexuality. But Billy is a stiff. Did you ever see him try to move on *TOTP*?

No wonder, then, the last Gen X single was called 'Dancing With Myself'. However, the song was what Billy isn't: a mover. It was hot, in a rock 'n'

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- 30th Nottingham Rock City
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FEBRUARY

- 1st Dunstable Civic Hall
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SAFARI

Diamond dogmas

DAVID BOWIE
The Best Of... (K-Tel)

JUST WHEN Bowie gets nostalgic about his past, scoring his biggest hit in years with an update of the Major Tom legend, K-Tel win the rights to a valuable retrospective of his career. Their timing couldn't have been better and RCA must be kicking themselves for letting this one get away.

After 'Lodger' failed to rescue his back catalogue from the cheapo racks, getting the best TV album promotion company to reactivate interest by pressure-selling a compilation must have seemed like a good idea when negotiations were under way. Since then, though, Bowie has re-established himself as both a top selling artist and as a figurehead to the new romantics with the great 'Ashes To Ashes' and patchy, but absorbing 'Scary Monsters'.

An expensively promoted retrospective is no longer so important as a marketing exercise, but, with Bowie currently using his own past as muse, it's a great record to have around right now.

As the most important musical catalyst of the last decade (as opposed to innovator), Bowie deserves a solid retrospective and this one does him proud. There again, it didn't have to try hard and it hasn't. 'The Best Of...' is simply a fine — and well-packaged — collection of some of the best singles of the past 10 years.

It's not without a few quirks though. The gap between 'Space Oddity' and 'Starman' is too wide to be leaped by the corny 'Life On Mars' alone. And, besides, it should have been plugged by the historically important 'Changes', the single that accompanied

Bowie's then notorious bisexual proclamations, the publicity of which helped launch the ambiguous Ziggy Stardust character.

Similarly, his cracked actor period of deterioration, brought about by the pressures of touring America, isn't really covered without the vivid B movie descriptions of 'Drive In Saturday'.

The dated hip language of 'Rock And Roll Suicide' jars a little, and the version of 'John I'm Only Dancing' — possibly an alternative 'Aladdin Sane' cut — lacks the boot of both the original 7" and 12" versions. I always harboured illusions that 'The Jean Genie' was a pun on Jean Genet, but listening now I can't see it. These are minor quibbles, however — the first side is great. It only collapses with the inclusion of the 'stage' reading of 'Breaking Glass', which disrupts the chronological flow. And 'Sorrow' is unnecessary. Better, maybe, to have included a live cut of Brecht-Weill's 'The Alabama Song' to make up for the studio travesty Bowie released as a stop-gap single early last year.

No arguments at all with side two's unbroken run of hits, from 'Diamond Dogs' through to 'Boys Keep Swinging'. The latter definitely feels happier in this company than with the half-formed sketches of 'Lodger'.

Bowie's previous retrospective 'Changesone...' came out about five years too early, but this one tells a far more complete story, spanning as it does Bowie's delirious glam pop period right through his plastic soul and European excursions and back again to tart pop. 'Ashes To Ashes' might have made a more symmetrical last page, but the story stands up without it.

Chris Bohn



Tut, tut, here's a pharaoh mess.

raunch orthodox sort of way. In fact, it's one of the few tracks which the band's third album 'Kiss Me Deadly' has going for it.

Disregard the title, taken from a '50s American film noir. The album is, unfortunately, very short on trashy midnight metaphysics: the slow Reed-ish

'Revenge' is as menacing as the band get. They're much more comfortable with 'Happy People' and the medium rock format of similar tracks, saved from utter mediocrity by James Stevenson's guitar and cutting additions from McGeoch and Fatty Jones.

Again, Billy is a weak link. He

has as much trouble with his persona and voice as his movement classes. Most of the time he sounds like he was born to be mixed back. And when he's thickened up a bit and given some ersatz rockabilly echo, like on 'What Do You Want' and 'Triumph', the result is sickly: small beer, or an

overdose of milk.

This sickliness is ultimately traceable to what many (Americans?) will see as the album's very health — a touch of fever à la Cars and The Pop. Gen X are the 'punk rock group' the US are still waiting for! Now Billy's face can come into its own: look at those thick

Engelbert Humperdink lips.

What I like about Gen X, though, is that — dismissed or not — they always hold out a shred of hope. 'The Stars Look Down' displays a power and sweep lacking in the rest of the album's literal-minded subscription to the rock 'n' raunch ethic. The energetic use

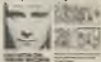
of acoustic guitar even puts the track close to some of The Clash's more recent dabblings. Unlike The Clash, though, Gen X, in spite of odd flashes, have never shown themselves capable of tears or rage. They're just in-betweenies, the most deadly fate rock 'n' roll can wish on anyone.

Paul Tickell



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Jazz

BY ANGUS MACKINNON

SAM RIVERS Contrasts (ECM)

INNOVATION and emotion in equal amounts from the ex-Miles Davis and Cecil Taylor reedsman, instrumental in the nurturing of the so-called New York loft scene in the mid-'70s and currently touring here.

The titles tell almost all. 'Circles' is concentric. Rivers' soprano, Dave Holland's bass and George Lewis' trombone take turns to expand the spiral. 'Zip' is just that, headstrong and pushy, Rivers tirelessly inventive on tenor, drummer Thurman Barker fleet below. 'Lines' extrapolates a similar theme.

'Solace' and 'Images' offer eerie, abstracted impressionism. Barker rattles on marimba, Lewis adds whale-like expostulations, sudden, parping stops and starts, displays telepathic anticipation. Rivers' soprano seems no less than a keening blade. 'Verve' thrums steadily, a blue calypso featuring the leader on flute — at least until it fragments into melancholic freeform, Holland's arco thoroughly chastening.

'Dazzle' is prototypical, presents a complex notation directly and unapologetically. Rivers and Lewis alternate as they develop a stately, lumbering theme amidst Barker's precipitous frenzy, this duly exaggerated by both tenor and trombone.

Rivers has never failed to make great demands upon himself as a leader and in its way 'Contrasts' is as highly principled and individualistic as were his Blue Note albums in the '60s. It's certainly as invigorating.

PHARAOH SANDERS Journey To The One (Theresa)

ONCE A wilful, abrasive foil to John Coltrane in the mid-'60s but last heard on record making reticent funky noises with Norman Connors, the tenor saxophonist still has to convince doubters that the enraptured mantras of his later Impulse albums weren't one-way tickets to the end of the line. This beautifully packaged double set might do the trick.

The extremes of pitch and transonic split-reed effects still feature prominently, but together with Sanders' coarse-grained tone they now function as ground grammar in a resurgent vocabulary. 'Journey' consciously summarises past and present, hints at probable futures.

'Greetings To Idris', 'Doktor Pitt', 'Yemenja' and 'You've Got To Have Freedom' all swim confidently in the mainstream. Coltrane's spirit infuses both his 'After The Rain', this an intimate duet with pianist Joe Bonner, and Sanders' 'Bedria', a light-dappled mood piece reminiscent of the master's 'Welcome'. 'Kazuko' features koto and harmonium, 'Soledad' sitar, tabla and tambura — both are nods to the earlier exoticism, the former intense and devotional, the latter perhaps a mite too florid for its own good. Rogers and Hart's 'Easy To Remember' is the ballad, measured and respectful, and 'Think About The One' a convincing shot of space age gospel, a distant cousin of Weather Report's 'And Then'.

Instrumentation varies. Voices, Carl Lockett's guitar and Eddie Henderson's exuberant flugelhorn are optional, John Hicks' piano a melodic wellspring, Idris Muhammad's drums powerful and polyrhythmic. Sanders' entries are as overwhelming as ever, massive statements of intent, but whereas their momentum has often tended to dissipate with unsettling rapidity, now it's effortlessly sustained. Yesterday's iconoclast becomes today's supreme lyricist.

ARTHUR BLYTHE Illusions (Columbia — import)

SINCE moving to New York from California in 1973, the alto saxophonist has played with or led an impressive variety of groups; 'Illusions' feeds old and new material to two quite distinct line-ups in a hugely successful attempt to illustrate the continuity and adaptability of his work.

Three pieces feature an instrumentation derived from those of earlier albums, particularly 1979's

'Lenox Avenue Breakdown'. Buoyant almost-funk paced by drummer Bobby Battle and the bass lines of Bob Stewart's tuba, 'Bush Baby' moves at a furious clip. Blythe skirls through the changes as cellist

Abdul Wadud and guitarist James 'Blood' Ulmer add crabbed, querulous asides.

The tricky 'Illusions' and bumbling 'Carespin' With Mamie' continue the interest in rhythm and angles.

Blythe and Wadud weave exacting counterlines; Ulmer's oblique trajectories make much more sense here than they have on some of his own releases.

Blythe and his current In The

Pic: Jak Kilby



Sam Rivers, not of Babylon.

ALL THE SAXES — YAKETY YAK

Tradition tackle three more. Pianist John Hicks sweetens the lyrical 'My Son Ra'; on loan from Air, bassist Fred Hopkins and drummer Steve McCall bustle inquisitively to syncopate 'Miss Nancy' and uncoil 'As Of Yet'. The conventional quartet format doesn't guarantee orthodox results, but then that's precisely the point. Whether caustic or expansive, Blythe is in tremendous form.

Two steps back and at least six forward, 'Illusions' demands a British release.

SONNY ROLLINS Love At First Sight (Milestone)

ROLLINS' incomparable facility, resonant tone and throwaway wit are all as engaging as ever, but crossover starlets such as pianist George Duke and bassist Stanley Clarke are far from ideal accompanists. Their inability to either productively rework something as seminal as 'Strode Rode' from Rollins' first '50s apogee or provide him with interesting material is transparent.

Rollins and reliably sympathetic drummer Al Foster make the most of what really amounts to very little but even the ballads, customarily high cards in the pack, fall distressingly flat. 'Love At First Sight' is an unfortunate (and most uninvitingly mixed) non-event.

JULIUS HEMPHILL QUARTET Flat-Out Jump Suite (Black Saint)

CLOSER, I suppose, to the current edge.

'Heart' is skittish bop for the '80s and 'Body' hip-dipping funk by any other name, ample proof that, contrary to popular preconception, players of Hemphill's creative temperament aren't afraid of the straightforward. His agile, unmistakably Texan tenor and Olu Dara's flighty trumpet shape and size vivid, animated designs above Abdul Wadud's plucked cello and Warren Smith's meticulous drumming.

A warm canto and much more formal than it seems, 'Ear' entrances with its mysterious delicacy, Hemphill's flute a will o' the wisp. 'Mind' just boggles, gives each player ample solo space. Dara's opening voluntary is breathtaking in its scope, cheekily bagging anything from field calls to New Orleans second line: history in motion.

Altogether, an exceptional index of new jazz possibilities.



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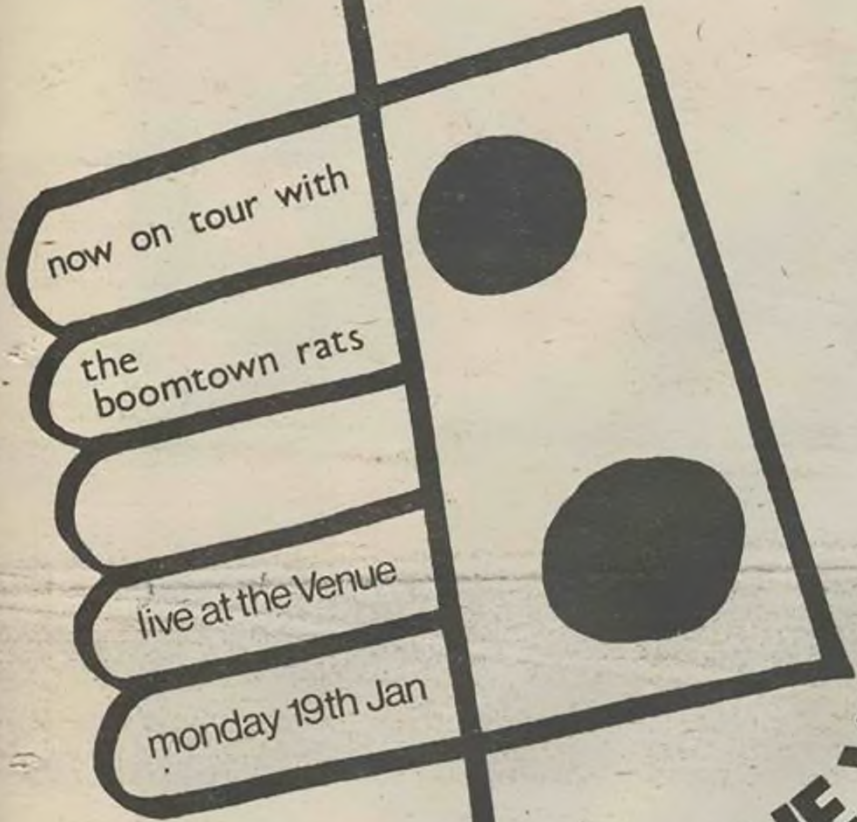
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JERMAINE JACKSON
Jermaine (Motown)

AFTER SEVEN years and six albums as a Motown solo recording artist Jermaine Jackson has come of age. At least that's the intention of this album with its winsome pretensions to maturity, pseudo-sincerity and high gloss finish. It's an attempt to put fresh blood into the mainstream of heavy Motown talents alongside Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson.

'Let's Get Serious', with its deliciously sharp and magnificently mustered sense of verve was one of the most direct and sizzling pieces of communication to be heard in a pub, a disco or a bedroom last year.

It was JJ's final fling, the storm before the calm and 'Jermaine' shows that he's seized up; befuddled with grace, good vibes and the realisation of how lucky he is and how esteemed he could be.

The course of his career shows an admiration for Motown's endurance, expertise and sleek professionalism; its ability, cemented in the '70s, to move with rather than at times and trends. His acceptance of the label's procedures, formalities and underlying inertia has brought him from teen-throb cartoon character to classy, cosmopolitan Casanova of the Campari set — see him striding into the limelight in his open-necked powder blue baggy Grandad shirt with chic riding jodpurs tucked inside his boots, and you can't help thinking of his father-in-law and saying to yourself, so *this* is the Emperor's new pose.

The only two songs worth any of your time on this record come on side one — 'Little Girl Don't Worry' and 'The Pieces Fit'. Both have a fresh-faced, close-cropped springy sound — a surge of palpitating rhythm



Pic: David Corio.

A not so germane Jackson.

over which the familiar reeling, reverberating clarity of Charles Fearing's inimitable guitar makes its presence felt. But even here the lyrics are unbelievably drippy, the latter viewing a relationship as a divine creation in the cosmic order of the universe, no less.

It's a conceit well in fitting with the overall portrait drawn by the other compositions on this album. The star — an incredibly complex character — is regaled, examined, lauded and pitied as he strides amidst the snares and spears cast by love and loving. 'First You Laugh, Then You Cry' is a point in case, a watery gaze towards a maudlin Manilow-type examination of relationships. From here on in Jermaine tries to acquit himself in the sub-Smokey stakes but his voice lacks charisma and magnetism and the songs are foolishly grandiose, self centred, idealistic and self pitying.

'You Like Me Don't You' is the crassest thing on the album, a thousand hand-maidens bow in reverence for Jermaine's bleeding heart and if the string arrangement sounds like a straight lift from one of those fleecy Love Unlimited singles, don't be surprised because it's masterminded by the bland hand of Mr Gene Page.

This album lives in a world of safe marketing, plastic mannequins and cheap roleplay. It has all the sheen of *Vogue* and all the emotion of a *Jackie* comic strip serial. How can anyone be so spineless?

Gavin Martin

of jangling guitars and violin and interruptions from crazed, bleating saxes.

It's not what I wanted or expected to hear and I'm glad, because they have progressed to something better. With the exception of 'Trimden Grange Explosion' (already heard on the 'RAR's Greatest Hits' LP), which seems swamped and tuneless, this is an excellent album.

The lyrics are difficult to hear and even harder to decipher, but many seem to deal with the trauma of male/female relationships, with dependence, or with everyday life. 'John Barry' is a man talking in a monotone about his "busy day" over a hypnotic, Shadows-like guitar riff, while 'Copper Squad' sets a pub scene to grandiose synth chords and screaming sax. The mundane is put into a new context where Tijuana Brass records played in a suburban bungalow can be turned to bitter, discordant chamber music ('St Patrick's Day').

The titles rarely have anything to do with what I take the songs to be about so I may be totally wrong, but numbers like 'Karen', with its clanging PIL guitars, are far more interested in creating atmosphere than in getting any deep and meaningful messages across.

'Business' is much more straightforward, about weapons as profit, while 'Corporal Charlie' is a disturbing tale recited by a soldier over a slow, staccato guitar (have you noticed how everyone's talking about war these days?). The single, and one of the standout tracks, is 'Snow', a catchy dance tune with a (hopefully) paranoid view of our not-too-distant future: 'I sit inside/I cross my legs/I hide away from all the riots... The burnt out homes/Of left-wing names/Remind us all where the power remains.'

The Mekons were a breath of fresh air in the post-punk decay; primitive thrashings that avoided the whining old life - on - the - dole - in - a - tower - block routine but still managed to protest. They are still doing that, still shouting rather than singing, still using their own accents; but a sound as basic as theirs couldn't have stood still. This album is not comfortable to listen to, it is jarring, difficult; but entertaining because it is still very much by the people who once wanted to come on stage on a sofa with the word 'spaceship' painted on it.

Dan Dare may be dead, but The Mekons are surviving, and very well too.

Sheryl Garratt

The new 45

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THE MEKONS
The Mekons (Red Rhino)

DAN DARE and The Mekons are dead, and the gloriously shambolic mess that produced those two inspirational singles for Fast seems gone for ever.

This album on the York-based Red Rhino label was recorded at the time of the split with Virgin and is a lot more dense and complex than the pop album they made for Branson's little label. Bleak music for bleak times. The Mekons don't make me smile much any more, although the honkytonk piano and Raincoats-type violin in 'Institution', and 'I'm So Happy's strident chants recapture their past exuberance and anger.

This is synth-laden mood music, pulling down old structures to build new ones that are just as rigid, mostly based on a short rhythm/tune repeated on one or two instruments with a background

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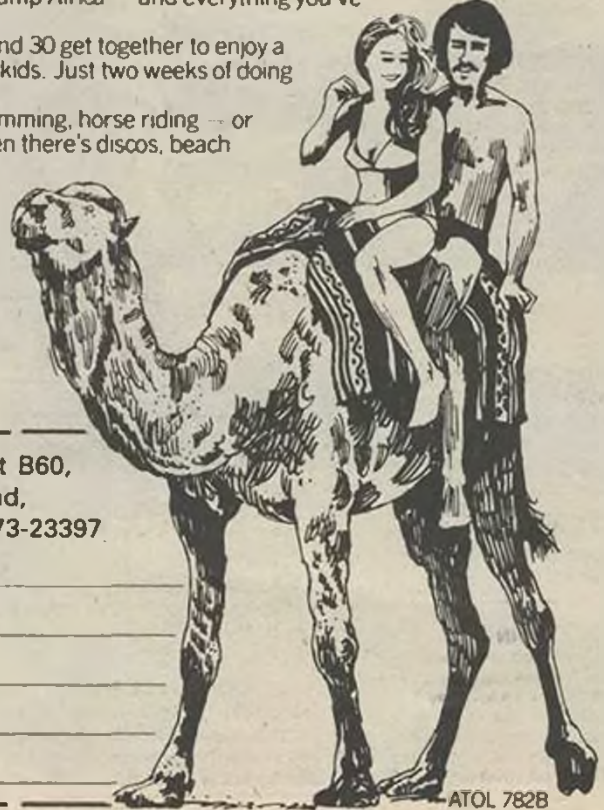
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□ **SPLODGE**, the re-shaped version of Splodgenessabounds, play their first official London date at Woolwich Tramshed on Thursday, January 22. Support acts are Baby Greensleeves and The Crocodiles, and admission is £2.

□ **ASWAD**, Linton Kwesi Johnson and the re-formed Reggae Regulars play a special one-off concert at London Hammersmith Palais next Monday (19).

□ **CAMEL**, whose new Decca album 'Nude' is released on January 23, have added another date to their previously reported UK tour — at Bournemouth Winter Gardens on February 28.

□ **THE DECORATORS**, whose three-track single 'Pendulum And Swings' will be issued next month on the Red Linear label, have a series of London gigs at Clapham 101 Club (tonight, Thursday), Richmond Snoopies (Friday), West Hampstead Moonlight (January 22, February 5 and 19), Hammersmith Clarendon (January 23 and February 14) and Acton Kings Head (January 25), with more to come.

□ **THE LOOK**, the London-based four-piece currently making a substantial impact with their debut MCA single 'I Am The Best', play London Southbank Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (Saturday), London Marquee (January 19), London Fulham Greyhound (20), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (22), York College (23), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (24), St Neots The Priory (25), Port Talbot Troubadour (29), Birmingham Polytechnic (30) and Guildford Surrey University (31).

□ **THE BLUES BAND** add Norwich East Anglia University (January 23) and Reading University (24) to their date sheet, reported last week. And their Birmingham gig on January 27 is now at the Top Rank instead of the Odeon.

□ **CHEVY** have pulled out of the support spot in the current April Wine tour, because the itinerary is taking in many of the venues they visited during their autumn tours with Alvin Lee and Hawkwind. They've now setting up their own club tour through February.

□ **RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES** have their most important London gig to date next Wednesday (21), when they headline at Victoria The Venue. And they gain further exposure this weekend, making their debut on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on Saturday.

□ **SAXON** have added another date to their mini-tour next week (see Gig Guide). It's at Bracknell Sports Centre on Friday, January 23.

□ **THE LITTLE ROOSTERS**, now a five-piece with the addition of guitarist Barrie Mizen, play Liverpool Brady's (tomorrow, Friday), London Canning Town Bridge House (Saturday), London Fulham Greyhound (January 19), Manchester Rafter's (22), Burton 76 Club (23), Dudley J.B.'s (24), London Islington Hope & Anchor (26), Leicester Lucia Centre (27) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (30). More are being added, and an album and single are imminent.

□ **THE CHEATERS** pursue their 'Rock Against Grinness' tour at Blackpool Jenks Bar (this Friday, Saturday and Sunday), Warrington Carlton Club (January 19), Stoke North Staffs Poly (21), Manchester Comanche Students Union (23), Preston Warehouse (24), Liverpool Mayflower (26), Carlisle Mick's Club (28), Worthington Matador Hotel (29), Harrogate Crown Hotel (30), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (31), Redhill Lakers Hotel (February 1), London Woolwich Thames Poly (2), Dartford Thames Poly (3), London Hospital Medical School (4), High Wycombe Nags Head (5), Bracknell Underground (6), and Egham Royal Holloway College with The Hitmen (7).

Plasmatics play Europe, not UK

THE PLASMATICS, the outrageous American band fronted by former porno queen Wendy O. Williams, fly to Europe at the end of this month to play a series of 12 concerts in five different countries — but, as yet, nothing is fixed for Britain. Their projected Hammersmith concert last year was called off at short notice by the GLC, and they have yet to make their UK debut. Although they've been accepted on the Continent, they've guaranteed not to destroy any cars while they're in Europe — but even so, Wendy has promised a new show with plenty of surprises.

TOUR NEWS



GARY displaying diminished GLITTER

□ **EARTH WIND & FIRE** are not expected in Britain until August, say CBS Records — despite reports elsewhere that they're being lined up for a series of dates in April. In the meantime, their new single 'And Love Goes On' is released on February 6.

□ **THE HITMEN** have London gigs at Islington Hope and Anchor (January 22), Camden Dingwalls (23), Southbank Polytechnic (30) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (February 6), before venturing out of town to visit Egham Royal Holloway College (7) and Uxbridge Brunel University (11). Then it's back to London for Bedford College, Regent's Park, on February 13.

□ **HARRY CHAPIN** is touring Britain in February — not this month, as reported two weeks ago. The dates originally printed were incorrectly supplied to us, and should have been for exactly one month hence. So he now visits Croydon Fairfield Hall (February 1), Reading Hexagon (2), Manchester Apollo (3), Southport Theatre (4), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (10), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (11), Leeds Polytechnic (12), York University (13), Newcastle City Hall (14) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (15).

□ **THE FLATBACKERS** are playing three London dates this month, to maintain promotion on their current Red Shadow single 'Buzz Going Round'. They're at Islington Hope & Anchor (this Sunday), the Charles Peguy Centre in Leicester Square (January 24) and Chiswick John Bull (31).

□ **JOHNNY MARS** has changed the name of his re-shaped band from 7th Sun to Mighty Mars, and they make their London debut at the Marquee Club on January 23. The line-up now features ex-Wreckless Eric guitarist Colin Fletcher and ex-John Mayall keyboards man Mel Simpson, plus James Matthews (drums) and Wayne Elliott (bass). Other dates set include Brighton Sussex University (January 21), Birmingham Aston University (30) and London Camden Dingwalls (31).

SIR DOUGLAS MARCH VISIT

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET, the influential Texan band led by Doug Sahm who recently re-formed, are now expecting to play British dates in March. They were originally intending to come over with The B-52's last autumn, but decided instead to tour in their own right when they were more fully rehearsed.

As a prelude to their visit, their album 'Border Wave' is issued by Chrysalis this weekend. They now feature three original members — Sahm (guitar and vocals), Augie Meyers (organ) and Johnny Perez (drums) — plus newcomers Alvin Crow (guitar) and Speedy Sparks (bass).

□ **POISON GIRLS** headline a benefit gig for Action Space at London Hackney Chat's Palace on Wednesday, January 28. This is because Action Space in London's Chenies Street, WC2, has been forced to cancel its programme of theatre, cabaret and dance following its grant withdrawal by the Arts Council of Great Britain — resulting in nine full-time workers being made redundant, and a number of shows already booked being scrapped.

□ **GEORGE HAMILTON IV** is on the road for the next six weeks, with dates at Swansea Brangwyn (tonight, Thursday), Bristol Colston (Friday), Bedworth Civic (Saturday), Cardiff New (Sunday), Derby Assembly Rooms (January 20), Aldershot Princess (21), Loughborough Charnwood (22), Clacton Princess (23), Hatfield Forum (24), Crawley Leisure Centre (25), Barrow Civic (26), Blackburn King George's (27), Oakengates Town Hall (29), Chatham Central (30), Southend Cliffs (31), Chichester Festival Theatre (February 1), Wakefield Theatre Club (2), Lincoln Theatre Royal (3), Aylesbury Civic (4), Swindon Wyvern (5), Barnstaple Queen's (6), Leamington Royal Centre (7), London Lewisham Concert Hall (8), St Austell Riviera (9), Herne Bay King's Hall (10), Worthing Assembly Hall (11), Poole Arts Centre (12), Milton Keynes Stantonbury (13), Basingstoke Sports Centre (14), Sandown Pavilion (15), Eastbourne Congress (17), Hull City Hall (18), Irving Magnum (19), Inverness Eden Court (20-21), Glasgow Grand Ole Opry (22), Falkirk Town Hall (25), Liverpool Royal Court (26), Bridlington Spa (27), Borehamwood Civic (28), and Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (March 1).

Toyah top at Lyceum

TOYAH have added a major London date to their UK tour schedule, which opened earlier this week — a headliner at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, February 22, with all tickets at £3 and support bands to be announced shortly.

The current outing marks the first airing of Toyah Willcox's new band, which retains only guitarist Joel Bogen from her previous line-up. Other members are keyboards man Adrian Lee, ex-Original Mirrors bassist Phil Spalding and former Bruce Woolley Band drummer Nigel Giotker.

This new line-up is featured on disc for the first time on 'Four From Toyah', a four-track EP to be issued by Safari before the end of this month, selling at £1.50. Titles featured are 'It's A Mystery', 'Warboys', 'Angels And Demons' and 'Revelation'.



New-look TOYAH WILLCOX

DATA CONTROL

Valli and Seasons due back

FRANKIE VALLI & The Four Seasons return to the UK at the end of next month for another series of concert appearances. They play St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (February 28), Manchester Apollo (March 3), Blackburn King George's Hall (4), Poole Arts Centre (6), Windsor Blazers (7), Eastbourne Congress (8), Doncaster Rotters (10), Nottingham Rock City (11), Birmingham Odeon (13), London Victoria Apollo (14) and London Lewisham Concert Hall (15).

There will be no support act, as the group will play the whole of each show. The tour is promoted by the Kruger Organisation, who haven't yet announced details of booking arrangements. There will also be new record releases, both by the group and Valli as a soloist, to coincide with their visit.



Slade's NODDY HOLDER

Slade still in Reading afterglow

SLADE, one of the hottest bands in the country since they rocked Reading last August, complete their current concert series at London Hammersmith Odeon on January 26 — and they've already set up a further string of dates for later in the winter.

This latest schedule takes in Hanley Victoria Hall (February 19), Newcastle Mayfair (20), Sunderland Polytechnic (21), Derby Assembly Rooms (22), Liverpool Empire (23), Reading Top Rank (25), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (26), Exeter University (27), Cardiff University (28), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (March 2), York University (3), Leeds Polytechnic (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Lancaster University (6), Bradford University (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9) and Southampton Gaumont (10).

Their new single 'We're Gonna Bring The House Down' is released by Cheapskate on January 23.

CLIMAX ON UK CIRCUIT

CLIMAX BLUES BAND are playing their first UK tour in over a year, following the release of their new single 'Gotta Have More Love', culled from their current Warner Brothers album 'Flying The Flag'. Confirmed dates are at Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (tonight, Thursday), Bristol University (Friday), Egham Royal Holloway College (Saturday), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (Sunday), Leeds Warehouse (January 20), Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton (22), Salford University (23) and Durham University (24).



GEN X BACK IN ACTION

GEN X swing back into action with their first album in two years, 'Kiss Me Deadly', released by Chrysalis on January 23. And they're also playing three dates next week, which serve the dual purpose of promoting the LP and warming up for a major tour starting in mid-February — they're at Rickmansworth Watersmeet (January 22), Nottingham Rock City (23) and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (24), all supported by The Tea Set.

The album contains ten new tracks and features the new band line-up of Billy Idol (vocals and guitar), Tony James (bass)

and Terry Chimes (drums) — with guitar contributions from James Stevenson (who's just joined the band), Steve Jones and John McGeoch. A four-track EP issued this weekend includes two songs from the LP, 'Dancing With Myself' and 'Untouchables', plus 'King Rocker' and Gary Glitter's 'Rock On'.

● The Tea Set, whose debut album is due out on Liberty, headline at London Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (20) and have a Monday-night residency at London Islington Hope & Anchor throughout February.

Mo-dettes, Upstarts Passions on the road

THE MO-DETTES begin another series of dates next week, playing Oxford Scamps (January 19), Cheltenham Eve's (20), London Marquee (21), North London Polytechnic (23), London Crystal Palace Hotel (24), York University (30), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (31), Manchester Rovers (February 2), Leeds Warehouse (3), Colwyn Bay Pavilion (4) and Wolverhampton Polytechnic (7), with more being set. The girls — Jane, June, Kate and Ramona — also join Spizz and his group (who have just made their annual name change to The Spizzles) in an Advisory Service for Squatters benefit at London City University on January 29.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS set out this weekend on a short tour, designed to aid promotion of their new Zonophone single 'Kids On The Streets' / 'The Sun Never Shines', released on January 26. With more dates still to be added, those confirmed so far are Leamington Royal Spa Centre (tomorrow, Friday), matinee and evening shows at Liverpool Brady's (Saturday), Paisley Bungalow Bar (January 18 and 19), Aberdeen Fusion (20), Scarborough Taboo (23), Walsall Town Hall (24), Bradford Tiffany's (29), Bolton Sports Centre (30) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (February 7).

THE PASSIONS, who support Roxy Music in their concerts at Birmingham and Leicester this weekend, begin their own headlining tour a few days later. It coincides with the January 23 release of their new Polydor single 'I'm In Love With A German Film Star', and dates confirmed so far are at Bristol University (January 22), Rayleigh Crocs (24), Cheltenham Eve's Night Club (26), Manchester Polytechnic (29), Portsmouth Polytechnic (31), Norwich East Anglia University (February 4), Leeds Fan Club (5), Edinburgh Nile Club (6) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7). More are being set.

● PATRIK FITZGERALD GROUP resume their travels next week, playing High Wycombe College of Higher Education (January 21), Bath Moles (22), Guildford Surrey University (26), Canterbury Kent University (28) and Brighton Concorde (29). Then follow London gigs at West Hampstead Moonlight Club (30), Islington Pied Bull (February 3), Covent Garden Rock Garden (5) and Richmond Snoopies (9), with more being set.

Subs undiminished tour responsibility

UK SUBS, who finished 1980 with a 32-date British tour, go back on the road again next month — this time to promote their new 13-track album 'Diminished Responsibility', released in red vinyl by Gem on February 13. It's the first LP to feature their new line-up of Charlie Harper (vocals), Nick Garrett (guitar), Alvin Gibbs (bass) and Steve Roberts (drums).

Dates are Belfast Ulster Hall (February 17), Oxford New Theatre (20), two shows at Manchester Polytechnic (21), Glasgow Tiffany's (22), Blackburn King George's Hall (23), Cardiff Top Rank (24), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (25), Nottingham Rock City (26), Birmingham Top Rank (27), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (28) and London Strand Lyceum (March 1).

Support act is Anti-Pasti,



CHARLIE harping on it

whose three-track single 'Let Them Free' is issued next week by Rondelet Records (distributed by Spartan).

TOUR NEWS

METAL EPIDEMIC GROWS

Krokus bloom in February

KROKUS, the Swiss-based hard rock band who were last in Britain for the 1980 Reading Festival, return here next month for a 20-date headlining tour. During the autumn, they toured America for eight weeks, and spent the rest of the time recording a new album — the result is 'Hardware', released by Ariola on February 6. It's preceded on January 30 by a single featuring two of the tracks from the LP, 'Rock City' and 'Mister 69', plus a bonus live track called 'Mad Racket' which isn't on the album.

Tour dates are Edinburgh Odeon (February 20), Glasgow Apollo (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Liverpool Empire (24), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (25), Derby Assembly Rooms (26), Hanley Victoria Hall (27), Sheffield City Hall (28), Reading Top Rank (March 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (3), Southampton Gaumont (4), Dunstable Queensway Hall (5), Ipswich Gaumont (8), London Hammersmith Odeon (7),



Bristol Colston Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (10), Bradford St George's Hall (11) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (12). The schedule was set up by Asgard and is promoted by MCP.

Ticket prices generally are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — and, although there's some slight deviation at certain venues, the

top price everywhere (including Hammersmith) is £3.50. They're on sale now at all venues — except Bradford (where the box-office opens on January 31), Dunstable (February 2) and Bristol (9). Support act on all dates in More, who have their own Tuesday-night residency at London Marquee from January 20 to February 17 inclusive.

Maiden voyage to 24 towns

IRON MAIDEN set out next month on their first world tour, which sees them playing no less than 125 concerts in six months. Their massive trek kicks off two dozen dates here in the UK, continuing in nine European countries, followed by visits to Japan, Australia, the United States and Canada, before returning home in August! To preface all this activity, their second album 'Killers' — the first to feature new guitarist Adrian Smith — is released by EMI on February 9.

British dates are Ipswich Gaumont (February 17), Norwich East Anglia University (18), Oxford New Theatre (19), Lancaster University (20), Derby Assembly Rooms (21), Manchester Apollo

(22), Hanley Victoria Hall (23), Dunstable Queensway Hall (24), Guildford Civic Hall (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Taunton Odeon (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (March 1), Southampton Gaumont (2), Bradford St George's Hall (4), Liverpool Royal Court (5), Middlesbrough Town Hall (6), Newcastle City Hall (7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Edinburgh Odeon (9), Sheffield City Hall (10), Birmingham Odeon (12), Cambridge Corn Exchange (13), Bracknell Sports Centre (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15).

Support act on the British tour is French band Trust. Ticket prices range between £2.50 and £3.50, and they go on sale from tomorrow.

Gillan for March mini-tour

GILLAN undertake a UK mini-tour in early March, taking in Bournemouth Winter Gardens (2), Blackburn King George's Hall (3), Nottingham Rock City (4), London Rainbow (5) and Newcastle City Hall (8). Tickets are on sale now priced £4 and £3, and the support band has yet to be confirmed.

The Newcastle gig is a special benefit show to aid Radio Lollipop, a new charity which aims to help children in hospital. And on the way up to Newcastle, they'll be playing a surprise gig on March 7 "somewhere in the North-West", which is only being advertised locally.

These are likely to be Gillan's only UK appearances this year,



as they are set for a 16-country tour of Europe and the Near East in the spring, followed by an extensive U.S. outing in the summer.

Right now, they're busy recording their second Virgin album for April release, and this

is preceded on January 30 by the advent of their new single 'Mutually Assured Destruction' / 'The Maelstrom' — the A-side is an anti-nukes song, with a title which could affectively be shortened to 'MAD'.

MATCHBOX TO STRIKE OUT

MATCHBOX will headline a nationwide UK tour next month, paving the way for their third Magnet album, currently being recorded with producer Peter Colling. The band will preview material from the new LP — all penned by lead guitarist Steve Bloomfield — and they have so far confirmed 13 dates:

Reading Hexagon (February 6), New Brighton Floral Pavilion (7), Wakefield Unity Hall (8), Blackburn King George's Hall (11), Nottingham University (13), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (14), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (18), Warrington Parr Hall (19), Aberystwyth Kings Hall (20), Ashington Leisure Centre (21), Redcar Coatham Bowl (22), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (25) and Southend Cliffs Pavilion (26).

One or two more dates, including a major London venue, have still to be finalised and will be announced shortly. A new single, the follow-up to the band's 'Over The Rainbow' hit, will be issued to coincide with the tour.

□ MANFRED MANN and the Earth Band play a one-off at Hatfield The Forum this Sunday (18), supported by Rab Noakes. It's a low-key one-off, intended as a warm-up for their European tour starting next week. There are plans for them to undertake a short UK tour towards the end of March.

You too can see U2

U2 play their first headliner at London's Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, February 1, as the climax to a short British tour — the last time they'll be playing in the UK until the summer. Provincial dates are Glasgow Strathclyde University (January 24), Edinburgh Valentino's (25), York University (26), Manchester Polytechnic (27), Norwich East Anglia University (28), Northampton Polytechnic (27), Loughborough University (30) and St. Albans City Hall (31). The Delta 5 support at the Lyceum, and Altered Images at all other venues. U2 subsequently undertake a European tour, and start an American concert series in March. A new single will be issued by Island in February, titles as yet undecided.

Clapton's one-off

ERIC CLAPTON and his band play a surprise one-off concert at London Rainbow on Thursday, February 5, prior to setting out on an extensive American tour. Special guests are Chas & Dave, and the promoter is Harvey Goldsmith. Tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £5 — unseated in the stalls, seated in the circle.

● BURNING SPEAR is also playing a one-off at London Rainbow. He returns to headline there on Sunday, February 8, with a support act still to be named. Tickets are on sale now, and for this gig there are two prices, despite the lack of seats in the stalls — £4.50 and £4.

DATA CONTROL

THURSDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Quads
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
Birmingham Odeon: Roxy Music
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Drones
Derby Assembly Rooms: April Wine
Dublin Stardust Ballroom: The
Specials/The Beat
Eastcote Bottom Line: Morrissey-Mullen
Band
Glasgow Doune Castle: Frenchways
Guildford Civic Hall: Toyah
High Wycombe Nags Head: Dirty Money
Kingston Three Tuns: The Nashville Teens
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: Alkatrazz
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Frankie Miller
Band
Leeds Queen's Hall: The Boomtown Rats
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Rough Justice
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Liverpool Brady's: Wanda & The
Dentists/The Zeros
Liverpool Star & Garter: Asylum
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
Liverpool Warehouse: Dick Smith Band
London Camden Dingwells: Split Rivitt
London Chiswick John Bull: Telemacque
London Clapham 101 Club: The
Decorators/Ludas
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Sound
London Dagenham The Beacon: Janine
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young
Jazz Big Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Cubes
London Fulham The Cock: Old No. 7
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:
Good Question
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club:
Spartacus
London Hampstead Starlight Room: New
Yorkers
London Hayes Brook House: B Film/Orson
Blake
London Herne Hill Half Moon:
Regiment/Knox
London Hornsey Railway Hotel: Diz & The
Doormen
London Islington Hope & Anchor:
Restaurant For Dogs
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike
Isaacs Duo
London Marquee Club: Martian Dance
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Len Seattle Six
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett:
The Kraxe
London Richmond Snoopies: Missino
Presumed Dead/Zitz
London Soho Pizza Express: Al Cohn & Son
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J. J. &
The Flyers
London Walthamstow The Towers: The
Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's
Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:
Metro Gilder/The Elgin Marbles
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Billy Connolly
(for three days)
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug
Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Nottingham Rock City: UFO
Plymouth Polytechnic: Gary Glitter
Reading Target Club: Twelfth Night
Southend Scamps: Steve Hooker & The
Shakers
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: George Hamilton
IV
Todmorden Crockett's Nite Spot: Dragster
Winchester Railway Inn: The Time

FRIDAY

Alfreton Black Horse: Manikou
Birmingham Aston University: Toyah
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The
Footloose
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Privates
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation
Critical
Birmingham Odeon: Roxy Music
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Pete
Atkin
Brighton Alhambra: The Ammonites
Bristol Colston Hall: George Hamilton IV
Bromsgrove College of Further Education:
Close Rivals
Bromsgrove North Worcester College: Soul
Direction
Burton 76 Club: Weapon
Burton-on-Humber Youth Centre: Limelight
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Rank
Amateurs
Chorley Joiners Arms: Dick Smith Band
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Editors
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Croydon The Star: The MGA Band
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: Whipps
Eton Christopher Hotel: Chinatown
Galway Leisureland: The Specials/The Beat
Guildford Surrey University: Slade
Hailsham Crown Hotel: Ojah
Kingston Three Tuns: The Blues
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: The Accelerators
Leamington Royal Spa Centre: The Angelic
Upstarts
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Switches
Liverpool The Dolphin: Stun The Guards
Liverpool The Warehouse: Asylum
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: Al
Cohn & Son
London Camden Dingwells: Root Jackson
& The G.B. Blues Co.
London Camden Southampton Arms:
Jellyroll Blues Band
London Clapham 101 Club: Blur/The
Balloons
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Levi
Dexter & The Ripcords/Team 23
London Dagenham The Beacon: Janine
London Fulham The Cock: Jazz Sluts
London Hackney Chat's Palace: The Ivory
Coasters
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:
Department S/Theatre Of Hate
London Hampstead Starlight Room: No
Idea
London Hampstead Three Horseshoes:
Combo Passe
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Elgin
Marbles
London Hornsey Railway Hotel: 7 Year Itch
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Regents
London Kensington Commonwealth

Institute (for two days): George Lee Juice
Band/John Kplay/Short Wave/Adu
London Middlesex Polytechnic: Spider
London North Polytechnic: Misty In Roots
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Brian Davey
Trio/Bill Boston Swingtet
London Peckham Walmer Castle: Moontier
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
London Putney Star & Garter: Snatch 22
London Putney White Lion: The Soul Band
London Richmond Snoopies: The
Decorators/Ludas/The Mud Hatters
London Royal Free Hospital: Rio & The
Robots
London Soho Pizza Express: Bob Kerr's
Jazz Friends
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Zitz
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice
On The Loose
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic:
Victims Of Pleasure/Twig & The Kicks
London Victoria The Venue: Hi-Tension
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:
Restaurant For Dogs/Afghan
Rebels/Kan-Kan
Manchester The Lamplight: The Product
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: UFO
Oxford Caribbean Club: The West City 5
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Spring Offensive
Rayleigh Crocs: Crucifixion
Reading Target Club: Twelfth Night
Sheffield City Hall: The Boomtown Rats
Sheffield Limit Club: Frankie Miller Band
Southampton Technical College: The
Skavengers
Southend Zero 6: Level 42
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Graduate
Sunderland Mayfair Suite: Angelwitch
Warrington North Cheshire College:
Johnny Storm
Wisbech Angles Theatre: The Media

SATURDAY

Bath Pavilion: Toyah
Bedworth Civic Hall: George Hamilton IV
Birkenhead Gallery Club: Dick Smith Band
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Festival Suite: Partizans
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Babylon
Rebels/The Tadpoles
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome
Beasts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street
Dealers
Blackburn Galleygreaves: J. G. Spolls Rock
Band
Bristol Arncliffe Gallery: Sam Rivers Trio
Carshalton St. Helier's Arms: Johnny Storm
Croydon The Cartoon: 7 Year Itch
Derby Lonsdale College: Metro Gilder
Dronfield Green Acres: Union Blues Band
Edinburgh Nite Club: Frankie Miller Band
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Slade
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Dark Star
Leeds Haddon Hall: Dale Hargreaves
Flamingos
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Knife Edge
Leeds University: UFO
Leicester Belgrave Club: The Bopcats
Leicester Granby Hall: Roxy Music
Lincoln Bishop Grosseteste College: Red
Alert/Cigarette
Lincoln Drill Hall: Budgie
London Camden Dingwells: Jim Wilkie
Band
London Camden Royal Exchange: Juan
Foote 'n' The Grave
London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad
Among Strangers
London Clapham 101 Club: The
Mechanics/The Dave
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Realists/The Cubes
London Fulham Greyhound: Restaurant For
Dogs
London Fulham The Cock: Chantousie
London Greenwich White Swan: Moontier
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:
The Cavalry
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre
(lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dave
Ellis Band
London Herne Hill Half Moon:
Tranzista/The Skavengers
London Hornsey Railway Hotel: Juice On
The Loose
London N.4 The Stapleton: The
Volcanoes/The Outskirts
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Kim
Lesley/Tucker Finlayson Band
London Peckham Walmer Castle:
Edukatons
London Putney Star & Garter: Salt
London Putney White Lion: The C-Sharps
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House:
Dave Evans
London Soho Pizza Express: Ian Henry
Quartet/Vic Ash
London Southall Community Centre: Misty
In Roots
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief
London Victoria The Venue: Merger
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer:
City Waites
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:
The Dumb Blondes/The MP's
London W.C.2 Africa Centre: Jabula
Malvern Nags Head: Shader
Manchester University Union: Performance
Margate Winter Gardens: The Lambretas
Market Harborough Welland Park College:
Geno Washington Band
Norwich East Anglia University: Lindisfarne
Nottingham Boat Club: Quartz
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Never Never
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Chinatown
Preston Warehouse: Alkatrazz
Rayleigh Crocs: Thompson Twins
Reading Target Club: Poser
Reading Technical College: Between
Pictures
Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel:
Punishment Of Luxury
Selston Sports Hall: Paralex Against
Radium/Race/Time
Sheffield City Hall: April Wine
St. Albans City Hall: Heavy Metal Bonanza
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: Switches
Watford Red Lion: The Attendants/B Film
Whitworth Rawlston Arms: Dragster
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The
Pests

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out

COMPILED
BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

ALAN HULL (above) of
Lindisfarne who, after doing the
rounds of the London club
circuit, begin a 31-date
nationwide concert tour in
Norwich on Saturday.

RONNIE JAMES DIO (below)
fronts Black Sabbath, when their
delayed winter tour finally gets
under way with a string of gigs at
London Hammersmith from
Sunday.



HAZEL O'CONNOR (above), now
fully mobile after her recent
ankle injury, starts the second
leg of her 1980-1 UK trek in York
on Tuesday together with
Megahype.

SAXON (below) play a four-date
mini-tour, including two
replacement gigs from their
autumn schedule. They kick off in
Halifax on Monday.



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

TUESDAY

Birkenhead Gallery Club: Dead On Arrival
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: No Faith
Blackburn Rishon New Inn: Alkatrazz
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: San
Jacinto
Bradford St George's Hall: Saxon
Cheltenham Eves Night Club: The
Mo-dettes
Derby Assembly Rooms: George Hamilton
IV
Edinburgh Odeon: April Wine
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: Al Cohn & Son
Leeds Marquis of Granby: Rough Justice
Liverpool Christs Notradame College: Dick
Smith Band
London Camden Dingwells: The Tea Set
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Polecats
London Clapham 101 Club: Shadowfax/The
Whizz Kids
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Neon
Dior
London Euston Rd. Green Man: Combo
Passe
London Fulham Greyhound: Switches
London Fulham The Cock: Side Street
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel:
Auntie Pua/The Satellites
London Hammersmith Odeon: Black
Sabbath
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The
Clue
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Poser
London Hayes Brook House: Patrick
Moore's Solar Eclipse
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue
Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Gas
London Islington Pied Bull: The Variations
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Yakety
Yak
London Marquee Club: More/Bastille
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razzy
Dazzy Spasm Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Vac Band
London Richmond Snoopies: Bo & The
Generals/Phantom Zone
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star
Jazzband
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: The
Attendants/Orson Blake
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Billy
Connolly (until February 1)
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:
Delta 5/Out On Blue Six
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Sore
Throat
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The
MGA Band
Luton The Kingsway: C-Salm
Manchester Apollo Theatre: UFO
Manchester Polytechnic: Toyah
Reading University: Lindisfarne
Sheffield City Hall: Slade
Stockton Queen's Hotel: Erogenous Zones
Swinton The Tow Path: Whammer Jammer
York University: Hazel O'Connor &
Megahype

WEDNESDAY

Aldershot Princess Hall: George Hamilton
IV
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Dansette
Damage
Birmingham Mercat Cross: M. S.
Nightwork
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Blackburn King George's Hall: Saxon
Bradford St. George's Hall: Hazel O'Connor
& Megahype
Brighton Sussex University: Johnny Mars
7th Sun
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: Spider
Cardiff Dowlais Club: The Laughing Apple
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Darlington Turk's Head: Erogenous Zones
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
Halifax Foggys: Stuffed Badgers
Halifax Shay Club: Al Cohn & Son
Keele University: Toyah
Liverpool Scamps: Stun The Guards
London Acton Kings Head: Local
Heroes/The Nuggets
London Camden Dingwells: Icarus
London Clapham Two Brewers: Good
Question
London Clapham 101 Club: No
Sweet/Suttel Approach
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Thompson Twins/Treatment
London Fulham The Cock: Fizz
London Hammersmith Odeon: Black
Sabbath
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Fruit
Eating Bears
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Zitz
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred
Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Marquee Club: The Mo-dettes
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Colin Kingwell's
Jazz Bandits
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Acker Bilk
Band
London Peckham Walmer Castle: The
Firm/The Elite
London Richmond Snoopies: Furniture/Le
Change
London Soho Pizza Express: Al Fredericks
Quintet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The
MGA Band
London Victoria The Venue: The Reluctant
Stereotypes
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer:
Roy Vaughan Trio
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:
Animal Magnet/The Imports
Loughborough University: Lindisfarne
Manchester Apollo Theatre: April
Wine
Mansfield Westfield Folk House: New
Apotles
Newport Stowaway Club: Switches
New Romney The Seahorse: The Pulsaters
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Sheffield City Hall: UFO
Sittingbourne Old Ash Tree: The Chefs
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East
Side Stompers
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club:
Geno Washington Band
Wisbech Isle of Ely College: The Media
York University: Sam Rivers Trio

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Demolition
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Ian
Carr & Pendulum
Bradford St. George's Hall: UFO
Coventry Warwick University: Toyah
Croydon The Cartoon: The Blues
Glasgow University: Frankie Miller Band
Halifax Civic Theatre: Saxon
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side
Stompers
Ilford Room at the Top: Semuts
Kingston The Grove Tavern: Avenue
Leeds Playhouse: Sam Rivers Trio
Liverpool The Masonic: Protege
London Clapham 101 Club: Rock
Goddess/First Aid
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Rest/The Clue
London Cricklewood Film Studio: Red Rage
London Fulham The Cock: John Spencer's
Spectacles
London Hammersmith Odeon: Black
Sabbath
London Hammersmith Palais:
Aswad/Linton Kwesi Johnson/Reggae
Regulars
London Hampstead Starlight Room:
London Transport
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle:
Furniture/Orson Blake
London Islington Hare & Hounds: The
Meteors/7 Year Itch
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big
Chief
London N.4 The Stapleton: Sore Throat
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Arkwright's
Ferret Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Richmond Snoopies: Square
One/Lost Property
London Ronnie Scott's Club: George
Coleman/Elsie Delmar (for two weeks)
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett
Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Stratford Green Man: Telemacque
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic:
Diz Disley
London Tooting The Castle: Fruit Eating
Bears/Empty Vessels
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:
Schleimer K/Dinkle Dean
London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's
Hot Goolies
Newcastle City Hall: April Wine/Chevy
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: Al Cohn &
Son
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Nuneaton 77 Club: Partizans
Oxford Scamps: The Mo-dettes
Peterborough Werrina Stadium: Slade
Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's
Flying Fingers
Sheffield University: The Jump City
Southend Zero 6: Angelwitch
Stockton The Talbot: Erogenous Zones
Wallasey Labour Club: Dick Smith Band

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

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

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

Thur 15th Jan (Adm £1.75)

MARTIAN DANCE

Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Fri 16th Jan (Adm £1.50)

THE JACKIE LYNTON BAND

Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sat 17th Jan (Adm £2.00)

FRANKIE MILLER

Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sun 18th Jan (Adm £1.25)

NEW ELECTRIC WARRIORS LONDON FINAL

Turbo & Race Against Time & D.J. Mandy H

Mon 19th Jan (Adm £1.25)

THE LOOK

Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tue 20th Jan (Adm £1.25)

MORE

Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Wed 21st January

For One Night Only

MODETTES

Plus friends & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £1.75
Non members on the door £2.00

Thur 22nd Jan (Adm £2.00)

BUDGIE

Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX RICHARD STRANGE THEATRE OF HATE SHOCK NAKED LUNCH

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
LYCEUM
SUNDAY 25th JANUARY at 6.30
TICKETS £100 (INC VAT) ADVANCE INCLUM BOX OFFICE TEL 435 3125
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS SHAFTSBLURY AVE TEL 439 3121 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 248 7285
OR ROCK ON RECORDS 1 ADELPHI TOWER RD, NW1 TEL 495 4082

Angelic Upstarts
January

16th Leamington Spa: Royal Spa Centre
17th Liverpool: Bradys (matinee evening)
18th Paisley: Bungalow Bar
19th " " "
20th Aberdeen: Fusion
23rd Scarborough: Taboo Rock Club
24th Wakefield: Town Hall
29th Bradford: Tiffanys
30th Bolton: Bolton Sports Centre
31st Manchester: The Squat
Feb. 7th Birmingham: Diabath Civic Centre

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

DEREK BLOCK presents

THE STRANGLERS
featuring
the Strangers
PLUS SUPPORT

SUNDAY 15th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
Tickets £4.00, £3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4001/2
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS; PREMIER BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND

FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 15th January £1.00
CHRIS HUNTS CABLE CAR
+ Press Gang

Friday 16th January £1.00
UPP + Nuthin Fancy

Saturday 17th January £1.50
RESTAURANT FOR DOGS
featuring Barry Andrews
+ Afghan Rebels

Sunday 18th January £1.00
JOHN DOWIE + Catchermann

Monday 19th January £1.00
THE LITTLE ROOSTERS + Grace

Tuesday 20th January £2.00
THE LOOK + The Creamies

Wednesday 21st January £1.00
THE LEMONS + Bad News

GREYHOUND PRESENTS
RESTAURANT FOR DOGS
BARRY ANDREWS
+ **AFGHAN REBELS**
SAT 17th JAN £1.50

ROCK CITY

Formerly HEART OF THE MIDLANDS
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel. 0602 411212
Open 8pm to 2am

Friday 23rd Jan £3.00 Adv GEN X + Teaset	Saturday 14th Feb £2.50 Adv BAD MANNERS + Support
Saturday 24th Jan £2.00 Adv THE MEMBERS + Support	Monday 14th Feb £2.50 Adv GEORGE MELLY + Support
Tuesday 27th Jan £2.00 Adv PSYCHEDELIC FURS + Support	Thursday 19th Feb £3.50 Adv THE STRANGLERS + Support
Tuesday 29th Jan £2.50 Adv SKIDS + Support	Friday 20th Feb £2.50 Adv AFTER THE FIRE + Support
Friday 30th Jan £2.50 Adv TOYAH + Support	Friday 27th Feb £2.50 Adv GORDON GILTRAP BAND + Support
Saturday 7th Feb £2.50 Adv HAZEL O'CONNOR & MEGAHYPE + Prime Suspect	Wednesday 4th March £3.00 Adv GILLAN + Support
Thursday 12th Feb £2.50 Adv ALEX HARVEY + Support	Wednesday 11th March £5.00 FRANKIE VALLI AND THE FOUR SEASONS

Tickets from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc Victoria Box Office Way Ahead, Revolver, R.E. Chords (Derby), Revolver (Leicester) or by post from Rock City — Cheques payable to Rock City — Must be over 18 years of age — No membership required

101 CLUB 101 St John's Hill Tel: 01-223 8309 Thursday 15th January New Hormones Night THE DECORATORS + Ludus Friday 16th January BLURT + The Balloons Saturday 17th January THE MECHANICS + The Dave Sunday 18th January THE KICKS + The Form Monday 19th January ROCK GODDESS + Trial Tuesday 20th January SHADOWFAX + Wizz Kids Wednesday 21st January NO SWEAT + Suttel Approach We are open Saturday lunchtime and our basement is now open for private functions. Ring 223 8309 or 767 8432 for details	STARLIGHT CLUB 100 West End Lane West Hampstead, NW6 Thursday 15th January £1 NEW YORKERS (R&B) Friday 16th January £1.50 NO MEEN FEET + Gingers & The Nuts Saturday 17th January £1 DICK HECKSTALL & THE FAMOUS BLUES BLASTERS Monday 19th January £1 LONDON TRANSPORT Tuesday 20th January £1 THE CLUE Wednesday 21st January £1 FRUIT EATING BEARS Thursday 22nd January £1 BAD PUBLICITY Friday 23rd January £1.50 GAFFA + Support For information Ring Pete 01-624 7811
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THE LITTLE ROOSTERS

★ UK 81 ★

JANUARY

16th BRADYS, LIVERPOOL
17th BRIDGEHOUSE, CANNING TOWN
19th GREYHOUND, FULHAM
22nd RAFTERS, MANCHESTER
23rd 76th CLUB, BURTON-ON-TRENT
24th J.B'S, DUDLEY
26th HOPE 'N' ANCHOR, ISLINGTON
30th ROCK GARDEN, COVENT GND

FEBRUARY

6th WYVERN CENTRE, LEICESTER
PHONE 351 3340

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

Monday 26th January

EXPELAIRES

Tuesday 27th January

THEATRE OF HATE

Wednesday 28th January

CLIMAX BLUES BAND

Coming in February, MODETTES, THE MONOCHROME SET, MOON-DOGS & Many many more. Enquiries Phone Leeds 468287

Late Bar — 9 till 2am

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURSDAY 15 SPLIT RIVITT FRIDAY 16 ROOT JACKSON'S G.B. BLUES COMPANY SAT 17 / FROM SCOTLAND JIM WILKIE & THE ELECTRIC CEILIDH BAND LIVE MUSIC · BAR · DISCO · RESTAURANT · VIDEO OPEN MON-SAT 8PM-2AM, SUN 7-11.30PM & LUNCHTIMES SAT 12-3PM & SUN 12-3PM CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1. 01-267 4967	SUN 18 CLOSED TO PUBLIC TUESDAY 20 TEA SET WEDNESDAY 21/REGGAE NIGHT ICARUS THURSDAY 22 RESTAURANT FOR DOGS featuring BARRY ANDREWS
--	--

Venue
160 Victoria St., SW1
(Opp Victoria Tube Station)
01-834 5882
Food, Drink, Live Bands,
Dancing 7pm-3am
COMING SOON

Friday 23rd January £3.00
THE BLUES BLASTERS
featuring Dick Heckstall Smith + Victor Brox

Saturday 24th January £3.50
OSIBISA

Monday & Tuesday 26th & 27th January £4.00
FLO 'N' EDDIE PRESENT 'THE 2 1/2 MAN SHOW'

Wednesday 28th January £2.00
NASH THE SLASH



HOPE & ANCHOR UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 14th January £1.00 THE OUTFIT	Sunday 18th January £1.00 THE FLATBACKERS
Thursday 15th January £1.25 Barry Andrews RESTAURANT FOR DOGS	Monday 19th January £1.00 after 9.45 pm The Return Gig THE METEORS
Friday 16th January £1.25 THE REGENTS	Tuesday 20th January £1.00 THE GAS
Saturday 17th January £1.25 DELTA 5	Wednesday 21st January £1.00 JOE BROADBERRY & THE STAND-OUTS

REGGAE AT THE 100 CLUB

100 Oxford St, London W1

Thursday 15th January

CIMARONS

+ The Instigators

NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB

Tuesday 20th January

THE SOUND

+ The Venigma

NME Live ads

are seen by over

HALF A MILLION

more people
than our nearest
selling rival

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

CAROLITE

Roadshow

Friday 16th January
THE INSTITUTE
BRAINTREE, ESSEX

Saturday 17th January
TOWN HALL
CHATHAM, KENT

Friday 23rd January
ASSEMBLY HALL
TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
KENT

Friday 30th January
QUEENSWAY HALL
DUNSTABLE, BEDS

Saturday 31st January
CASTLE HALL
HERTFORD, HERTS

CAROLITE BRITAIN'S BEST ROCK ROADSHOW WITH D.J. BOB LOEN BRIAN MARTIN & TOM ANDERSON
DOORS OPEN 8pm — BAR — Adm £2.50

OBSERVER MUSIC PRESENTS AT THE
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

ASWAD

AND

special
guests

LINTON
KWESI JOHNSON

THE REGGAE REGULARS

ON JANUARY 19th

TICKET PRICES AT £3.50 DOORS OPEN AT 7.30

Tickets available from the box office and usual ticket agencies. Over 18's

NASHVILLE TEENS

Jan 15th
WAVES, THREE TUNS,
KINGSTON
Jan 21st-24th
SILKS, NEWBURY
Jan 28th
GOLDEN LION, FULHAM RD.
Jan 29th
BRIDGEHOUSE, CANNING TOWN
Jan 30th
DINGWALLS, CAMDEN LOCK
New Single:
Midnight/Summer
Out soon on Go Records
Enquiries: 01 289 0561

BROADWAY
TICKET AGENCY
Tickets on sale now for

BILLY CONNOLLY
30th, 31st & 1st Feb

THE WHO
9th, 10th & 11th March

NEIL SEDAKA
9th, 10th, 11th, 12th April

BROADWAY
TICKET AGENCY
8 Claybury Broadway,
Clayhall,
Ilford, Essex.
Phone 01-551 4138/9

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 16th January Adm £2.00

WHITE SPIRIT

+ Support

Saturday 17th January Adm £2.00

DURUTTI COLUMN

+ Section 25

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 15th January 60p
DOLLY
MIXTURES
+ Gymslips

Friday 16th January £1.20
GENO
WASHINGTON
+ Rye & The Quarter Boys

Saturday 17th January £1.00
LITTLE
ROOSTERS
+ The Pope

Sunday 18th January 70p
SUNFIGHTER
+ Nettie Blue

Monday 19th January 70p
DEPECHE MODE
+ Sleeping Pills

Tuesday 20th January 70p
Rockabilly Night With
THE
POLECATS

Wednesday 21st January 70p
THE
COUNT BISHOPS
+ Fallout

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following

JANUARY
18 Boomtown Rats
18-21 Black Sabbath
19 Aswad
20-31 Billy Connolly
22 Max Webster
23 Cliff Richard
26 Slade
27 April Wine
28, 29 UFO
FEBRUARY
1 Billy Connolly
1 Hazel O'Connor

MARCH
5 Ian Gillan
7 Krokus
7 Judas Priest
28, 29 Elvis Costello
APRIL
9-12 Neil Sedaka
28, 29 Glen Campbell
29, 30 Liberace
MAY
1-9 Liberace
6-9 Leo Sayer
21, 22 Paul Anka

JAN 20 — FEB 1st BILLY CONNOLLY

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

General enquiries Tel 01-439 3371 Instant Credit Bookings 01-240 1369/0681 Postal Bookings
96 Shaftesbury Ave W1 Personal callers 31 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus and 42
Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, Tel 01-437 5150

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

0215

THE THOMPSON TWINS

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

SUNDAY 1st FEBRUARY at 7-30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL 036 3775
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE TEL 039 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL 240 2265
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 NORTON TOWN RD, NW1, TEL 485 5888

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block in association with Dave Woods presents

Siouxsie and The Banshees

PLUS GUESTS

MON./TUES. 16th/17th FEBRUARY 7-30pm

ALL TICKETS £3.50

BOOKED IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS 2072 TEL 01-551 4138/9
PREMIER BOX OFFICE: VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, MONK TOWN, RECORDS

DESIRE PROMOTIONS PRESENT:-

ACADEMY ONE

at the

Africa Centre
38 King Street WC2

Thurs 15th January 1981
7.30-11 pm

Bar, Food, 80's Music :: Admission £1.25

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS

OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO SEE

AC/DC

LIVE IN CONCERT

AT THE 10,000 CAPACITY
VORSTNATIONAL,
BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR THE
SUNDAY 25th JANUARY

THE PRICE OF £48 INCLUDES

- ☆ A good seat at the concert
- ☆ Luxury coach trip from London to Brussels return
- ☆ Return ferry tickets from Dover/Ostende
- ☆ Saturday night stay at a good hotel in Brussels in room with bath and buffet breakfast
- ☆ A weekend in Brussels

Please complete the booking form below and return with S.A.E. and cheque or P.O. for £48 to

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
18A VALKYRIE ROAD,
WESTCLIFFE-ON-SEA,
ESSEX

As space is limited, early booking is essential, unsuccessful applicants will have their money refunded by return of post

BOOKING FORM

Please print clearly in Block Capitals

Name

Address

No. of Tickets Req'd. ☐

Please make Cheques/P.O.'s (send no cash)
payable to:

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
Tel: 0702 338651

BARRY ANDREWS

RESTAURANT FOR DOGS

AFGHAN REBELS

KAN-KAN

FRI 16th JAN £1.50

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, NW 6

Wednesday 14th January £1.50
LONDON TRANSPORT
+ Karen Dash

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INFORMATION CITY

RECORD NEWS

I RECENTLY noticed that Nick Mason produced the second Damned album 'Music For Pleasure' along with their 'Problem Child' single. Is this the same Nick Mason that plays with the Floyd? If so, what other production work has he done outside of his activities with the Floyd?

MICK GOOKEY, Luton
● Yep, you're right. The Damned producer and the

Floyd person are one and the same. He recently completed work on a solo album, which he co-produced with Carla Bley, and this should be out in February. But further info about his production chores is unavailable simply because no one at Floyd HQ cares enough to answer my enquiries. I guess some people build better walls than others!

COULD you tell me on which Nina Simone album I could find the track 'Go Limp'? I have heard it on a tape but can't find the source.

A. MACKENZIE, London SW7
● Hell! this one took a lot of

tracking down. But eventually I discovered the title in a 1966 Philips supplement which revealed that 'Go Limp' was one of the tracks on 'Nina Simone In Concert' (Philips BL 7678), an album which is now hard to come by.

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Sunday Times



Pic: Peter Anderson

Captain Sensible: "Me? Embarrassed? Just 'cos Nick Mason produced our album? I've always said Floyd were our greatest influence."

HAS Yesstories, the book about Yes, yet been published? I heard sometime ago that it would come out about the same time as the band's latest album but, as I haven't yet seen a copy, I was wondering if it had been scrapped because of the departure of Jon Anderson and Rick Wakeman.

GARY RILEY, Long Eaton.
● After following a trail which led from WEA to Yes's management and then on to Roger Dean's place, Buggles, our bloodhound, finally sniffed his way to the door of publishers Sidewick and Jackson, who owned up: "Yes,

we're publishing the book, though we didn't think many people knew about it. Written by Stan Hedges, it's no longer to be called Yesstories but Yes, The Authorised Biography. It should be out sometime in summer, next year, and in format it will be very similar to the other books we've published on Genesis and Status Quo." It seems possible that Dean, whose brother Martin is currently building a new stage for Yes, will contribute some artwork to the proposed tome though at this stage nothing definite has been decided upon.

IMPORTS

Klaus Schulzzzzzz

THOUGH LOGO, who import the disc, claim that Klaus Schulze's 'Dig It' (Brain) heralds a change in direction for the Teutonic mains-tester, little really happens that hasn't previously sent listeners scurrying in search of Sornambulists Anonymous — even though the album is Schulze's first digitally recorded offering. I'll admit to a sneaking regard for one track — the five minute long 'Weird Caravan' on which Schulze sets himself up as a kind of galactic Booker T. But elsewhere all is the usual music for mind-games — surf breaking on some Jules Verne sea-shore, Valkyries plunging to wrest heroes from the battlefields of Armageddon — make of it what you will.

Schulze remains as ever both technically impressive and musically dull.

● Paul McCartney: 'The Paul McCartney Interview' (Columbia). An interview initially taped for *Musicians: Player and Listener* last August. Later it was made available as a radio promo disc before being released as a limited edition album.

● Millie Jackson: 'I Had To Say It' (Spring). Actually she says very little 'cause the clean-up woman campaign's underway and all her expletives have been bleeped! W.H. Smith win again.

● Sid King And The Five Sharps: 'Gonna Shake This Shack Tonight' (Bear Family). A score of vintage Texas rockabilly cuts, some previously unissued, by the band sometimes hi-jacked by Buddy Knox to accompany him on various sessions. An admirable German-released compilation, pieced together by CBS Special Projects with the aid of British specialists John Beecher and Tony Martin. Available through the latter's own Tonal Records of 341 Norwood Road, West Norwood, London SE27.

● Harlequin: 'Love Crimes' (Epic). Canadian band getting the big push — album produced by Jack Douglas, sleeve by Hipgnosis, the whole treatment. The smalgam of heavy yet commercial sounds,

clear-cut vocal leads and multitudinous hooks suggests success in the singles supermarket cannot be far away.

● Soundtrack: 'Inside Moves' (Full Moon). Music from the latest Richard *The Omen* Donner movie. Includes tracks by Detroit Spinners, Ambrosia, Lady Sylvia, Boz Scaggs, Leo Sayer, Pablo Cruise, and film M.D. John Barry. Very A.O.R., very Madison Ave. If it only walked and waved Old Glory it could be the next president of the USA.

● Mark Hoback: 'A Sides' (Round Raoul). Oblique songs for the '80s, from a Virginia based singer who's appeared at CBGB's and includes a live track from his gig there just to publicise the fact. But it's all very unconvincing and forgettable in the extreme. Pass.

● John Starling: 'Long Time Gone' (Sugar Hill). Class down-the-line country fare, produced about three years ago by Lowell George and Audie Ashworth. George plays slide on nearly every cut, while Emmylou Harris, Ricky Scaggs, Herb Pederson, Bill Payne, Mike Aldridge, Buddy Emmons and Paul Craft are among the others who aid and abet. Wonder why it took so long to surface?

Fred Dollar

1. John Lennon and Yoko Ono 'The Wedding Album' (Jap. Apple)
2. John Lennon and Yoko Ono 'Life With The Lions' / 'Unfinished Music No.2' (Jap. Apple)
3. Whitesnake 'Snake Bite' (Sunburst)
4. Clash 'Black Market Clash' (Epic)
5. Vangelis 'Opera Sauvage' (French Polydor)
6. Whispers 'Imagination' (Solar)
7. Teaze 'Body Shots' (Canadian Aquarius)
8. The Reddings 'The Awakening' (I Believe In A Dream)
9. Rush 'All The World's A Stage' (Canadian Mercury — with triple sleeve)

10. Spencer Davis Group 'Autumn '66' (German Ariola)
Also selling: T.S. Monk 'House Of Music' (Mirage), Jan and Dean 'Surf City' (German Ariola), Lee Ritenour 'Gentle Thoughts' (Jap JVC direct cut), Jimi Hendrix 'Re-Experienced' (German Polydor), Beatles 'Greatest Hits' (Dutch EMI — gold vinyl), Meatloaf 'Bat Out Of Hell' (German — CBS supercut).

Chart supplied by Paul Faires, Rochester, Kent, and The HMV Shop, Oxford Street

Rainbow elpee, tour plans

RAINBOW's new album 'Difficult To Cure' is now set for February 9 release by Polydor. It's their sixth LP, but the first since their 1980 line-up changes — which saw American vocalist Joe Lyn Turner replacing Graham Bonnet, and drummer Bobby Rondinelli taking over from Cozy Powell. A single from the album, the Russ Ballard song 'I Surrender', comes out on January 23. The band are currently preparing for a major American tour, starting next month and running until late April, but an extensive series of British and European dates is at present being finalised to start in June. Meanwhile, Cozy Powell — who's been guesting with the Michael Schenker Band — has signed to Polydor as a solo artist, and should have an album ready for mid-1981 release.

● The Blondie 'Greatest Hits' album, which has been in the pipeline for some time, is now scheduled for April release by Chrysalis — and there are plans for a specially recorded videotape version to be made available at about the same time.

● Honey Bane makes her Zonophone debut this week with a two-pack single in a full-colour gatefold sleeve, selling at the regular list price of £1.15. Produced by Jimmy Pursey, it features 'Turn Me On Turn Me Off', 'Ain't Nobody's Business', 'Negative Exposure' and 'In Dreams'.

● New Liverpool five-piece The Sneakers, formed last summer have had their debut single snapped up by RCA. Titled 'Movie Star', it was originally only available through independent label Live Records.

● The Barracudas' new single, issued by Zonophone next Monday (19), is 'I Can't Pretend'. Their debut album follows shortly, with a tour to coincide.

● Sheena Easton has her debut album 'Take My Time', which includes her two 1980 smash hit singles, issued by EMI next week — and the LP's title tracks comes out as her next single on February 2.

● More singles chart contenders from EMI, both out this weekend, are 'A Little In Love' by Cliff Ricard and 'Wasn't Love Strong Enough' by Dennis Waterman — both taken from their latest albums.

● First single from Northampton rockabilly trio The Jets, who signed to EMI before Christmas, is 'Who's That Knockin'. It's issued next week, with their self-titled debut album following on February 9.

● The two-year-old single 'Driver's Seat' by Sniff 'n' The Tears is reissued by Chiswick next week, in view of its current success abroad.

● Bunny Wailer Sings The Wailers' is released by Island on February 9, and it's his first album for the label since 'Protest' in 1977. Wailer was a founder member of the group, together with Bob Marley and Peter Tosh, and the ten LP tracks are taken from the original Wailers' repertoire. Musicians include Robbie Shakespeare, Sly Dunbar and Sticky as the rhythm section, plus Earl 'Chinna' Smith on guitar.



● Phil Collins, whose single 'In The Air Tonight' is already on release, has his first solo album 'Face Value' issued by Virgin on February 13. Collins sings and plays assorted keyboards and percussion on the ten-track set — assisted at various stages by such luminaries as Eric Clapton, Daryl Stuermer, Joe Partridge, Alphonso Johnson, Stephen Bishop, Ronnie Scott and the Earth Wind & Fire brass section. There's also talk of some live appearances to tie in with the release.

● Following in the footsteps of The Stray Cats and The Poilecats comes the debut album by Midlands rock 'n' roll trio The Bopcats. Titled 'Rock 'n Roll Graffiti', it's on the Magnum Force label (distributed by Pinnacle), and is released this weekend.

● Red Shadow Records have picked up 'Own Up (If You're Over 25)' by Johnny Dummer & Helen April, from the recent 101 Records album 'Beyond The Groove', and issue it as a single this weekend.

● The Vapors, currently touring North America, have a new single set for release by Liberty on January 26 — 'Spiders' / 'Galleries For Guns'. The A-side is taken from their upcoming album, due out in March, but the coupling won't be on the LP.

GRACE JONES SINGS STING

GRACE JONES has a new single issued by Island on February 9, and it was specially written for her by Sting — titled 'Demolition Man'. It comes in both 7" and 12" disco-mix. We're assured it's not dedicated to Russell Harty, though the B-side of the 12-inch could well be — that's called 'Bullshit' and is taken from her current album, the title song of which forms the coupling of the seven-inch.



● Knox — the band who take their name from their leader, the former Vibrators vocalist — have been signed by Gem Records, after a one-off stay with the Armageddon label. Their first single through their new outlet is 'She's So Good Looking' / 'Love Is Burning', issued on January 23.

● Noosha Fox — former lead singer with hit group Fox, who disbanded in 1977 — returns to the record scene this weekend with her solo single 'More Than Molecules' on Earlobe Records.

More Madness

MADNESS have their seventh single issued by Stiff tomorrow (Friday) and, aptly enough for the seven-piece band, it's called 'Return Of The Los Palmas 7'. Basically an instrumental, it's coupled with 'That's The Way To Do It.'

● The incredibly titled 'I'm In Love With The Girl On The Manchester Virgin Megastore Checkout Desk' by Manchester's Chris Sievey & The Freshies, originally issued on their own Razz Records label, has been picked up by MCA for release this weekend.

● Sneakers, formed last summer, have had their debut single snapped up by RCA. Titled 'Movie Star', it was originally only available through independent label Live Records.

● Beggar's Banquet subsidiary 4.A.D. Records release their first 1981 single on January 30 — 'Marble Station' / 'Misguided' by Danish group Sort Sol. Meanwhile, Modern English — who appear at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club this Sunday (18) — are working on an album for late February release.

Rats single

THE BOOMTOWN RATS' new single, released on January 23, is 'The Elephants Graveyard' — an edited and re-mixed track from their current album 'Mondo Bongo'. The B-side 'Real Different' is not on the LP, but was recorded at the same sessions.

● Fusion band Central Line, now trimmed from a seven-piece to quintet size, are to re-sign with Phonogram next month for release via the Mercury label. Meanwhile, their single '(You Know) You Can Do It' — which they put out before Christmas on their own Ultra label — has been picked up by Mercury for release this weekend in both 7" and 12".

● As reported last month, the Praying Mantis single 'Cheated' / '30 Pieces Of Silver' is issued by Arista this weekend, packaged with a free single. It now transpires that this free single comprises two live tracks recorded at London Marquee, 'Flirting With Suicide' and 'Panic In The Streets', neither of which is featured on the band's upcoming self-named album.

LIVE!

The Stray Cats pussy footin' it. Pix Toshi Yajima.



DOING THE BRYLCREEM BOUNCE



Stray Cats London

AN interesting cultural process has brought The Stray Cats to these shores. Three boys from suburban Long Island, eschewing the trash aesthetic of New York City, have carried the rockabilly heritage of the American south to the suburbs of London. Nowhere along the line has the south itself been involved. Already an artefact of history, rockabilly has become an extension of punk, an urban barnstorm.

But it is also a reinterpretation of punk's status and a divestiture of punk's image. Gone are the thousand and one little chains

and pins, all that's left is the pure energy. The Stray Cats are both a revival and a whole new phase. (They certainly do not look like hillbillies: Slim Jim's head might have been stretched on a rack, and Brian Setzer is a demented Renaissance cupid).

The show, lasting just under an hour, suggests they were right to leave not only Long Island, but also the circuit of places like CBGB's, where they could only be regarded as entertaining freaks. There is so much sheer energy in every one of their songs, from Warren Smith's 'Ubangi Stomp' to Gene Vincent's 'Pretty Baby'. All three of the group stand upfront thrashing the life out of their instruments. Slim Jim bearing down on his snaredrum from on top of a monitor, Setzer doubled over and at times invisible, strangling his guitar neck to pin down that curling Scotty Moore sound, Lee Rocker wheeling round his bass as he might dance with an outside woman.

Other songs featured were 'Fish Net Stocking', 'Stray Cat Strut', the long, slow blues 'Drink That Bottle Down', with Lee Rocker singing, and their country blues version of 'You Can't Hurry Love' (decidedly an oddity). 'Runaway Boys' was like being gunned down by an execution squad, Setzer launching into a kind of machine gun shuffle and the others almost destroying their instruments. The song was encored with everyone on stage, perhaps showing the shortage of material, and by the time they got to 'Something Else', there was barely enough room for them to continue. But by then, everyone was so happy that even the bouncers had given up.

Barney Hoskyns

Human Switchboard

New York

IT WAS a week when people kept telling me that rock and roll was dead, its possibilities exhausted. At home, everyone was playing funk, reggae, blues, country — anything but rock and roll; that old formula, tired, old and repetitive.

But seeing Human Switchboard from Ohio, I realised once again that for a corpse, rock and roll can still kick extremely hard. When it's delivered right, that old 4 beat can be an adrenalin-pumping, physical thrill.

Human Switchboard are the stuff that breathes life into the old stiff. Their pop/rock is personalised, emotional and involved. It's very smart, even cunning, with a knack for twisting familiar patterns just enough to make new shapes. But its head doesn't get in the

way of the heart.

Guitarist Bob Pfeifer has the lion's share of the songs. But the vocal contributions and keyboard playing of Myrna Marcarian have grown in stature to the point where she can rightfully claim a place as co-frontperson.

Human Switchboard don't play the pop game of celebrating love. Instead they look it straight in the eye and call its bluff.

Marcarian's 'I Can Walk Alone' is a woman's strong declaration of independence. Her swirling organ riffs make a striking contrast to Pfeifer's furious, slashing guitar. Her version of 'Downtown' is full of loneliness and aching, and says explicitly the things Petula Clark left unsaid, it's a cover that truly buries the original.

Pfeifer's songs tend to take the part of a man disappointed in love and mad in the world. 'Who's Landing in My Hanger' screams raw jealousy; the imagery is

crude, but it gets by on the strength of his stuttering, passionate delivery.

Pfeifer and Marcarian trade vocal cross-talk. He bitterly puts down unfaithful lovers; she hauntingly pleads for love. When her organ parts get too near straight pop, his guitar undermines the effect with deranged noise; when his guitar moves near to conventional strumming, her organ gets discordant and wild. The rhythms are exciting but don't stray far from the expected dance of modern rock.

Human Switchboard aren't startling innovators. There are easy reference points for their sound — Talking Heads, third album Velvet Underground, echoes of a sophisticated version of 'Nuggets' era garage punk. But they write memorable songs and play them with passion. They inspire a renewed faith in the old forms by the way they make their individual voices heard there. Richard Grabel

Durutti Column The Renegades The Thunderboys

Manchester

MANCHESTER starts this International Year Of The Disabled as host to a new rock venture, the Wednesday Club, brain-child of local entrepreneur, Ginger Jones, and conceived to raise money exclusively for the Spastics Society.

Sited in the familiar environs of Rafter's — a venue spasmodically flirted with by various promoters over the past four years — Jones' new club will present up to three bands and a film each Wednesday night. Groups play for expenses only, though this distinct lack of financial inducement should hardly deter those 'name bands', whose genuine social consciences and humanitarian instincts we're always reading about, from appearing at the venue. (Interested philanthropists should

persuade their management to ring Ginger on 061 832 6375 — or don't complain to us about but-what-has-our-music-achieved? Syndrome at the end of '81).

Locals of our Mancunian parish may remember last year's Thunderboys, a vital, effervescent pop-pulp band with an ebullient girl singer, an endless repertoire of silly, cheeky grins and a bouncing beat that the feet couldn't resist. But tonight I'm faced with a rather different prospect: five morose young men, a bank of synthesizers and neither girl nor grin in sight — very austere.

Disappointed? Of course. But then The Thunderboys turn out to be dangerous chameleons producing sparkling electronic music that's refreshing and bright; only occasionally does their sound degenerate to the level of the mundane. The band are still maturing, coming to terms with a new image, a fresh direction. They're restless, and healthily so; it shouldn't take them too long to sweep away the deficiencies of this, their shaky embryonic form.

Within minutes of The Thunderboys going

COME BACK PIED PIPER NOW THAT YOU'RE NEEDED

Boomtown Rats The Atrix

Leicester

THE ATRIX, who played squashed in a tiny triangle of the stage, are a queer mix of the moderne, theatrical and mundane. Their songs twist rhythms and switch speeds while ponderous percussion mingles with melodramatic synth and a more orthodox rattle of machine gun rock. The results are too lumpy and a little contrived, but an enthusiastic crowd gets almost carried away.

There's a cool stream of cocktail jazz and then the Rat guru strolls on stage, clutching a sheaf of papers and dressed in a frilled blouse and beret like a South American in Paris. Caught in tremulous spotlight he sits on a cafe chair in front of the sloping silver curtain and slams straight into a chopped, emphatic outpouring of beat poetry. Behind him the curtain swings aside to show the rest of the Rats grouped round one microphone and chanting choruses. Bongos rebound around the smartly striped set as Geldof whoops, warbles and fires off the phrases, and slowly the Rats slink away to their respective stations.

If the start is a surprise that's as sharply styled as one of their own videos, it's also the only challenge that The Boomtown Rats and their audience offer or encounter all evening.

The initial euphoria dies down swiftly as the familiar repertoire starts and the brief carnival atmosphere is replaced by an insidious sense of numbness. Not only do the Rats look incapable of springing the trap that's caught them fast this last year, they also seem so bored they're barely aware they're onstage. It's an entire absence of animation that almost amounts to misery. Even Fingers' pop-up hair and characteristically incongruous pyjamas can't disguise the grey gloom on his face.

There's a flat, perfunctory feel to the playing; old numbers that stretch right back to 'Looking After Number One' and new songs from 'Mondo Bongo' blur in a routine anonymity, and the over-all effect is slick, uncaringly casual and cold.

Whatever the weariness onstage, there's extravagant love lavished on the Rats — or more particularly on listless,



Geldof melts down; time for a new wax dummy. Pic Harry Papadopoulos.

loose-limbed Geldof himself.

Girlish screams rend the air when he strips off his jacket, loud laughter greets even the mildest of his jokes and from a crisp, successful singles band, the Rats' appeal seems to have shifted until it now focuses almost exclusively on one face.

It's a Pavlov's dog response that no serious performer could relish. But Geldof's approach is ambivalent and as half-hearted as the rest of the show. At times he seems to be trying to bridge the gap with cosy chat that comes over as unfortunately condescending. At others he invites a select few of the audience onstage to perform set tasks with the off-hand authority of a *Crackerjack* compere. Perhaps, like me, he was looking for something more than blind adulation when he swivelled a spotlight over the balcony, but in the context of the rest of the evening his arbitrary illumination of the applauding audience seemed as removed and manipulative as the rest of his actions.

Apart from the start, the one moment of tension and suspense came unsurprisingly during 'I Don't Like Mondays'. Backed by just Fingers' warmly sentimental piano and carried along on the sheer strength of the song, some spirit showed under the smooth professional skin. As Geldof stopped suddenly the audience carried on singing, leaving a strange tableau of mute, motionless Rats uncertain how to continue.

It was the closest the show came to a passionate flash of liberating spontaneity and the only moment when the Rats and their audience really came into contact.

It's the mentality of the showband that has finally quenched the Rats' sparkle, and an old stilted equation of supply and demand. If Geldof sometimes looks lost amongst the easy applause, it's because there's no invigorating abrasion, nothing left for him to fight for. At the end of the evening nothing has been exorcised or achieved and you're left with an overwhelming impression of lethargy that no amount of skilful stage props can conceal.

Commercially there may be a bit more mileage in The Boomtown Rats. Artistically, at least from this depressing display, they look like they're very near the end of the line.

Lynn Hanna

off-stage, up pop The Renegades, understandably tagged by some as Manchester's answer to The Stray Cats.

Another ethnically authentic rockabilly band, they meticulously revive the composite look, sound and style of a period of rock and rock history sacred to them. The Renegades are immensely entertaining and tonight their frantic dancing followers never once paused to consider the band's lack of originality. Come to that, at the time, neither did I.

From the euphoric to the sublime and yet another return of The Durutti Column. Vini Reilly's frail figure materialises on stage, as rigid as some Greek statue of the androgynous musician/poet he seems to imagine he is. A tape machine whirs into action and Reilly layers an additional guitar track onto the mesh of instrumentation already on tape; a technical exercise, just like in a recording studio and only as exciting to watch.

Reilly's music has always hung, tentatively balanced on the thin line that divides real artistic beauty from self-indulgence. Things

haven't changed, so few ever bother to climb into The Durutti Column's exclusive niche, to become involved in Reilly's narcissistic romance. At the side of the stage a couple of his observing friends are wearing strange contented smiles, unnatural smiles, like those waxed on corpses. Reilly doesn't notice them; he drifts effortlessly away into his dream, a world where only he and his music exists.

He's safe there. He's happy and satisfied. Are you?

Mick Duffy

Fire Engines

Edinburgh

HAIRCUTS and expressions: left to right — anxious, blank, concentrating, frowning — Fire Engines onstage look like the pictures on old *Five Boys* chocolate wrappers rebelled into a street gang on the wrong side of town, where Bing Crosby as the recently-posted young local priest with unorthodox ideas

confiscates their zip guns and switchblades, lends them records (Beefheart, Scars, Richard Hell and more) and encourages them to start a band.

New life: galaxies form; planets die; crops grow. Seasons come and go. Time passes, and Fire Engines find themselves on a stage being a support act again; a brutal contrast to the anaemic, if mildly enjoyable, white disc of the much improved Boots For Dancing.

The Nite Club audience aren't treating them like heroes. They're politely attentive, or shouting conversation into ears at the bar; many of them are here to queue all night in hope of having a request played by guest DJ John Peel.

You couldn't have guessed from this scene, but elsewhere things happen faster and Fire Engines have been the name on the lips of a nation for, oh, four days at least.

Fire Engines aren't in any kind of rush though. They don't worry about any new suspicion that may be against them in their

hometown. They don't tell us that we have to dance.

Everything's cool. Isn't it?
"Everything's Roses."

David Henderson mumbles titles into his microphone as if he just realised there's some people there and he'd probably best tell them.

"A new song, 'Meathook Whiplash'. A particularly fine new song too, and at least a temporary suspension of my main concern: that, what with 20 minute sets, and local hipsters unable to remember the last time there was a new Fire Engines song, they may prove unable to sustain enough creativity to jolt as many people as they should.

But forget about possible futures. Believe in Fire Engines now. They have an indefinable aura of strength and integrity which should keep them as they are: as pure and direct an expression of what a rock band should be as there ever has been. We needed some of those, and here's another one. Use them.

Background music to activate people. Bing Crosby's smiling already.

Glenn Gibson

The Rockats

Marquee

IN 1977 The Rockats were supporting various new wave bands at the 100 Club and The Roxy — now after a three year absence from this side of the Atlantic they have returned to find a plethora of young rockabilly/rock'n'roll bands emerging.

(Could 1981 be the year of the double-bass and the Brylcreemed quiff?)

The Rockats, lacking their former lead singer, Levi Dexter and with only two of the original band still remaining — Dibbs taking over lead vocals and Smutty Smith on upright bass — start with the rousing, 'Rip it up'. However, as it carries on, the song breaks down into a far too heavy driving noise losing much of its rhythm and tune. And unfortunately this seems to happen throughout much of the set.

The band certainly put a lot of manic energy and zest into what they're doing with guitarist Tim McConnell invariably collapsing onto his knees midsong or balancing precariously on the drumkit, while Smutty Smith high-kicks his way across the stage or plays his bass anyway but upright.

Like The Stray Cats, another band presently going along under the rockabilly banner but certainly not always playing it, the band revert to a number of slow blues standards, like 'All Your Love', and ballads midway through the set. This made it unevenly paced and judging by the exodus to the bar, it wasn't appreciated by the audience either.

Ironically, the only song that really lent itself to a more powerful approach was 'Tear It Up', a song that is also featured by Levi Dexter and



Smutty: Pic David Corio.

BRYLCREEM BOUNCE PART TWO

his present band the Ripchords.

After that highpoint the set seemed to dwindle away; this wasn't helped by encores — surprisingly to the delight of most of the audience — including a turgid version of Chuck Berry's much copied

but never equalled 'Reelin' And A Rockin'. Rockats? Rockout.

David Corio

XTC

Nottingham

IT'S still celebration time and a boozy bonhomie spills from

the bars onto the dance floors of the club where the clientele trail tinsel streamers and spray each other indiscriminately with cans of clinging snow.

A curious crowd watches Modern Man, attracted by the pop snap and flash of their presentation. For me they're marred by a slightly stale air of showmanship, a hidden rock conservatism that makes their music smack of pub-rock's tired constraints.

Then XTC in dub over the speakers are followed by XTC in person onstage. They begin with an unerring dash through some of the fizziest and dizziest of their songs ('Life Begins At The Hop', 'Mechanic Dancing', 'Helicopter', 'Respectable Street') and it's a concert with the outward signs of a classic, both in XTC's own verse and the ecstatic atmosphere in the audience.

"There's one word to smash down the barriers," screams Andy Partridge. "This is POP."

And unwittingly he's placed his finger right on XTC's problem. For this is a self-confessed and single-minded pop group who have consistently, significantly failed to conquer the charts, with the one notable exception of 'Making Plans For Nigel'.

Part of their failure to imprint themselves on a wider public consciousness lies in their lack of a charismatic frontman. Partridge is too rounded and smudged of face and figure while Colin Moulding is sultry but looks too saintly and reserved. On stage they almost overcome this problem with their projected set of black and white bars that hang suspended in front of the stage or bounce off the backdrop behind them.

XTC's main malaise goes deeper than appearance and

has its roots in the way the group pull in two opposed directions, on one hand fixated with the intricate structures of clever, superficial pop froth, yet drawn towards the starker melody and emotion that's marked their finest songs.

This time last year they seemed close to perfecting a formidable balance between the two styles and an increasing maturity enabled them to switch deftly from the show-off and the throw-away to the forcefully incisive. Tonight, their evident determination to play it strictly for laughs results in a sound that stirs the feet but leaves the heart unscathed, a brilliant bubble of an evening that's so unsubstantial it bursts at the touch.

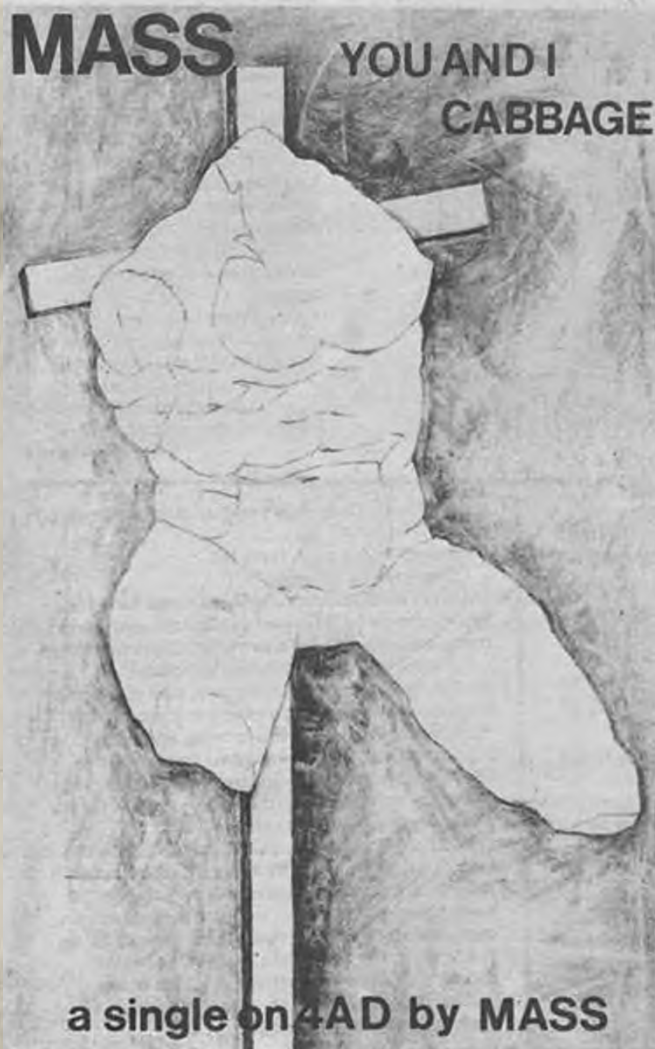
The same determined flippancy seems to have spread to their material. It's just not enough to introduce 'Waiting For Another Cuba' with a trite political rap then sing some non-committal lyrics over a sunshine shimmer of a song and hope that it'll pass for a warning against the Third World War, especially when you've proved you're capable of something of the passionate irony of 'Complicated Games'.

In all, it's a dazzling display of pop pyrotechnics that leaves XTC marooned in no-man's land. The brittle, jagged scatter of their sound, their wit, commitment and intelligence should have made for some seriously uneasy listening.

Yet they seem so fearful of showing their feelings that they've developed a fatal propensity for the quirky disguise, for the sly side-view and the self-deprecating put-down. Either this implies a basic lack of confidence or a defeatist acceptance of pop's limitations that's now stopped XTC from even trying to transcend them. It's their fixed idea of pop and pure entertainment, when they themselves are plainly unfitted for simplicity, that has played them false.

It may be their blind, stubborn failure to follow their own instincts that will finally betray them.

Lynn Hanna



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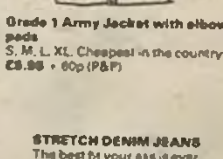
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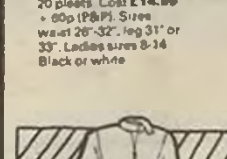
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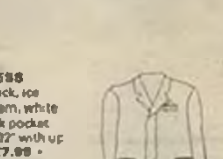
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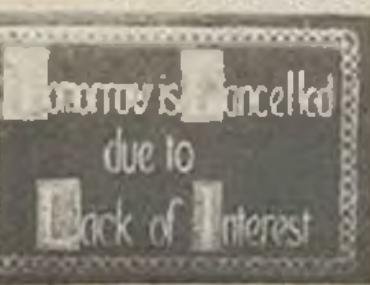
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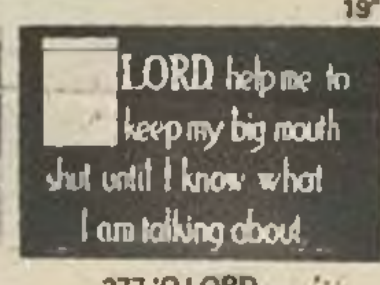
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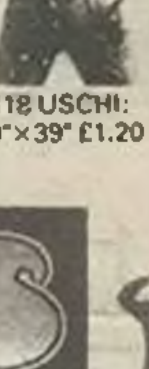
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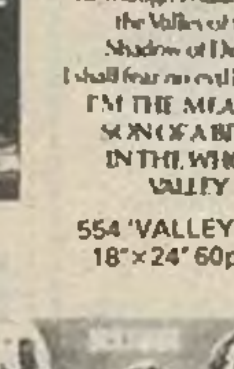
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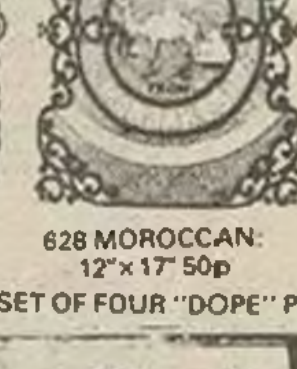
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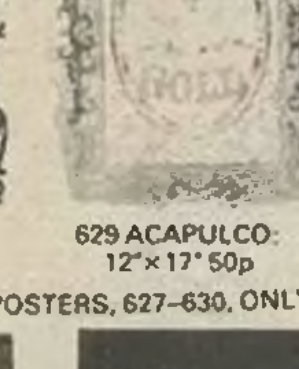
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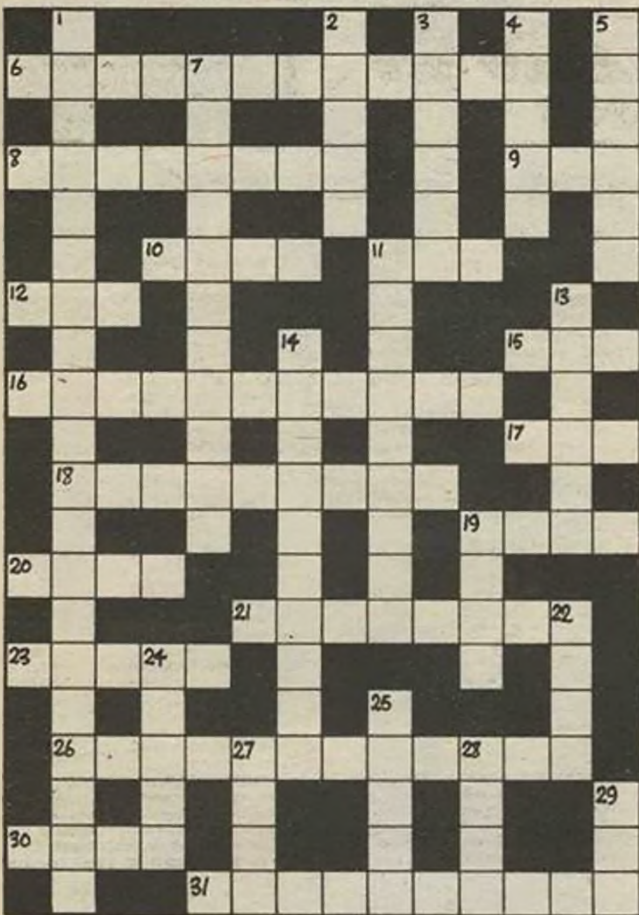
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NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 6 Ex-Budgie actress who starred with Daltrey in *McVicar* (8, 4)
 8 Reinterpretation of a coy order! (2, 6)
 9 Veteran Kraut-Rock combo
 10 & 11 Writer of the No-Future anthems '1969' and '1970'
 12 Costello's was true (or false?)
 15 & 26 Go-Feet goer (3, 4, 2, 4, 2)
 16 Tourist attraction (5, 6)
 17 See 28
 18 Written by Costello, a hit for Edmunds (5, 4)
 19 What's so funny about 'Requiem'?
 20 The ska one beyond
 21 Radio DJ (4, 4)
 23 Non-Marley Wailer
 26 See 15
 30 See 3
 31 Origin of 'The Call Up'

DOWN

- 1 This lot will fetch the pills at 12! (5, 8, 7)
 2 Not Manilow for sure

- 3 & 30 Strange one? (4, 2, 4)
 4 See 24
 5 See 27
 7 Journalist/jazz/raconteur (6, 5)
 11 Double A-side of 'Strawberry Fields' (5, 4)
 13 Scottish band on Post Card Records (5, 1)
 14 PIL 45 or a morticians' dance (5, 5)
 19 Silly Billy
 22 The spud-boys
 24 & 4 Members' singer
 25 Mr Smith's kid
 27 & 5 American R&B singer; at her wildest she could make Hot Gossip look like Legs & Co
 28 & 17 English singer whose biggest success was a duet with Elton John
 29 Turn a car into a label

ACROSS: 1 'Do Nothing'; 5 Radio (One); 8 Amp; 10 'Banana Republic'; 12 MGs; 13 'Laughter'; 16 All That Jazz; 17 'Hejira'; 18 Nazareth; 19 (Radio) One; 20 Emmylou (Harris); 22 Pete Shelley; 23 'Ant Music'; 26 'Street Legal'; 28 Daniels; 29 Steve Jones; 32 Johnny Thunders; 34 'Lies'; 35 (Arthur) Lee; 36 Bono; 37 (Double) Fantasy.
 DOWN: 1 'Double (Fantasy)'; 2 Orange Juice; 3 'Heartbreak Hotel'; 4 Girl; 6 Dub; 7 Otis (Redding); 9 Magazine; 11 Phil Oakey; 14 'Three Minute Hero'; 15 'Aja'; 17 'Hotter Than July'; 18 (Rick) Nielsen; 21 Rick (Nielsen); 24 Motors; 25 'Something (Else)'; 27 Arthur (Lee); 30 'Start'; 31 '(Something) Else'; 33 Nina (Hagen).

NME ELECTION SPECIAL

Stand by your swingometers, friends. The votes are in and counted. And next week in *NME* we'll be bringing you the results of the fabled *NME* Readers' Poll. The people's choice! Conclusive proof that democracy really works! Proof that you're all as prejudiced as we are! Don't miss it!

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MIKEY

From page 23

bars. But I do it in the reverse order: I make it as a toasting song and at certain places I just drop in a singer afterwards. So people are often curious as to where the songs are coming from.

"Toasting can become really monotonous, if it's just pure chatting all the while. Sometimes you need a load of rhythm just as a breather. You can't really make an album and just toast through ten tracks. When I make a track I do the dub first, and then splice it up with the rhythm track and make it longer and harder."

Mikey is mildly vexed by the manner in which "do-overs" have contributed their part to a creative indolence on the reggae scene. "If you make a song and it becomes popular, you can bet your life you're going to hear another version of it exactly the same. Some 'ole 'eap o' studios now just copy Studio One music. They don't really make the rhythm track themselves — they just steal an old one from someone like The Heptones from a few years back. It's an easy way to make money to just version another man's tune."

"Personally I feel a lot more satisfaction out of creating a new rhythm and seeing how people relate to it."

"You're supposed to be creating new things day-by-day, seen? But it's a fact, though, that most people in the recording business just want fame, and don't want to have to work too hard at it!"

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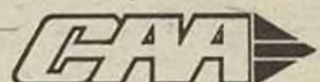
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NME/1



GASBAG

Sitting pretty: Paul Morley

Never mind the rest of the garbage. Where can you get this substitute for cocaine? Yrs expectantly, Papillon I bet you're one of those blokes who sits up all night sucking dodgy smoke out of inverted glasses. — PM

If you have to mention Tuinal in some of your articles (notably 1980 T-Zers Awards) as if it was something trendy like sporrans or moccasins, at least spell it correctly (Tuinal, my dears) and bear in mind by the way that it should more appropriately be called bottled Belsen — it offers the same kind of slow death. And unlike speed its action can most instantly cause death rather than thrills. The horrific thing is that the general press make Big Issues of coke, smack, grass, LSD and glue sniffing, but it is the barbs (like Tuinal) that most addicts take and they are not illegal — not a controlled, restricted drug. Isn't it time for another realistic article on drugs in your paper? Someone sensible should write it — someone who has taken them (Iggy Pop's comments on drugs were for him amazingly sensible, I remember) or someone who looks after the terminal addict i.e. some patient masochist working in a Drug Dependency Unit — not me, thank god. You have successfully slurred the reputation of nuclear power, HM music and the Tory govt. Please do the same for Tuinal — it's just as dangerous. June Lamb, Subway 4, Piccadilly Underground There's a piece planned for the front part of the ish soon-ish. — PM

Hello NME — why do you seem to get so little pleasure from what you do? You seem to spend most of your time reviewing records you don't like, going to gigs you don't enjoy, interviewing people you aren't interested in. The famous people don't seem to get much pleasure out of their life of fame and success either. I am not famous and have no wish to be, but I do consider myself successful. My definition of a successful person being someone who enjoys living their own particular life. My favourite record is usually the record I'm listening to at any given time, depending on my mood. The year it was made is irrelevant. I would rather read your opinions on music you enjoy than all your sneering sarcasm and insults. I wish you a happy new year but it doesn't seem very likely with your unnecessarily unpleasant attitudes. Terence Walpole, West Oxford. Are you any relation to Chauncey Gardiner? — PM

My favourite group is Throbbing Gristle and not once have I seen one kind thing written about them — not that I buy NME. I am fortunate enough to work in a paper shop and see it for nothing. Whenever you



Model: Howie. Picture by Yoichi Nagata

BUSINESS AS USUAL

review an Industrial record it is bad. Why? Because you are so bloody pig-headed, and I hate your guts for that. Throbbing Gristle have not done anything rotten to you in the past, yet you really go out of your way to give them a hard time. I wish you a rotten 1981. Christopher Connelly That's the spirit!! I bet you also worship machines as objects of love. — PM

Just because I like Orange Juice I've started to drink the stuff wherever I go. Is this a recognised and widely documented psychological condition, a phase that all males in their late teens go through, or am I just mental? I would like to know if any Jam fans have had similar experiences. Matthew, Muswell Hill. I trust you're not a fan of Surgical Penis Klinik. — PM

Please decide what you are going to do with T-Zers. It used to be the bit to turn to first, now it is an unamusing afterthought more suited to the dreary Melody Maker.

Bring back the gossip or scrap the thing altogether. This schoolboy stuff is not your style. Tony Stones, Hatfield Hear! Hear! — PM

How beautiful television can be. I felt utterly intoxicated after watching the wonderful BBC 2 Arena programme about New York's Chelsea Hotel. Not only did the programme feature William Burrows (sic) but also the eccentric innovator Andy Warhol, who incidentally was wearing disconnected headphones. As if this wasn't exciting enough, they then showed Nico singing 'Chelsea Girls'. My heart jumped and my body trembled. I stayed up all night listening to my Velvet Underground records — wearing headphones, of course. Paul French, Bromley, Kent Disconnected, of course. (The Velvet Underground — wow!) — PM

You're right, Joe Strummer, The Jam aren't the be-all and end-all — no one is. But at least they have the decency to

go on Top Of The Pops, at least they think about the fans who have supported them. I hate the way TOTP is run, but it's far better to see The Jam showing their disgust by mocking the whole situation than seeing Legs And Co. dancing to 'Bankrobber'. Which would you say is the most degrading? Sharon Myler, Beds. Tell me, tell me. — PM

Does Paul Morley realise that what he's defining in his dreary articles about dreary little pop groups who aren't even capable of inventing decent names for themselves never mind songs is — gulp — powerpop. S'alright — I like the idea, but Paul doesn't. He's said so in print dozens of times. I mean, which one of these groups is as good as a Who, Small Faces or Move? Humbug! Sus, Birmingham Fire Engines, Josef K, Orange Juice, ABC — powerpop!!!! Go suck on your humbugs. — PM

Gavin Martin's dismissal of the 'New Hedonists' was most encouraging.

Burroughs-inspired! Gavin is a smart boy. I suggest you promote him and sack Paul Morley. "Toyah always did have ace taste in pop music" — only Morley could be so pathetic. Apologies if I'm wrong. James Gunn, London N20

No need for apologies. You're right. Only Morley could be so pathetic. I still think Toyah has ace taste in pop music — Bowie, Grace Jones, OMITD, Cure, Fire Engines, Banshees, why, I could have made that list up myself. Anyway, Gunn, you tedious pretender, the one week we were waiting for your regular Kent comment, and you let us down. — PM

I find Siouxsie's anti-semitic lyrics unpleasant. But I find the hypocrisy of a self-confessed Zionist writing in to complain equally sick-making. Hasn't Josoz Nisse heard of the Palestinians, a people dispossessed and suppressed by Zionists in a country he would call Israel? Oswald Mosley also tried to disguise racism as patriotism, Josoz my friend. How do you fancy a

chart hit about the plight of Palestinian refugees? Terry Collis, Shepherds Bush, London Is 'Israel' really anti-semitic? I don't think so. — PM

This is a letter about STYLE, and it has nothing to do with Spandau Ballet. Few people noticed the greatest event in 1980: that phallic and 'bourgeois' symbol called the cravat's gone out of fashion. The ties have disappeared with the last mods. The so-called 'new musicians' don't seem to be fond of these nice little strings. Can you imagine Bono, Ian McCulloch or Julian Cope wearing ties around their necks? Luckily, nostalgic people still have their Richard Jobson. Marie-Axelle France Ties are no subject of nostalgia. New Order, Cabaret Voltaire, Positive Noise, OMITD are just a few who regularly tie up. It's kind of funny, but I'm buying my first since school ties this week — neater versions of the surreally successful George Melly ones. — PM

Cut the crap! And all the other cliches that indicate that your bias against The Boomtown Rats is nauseous. Adrian Thrills in Data Control bores me with his outrageous attacks. It's becoming prominent throughout the media that the Rats are mediocre. If 'Mondo Bongo' were the best thing since sliced Neil Spencer you'd still dismiss it as mere rip-off. NME's attacks on The Boomtown Rats are getting predictable, predictably bad and predictably unfair. Steve Haworth, Ardwick. We try our best. Actually, we've been informed by The Boomtown Rats' management that in future all review copies of records and all concert tickets will have to be paid for! (Disgraceful — what am I in this job for if not to get free copies of B.Rats LPs?) The last band to relay this decision to NME were Jethro Tull. — PM

Ian Penman is an enigma. Tony, Sidcup. This letter is, in fact, made up. — PM



ELEGY FOR LOST WRITING SKILLS

Whatever happened to careful insight
Whatever happened to truthful ideas
Whatever happened to brilliant writing
Whatever happened to up to date photos
Whatever happened to intelligent thinking
Whatever happened to understanding the facts
Whatever happened to views from the inside
Whatever happened to NME
A Magazine like all the others
Just rubbish
Joan McNulty, Editor Buzzcocks Newsletter U.S.A.

Whatever happened to Buzzcocks fans... any real Buzzcocks fan would recognise it's all drained away. And 'brilliant writing'? My Fire Engines piece for starters. — The Incredibly Arrogant PM.



Illustrations from The War Game

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2 (1)	CND	25p
3 (2)	Echo & The Bunnymen	25p
4 (4)	Jan - Pop Art	25p
5 (8)	Sweeney - Kaleidoscope	25p
6 (5)	Ants - No 3	25p
7 (6)	Jan - Start	25p
8 (-)	PA	25p
9 (-)	New Star	25p
10 (7)	Dead Kennedy's - Cambodia	25p

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Sources: Israel, Undertones - See No More, Royal Review, Theatre of Hate, Theatre of Hate - Legion, Wilko, Stray Cats, Passions - The Summer Vision Collection, The Dogs, Little Bob Story, Selector Too much Pressure, USA, Bones - Ashen to Ashes, Adverts, So Patrol, Carpenter, As-Pass, Melrose, Black Stars, Mo-Ontre - Story So Far, The Heat, Health & Efficiency, Stage 1, Girls At Our Best, Brian Brown, The Demons, The Persuaders, New Cabaret Vulture, Nom Essential, Siren, Sweeney.

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T-ZERS

HEEDS THE CALL-UP (BUT ONLY FOR THE POSE).



Film-maker Don Letts on the set of The Clash's 'Call Up' video, which appears to be set inside Ronald Raygun's Xmas stocking. Either that or the boys were playing up at the time. Pic by Pennie Smith.

BE HONEST: it's not every rock paper that fills you in with all the latest from the Estonian pop scene. But we can exclusively reveal that the Soviet Union's northernmost province has been shaken by a series of youth and student riots — and that one cause was the supposedly nationalistic songs of Estonian group Propeller. The demos became part of a widespread campaign for the liberation of the area and (how can we return to routine showbiz gossip after this stuff?) resulted in 150 arrests. Which all goes to show that things are a darn sight livelier in Estonia than they've been in Britain this week, as the *T-Zers* which follow will effectively demonstrate.

In fact, sod it comrade, let's stay in fun-loving Eastern Europe a while longer, and register the astonishing news that the language being muttered at the beginning of *Jah Wobble's* much-loved work 'Dan McArthur' is, in fact, Czech, mate.

So you couldn't care less, huh? Then try this for size. The next long-player from popular Bulgarian popsters PIL is to be called 'Flowers Of Romance'. It's pointed out by Western observers that this is also the name given by J. Rottenski to the dear dead band which featured the pre-Pistolian Sid Von Vicious and renowned balalaika man Keith Levene. Getting warmer? Well lift up your ear-flaps to be told that Mick Karn, sculptor and gentleman bassist with capitalist lackeys Japan, has been recruited by austere Stalinist pin-up Gary Nuperson, and has guested on five Gazza album tracks. Though staying with Japan, Karn is also lined up to play GN's 'farewell' gig.

Back this side of the wall, stand by for an upcoming LP by Toto. (We defect! We defect!) We told you things were pretty quiet.

Sad to relate, Bruce Springsteen's rumoured warm-up date in Dublin has been well and truly nixed. For deffo. Rumours that Mesdamesmoiselles Burchill

and Goldman were moving to the fair city apparently did the trick.

Meanwhile his *E Street Band* have been gainfully employed playing on the Garland Jeffreys record.

And who is Garland Jeffreys, you ask? Don't worry about it. Meditate, instead, on the tale of one Steven Diggle, Buzzcockian guitarist. Holidaying in Manchester (it really does say here), he was bitten by a bulldog — patriotic lad, this, wouldn't have touched a daschund — and lost the use of his arm for two days. Diggle is alleged to have quipped: "It was a constitutional bite — now I'm really feeling the cuts!"

AND THE catastrophes just keep on coming. More seriously, it's reported that Tessa Pollock, bass player of The Slits, has been admitted to hospital after a car-crash.

Apparently all backing tracks have now been completed for the Miles Davis album. All that's required now is for The Man himself to go into the studios and overdub his solos.

Hambi And The Dance, The Ponderosa Glee Boys, James Leven And The Great Big Billy Goats, Chinese Religion and The Maghullybacks among the new wave of ridiculous Liverpool group names.

Versa Manos, so swayed by the persuasive pen of her boyfriend Chris Salewicz, took one look at his *Urge* feature in this week's *NME* and promptly offered the band her services. As publicist, smart arse.

Warrior brave Adam Ant is in the US checking out reservations — er, sorry, that should read making hotel reservations for a forthcoming American tour, if the right gigs can be arranged. And smoke signals tell us that Ant People have been spotted as far away as California in Red Indian dress and insect regalia. This prompted veteran West Coast DJ Rodney Bingenheimer to track young Adam down for a phone interview.

Chic-ster Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers producing the next Johnny Mathis LP.

Johnny Mathis? ...

Newest *Spizz* incarnation is to rejoice — or otherwise — under the name *Spizzles*. Let's hope they fare better than the *Spizz* reunion which took place when Monsieur Spizz leapt stagewards to join in with Pete Petrol's group *Repetition* at the *NME* Xmas party — only to get the plugs pulled.

Will Bob Dylan be 'arrested', we wonder, by Sting's solo version of 'I Shall Be Released'? Recorded for a US TV film called *Parole*, it shall be released on RSO rather than The Police's A&M label.

More upcoming albums from a galaxy of stars: *The Who* (next month, already), *Tom Petty, Southside Johnny, Todd Rundgren, JJ Cale and Marvin Gaye*.

Unexpected visitors at the *Levi & The Ripchords Hope & Anchor* gig a few nights ago — a posse of policemen (estimated at 30) complete with dogs. Much searching of customers ensued.

Talk of another *Stones* compilation on the way: 'Sucking In The '70s'.

SHOWDOWN at Cabaret Futura. London nite spot visited by Paul Morley, who accidentally steps on foot of host Richard Strange. In what's believed to be a reference to certain reviews, Strange shouts out: "It's all right, Morley. You've been walking all over me for three years." How we laughed.

Ronnie Spector's solo LP 'Siren', out next month, is produced by the almost-as-legendary Genya Ravan, who spent two years tracking down the elusive reclusive Ms Spector with that project in mind.

Richard McJobson to perpetrate an album of poetry, aided and abetted by John McGeoch, Steve Severin and Billy Currie.

Hail and farewell to Elvis Presley's former record producer Felton Jarvis, 46, who fell victim to a stroke on January 3rd. Jarvis had only just completed production chores on a new Elvis LP, to be entitled 'Guitar Man', consisting of The King's vocals re-set over some newly recorded rhythm tracks.

A new *Jack Nitzsche*-produced album heralds another *Rick(y) Nelson* comeback. How many comebacks do you make before you're facing in the opposite direction?

YOU WON'T believe this but... *Gang Of Four* are hard at it in Abbey Road Studios. They're also said to be recording that mythical second LP, tentative titles for which include 'Cheeseburger' and 'Solid Gold'.

And Andy Corrigan has left *The Mekons* to become road manager for *Bow Wow Wow*. In between jobs he's touring Scandinavia as soundman for (suppressed titter) *Racey*. Stop press; late *T-Zer* award to Bob Geldof, who picks up the much-prized 'Ian Anderson Of 1981' title for the *Rats'* new policy of non-co-operation with *NME*. This extends to refusing review tickets as well as interviews, on the assumption that shelling out a couple of quid might leave us penitent and chastised for our less-than-sycophantic coverage. Last band to pull this stroke was *Jethro Tull* — and haven't you missed reading all about them?

With West End club nights currently breeding like tartans, *T-Zers* could hardly have expected the agreeable anarchy of the opening night at Rebour's, at a London hostelry of indeterminate reputation. Wimpy Bar Kids *Funkapolitan* (the capital's best connected answer to the *Sugarhill Gang*) rapped, a dashing jazz combo (including Bruce and Gareth of *The Pop Group*, and Bristol pianist Mark Springer) blew, and actor Julian Frith stole the

show. In attendance were a motley slew of camp followers and celebs, including various *Slits*, *Richard Strange* (that man again), swanky scribbler *Peter York*, *Billy Idol* (getting a bit desperate here, aren't we? — Ed), oh, and *John Lydon*, looking like a giant teddybear and still getting over his not guilty verdict. *T-Zers* asked if JR was not bored by PIL's inactivity. "No" came the reply. "I meant what I said all those years ago: I'm a lazy sod. I get all my best ideas in bed".

We absolutely refuse to believe lurid tales to the effect that *Delta 5* are planning to charge their image to glam-rock.

C'mon, it's not really *Bryan Ferry* that's currently crooning the virtues of Scotties' tissues in the TV commercial, is it? Is it?

Coming soon from the multinational conglomerate that is Eric's Records: 'Eric's Jukebox', a comp-pile-ation of rockabilly obscurities from the archives of *Roger Eagle*.

If you saw *The Sweeney* last Monday, that can only mean one thing: you weren't at Malcolm's birthday party.

We're only a little bit embarrassed to tell you about our very own Neil Spencer's guest appearance on *Radio 4's* very own *Woman's Hour*: a free and frank exchange in which he held forth upon topics close to his heart, such as this illustrious rag, the meaning of life and that kind of stuff, as well as playing the new *Au Pairs* single — doubtless to the delight of housewives up and down the country. As if that wasn't enough for the listening public, our very own Chris Bohn followed up with a spot on *Radio 1's Newsbeat*, an honour prompted by his Eastern Europe feature in last week's *NME*. The most popular song he heard was 'The Gift' (*Velvet Underground*) and he quipped: "The kids in Hungary seem to be learning their English from Lou Reed and their diction from John Cale". Interesting that he should reserve his best lines for the radio.

HEADCASES: SHOULD THEY BE KEPT UNDER GUARD OR LEFT IN THE OPEN?



CLOSED SE-650.

Headphone vs. headphone.

Give them both a fair hearing before you decide which of the two is more comfortable perched on your head.

On the one hand, rather we should say head, there is the closed type headphone which covers the entire ear.

Like the Pioneer SE-650. Eyes left.

It seals the ears and cuts off virtually all intruding sounds from the outside.

As a result sound quality of the closed type is smooth and rich in tone. Helped by the presence of low bass notes.

Producing, with this style, a concentration of the music in the centre of the head.

An open verdict recorded.

On the other hand, or head as you look to the right, there is the open type of headphone.

The one worn here is the Pioneer SE-6. It's called open because it sits on the ear and

doesn't cup it. Allowing for a small amount of surrounding sound to filter in and be heard.

(Like a telephone ringing or neighbours banging on the ceiling to tell you your bath's overflowing.)

Consequently, on the open type, music tends to spread to a wider 'inner' space.

And sound quality comes over with a clean edge. As bass notes tend to roll off smoothly.

It's all a cover up story.

Whereas there are noticeable visible differences, internal construction is basically the same.

The SE-650, SE-550 and SE-6 are all built around one of the most spectacular innovations in headphone technology.

The samarium cobalt magnet.

A 'rare-earth' alloy that adds an accuracy in response previously unheard of in drive units of these dimensions.

All six in the range, similarly, use a thin polyester dome-type speaker with tangential edge. In combination with a large

voice coil. This ensures high sensitivity and low distortion.

Over a wide frequency range stretching from 20Hz to 20kHz.

A load off your mind.

The lightweight champion is the SE-6, weighing in at 8.8oz (251g) including connecting cord.

And what little weight there is on the others can be shifted away from the sensitive areas on the head, using the adjustable two-band head fitting.

For long hours of continuous listening without any build-up of discomfort or uneasiness.

Made that much more relaxing by head-pampering, cushioned pads. Mounted on swivel joints that self-adjust to the contours around your ears.

On the SE-650 you can self-adjust the sound levels with individual left and right volume controls.

Which fits best in your pocket?

Once you decide which is the most comfortable on your head. You have to decide



OPEN SE-6.

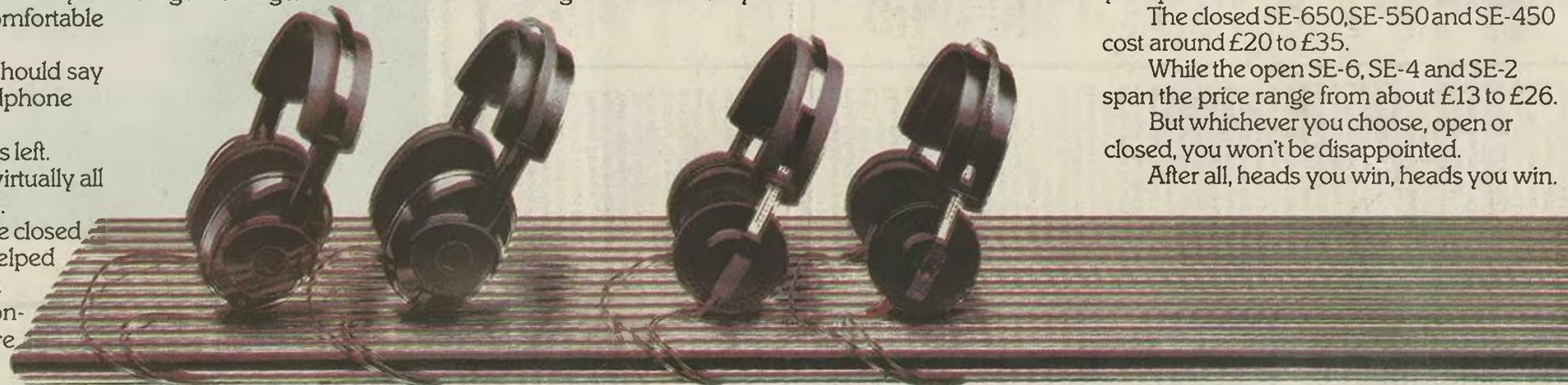
which will cause the least discomfort to your pocket.

The closed SE-650, SE-550 and SE-450 cost around £20 to £35.

While the open SE-6, SE-4 and SE-2 span the price range from about £13 to £26.

But whichever you choose, open or closed, you won't be disappointed.

After all, heads you win, heads you win.



HEADPHONES ABOVE:
(LEFT TO RIGHT) CLOSED SE-450, SE-550.
OPEN SE-2, SE-4.

To: Pioneer High Fidelity (GB) Ltd., P.O. Box 108, Iver, Bucks. SL0 9JL. I'd like more information on headphones. Please send me the Pioneer catalogue and list of dealers.

Name _____

Address _____

PIONEER

NME-3 Everything you hear is true.