

NEW NME EXPRESS

World's Best Illustrated Rock Weekly

**DOWNERED
AND OUT**
THE BARBITURATE FILE



**BEAT & SPECIALS IN IRELAND
THE DAMNED • RICHARD STRANGE**



WINNERS take it all

CREEP of the year



best dressed MAN

POLL shocks

Or: a shocking poll?

HOW YOU VOTED
PAGES 20-21

HOW THEY VOTED
PAGES 22-23



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Highest climber in this week's singles chart: 'Ain't Gonna Stand For It'. Have you ever realised how difficult it is to make a joke about Stevie Wonder without lapsing into bad taste?

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Highest Weeks in
1	(1)	Imagine.....John Lennon (Apple)	4 1
2	(2)	Antmusic.....Adam & The Ants (CBS)	5 2
3	(10)	Do Nothing.....Specials (2-Tone)	4 3
4	(16)	Too Nice To Talk To.....The Beat (Go-Feet)	5 4
5	(29)	I Ain't Gonna Stand For It Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3 5
6	(6)	Flash.....Queen (EMI)	6 6
7	(24)	I Am The Beat.....The Look (MCA)	2 7
8	(3)	Happy Christmas/War Is Over John Lennon/Yoko Ono (Apple)	4 3
9	(9)	Rabbit.....Chas & Dave (Rockney)	7 9
10	(7)	Startin Over John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	10 1
11	(19)	Who's Gonna Rock You.....The Nolans (Epic)	2 11
12	(—)	In The Air Tonight.....Phil Collins (Virgin)	1 12
13	(—)	Young Parisians.....Adam & The Ants (Decca)	1 13
14	(—)	Don't Stop The Music Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)	1 14
15	(15)	Lies.....Status Quo (Vertigo)	6 13
16	(5)	Stop The Cavalry.....Jona Lewis (Stiff)	6 1
17	(26)	Runaround Sue.....Racey (RAK)	2 17
18	(25)	Scary Monsters.....David Bowie (RCA)	2 18
19	(11)	Embarrassment.....Madness (Stiff)	8 3
20	(—)	It's My Turn.....Diana Ross (Motown)	1 20
21	(21)	Over The Rainbow/You Belong To Me Matchbox (Magnet)	4 20
22	(4)	De Do Do Do.....Police (A&M)	6 4
23	(18)	This Wreckage Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4 14
24	(—)	Burn Rubber On Me.....Gap Band (Mercury)	1 24
25	(—)	Gangsters Of The Groove.....Heatwave (GTO)	1 25
26	(12)	Runaway Boys.....Stray Cats (Arista)	7 7
27	(—)	Fade To Grey.....Visage (Polydor)	1 27
28	(30)	Lorraine.....Bad Manners (Magnet)	2 28
29	(23)	My Girl.....Rod Stewart (Riva)	5 23
30	(—)	Rapp Payback.....James Brown (RCA)	1 30

BUBBLING UNDER

Romeo & Juliet Dire Straits (Vertigo)
Woman John Lennon (Geffen)
Hang Together Odyssey (RCA)
The Freeze Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
Vienna Ultravox (Chrysalis)
While You See A Chance — Steve Winwood (Island)

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
January 24th, 1981

US SINGLES

This Last Week

1	(1)	(Just Like) Starting Over.....John Lennon/Yoko Ono
2	(3)	The Tide Is High.....Blondie
3	(2)	Lady.....Kenny Rogers
4	(4)	Love On The Rocks.....Neil Diamond
5	(10)	Celebration.....Kool & The Gang
6	(6)	Hungry Heart.....Bruce Springsteen
7	(11)	Passion.....Rod Stewart
8	(8)	Guilty.....Barbra Streisand/Barry Gibb
9	(9)	Every Woman In The World.....Air Supply
10	(7)	Hit Me With Your Best Shot.....Pat Benatar
11	(5)	More Than I Can Say.....Leo Sayer
12	(18)	I Love A Rainy Night.....Eddie Rabbitt
13	(13)	De Do Do Do De Da Da Da.....The Police
14	(14)	Tell It Like It Is.....Heart
15	(17)	Hey Nineteen.....Steely Dan
16	(28)	9 To 5.....Dolly Parton
17	(26)	Same Old Lang Syne.....Dan Fogelberg
18	(18)	It's My Turn.....Diana Ross
19	(20)	I Made It Through The Rain.....Barry Manilow
20	(21)	Time Is Time.....Andy Gibb
21	(23)	Miss Sun.....Boyz Scaggs
22	(29)	Giving It Up For Your Love.....Delbert McClinton
23	(30)	Keep On Loving You.....Reo Speedwagon
24	(24)	One Step Closer.....The Doobie Brothers
25	(27)	Together.....Tierra
26	(12)	Another One Bites The Dust.....Queen
27	(19)	Suddenly.....Olivia Newton-John/Cliff Richard
28	(35)	I Ain't Gonna Stand For It.....Stevie Wonder
29	(37)	He Can't Love You.....Michael Stanley Band
30	(38)	The Winner Takes It All.....Abba

This Last Week

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

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Visage with Steve Strange (real name: Oscar Odd) enter the singles chart at number 27. The make-up is really very pretty, Oscar, but what does it look like when you get up the next morning?

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week

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

BUBBLING UNDER

Toyah Toyah Toyah! Toyah Willcox (Safari)
Rock And Roll John Lennon (Apple)
Paradise Theater Styx (A & M)
Lubricate Your Living Room Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
First Visage (Polydor)
Jermaine Jermaine Jackson (Motown)

INDIES 33s

1	Factory Quartet.....Various (Factory)
2	Dirk Wears White Sox.....Adam & The Ants (Do It)
3	Gyrate.....Pylon (Armageddon)
4	Are You Glad To Be In America James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
5	Signing Off.....UB40 (Graduate)
6	Live At West Runton The Normal & Robert Rental (Rough Trade)
7	Unknown Pleasures.....Joy Division (Factory)
8	Grotesque.....The Fall (Rough Trade)
9	Pin Drop.....Passage (Object)
10	Voltage 60.....Various (Atrix)

INDIES 45s

1	It's Obvious/Diet.....Au Pairs (Human)
2	Flight 12.....A Certain Ratio (Factory)
3	Try.....Delta 5 (Rough Trade)
4	It's Kind Of Funny.....Josef K (Postcard)
5	Politics.....Girls At Our Best! (Rough Trade)
6	Animal Space.....Sits (Human)
7	Action By Example.....Demons (Crypt)
8	Twenty Tens.....Virgin Prunes (Baby)
9	Holly & Ivy.....Hybrid Kids (Cherry Red)
10	At Last I'm Free.....Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)

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

REGGAE

1	Twenty One Girls Salute.....Barrington Levy (VP)
2	Talk To That Man.....Joe Higgs (Solomonic)
3	Blood City.....Dennis Brown (High Times)
4	Crucifixion.....Barrington Levy (Greensleeves)
5	Bad Minded.....Tristan Palma (Black Solidarity)
6	Unity.....Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
7	Step It In Ballet.....Hugh Griffiths (Greedy Puppy)
8	Kiss Somebody.....Johnny Osbourne (Cha Cha)
9	Mama Don't Cry.....Sang Hugh (Truths Rights)
10	Quick Divorce.....Barrington Levy (JGM)

Chart by: Observer Station

DISCO

1	Don't Stop The Music.....Yarborough and Peoples (Mercury)
2	Do You Feel My Love.....Eddie Grant (Ensign)
3	Burn Rubber On Me.....Gap Band (Mercury)
4	Rise And Shine.....Linx (Chrysalis)
5	Celebration.....Kool and Gang (De-Lite)
6	I Shot The Sheriff.....Light Of The World (Ensign)
7	I Wanna Be With You.....Coffee (De-Lite)
8	Rapp Payback.....James Brown (RCA)
9	I'm Coming Out.....Diana Ross (Motown)
10	Gangsters Of The Groove.....Heatwave (GTO)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1	Glass Of Champagne.....Sailor (Epic)
2	Mama Mia.....Abba (Epic)
3	Bohemian Rhapsody.....Queen (EMI)
4	In Dulce Jubilo/On Horseback.....Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
5	King Of The Cops.....Bill Howard (Penny Farthing)
6	Art For Art's Sake.....10cc (Mercury)
7	Love Machine.....Miracles (Tama Motown)
8	Wide Eyed And Legless.....Andy Fairweather-Low (A&M)
9	We Do It.....R. & J. Stone (RCA)
10	Itchycoo Park.....Small Faces (Immediate)

Week ending January 24, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

1	Keep On Running.....Spencer Davis (Fontana)
2	Michelle.....Overlanders (Pye)
3	Spanish Flea.....Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass (Pye Int)
4	Love's Just A Broken Heart.....Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5	Day Tripper/We Can Work It Out.....Beatles (Parlophone)
6	Let's Hang On.....Four Seasons (Philips)
7	A Must To Avoid.....Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
8	My Girl.....Otis Redding (Atlantic)
9	Michelle.....David & Jonathan (Columbia)
10	Till The End Of The Day.....Kinks (Pye)

Week ending January 26, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

1	My Sweet Lord.....George Harrison (Apple)
2	Grandad.....Clive Dunn (Columbia)
3	Ride A White Swan.....T. Rex (Fly)
4	Push Bike Song.....Mixtures (Polydor)
5	Apeman.....Kinks (Pye)
6	I'll Be There.....Jackson Five (Tama Motown)
7	Amazing Grace.....Judy Collins (Elektra)
8	When I'm Dead And Gone.....McGuinness Flint (Capitol)
9	I Hear You Knocking.....Dave Edmunds (MAM)
10	Black Skin Blue Eyed Boys.....Equals (President)

Week ending January 27, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

1	Are You Lonesome Tonight.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Poetry In Motion.....Johnny Tillotson (London)
3	Portrait Of My Love.....Matt Monro (Parlophone)
4	Pepe.....Duane Eddy (London)
5	I Love You.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	Sailor.....Petula Clark (Pye)
7	Counting Teardrops.....Emile Ford (Pye)
8	Buona Sera.....Acker Bilk (Columbia)
9	Save The Last Dance For Me.....Drifters (London)
10	Stay.....Maurice Williams & The Zodiacs (Top Rank)

Week ending January 27, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE LONG AND WINDY READ

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

POST-CAMBRIDGE BLUES

Specials brood

THE SPECIALS have decided to stop touring, and to confine their live appearances to clubs and small halls at weekends only. They say they won't in future undertake orthodox tour schedules, and have no intention of playing any more large venues or theatres.

This is a direct backlash from the incident at Cambridge Midsummer Common last October, which resulted in band members Terry Hall and Jerry Dammers being fined over £1,000 two weeks ago, for using

words likely to cause a breach of the peace.

The Cambridge affair was far from being the first controversy in which The Specials have been involved on tour. But it was described by a spokesman as "the straw that broke the camel's back", especially as Hall and Dammers are adamant that they were unfairly convicted.

Now The Specials say they're sick of touring and "want to get off the treadmill". For the foreseeable future, they'll play only low-key club gigs, and any subsequent venture into larger venues is likely to be confined to charity shows only.

Runaround Sioux

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES go back on the road next month for a two-week tour.

They kick off with two major London shows, and their set will include a batch of new songs to be recorded in March for their next album. At the same time comes news that ex-Magazine guitarist John McGeoch, who's been working on a temporary basis with the Banshees for several months, has now become a permanent member of the band.

Tour dates are London Hammersmith Palais (February 16 and 17, all tickets £3.50), Poole Arts Centre (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Derby Assembly Rooms (23), Leeds University (25), Edinburgh Playhouse (27), Liverpool Royal Court (March 1), Blackburn King George's Hall (2) and Newcastle City Hall (3). A support act has still to be named.

These will be the band's only British dates until the end of the year, with two exceptions — they're planning a string of low-key matinee gigs for

under-16s in April, and a special event for fan club members only in August when their new album is released. Otherwise, they'll be touring Europe in June, the United States in October and the Far East in November.

□ **JOHN COOPER CLARKE** undertakes a short tour before recording a new single and album for spring release. Minus band, he appears at Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (January 30), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (31), Brighton Jenkinsons (February 1), Bristol University (2), National Poetry Centre (3), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (4), Manchester Rafter's (5), Leeds Polytechnic (6) and Durham University (7).



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THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

MARLEY RETURNS TO WORK

BOB MARLEY is alive and well and living in Jamaica — and he'll be resuming work next month.

Marley and The Wailers go back into the studios in Jamaica during the second week of February, to start a series of recording sessions for a new album. And dates are currently being finalised for a North

American tour in the spring, which will take in all the venues they were forced to cancel when Marley collapsed in the autumn, plus a string of new dates.

Although official sources have always insisted that Marley's collapse was solely due to fatigue, it sparked rumours about a terminal illness, which culminated in December when a seemingly authentic

agency report gave news of his death. Whatever malaise may have afflicted him — and clearly he was very ill for a time — he is now said to be fully recovered.

Marley has already begun work for the album sessions, and is at present putting the finishing touches to a batch of new material. And, according to Island Records, he's just purchased a huge new sound system in readiness for the upcoming tour.

RCA crash price barrier

By ANDREW TYLER

RECORD RETAILERS are at last beginning to baulk at a series of price increases by manufacturers which have now forced the price of chart singles past the £1 mark — and non-chart singles even higher.

The latest, most extravagant hike, is by RCA. Following a December 15 increase of 10 per cent for virtually all their albums and cassettes, they have now upped the dealer price for singles from 70p to 77p. Shopkeepers have the choice of absorbing the extra costs to protect sales — or they can pass them on to their already hard pushed customers.

HMV have decided on the latter course. At the same time they've put up notices in their stores indicating that the £1.20 price tag applies to RCA only. (Normal chart singles are 99p and non-chart record £1.10.)

HMV marketing manager Nick Alexander told us: "If the other manufacturers saw that we were holding our prices at 99p despite the extra cost to ourselves, they would all follow RCA's lead and we would go out of business. That's why we

■ Continues over

CLASH
VISIT
HITSVILLE
UK



Mick Jones
Pic: Pennie Smith

THE CLASH will be playing a series of selected UK dates in the imminent future. Full details are expected next week — and they're likely to start within a few days of the announcement.

But it won't be such an extensive tour as was originally thought because, explains spokesman Kosmo Vinyl, "We can't afford to do many dates. Although the 'Sandinista!' album made the charts, it still set us back financially, because we had to subsidise the cost of pressing three records for the price of one. We always try to give the public value for money, and that includes keeping gig ticket prices at rock bottom, sometimes even at a loss to ourselves — and if we're going to maintain this policy, we can't go mad and do a long tour."

DATA CONTROL

Lennon interview on LP, Who and Springsteen extra dates, Wilko reunion with Solid Senders

TOUR NEWS, RECORD NEWS, ETC. P.30-35

So who's talking?

From next week the cover price of *New Musical Express* rises by five pence to 30p. Much as we'd like to avoid this rise, the truth is we just couldn't stop it. The same factors that have forced daily and weekly newspapers to put up their prices — the rising price of newsprint, transport, rent and rates — have all contributed, not to mention the cost of Paul Du Noyer joining the staff and Nick Kent's new leather trousers.

It goes without saying that we will be doing our best to make sure that *NME* continues to offer the best value in rock reading.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.



Record prices

■ From previous page

make a thing of it."

Alexander predicts that RCA could find other manufacturers reluctant to follow their lead. "If so RCA will be in dire straits."

Woolworths record buyer R. G. Egerton regards the £1 barrier for chart singles as a dangerous one to breach and says that "sales are bound to be affected".

"It's very easy," says Egerton, "to be a manufacturer and pass the extra cost onto the retailer, expecting him to hold his own prices. But the retailer hasn't got any spare margin either. There's nothing left."

But John Howes, RCA's joint deputy managing director, contends that "singles are a one-off purchase by the customer. If the customer wants the single then the increase of 10 per cent won't deter him."

A record buyer for W. H. Smith retorts that such "insensitive" statements show "RCA are not quite as in touch with the buying public as they like to think."

But Howes insists that isolating RCA is "silly". The increase is the company's way of dealing with an inflationary situation and there are simply no more cuts to be made. What other companies do is their own business. But his feeling is: "They'll all follow in the end."

By PAUL DU NOYER

IN A WEEK of triumph for Ronald Reagan — though one which will inevitably be somewhat marred by his disappointing showing in the NME Creep Of The Year poll (a mere number three behind Mrs Thatcher and Mr Sting) — comes news of perhaps the most moving tribute to date.

Little is known of The International Pen Pals and Humourless Trots, except that they have some connection with RAR-bore Red Saunders. The appearance of their new single 'The Story Of The Day They Ate Ronald Reagan' should do little to alter the state of affairs.

Recorded for the not-altogether-legendary Radical Wallpaper label, and distributed by Rough Trade, the work was scheduled for release on Tuesday — the day of Raygun's inauguration. Taking the form of a semi-musical, heavily satirical documentary with sound effects, the record relies for its entertainment value on the scurrilous premise that the American president is (a) not terribly bright and (b) a raving psychopathic, warmongering loony.

Repeated efforts to discover exactly how, when and why good old Donald actually gets eaten are constantly frustrated by the record's sheer unlistenability.

POLL SPECIAL — YOUR TOP CREEPS GALVANISE POP BIZ

You Tarzan — me Jane . . .



WITH THE coveted New Musical Express award for Creep of the Year the latest of many laurels to be conferred on her, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is further honoured on a new recording dedicated to her supremacy and due for release by sometimes reggae label Trojan.

To briefly recap: Bobby Darin and Louis Armstrong and good old Ella and her feller, they made a record, ah but they did. And now Penny Brooke and the Standpoints they've made a wreck, what a wreck of 'Mack The Knife'.

For such is the melody in question, dressed up in modern arrangement and with Herr Brecht's gory lyric



"Really, Mr Reagan — at the NME awards ceremony too!"

By PENNY REEL

given contemporary satirical interpretation to the tune of 'Marg The Fork'.

Conceived and written by Ms Brooke, the idea became a reality when she backed up against Jamaican producer Niney the Observer one evening at Hammersmith's roller disco, and upon learning his trade begged his assistance.

Niney duly acquainted a pianist and drummer of his own acquaintance, and together with a session bassist, synth player and a couple of back-up vocalists laid a ragtime/reggae rhythm of the standard in a London studio.

Billing themselves The Standpoints, Penny Brooke and party set about locating an interested record company. Rough Trade decided it wasn't their style. Executives at Stiff responded with customary pomposity, a letter that began: "Dear budding megastar, you haven't reached the upper echelons of our hopeful hitmakers league . . ."

It was third time lucky with Trojan of Kensal Rise. The company expressed keenness, just as soon as some agreement could be reached with regards to copyright.

Here The Standpoints ran into the present of their problems. The solicitor handling the estate of composers Lotte Lenya and Kurt Weill — described as "right wing" by Ms Brooke — refused to give his immediate provision, apparently objecting to the word "sod" in the stanza:

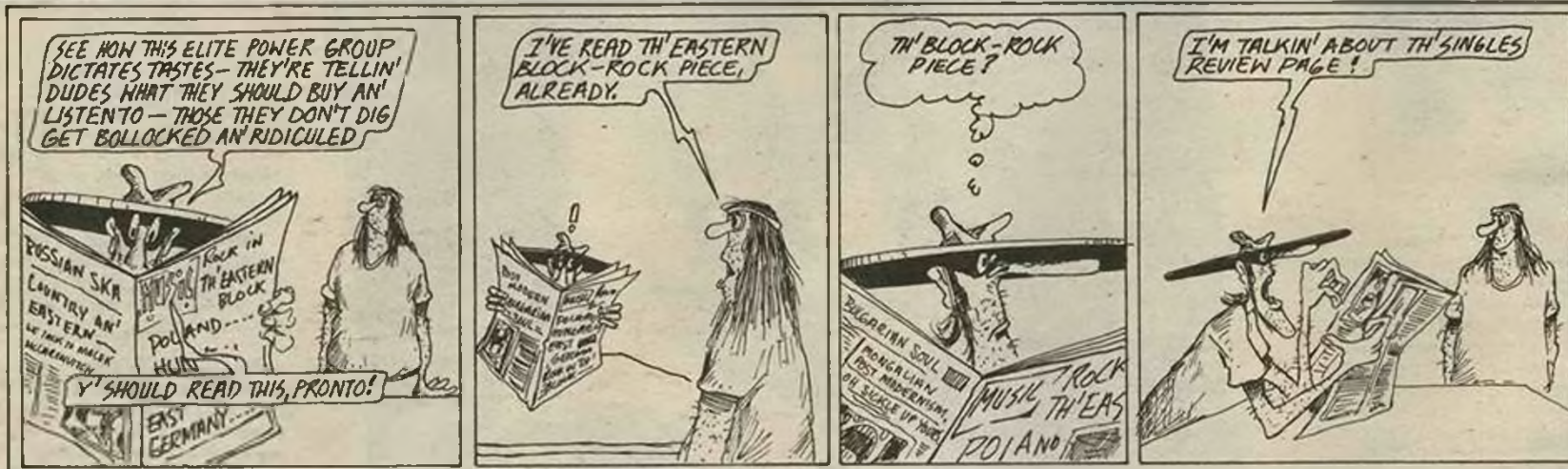
"Unemployment ain't no enjoyment for the poor sods on the dole."

In the meantime, we offer a portion of Penny's lyric for your further enlightenment: "Sir Keith Joseph, Atkins, Boyson, Pym and Whitelaw, old Carrington, oh the line falls on the right dear, now that Marg she's back in town."

Look out old Maggie's back!

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON



I thank you for your letters, telegrams and thoughts. They have come from all over the world, including every part of America, Europe, Asia and Africa. This was a consolation to me, since both John and I believed in brother and sisterhood that goes beyond race, color and creed. They have come from all walks of life, including from those who are in prison. The kind letters from prisons especially warmed my hearts.

I thank you for sending your checks to Spirit Foundation. It came in 50 cents, one dollar, five dollars, and has now reached 100 thousand dollars in total. John and I kept the Spirit Foundation staff to the minimum: John, I and a lawyer friend. All three of us, naturally, were unpaid. All expenses were paid out of John's and my own pockets. Since there is no reason to change this good system now or ever in the future, your money, every penny of it plus the interest it generates, will go straight to the people in need at the end of the year. In order to maintain the simple and effective operation, Spirit Foundation has not and will not authorize or participate in any outside activity or merchandising.

I thank you for your concern for people who are making money on John's name after his death. There are some of you who feel guilty about receiving paychecks for the Lennon articles you have written for the media. Do not feel guilty. People who wish to do business in a small scale in tribute to John, using his name but in good taste: you have my blessings. Remember, John was a man with a great sense of humour and understanding. "Whatever gets you through your life," he would

YOKO'S PUBLIC MESSAGE

In a remarkable gesture towards a world still shaken by his loss, John Lennon's widow Yoko Ono took out an entire page in last week's *Sunday Times* to express her thanks for all the messages of sympathy and support received. Simply headed 'In Gratitude', the open letter also covers Yoko's own reflections upon the murder as well as the reactions of the world at large. Published simultaneously in the US, the advertisement cost £17,920 to place in the *Times* alone.

say. He would have felt better that you had a nice meal on him than if you had wallowed in guilt. Spend well for your children and loved ones. If there is any left, give to the ones who are in need. Do not ask for my authorization of your ventures, though, since it will be unfair to give to one and not to the others. Individuals and corporations who wish to exploit John's name on a large scale: I ask your voluntary act to report to me of your intentions and plans, respecting the feelings and legal rights of his family, and make arrangements to satisfy them.

I thank you for your feeling of anger for John's death. I share your anger. I am angry at myself for not having been able to protect John. I am angry at myself and at all of us for allowing our society to fall apart to this extent. The only "revenge" that would mean anything to us, is to turn the society around in time, to one that is based on love and trust as John felt it could be.

The only solace is to show that it could be done, that we could create a world of peace on earth for each other and for our children.

If all of us just loved and cared for one person each. That is all it takes. Love breeds love. Maybe then, we will be able to prevent each other from going insane. Maybe then, we will be able to prevent each other from becoming violent, as violence is in our hearts and not in the weapons. Guilt is not in the one who pulls the trigger, but in each of us who allows it.

When John fell right beside me, I felt like we were in a guerilla war, not knowing who or where the enemy was. I kept telling my staff, who were hiding razors and newspaper articles from me, to show me everything: every telegram, every letter and every message. I was in the dark. I had to know. I saw the death photo. John looked peaceful, like in the back of the *Imagine* cover. Are you trying to tell me something, John?

I saw the photo where he signed the autograph. It was flashed on the TV again and again. Somehow that photo was harder for me to look at than the death photo. John was in a hurry that afternoon. He did not have to give his autograph but he did, while the man watched him, the man who was to betray John later. I looked at the photo. I noticed that it was the photograph shown on TV where John's head was bent forward, obviously to sign his name. But it was a strange posture for John to show. Then I realized that he was signing for the gate of heaven.

John and I believed that we were one mind taking two bodies at this time "for convenience", "and it's more fun", as he put it. Lately, we were calling ourselves "the group", because of the recording. "I like both of you," he used to tease me. For the past five years, I was working downstairs in my office during the day, and John, upstairs in the apartment. Now I am still downstairs and he is in the big upstairs.

I felt that I owed this letter to you. This may not answer all your questions but it is the best I can do now. This is also in place of giving interviews, personal appearances, and private talks which many of you have asked for. I would like to have some time to myself.

Remember, there's nothing you do that can't be done. Imagine.

Love,

Yoko Ono

Jan, 11, '81
New York City

COSY COPS, DANGEROUS VILLAINS

THE cop-and-robber boys really delivered this week: quantity *and* quality! But it's the same old story — BBC had the quality, ITV the quantity.

And what quantity. *Wolcott (ITV)* ran for so long — nearly four hours over three consecutive evenings — that you'd be forgiven for thinking that some of it must be good. Unfortunately, Black Lion Films (a subsidiary of ATV) have learnt nothing from Thames' Euston Films, the makers of *The Sweeney* and *Minder*. Both of those series gave some sort of sense of time and place and had the benefit of a sly humour; *Wolcott* arrived with 'Serious Theme' writ large, botched what few gags there were and compounded the confusion by being shot in a part of London that could have passed for Guildford. The 'Serious Theme', of course, was that George Harris' Winston Wolcott was a newly-promoted black detective, immediately plunged into racial gang warfare in Guildford (sorry — North London). And that's just in the police station.

For all its inordinate length, *Wolcott* — written by two Anglophile Americans — never once went beyond the stereotype characterisation. So Wolcott himself was a single-minded noble savage (a Dirty Harry type who goes on the piss as soon as he's suspended) given to saying things like "My ass!" when presumably he meant his arse. Ah, but more than half an ear was cocked for the American market here. Leaving aside the meaninglessly flash direction by Colin Bucksey (lots of bright lights, sharp cuts and slow motion for the violence — I would have suspected a Sam Peckinpah touch except that I've never seen a light ale can forzen in flight in one of Sam's epics) there's the small subject of dialogue.

This was spoken in a variety of colourful dialects and idioms, none of which seemed particularly realistic. Over the three nights, Wolcott tried out at least four West Indian variations but joint winners of the Doggy Accent In The Pursuit Of Ethnic Excellence Award must be shared by Paul McDowell's Superintendent Cosgrave (Scotland via Warford), Martin Dempsey's Inspector Gilligan (Ireland via Calford) and Chris Ellison's Charlie Bonham (Cockney via the Dick Bogarde School of Dirkton). Americans, you see, will be able to understand every bleeding syllable; alas, so could we.

A black-face *Starsky And*



George Harris as Wolcott waits for the 13 part series to arrive.

DANGEROUS



Hutch, then, tailor-made for export? Not really. More a sad black farce, a catalogue of missed opportunities. You want to see an imaginative depiction of gang warfare? Wait for the *Gangsters* re-runs. You want to see a truly disturbing insight into police corruption? Wait for the *Law And Order* re-runs. You want to see a real black dick? Wait no longer — *Shaft* is being shown on Saturday. But if all you want to see is a decent cops'n'robbers show (and you've seen all *The Sweeneys*), you could've done worse than watch *Kojak* (BBC1) last week, which happened to start as Wolcott was bumping off the bent cop.

The plot was no less daft than *Walcott's*: lady sociologist sets up home with her favourite case history, as ex-con who pulled a Robin Hood to get his old lady off heroin, and together they beat The Mob. But somehow, Americans can make this kind of crap enjoyable. Something to do with tight scripts and straightforward direction. Or

maybe it's simply that American whackos are more easily acceptable than their British counterparts. Whatever, this particular Manhattan melodrama was riveting and, of course, Telly Savalas' expansive, bear-like presence is an enormous help: he seems to sleepwalk through his Kojak act while everyone around him makes like they've just missed the last bus.

RESTORING one's faith in British television's ability to produce good, original B-movies was *The Muscle Market* (BBC 1), Alan Bleasdale's story of petty racketeering in the building game up North. The opening audio cut from The Beatles' 'Money' to a woman screaming set the high tone, as it were.

Peter Poslethwaite gave a quite remarkable performance as Danny Duggan, owner of his own yard but on the wrong end of a good few debts, and his no-less dodgy colleagues have no compunction in collecting

them. Permanently harassed, quick on the lip, Danny muddles through — almost. But that was the unforced message of this funny, sad and surprising piece: the big fish get way with it, the little 'uns flounder.

Two other solid ones: Rita May's *One Hundred And Eighty?* (BBC 2), an amusing and (a)cute observation of the pub mentality, and *The History Man* (BBC 2). Part three completely won me over — I was wrong about Anthony Sher's Howard Kirk, he's a hero and no mistake. Don't believe all that guff you read about him being a shit — he's funny; he has a sense of humour.

And considering the beating the blacks took in *Wolcott*, it would be nice to report that Muhammad Ali still possessed his sense of humour. But his painfully punch-drunk performance on *Parkinson* (BBC 1) merely bore testament to the irrefutable truth that boxing damages the brain. Even for The Greatest. Mind you, Freddie Starr was worse.

One week's hard viewing — without remission. Monty Smith does his stretch.



The return of Barney Miller.

This week on telly
by
IAN PENMAN

Thursday January 22

Highlight of the night has to be the return (but for how long?) of the very wonderful **Barney Miller** (ITV). Hal Linden — fresh from an anarchic romp with *The Muppets* — teams up with a Detective Fish to locate a stolen stiff. This you can miss? Should be more convincing — however daft it gets — than **Hill Street Blues** (ITV), the latest conveyor-belt cops 'n' muggers n' dopers 'n' etc show imported from the States. One of the old guard **Kojak** (BBC1) tries to track down some hijacked smack. As to whether **Revolution Women** (BBC2) — a 'feminist' comedy revue — will overtake any of the aforementioned buddy-buddy shows with regard to acute social observation remains to be seen. Whatever, it sure sounds like an easy ghetto slot in the midst of so much situation smut. Promises jokes about willies and pigeon chests (*Watch it — Ed.*)

Friday January 23

The Superstars: The Pest Masters (BBC1) features a load of Old Sports Media hacks reaching for higher and greater appearance cheques. Why not a spin-off featuring their respective agents? **Playhouse (BBC2)** does over a Noel Coward short story — should be good for a car chase or two. The pinnacle of

ITV's evening is **The Biggest Bank Robbery** starring David Niven, Elke Sommer, Gloria Grahame and Oliver Tobias — convincing unworld characters all, Pub, anyone?

Saturday January 24

Your choice between the film version of **Love Thy Neighbour** (1973 — any director want to own up?) (ITV) and **The Dick Emery Show** (BBC1). BBC2 offers a lot more variety with **Did You See . . . ?** (discussion promised on the very funny **The History Man**), rugby, a Finnish film, **The Year of the Horse** (Risto Jarva 1977) and Roxy Music on **O.G.W.T.**

Sunday January 26

All discerning viewers will be anxiously awaiting the conclusive episode of **The History Man** (BBC2). This is followed by **Laughter in the Dark** (Tony Richardson, 1969) an adaptation of the Nabokov novel starring Nicol Williamson and Godard's main muse Anna Karina. Too good to be true? Er, interesting. **Twentieth Century Box** (ITV) tackles taboo in a programme on incest, **Facing Death** (ITV) probes the symbolic significance of funerals and even the oft amusing **Agony** goes all Serious Relationships for an

for an episode. Good day for the valium industry.

Monday January 28

Dame Harold Evans contrasts the *Mirror* and *Times* in the second programme in a revealing series on El Vino's — **Evans on Newspapers** (BBC2). There's a repeat of the **Fawlty Towers** (BBC2) in which Basil fawns over a party of Germans, over on ITV Shelley reads *The Guardian* and smokes dope (what's so funny about that? Sounds positively tragic) and Barry Norman is back on BBC1 with a new series of **Barry Norman '81** — this week featuring bump on *The Jazz Singer* starring Neil Diamond (who isn't) and *Divine Madness* starring Bette Midler (who is — a jazz singer, I mean).

Tuesday January 27

Omnibus (BBC1) takes a look at famous punk rocker turned ballet dancer Lynn Seymour. **Texi (BBC1)** is about boxing this week which is more than can be said for **Seconds Out (BBC1)** any week. **HRH Princess Alexandra and Ned Sherin** are amongst those swanning it at **The New Standard Drama Awards (ITV)**: everything *ought* to go to the three Dennis Potter films televised late last year. I wouldn't put money on it.

Wednesday January 28

16 Up (BBC2) looks at 'Drink and Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll' with particular reference to the late Malcolm Owen. Eamon Andrews 'surprises' a nonentity in **This Is Your Life (ITV)**. Time to pull out that jigsaw you got for Christmas.



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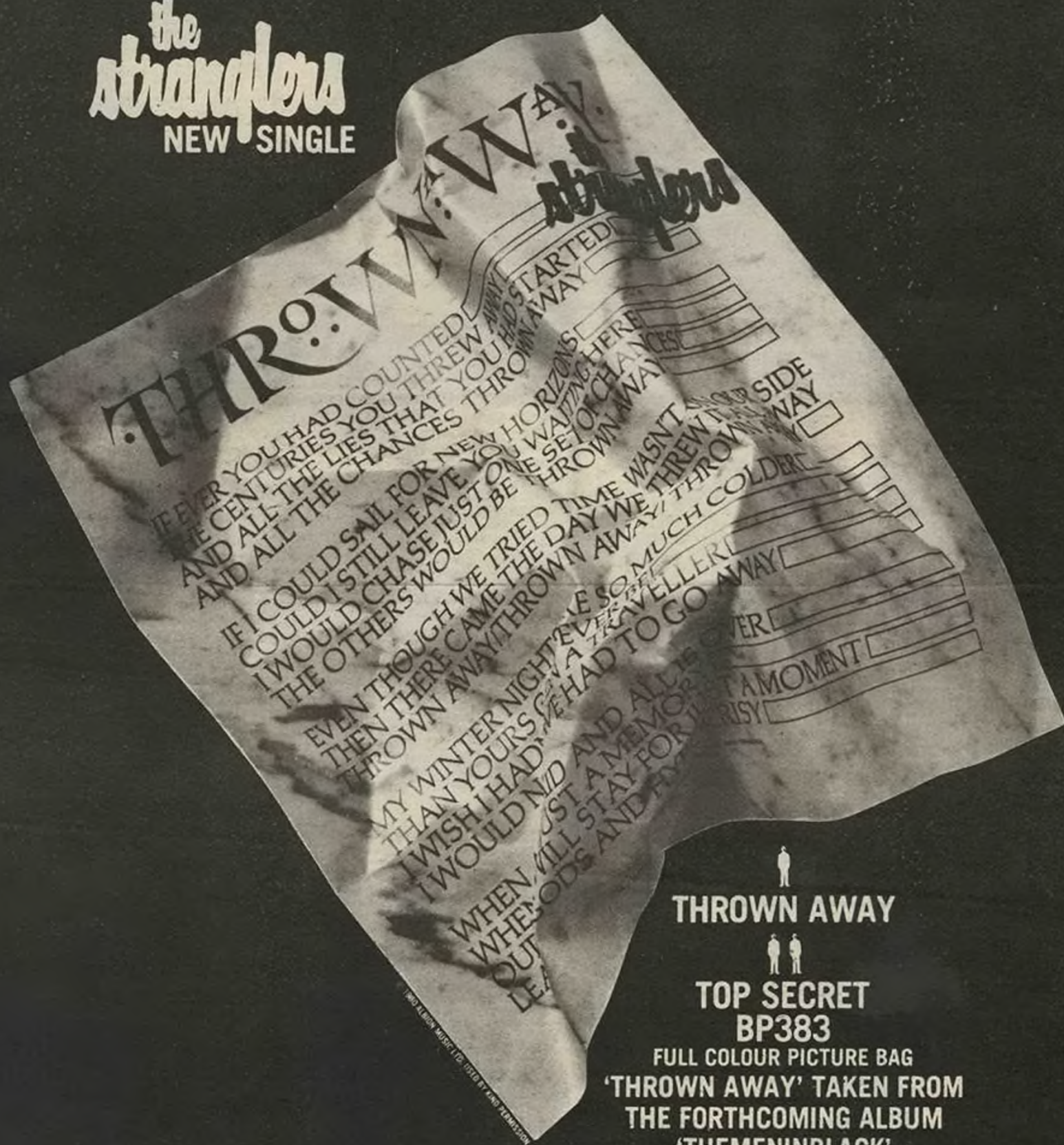
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THERE'S nothing wrong with psychedelia!" says Colin Newman. "If anyone thought that Wire sprang fully-formed out of the womb, that we never had long hair or flared trousers, and we never listened to the Grateful Dead — well, I don't think any of us actually *did* listen to the Grateful Dead, but . . . never liked San Francisco music — well, it's just a joke! I can't believe the sort of attitudes people are coming out with — 'we're modern', and so on. It's a load of bollocks!"

Colin's just released an album — his first since the suspension of contemporary beat combo Wire's activities — and it's more than slightly psychedelic in some ways. It's called 'A-Z', and I think it's rather good, which is why I'm talking to him in a basement room in Beggars Banquet's Earls Court premises, next to a roomful of neurotic Space Invaders machines and their equally neurotic operatives.

'A-Z' was actually intended to be put out by EMI, Wire's label, but at the time, band and company were drifting apart, and EMI pulled the plug on the project two days before it was due to be recorded.

"In fact, they did me a great service, because it's a far better album because of that six months, during which I completely rethought how I was going to approach it."

Besides Colin, the musicians on 'A-Z' are former Wire drummer Robert Gotobed and producer Mike Thorne, and an old friend of Colin's called Desmond Simmons. He, Colin and Robert live very close to each other, and just started playing together in Robert's basement some time ago, with no particular aim in mind.

"It's a very different unit to Wire, even though it's the same drummer," explains Colin. "I think Robert's attitude's very different working with me than working with Wire — it's very, very relaxed, there's no tension, no-one has to do anything. And the unit is there, by common agreement, for anyone's use. In other words, if Desmond wants to make a record,

then I'll be the bass guitarist or rhythm guitarist, and Robert'll be the drummer, if that's what he wants. It's just a very loose arrangement."

There's some talk of finding another member for the unit, since the three can't really play gigs — "It'd be a bit too sparing" — although even if they did, they wouldn't be able to (or want to, for that matter) reproduce any of the material on 'A-Z'. There will definitely be no tour.

"When I came to BB, I said to them 'I won't tour' — I thought I might as well tell them what I'd do and what I wouldn't. Unlike other people, they weren't particularly surprised by that or worried about it."

As with much of the music created by Faust, This Heat and The Residents, it's not only difficult to figure out who's playing what on 'A-Z', it's also quite a task deciding what's actually being played. Parts of the album, for instance, feature "replacement" drums — a tea-tray, a chair, or a microphone being struck, etc, the object being not to get a "snare sound" by different means, but to get rid of the belief that one has to hear a "drum sound" *per se*. There's also less synthesizer on the album than might appear the case, Newman making a conscious attempt to move away from that instrument.

"I think it's about time," he continues, "that there started to be some body of opinion that said all this playing synth music and staring into the middle distance — which I'm sure Wire were somewhat guilty of creating — it's not really serious, y'know? We used to do things like that for a joke. All that android stuff I used to do, it was all tongue-in-cheek . . ."

COMPARED TO Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert's recent projects, 'A-Z' sounds a lot more like the later Wire records. Had this got much to do with Mike Thorne's production?

"It's not necessarily to do with Mike's production; I think it's probably a lot to do with me. I always have been in a slightly invidious position with Wire. I always have the fully-formed ideas, 'this is how it goes', and the others used to say 'that's just how you wrote it, ha ha' when it used to turn

out completely different.

"But I'd always be saying to everyone 'You can't do it like that! It doesn't go like that!'. So I've always been in that ridiculous position, with Wire, of being a non-elected musical director — which is not a position I'm happy with.

"I really enjoy their (Gilbert & Lewis') records, because they're doing it how they would approach it, rather than how they'd approach it filtered through me. Maybe that sounds a bit arrogant — I'm sure there's a lot on Wire albums which has nothing to do with me at all.

"But now I've got my own outlet, I can do it like that. Desmond and Robert, with me, have a really different attitude — I'm usually the one saying 'You can't do that!' to Desmond, who's much more pop-orientated than me, so he wants to do things that all my Wire training's saying 'Oh, that's really corny!' And he'll say things like 'Yes, but people like that sort of thing!'"

The lyrics on 'A-Z' occupy a secondary place to the music, at times approaching the almost totally indecipherable. (Take, for instance,

the chorus to 'I've Waited Ages', the album's opening track: "Him work here all day/Him got his tonsils sprayed/Him got no time for utensils/Or words to that effect".)

In Wire, Lewis was generally responsible for the words, which Newman set to music — an arrangement not without its drawbacks, such as when Newman, writing the music to 'Lowdown' (their first composition), omitted to turn over the piece of paper on which Lewis had written the words; the resulting song, according to Newman, is only half what Lewis intended.

"Sometimes," he admits, "I've actually gone and done a song, and it's got on the record, before I've even realised what the words were about!"

His own attitude to song lyrics is "fairly ambivalent", and rooted in a distaste for them being viewed as 'rock artefact' or 'art': "The lyrics on 'A-Z', everyone will be disappointed to hear, are all totally tongue-in-cheek, because I'm not a literary person. I can express myself, I suppose, but I haven't got that delight in words that Graham has. On 'A-Z', the lyrics are just noises that you can make with

your mouth; they don't really mean anything.

"I can never make statements — if I say something, I also say the opposite as well, and then I want to say something that states the middle ground, so I end up at the end of a piece of writing saying absolutely nothing! I find it harder and harder, as I get older, to make statements."

Nonetheless, he is sure about one or two things as regards creative production: "The reason that Wire always have been, and are, in a constant state of flux is that we've always realised that you can't retain something. If something's good, it'll stop being good. And there's no point doing it after it's stopped being good, because that gets really boring.

"If people aren't doing honestly what they think they ought to be doing, then they should blow it. And if they really think that's what they should do, even if everyone else thinks it's a load of rubbish, good fucking luck! 'Cos that's the best circumstances to do anything.

"Working against the grain is always much harder, but then it's much more profitable."

Psychedelia can be fun

So you think synth players staring solemnly into the middle distance are a joke? So does Colin Newman.

Andy Gill discovers that Wire's original Android has a sense of humour.

Pic by Anton Corbijn.

In Next week's NME

The Tape Of Things To Come

The question to ask yourself about next week's intimidatingly wholesome issue of NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS is this:

What would you say to an offer of a cassette featuring over 80 minutes of (mostly) previously unreleased music from **The Beat**, **The Raincoats**, **Robert Wyatt**, **Subway Sect**, **Linx**, **Josef K**, **Wah!** **Heat** and a whole bunch of other people still being lined up — compiled by a consortium of highly trained elitists from the staffs of NME and Rough Trade — all for a miserly £1.50?

The answer is almost ludicrously simple. You'd say: "HELLO, CASSETTE FEATURING OVER 80 MINUTES OF (MOSTLY) PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED MUSIC FROM THE BEAT, THE RAINCOATS, ROBERT WYATT...."

(very funny, now get on with it)

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DO YOU KNOW THAT THE MOST DANGEROUS DRUG IN BRITAIN IS STILL LEGAL?



BOYS AND GIRLS will be boys and girls but there's a new game of chicken being played on the streets of the UK right now, a game so fine in its calculation that to slip even slightly is to wind up dead.

To kill boredom cheaply, to rouse some inner life on a Friday night, to make the music go down sweeter, an outbreak of barbiturate guzzling has broken out.

Barbiturates are the sleeping and sedation drugs even the pharmaceutical companies and doctors wince over. Once popularly prescribed in the '60s and early '70s, they are now regarded as a health hazard outstripping that provided by all other "remedies" — heroin included.

H.M. Government reveals that at least 809 people expired from barb poisoning in 1979. That's very nearly half of all drug-related deaths. Barbiturates can hook a user after just a couple of weeks "normal" use. They are downers posing as uppers. Anyone looking to them for relief from misery runs the risk of entrapment in a downward spiral leading to suicide.

It is also extremely easy to accidentally overdose, the margin between a legitimate dose and a potentially fatal one being slight.

Many addicts are now mainlining. But barbs can't be handled by the bloodstream. Strokes, lost limbs, festering ulcers at the point of needle contact are becoming common.

Readers' letters relating to the growing barb habit have been trickling in these past few months. The one that finally triggered this piece arrived a couple of weeks ago from a Bradford poet called Joolz Denby.

Such was its emotional wack, I had NME Ed Spencer metaphorically thumping my desk like the man in the green eye shield: "We must do something on this."

Denby, on her travails with musical group New Model Army, says she has witnessed sights to make her heart "quail". She referred to "children 14, 15, 16 hurtling headlong to death by their pathetic, ignorant use of barbiturates, especially Tuinal."

On the Bradford streets, she wrote, £1 used to get you three or four barbs, but lately there have been so many chemist break-ins that the asking price has plummeted to 100 for £1. "And the poor stupid ignorant bastards have been swallowing them by the handful, literally. In the last 18 months we have had 18 in hospital with colossal overdoses and three in intensive care. They seem to regard this as some kind of test of street credibility, of how cool they can be."

"A hospital overdose bracelet is the latest fashion. They flirt with death as if it was nothing."

THE PROBLEMS prevailing upon barb users will soon be multiplied. At the moment it's legal to have a pocketful of Tuinal, Nembutal, or Seconal, whether or not they've been prescribed by a doctor. The only offence is if they can be proved to have been nicked and that the bearer knew so.

We went to the Drug Squad in Joolz Denby's West Yorkshire area and asked Detective Chief Inspector Morgan how he liked the present arrangements. He said he didn't.

DCI Morgan might be a secret persecutor of youth but he said nothing to support that idea. He sounded like a bloke doing a job, disgusted with the way the cards are stacked: "We'll stop kids," he says, "and if they've got barbs on them they can say there were given them on prescription or they'll say they went to Manchester and a bloke gave them over. And there's no offence."

"If he had 50 on him I wouldn't believe him but there's nothing I can do. If scheduling came in then it would be an offence to possess them without lawful authority and that authority would be a prescription from a doctor."

"I'd say the feeling's pretty general that barbiturates have got to be scheduled for the harm they do. Only then will you be able to do something for these kids. Now they think it's all right because it's not an offence. They say 'You can't touch me for it so it can't be all that bad as other drugs'."

Scheduling is coming. Legislation is pending that will place barbs in Class B of the Misuse Of Drugs Act 1971, alongside cannabis, codeine, Preludin,

Ritalin and the non-injectable amphetamines.

The wrangling still has to be terminated — sticking point being the fate of a particular class of barb used to relieve epileptics — but otherwise it's in the can.

Under Class B, anyone caught in possession of unprescribed barbs faces a jail term ranging from three months to five years and/or a fine of £55 to infinity. Production or supply will get you six months to 14 years and/or a fine ranging from £500 to infinity.

And the newly criminalised can expect no therapeutic back-up by the Government. The pitiful services that do exist — mostly for opiate users — might just hold steady, more likely they'll be cut back in line with other social services.

"There are not enough units now for the heroin problem, as it's so called," says Bob Nightingale of drugs and law counselling organisation Release. "There are waiting lists all over the country for rehabilitation and definitely a shortage of beds for withdrawal. To add barb addicts to the list is only going to cause a pile up of misery."

"Obviously something has to be done to fight the availability of these drugs but making possession illegal, persecuting, harassing and imprisoning yet another group is not going to decrease their availability."

Nightingale indicates two other sources of street barbs other than those derived through forged prescriptions and night pickings from chemist shops.

There are a good number of doc-

tors, he says — variously motivated by morals, greed or unrelieved pressurising — who'll sell a script of 100 for £25. The sum is officially a "consulting fee" and compares with the regular street price of £30 to £35. But since the "patient" then has to actually purchase the drugs in a chemist, no great gain derives from using a G.P. as dealer ... not prior to scheduling anyway.

Nightingale says he knows of "half a

dozen doctors within three miles of this (West London) office selling prescriptions". And he reports that the head of the Home Office Drug Inspectorate, Bing Spear, has a map of London over his desk pinpointing with black dots all doctors currently under investigation for irresponsible prescribing. "Harley Street," says Nightingale, "is totally riddled with them."

Another source are the suppliers of the base material that goes to make up the drug.

"There's a factory south of London," he says, "that'll sell you everything you want without having to produce any licence or authority. Then as soon as you walk out the door they call the police and shortly after you get a visit at home."

The base material loophole was confirmed by Dave Turner of the Standing Conference On Drug Abuse: "Barbiturates," he says, "are more complicated to make in a home laboratory than amphetamines for instance, but still relatively easy."

THE barbiturate habit began in the consulting rooms and in the hospital wards where the drug was widely administered in the '60s and early '70s as a means of clobbering stress and providing hospital night staff with undisturbed sleep. Like the morphine supplied to pregnant women several decades before, hospital inmates frequently returned to civvy street with an unpleasant, unsociable habit.

It's already predicted that once barbiturates are "made illegal", foul and extremely noxious varieties will quickly blossom in home labs and that the damage done from these will be that much more extreme.

Barbituric acid was discovered in 1864. The earliest sleep-making derivative was introduced in 1903 as Veronal. Second in the field was an anti-convulsant called Luminal, marketed in 1912.

Since that time, hundreds of barbs of sleeper and sedative strength have been produced in the usual sizzling shapes, colours and sizes, as capsules, tablets, syrup mixtures and powders.

By 1971 English doctors were dishing out an annual 12.9 million prescriptions even though, the United Nations in that same year proposed that barbs, along with certain other psychotropics, or mind altering agents, be more carefully controlled.

The UN Convention on Psychotropic Substances was finally ratified in 1976 by the 40 member countries necessary for its implementation. But not by the UK, and to this day this country hangs shy, as do most other developed western nations.

There's no great puzzle here. In a recent newsletter by the Institute For The Study of Drug Dependence, the comment is passed: "Critics attribute this reluctance to a desire on their (Western nations') part to safeguard a considerable investment in the production and distribution of psychotropics and contrast it with their rela-

continues over



Downed and out pose by model. Photograph by DAVID CORIO

Barbiturates — downers — killed 809 people in 1979, half of all drug deaths and far more than heroin caused. Alarming, as the street credibility of downers goes up, the age of the casualties comes down. NME investigates the worrying business of going down the toilet with 'tueys'. Report by ANDREW TYLER



ARE YOU ADDICTED?

SEE OVERLEAF

DOWNERED AND OUT

continued

tive enthusiasm for internationally agreed controls on narcotic drugs produced by underdeveloped countries."

With barbiturate-linked deaths rising to 2,000 by the early '70s, even doctors were disposed to rethink. In 1975 a Campaign On The Use And Restriction of Barbiturates (CURB) was undertaken by a group of eminently well placed specialists who barracked members of their own profession for nitwit prescribing of "these outdated drugs... which are now killing far more people than heroin."

Prescription totals tumbled... to 9.5m in 1974 down to 5.1m in 1978. Doctors reached for the new diazepam to sedate their patients or to send them to sleep. Valium and Librium were and are the most predominant.

Diazepam is more expensive than barbiturates. They also have less drastic with-



EVERYONE needs a little something to ease the occasional pain, misery and boredom. Remedies range from a little sugar in your tea to mainlining toilet cleanser. Like Brian Langley of City Roads says, a person who does nothing at all is as much a deviant — or outside the norm — as the addict. The real difference being the effect on the body.

There are no clear cut ways to ascertain the cross-over point from sociability to addiction. To bend a phrase: one man's tonic is the next fellow's overdose.

Here's a way to grade yourself on the dependency scale, worked out by Langley and NME's drugs squad. If you find yourself answering affirmative more often than feels right, then you've got a problem. The solution is in your own hands.

Do you have a drug problem? Decide for yourself

1. Are you miserable on your drugs?
2. Are you spending more money on them Friday nights than you can afford?
3. When going for a prescription do you lie about symptoms, exaggerating or inventing ailments?
4. Do you take more than it says on the bottle?
5. Do you get intoxicated?
6. Do you do them at work or other situations where you shouldn't?
7. Do you drive on them?
8. Do you use drugs to counter the effect of other drugs?
9. Do you miss work because of too heavy a dose taken the night before?
10. Do you put off things you meant to do because of the drug's effects?

pressed agencies and the 'abuser' will feel the new breeze.

ALTHOUGH BARB prescribing has fallen dramatically, the average size of dosage has risen, so that the tabs now about are significantly more dangerous.

A clue to their lethality can be gleaned from a 1979 report in the *British Medical Journal* by the Committee On The Review Of Medicines. It warns against their prescription for children, young adults, the elderly and debilitated, pregnant or breastfeeding women and anyone heavily into alcohol or drugs. Addiction potential is "high". Symptoms of dependence include "confusion, defective judgment and loss of emotional control." It warns: don't drive on them.

"Withdrawal symptoms occur after long-term normal use and (particularly after abuse) on rapid cessation. Symptoms include nightmares, irritability and insomnia and, in severe cases, tremors, delirium, convulsions and death."

All these drawbacks are markedly increased when the user gets into mainlining, as apparently is the case with 80 per cent of addicts.

Says Brian Langley deputy director of London crisis centre City Roads: "It's a drug that's just not designed for injecting. Even with clean needles you're injecting a load of rubbish and chalk that might not do your stomach much harm but which won't dissolve in your blood."

"You start to get lumps knocking around your body which can lead to what amounts to a stroke and you become paralysed and maybe you'll get ulcers at the point the needle goes in."

"Often you can't find the vein so you start hitting around and possibly you'll hit an artery and do the sort of damage that'll lead to losing a limb."

It's a drug, he says, associated with a high death and suicide rate and if it were developed today would not very likely be approved for sale.

"One of the most dangerous aspects is the overdose factor. Three a day is a legitimate dosage whereas it's possible, depending on resistance, to kill yourself with just ten or eleven."

Nonetheless, Langley tends to shy away from horror stories as a means of "saving" the abuser. OD and amputee stories are all very well but they tend to mark out the teller as one of the paranoid establishment. The best tactic, he says, is to provide a means for the user to assess his or her own dependency and to this end suggests self-scrutiny of the sort found in bold type at the top of the page.

CITY ROADS is a three year old project funded by the London Boroughs Association and the Department of Health to provide drop-in and short-term residential care for what's called "multiple drug users" — the type traditionally found comatose or raging and inflicting violence upon themselves and others in hospital casualty departments.

They take up to a dozen users for a maximum of three

weeks. The opportunity is there to dry clean the insides; to consider whether or not to continue with the fanatical imbibing.

Most continue. A study of City Roads by a team of Birkbeck College researchers found that 12 months after leaving the centre 80 per cent of inmates were "known to be abusing drugs", 70% wanted back in; 48% were living rough; 46% had again overdosed; 21% had been nicked, and 16% were serving time.

If that reads like an argument against City Roads type mollycoddling then the Birkbeck academics thought otherwise. They emphatically recommended the project to be given five years "secure funding". The odds on City Roads surviving are perhaps even, May being the crunch month.

"The real issue of 1981," says Brian Langley, "is not whether barbs are illegal or legal but what agencies that are offering practical help can actually survive the next 12 months. If we do go out of business then for a lot of people who use us, it won't matter at all whether or not barbs are illegal, they'll be on the scrap heap and there'll be nothing anyone can do about it."

Sentiments about lack of care facilities can be heard reverberating wherever progressive hearts beat; from Dave Turner of the Standing Conference on Drug Abuse, from Bob Nightingale of Release, from "concerned" doctors of CURB. And I suppose all soft hearts tend in this "humanistic" direction because that's the way we've been conditioned over the years.

BUT IT would be too easy to end this piece with the traditional pot shot at big business and big government... even if they did manufacture and legislate for the problem in the first place, and then turn their backs like prissy killjoys.

But just between ourselves... before psychotropics, there was morphine and before that people killed themselves on gin. We've had drilling holes in heads, now we've got liquid tippex and sniffing the insides of fire extinguishers. Are people barmy or are they barmy?

As for the evil of uncontrollably wealthy transnational drug companies for whom barb addicts are such good news... well what do you expect from such quarters? And what can be expected from 'heartless' Thatcherites who just want the streets tidy and will be cutting back in every area that is not mathematically proven lucrative. That's 1981 for you.

In 1981 a barb addict has to swim on his or her own hook. People are dying. They're dying because they're killing themselves.

So you feel miserable. Well, consider this from *Medicines*, the Penguin "guide for everybody" by Peter Parish: "Another important point to remember is that hyposensitive drugs, especially barbiturates, can actually make you anxious, irritable and depressed. Since your doctor (or dealer) probably put you on these drugs in the first place to control such symptoms, you or he may be tempted to increase the dose in order to control these symptoms further. Yet the increased dose will actually make you worse."

"If you are getting anxious and miserable despite taking more alcohol/or sleeping drugs or sedatives it is the drugs that are having this effect. Not a few people have become trapped on this downward course which may end in suicide."

So blaming others is all very well but it is your life, you know, and others don't care half as much for it as you do. Why don't you take care of yourself?

"Equipment reviews? Never read them."

Pity, because he may not know about this 14-inch giant among loudspeakers.

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NME21

LEARNING TO BE LOVED

Jim Kerr of Simple Minds, introducing the Minds' usual encore of The Velvet Underground's 'Waiting For My Man' at London's Marquee in December 1980, said simply "This is a song written by Richard Strange."

Walk in a straight line right into congress
Use the TV and the Europe Express/
There's no room for errors, it's all been arranged/
This is the year of Richard Strange.
(from 'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange')

IT IS necessary to distinguish between the use of fable and of history.

Richard Strange — formerly Kid Strange, I wonder how he got his name — is not averse to looking back over his shoulder.

"I think that the '70s were artistically very dormant and fallow. But just over the last three or four months there does seem to be a real desire for people to learn how to express themselves again. I think the worst aspect of punk was that it was negatively anti-artistic. Anyone who did have any artistic inclination at all had to pretend that they didn't have. Which I think is hideous and mindless and stupid and wrong . . ."

Art? Oh grievous body!

"For me it's never been a dirty word. I think it's an over-used word, but in essence it is not dirty."

How would Richard Strange justify the use of the word 'art' in its cleanest, most unabused sense in relation to his work?

"Well then, you have to get back to defining art, that semantic problem . . . it's something to do with expression, illumination, and an idea of truth and beauty."

RICHARD STRANGE has always stood notably (if never very tactfully) for poetic values against commercial ones. He is generous and perceptive; he searches as well as his wrecked mind will allow him for the truth. His reputation has been unduly deflated: up until recently posterity dubbed him a crank, just another failure facing up to the inadequacy of his image, damned by the imprecision of his art. An ugly misfit with no developing programme.

At best he raised suspicion. At worst he was loathed.

With a clearer head we can view his representative importance. Richard Strange is a man who wants to succeed and be loved by all. His particular quest has genuine power and is extremely relevant.

In 1975 Strange formed The Doctors Of Madness: an obsessive search for realisation through some kind of Zen Burroughs-ism. Between 1975 and 1978 they made three LP's for Polydor.

"There are two or three good things on each record," he explains.

Musically a pathetic pastiche of all Velvet Underground stylings; themes and schemes — addiction, control, power and means of cure — simple mindedness borrowed from William Burroughs. There was an undercurrent of adolescent psychedelia, and atmosphere desperately honouring some kind of Gothic-invert world, everything splashed energetically with Strange's own boisterous, messy ego.

Dr. of Madness music was a wistfully confident, apparently serious, revolting kitsch expression of intense feeling and frustrated anger.

Pre-punk they were too much of an out and out rage. Post punk they were too much inclined to the epic and the cryptic.

They were erratic and naive, but never as pitiful and undeserving as critics repeatedly said. These days we can have greater sympathy for their posture and pessimistic wilfulness. The Doctors Of Madness were a perverse, concealed gift in the pre-punk vacuum: whilst punk was worming and warming around them, helping to kill them off, they were a warped, garish hint of modernist and romanticist things to come.

"We started just at the tail-end of the rock boom, the supergroups like Yes, ELP, Genesis. Who doing massive tours, and although I didn't like those groups that way of working seemed to be par for the course. That was how it was done. It was a five year process where you went from playing clubs to performing in huge stadiums.

"I'd read about it, I wanted it . . . It was only by going through the mincer that you realised you didn't want to be a hamburger."

Once upon a time, Richard Strange and Paul Morley had a love/hate relationship. They loved themselves and hated each other. And yet, somehow, they never had their hearts in it (the second bit, that is, not the first). Then one fateful day, they met up for a showdown . . . and knew they couldn't fight it any longer. This thing was bigger than both of them. And so their brief encounter blossomed into the beginning of a beautiful relationship. Strange, but true . . . A real life romance. Warped visuals, Peter Anderson.

For a group intending to redefine and realign rock possibility, they were ironically castrated by rock's safe business and determined limitations. But it wasn't a waste of time. The Doctors Of Madness were pioneer mutants.

"That's obviously a source of great satisfaction, especially that groups like Simple Minds are actually coming out and saying it. For every one group that comes out and says it in print there are ten that come up to me and say it privately, from Johnny Rotten downwards . . . or upwards . . ."

In my version of rock history Richard Strange looms a lot larger than Peter Townshend.

"It had become apparent that we were very much an in-between band. I broke it up because it had gone as far as it possibly could artistically. I thought we can either be Ultravox and carry on for another two years hoping . . ."

Current fashion should have connected with just such shape and image.

Strange talks about those darkened days: when he was one of the most despised of rock entertainers.

"At its best it was economical, it was potent, there was humour and wit, which was often missed, and it wasn't po-faced."

Which was often missed.

"Right."

Did it help him learn about the game of rock?

"I'm just beginning to now, even after all this time . . . five years. That's the length of time between General Elections."

"I reckon I lost the last one."

Miserably.

"Hal Ha! Ha! But I was never miserable. The Doctors Of Madness were like John Kennedy

CONTINUES ♦

STRANGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

In that they were never more popular than the day after they died. From where I'm standing, Kennedy was no saint, and the Doctors were no saints, but history is beginning to smile on that group the way it did on Kennedy."

Strange retains his humour, dignity and aspiration.

"It comes down to the fact that I've never conceived of giving up; I'm doing what I'm doing and I'm enjoying it and I think it's good and right for me. I also felt those things hideously during the Doctors Of Madness... any journalist who thinks that even the most flip of criticism is anything less than a knife in the heart of the person criticised has obviously never been criticised in print themselves. I've certainly always tried, too hard sometimes, and with the wrong things. But I've always put everything into it."

"Which isn't necessarily positive."

"No, it's not. There are lessons that you have to learn."

I think I'd like to say that Kid Strange was a magnificently aggressive comic, crude poet and indulgent musician who has just grown up. Welcome, welcome, to this Richard Strange — the sinner came in for his dinner.

RICHARD STRANGE is very tall, warmly imposing and certainly convinced of his own beliefs. Impeccable diction and an irresistible deep voice is slightly marred by weak pronunciation of the letter r. He greatly values strong individual expression and the need for distinctive, alternative communication. For him the interview is a welcome challenge, a positive channel.

Lately, funnily enough, he doesn't have to court music paper interest — as he once did with those disastrous results. If music papers want to be seen to be properly reflecting a current excitement they have to go to him.

He's enjoying that. And so he should.

Style is a manifestation of personal education: R. Strange is very stylish. I would imagine he is very hygienic. Permanently ensconced in raincoat and suede jacket he has all the old fashioned buoyancy of a consummate and enchanting entertainer who ultimately can't avoid the serious purpose of wanting to show the way. Of that he's as capable as anyone.

And the message is?

"Turn off the TV. That is it. I don't mean that flippantly. If TV suddenly stopped broadcasting in this country then we'd probably see the greatest social change we've ever had. I don't know where it would go..."

TV sucks our passion.

"Absolutely."

Strange objects to "the damage it wrecks on people's psyches", the intimate way it uses people, arranges their lives, organises their thoughts, hinders intellectual development, or cheats it.

But is it in some ways a reactionary message?

Possibly. I've never said I was a radical. Balanced against that the majority of TV we watch is hideously reactionary."

R. Strange has passion, gloom and a respect for the irrational balanced against a cold, hard realism. He is in favour of the unpredictable, mysterious, autonomous creative imagination. He is interested in... drama. And not solemn at all.

Have we the nerve for the next golden age?

"Hopefully people learning to express themselves again without embarrassment, and to take chances, and not to be so formal that everything has to be part of a movement to get acceptance."

Are we coming of age?

"There are things that need to be explored before you can get to the next stage. I don't know what the next stage is... certainly not what it is in rock music. I think that it's

probably dismantling the structure in some way."

But retaining the spirit.

"Absolutely. I think the spirit is castrated by the structure, at the moment. I think the only way of retaining the spirit is by completely dismantling that structure and saying we don't have to go into this usual place to do it, and we don't have to do it in that way. To me it's a fallacy that people don't want to go to gigs anymore. I think the truth is they don't want to go to the Marquee anymore, and quite right too."

"It sounds very corny but potentially we are entering a golden age right now. I do think it's within the realms of possibility to dismantle that structure and build up a whole new network of places to go and play. That's important on an entertainment level, and I would hope it would provoke conversation and the interchanging of ideas. I would hope also it goes a lot deeper than that and becomes almost a revolutionary force."

"When I say we're entering a golden age I'd qualify that by saying that we're in the most dangerous decade certainly in my life time. It's the cliché — great art needs conflict."

Here's the return of Richard Strange: a moving articulation, and for the first time some proper attention.

"For the sort of people who come to enjoy themselves and do not hesitate to keep their hats on in the theatre." Bertolt Brecht on asked for whom he wrote.

AFTER THE disgrace and delusion of The Doctors Of Madness, the hopelessly roundabout ways of working, Strange retreated to redefine his direction, to dispel the paranoia and hesitation years of press hostility had inevitably forced into him.

"Just generally re-adapting to being a human being again."

This re-defining occurred in random ways, resulting in his returning to the stage as a solo performer using pre-recorded backing tapes. Smart, mobile and exclusive. This simple, controlled way of working was an illustrative and liberating contrast to the general bulky and appallingly uneconomical methods of rock touring.

Strange recaptured an original temperament and poetic soul corrupted by the strands of totemism. Rediscovered his heart: emotion, idea, characterisation. He could concentrate on his own performance: no distraction, no detraction. Stress was placed on subtlety, intimacy and immediacy: he could properly communicate, exaggerate, caricature.

In 1980, no longer masked, nor abandonedly vile, his cabaret embodiment of austerity, affluence and sophistication made a great deal of sense. He played Hell, Blitz and the Scala, then moved to America. For three months he played clubs with John Otway, finishing in New York.

New York's openness help put things in focus. Strange's desire for action, love for art, acceptance of intellectualisation, vigorous curiosity, fondness for participation, and demand for idealistic and enriching entertainment found a bracing contest in the clubs and atmosphere of the constant city. He fell in it, fell for it.

Back in Britain, Strange could find no place for him to present his new shows: rock clubs priding themselves on a pathetic perpetuation of crass rituals and stale values were no use. There was no where for him to appear that set his show in a properly diverse context, no where he could go for a night out that was comparable to what he'd enjoyed in New York. So he quickly established his own club, taking over the premises of a Soho nightclub each Sunday.

Cabaret Futura opened in December 1980 — his contribution, and not a minimal one, to the dismantling of that rock structure. His organisation of Cabaret Futura, and its considerable success, indicates the relevance of Strange's quest: suddenly he's in fashion,

in favour, indeed admired!

Everything's going right this time round. Richard Strange is in control!

"Got back from America and I thought that I'd like to start a club that I could see in existence in New York. It would have a musical bias but it would be in essence a mixed media club. I really wanted to develop it into a place where performance artists, who really interest me at the moment, could reach an audience who don't necessarily read Time Out or The Guardian. It seems to me that there is nothing that is in between the Marquee and the ICA. You have rock clubs where there's just the ritual of two bands every night 365 days a year, or you have the ICA where your political attitudes are checked out at the door. There's nothing that works on a social level."

"What I want the club to be is a focus, like a meeting place, where what is going on on stage isn't the single most important thing. It's always there if you want to look at it, but I don't think it should really dominate."

Cabaret Futura intends to work not merely as entertainment but also politically and intellectually. It coincides with other attempts to establish new venues by people like Chris Sullivan and Steve Strange: these places have no regard for coherent politicising of their alternative enterprise.

Does R. Strange feel that the current attention he's getting has more to do with fashion than any practical achievement?

"I've thought about that a lot and short of getting everyone to fill in a questionnaire before they're allowed in I can't see any way around it. How exclusive do I want to be? The answer is not at all. I want anyone to come along and decide whether they're enjoying it or not, and not have to explain to me why they are..."

"It goes back to Brecht whose thing was if you've got any message — and I do believe that I've got a message — then it's got to be delivered in some way different from a political tract. It's got to be entertaining. At the moment that's the only way I can think of doing it. By making it an enjoyable place to be, with all my efforts encouraging interaction of audience and performer with each other, and let them work out if they're getting anything from it. If they're not, if they get bored within three weeks, they won't come back. I know that. They'll move on to the next lot."

STRANGE, BECAUSE of the superficial glamour and emphasis on style and the anti-rockism, is being identified with the movement represented by the music of Spandau Ballet and Visage, based around clubs like Le Kilt... a movement mistakenly described as New Romanticism (which is New Order, Cure, Associates, ABC, Simple Minds... coincidentally part of the European mood Strange tries to capture at his club via a more oblique, authentic soundtrack.)

"I think the difference between me and that scene, it probably sounds conceited, but if anyone has an image of me, however mistaken, it's probably of a message that I might have... the only thing that comes from the Blitz/Romance thing is the fashion and the hair, tribalism. Even the music seems to have been tacked on as an afterthought, a mish mash of what is regarded as modern."

"I think the Blitz thing is much more based in rock than I am. It's about image over content, and a lot of rock is that. It does upset me that that whole world is inhabited by people who are unreliable and untalented and not to be trusted with either the hearts or the minds of international youth. Really."

The drawbacks of attempts to establish alternative venues like Cabaret Futura have been the elitism and the irregularity... there has to be openness and constant pressure.

"It takes a lot of time. Balanced against that, it is very exciting. The excitement and support is what makes it worthwhile. It's not an ego thing. It's something more supportive than just ego. I don't want to be a club owner for certain, but I'm not averse to seeing where this will lead."

Where it can lead, as long as it is part of something, is important. Cabaret Futura's mood, gaily cynical, emphatically New European, is not dictated but suggested by nostalgia. It's playing its part in the search for new values: is the most tangible manifestation of Richard Strange's frustration. On a basic level, new clubs, connected with the new mood, intelligently adapting cabaret properties, are vital. A place for people who want to enjoy themselves; who want to change the world; who look to the future; who want substance as well as glitter. Act forcefully! Wear masks but take risks!

There is intimacy and interaction: information, profound or otherwise. Strange draws slight parallels with the '30s and Germany — the political cabaret of Brecht and Weill (Cabaret Futura) balanced against the fancy yet primitive escapism of those who pretended that if they enjoyed themselves enough nazism would go away (Le Kilt.)

"I am not prepared to be part of that scene. We share a common audience and possibly a common inspiration, but the manifestation of that is so completely different as to be unrecognisable."

This is the new Richard Strange.

"I do want to be loved."

"I don't want to be a club owner, and I don't want to be a straight rock 'n' roller" — Richard Strange talking to the Guardian.

THE FORMIDABLE Strange will talk passionately about the possibility of a United Europe as a dignified, stabilising force, a buffer between USSR and USA.

"The voice of reason — there's not a lot historically to suggest it will happen, but I think it really is the only hope for global well being."

Skilfully blending this ideal with his own political ambitions — "I feel politically immature. I don't feel ready for political life" — his hostility towards rock evils, his respect of its power, a sly narcissism, his sense of being victim, his critical yearning for better things, Strange arrived at The Phenomenal Rise of Richard Strange — a cool, lucid fable.

A rock star, (named Richard Strange) because of his international stardom and use of media techniques in the past, gets set up as the President of a European confederation of states: he accepts the position cynically, grows idealistic, and ultimately Europe prospers, people are given back their freedom and are pushed away from mindlessness. The fictional Richard Strange is loved: big business is worried.

Strange has prised his music well clear of Doctors clutter. The songs in this narrative — four featured on an import live LP The Live Rise of Richard Strange (Ze/PVC), which Strange calls the first live LP made by someone backed by a tape recorder — are poised, traditionally stylish and strangely conventional. The great attraction of the music is Strange's subjective, emancipating projection, but a lot of the shapes and textures can be construed as ordinary.

"I'm sure... I'm not a musician for a start. I never have been."

That's no excuse.

"No excuse, except I'm not trying to judge what I do from a rock point of view. There is rock music in it... the bit of rock that I've always got the most from is delivery, phrasing, singing and words... there's also a lot else in there. Even if I could I don't want to be so new that no one recognises it; I don't want to be Debussy for example who got even worse press in his lifetime than me... I do want it now and I do want to enjoy it now but I want it on my terms, by which I mean I'll use those textures and those shapes and forms because they're the ones I know. I'll always try to push them further, because I'm not scared to."

"At the same time I don't want to get hung up and frustrated that every note I play is not new. I know that I'm putting in more now than almost anyone else at the moment, in terms of presentation, thought about the different levels on which things can work... the entertainment, intelligence, beauty. The aesthetic point of view is very important."

The music and performance fits logically in to a world of Cristina, Magazine, Grace Jones... brightening, competitive, a discreet tribute to 20th century masterplans/pieces/poses. Richard Strange cannot be subdued. His own sheer energy is beautiful artistic. Our conversation deals with items and qualities that often draw scorn within the weakened rock world — art, life, reason, romantic agony, the brutal side of love, precocious wisdom, early doubt, immature violence — and I ask him if in our talk, describing a certain ambition and necessity, he felt there was an amount of reason.

"It's the only thing that keeps me going. The belief that there is something solid there. The enjoyable thing about interviews like this is that by verbalising feelings I can actually analyse them. I sometimes have a great deal of difficulty analysing abstract thoughts."

"Really, I'm not dogmatic about it. I could change the emphasis, if it felt right to do so, next week. That's surely freedom. It's bound by political dogma, it doesn't have to go a particular way. I do think that at the moment it's going the right way. The right way for me today in that I'm trying to be supportive and encouraging without being patronising and I'm trying to bring people into something that is not exclusive, is not elitist, is there for you to use. And so am I, there to be used."

Do you consider yourself so generous?

"I'm a generous person. That is sincere."

Generous often to my own detriment."

*"Walk a straight line into civilisation/
Forget the old days of separate nations/
Now Europe's the power she once only dreamed of/
With wealth and resource all being creamed off/
By merchants and bankers and tired politicians/
With figures supplied by bent statisticians/
Won't it be funny to hear them talk on their trains/
Of the phenomenal rise of Richard Strange.
(from 'The Phenomenal Rise of Richard Strange).*

AND THEN, the funny thing is, yesterday I could imagine the whole thing turning full circle, because all the commuters could be on their trains reading about Richard Strange in The Guardian... like looking over each other's shoulders and saying, Oh this guy's really going to be a happening this year."

1981: Richard Strange is a happening. The time is right. From menace to protagonist: idiot to hero! Dying man to viable, valuable personality!

Preferring to be myth maker more than historian, I willingly clean up and transform Richard Strange's image. And leave him to get used to it.

THE GENTS



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SINGLES

by Paul Du Noyer

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
(1)

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: Reward (Mercury). In the heroic tradition of those two excellent singles 'Treasure' and 'When I Dream' comes a new TE recording which should go a long way to removing doubts about the group's ability to sustain impact. 'Reward', produced by the original Zoo-era team of Langer / Winstanley, is a dynamic piece of work — not so smooth as the 'Kilimanjaro' sound, but harder and more abrasive than anything they've done before. Julian Cope's vocals are strong and clear, the performance is firm and intense. But the outstanding feature is a brilliant, crazed horn arrangement. Absolutely un-ignorable.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
(2)

THE PASSIONS: I'm In Love With A German Film Star (Polydor). Forget anything you might have heard about The Passions. The only memory I had of them was of a slightly stodgy, unremarkable outfit — but then came this. Accurately described as "A Dream in sound and words" (and it's not often you can quote a press release without grave reservations), 'I'm In Love With A German Film Star' floats and drifts and glides into the mind in a manner you could only call hypnotic. Barbara Gogan's wispy vocals hover deliciously over a backing of extreme delicacy, presenting a wistfully romantic picture of adoration from afar. The star in question could be anyone from Helmut Berger to Klaus Kinski, it doesn't really matter. Start dreaming yourself.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
(3)

PEARL HARBOUR: Fujiyama Mama (Warners). What a rude awakening. This is great! Two short minutes of explosive whoop-it-up nonsense in the classic rock'n'roll fashion. Pearl Harbour is the 'Fujiyama Mama', just about to blow her top: "And when I start erupting / Ain't nobody gonna make me stop!" Whatever you do, don't argue.

DIANA ROSS: It's My Turn (Motown)
THE TEMPTATIONS: Take Me Away (Motown)
GEORGE BENSON: What's On Your Mind (Warners)
LENNY WILLIAMS: Ooh Child (MCA). Some soul smoothies for long evenings. Lenny Williams' song is easily the best: a soft, seductive number to ease itself into your affections. Lovely. Then there's George Benson: as usual, simply oozing what his admirers know as class. This example's definitely pleasant — for me, though, not a whole lot more than that. Similarly for The Temptations: 'Take Me Away', is no disgrace to their name, but still there's nothing to pull it out of the nice-to-ordinary range. As for Ms Ross, 'It's My Turn' comes from a film of the same name, and must mark some sort of artistic nadir. Words by Carole Bayer Sager, the song is of that 'mature', Me-contred pseudo-philosophical school of American AOR. So far as I can understand, it all amounts to more or less sod-all.

BIG TABLE: Patrick (True Religion). So much for soul. What you've really been waiting for, of course, is the skiffle revival. Well here it is: a weird, slightly effete effort from South London, mildly lunatic in tone. Investigate with caution.

THE 101 'ERS: Sweet Revenge (Big Beat). That coarse, hoarse, painful rasp can only mean one thing: the

voice of Joe Strummer, coming on like a foghorn through the mists of time. A curiosity, this one, recorded in '76 by the band that formed a bridge between pub-rock and punk but not released until now. Also features Richard Dudanski (PiL, Basement 5), Dan Kelleher (Marian Schoolgirls) and Clive Timperley (Passions, again!). This is mellow, rootsy rock with a tinkly Spanish tinge and, though it's pleasant enough, I daresay the archaeological work currently being done on 101'ers work will dig up more interesting stuff than 'Sweet Revenge'.

CLIFF RICHARD: A Little In Love (EMI). This, on the other hand, really is Hitsville UK. Another one of Alan Tarney's ultra-clever mini-epics. Success assured, and not undeserved.

STYX: The Best Of Times (A&M). Really only notable for the laser-imprint gimmick: quasi-mythological design on the record that tends to look more like a beer stain. Styx' music, meanwhile, wanders a weary wasteland in between the less dynamic bits of Queen and the more boring bits of Elton John.

MADNESS: The Return Of The Los Palmas 7 (Stiff). Short, jokey instrumental thing. Possesses standard nuttiness quotient. Made an amusing end-of-album filler track, but hardly the stuff of which classic singles are made. Cha-cha-cha.

DEPARTMENT S: Is Vic There? (Demon). Somewhere underneath the self-styled "drunken bloody mess" which is Department S on stage, there lurks a promising group. Featuring the fine, firm vocals of Vaughn Toulouse, 'Is Vic There?' marks another giant step forward for the former Guns For Hire, and for their brand of cliché-free punkery.

VIC GODARD & THE SUBWAY SECT: Stop That Girl (Oddball). And talk of the devil, Vic is here . . . along with his Subway Sect and a gentle, inoffensive little number you could take anywhere. Softly yearning chorus and dreamy accordion, yes accordion, combine in a sad, slow dance tune for lovelorn adolescents from sixteen to 65.

TV SMITH'S EXPLORERS: Tomahawk Cruise (Big Beat).
GEN X: Dancing With Myself (EP) (Chrysalis). Class of '77 makes (pretty) good. TV Smith, the one-time mastermind of The Adverts, applies his talents and new band to a strong single with notably un-dumb lyrics ("You choose / between living and the Tomahawk Cruise" and no prize for guessing what the 'Cruise' in question is) and a Ralph Steadman sleeve. Recommended. The Gen X single is out again, tying in with the album, this time in EP form with 'Untouchables', Gary Glitter's 'Rock On' and what's maybe their finest recorded moment 'King Rocker'. All quite shallow, just a bit too weedy to be considered as full-blooded HM (but close), but certainly enjoyable.

THE DONKEYS: Don't Go (Rhesus).
NAUTYCULTURE: Once Upon A Time (Charisma). Two groups with terrible names make perky pop songs pleasant enough to be going on with. And that's it.

MACKT OCH / ON BIRDS: EP (Jorvars Gosskor). At last, the nine-track EP, courtesy of two Swedish outfits sharing a common lack of restraint as well as all notions of how you're supposed to put songs together. The result is two sides of crazed, incomprehensible Nordic nuttiness, fjord-fresh and very invigorating. Lunacy knows no borderlines.

THE STRANGLERS: Thrown Away (Liberty). Printed lyrics on the sleeve don't make it any easier deciphering this cryptically bleak and sombre preview from the 'Meninblack' album. Although enlivened by some incongruously peppy keyboards, it's basically another one of those scowling grim-and-bare-it excursions ("My winter nights are so much colder / Than yours could ever be"), into the dark, brooding side of the combo's philosophy. Despite the oppressive I-speak-your-weight vocals it acquires a perverse appeal with repetition. Chorus, however, is uncannily reminiscent of 'Straighten Out'.

PHIL COLLINS: In The Air Tonight (Virgin). Probably a substantial hit even as we speak. 'In The Air Tonight' sees the down-to-earth, more acceptable face of Genesis dawdling trance-like through a fairly atmospheric, vaguely haunting piece. All I can say is it's all right. Chances are you've already heard it for yourself anyway.

STEVIE WONDER: I Ain't Gonna Stand For It (Motown). This one should be pretty familiar by now as well. A deserved success, it confirms the man's convincing return to form. Knows where it's going and wastes no time getting there.

SPLIT ENZ: Poor Boy (A&M)
M: Keep It To Yourself (MCA)
REGENTS: Just A Little (Arista).

Three of the more subtle attempts to infiltrate the charts that you're likely to hear in the weeks to come. The Regents indulge in shy, wistful teendream stuff via soothing, restrained balladeering. It's, um, quite nice. Robin Scott, of M, is altogether worldlier, always impressing with his cleverness instead of with his music. The latest, the most commercial cut from the 'Official Secrets' LP I suppose, dwells under the inevitable shadow of 'Pop Music': certainly intelligent, with sneaky appeal, but something, somewhere, is missing. Split Enz, sounding rather Orchestrally Manoeuvred in places, fall in between the other two. Better-than-average daytime radio material, sure, but nothing you could work up a great deal of enthusiasm for.

THE VIRGIN PRUNES: 4-track EP (Baby/Rough Trade). Funny peculiar, to say the least. Four bewildering varieties of noise from Dublin's iconoclastic Prunes, defying all literal description. One track, 'The Children Are Crying' is extremely haunting — in the very ghostliest sense of that word, I love it. The rest, by the way of contrast, counts as perhaps the most unlistenable tripe I've heard all week. An OD of oddity.

DESMOND DEKKER: Many Rivers To Cross (Stiff). The old Jimmy Cliff diamond, given a rendering to rend the most unrendable heart. Desmond Dekker — once described as the only man who can sing around corners — bestows such a wealth of feeling on this timeless song that I'm half inclined to wonder if this isn't the record I'll still be listening to long after all the rest. Maybe. A fine performance, tastefully arranged. Some kind of wonderful.

BONEY M: Children Of Paradise (Atlantic). Had you a cocked hat, I think you'd find that Desmond Dekker knocked this one into it, and pretty damned sharpish. I won't even mention the version of Iron Butterfly's 'Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida' on the B-side.

THE VINCENT UNITS: Carnival Song (Y). The title may carry a certain festive zing, but the music is a different matter: drab,

Pearl Harbour pic
by Neil AndersonS
I
N
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L
E
S

Passions pic: left by David Travis

Reviewed by
**PAUL
DU NOYER**

reggae-ish plod, dull protest, no fire.

JIMMY RILEY: My Woman's Love (Taxi/Island).
ROCKERS ALL STARS: Pablo Meets Mr Bassie (Rockers / Rough Trade). I only know two kinds of reggae music: the sort that makes me wish I knew more about it, and the sort which persuades me not to bother. Suffice it to say that both these records are of the first order, however much they might contrast in other respects. Riley's record I find especially accessible: light and deliciously melodic and produced by Sly and Robbie. Rockers All Stars took a little longer, an instrumental, hard and strident by comparison by melodica maestro Augustus Pablo. Both are beautiful

Continues page 45



**If you're lying,
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IN DOLBY STEREO



In a desperate rebellious gesture, Robin Johnson prepares to plummet to the ground three and a half feet below.

Behind the times

Times Square

Directed by Alan Moyle
Starring Robin Johnson,
Trini Alvarado and Tim Curry
(EMI)

SO AFTER *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*, the Stigwood outfit delivers a real stiff for the kids, a would-be 'punk' epic, three years too late and twice as tasteless.

This time around, what you get for your double album — sorry, film — is a couple of teenage tearaways doing a bunk from a New York neurological hospital and setting up a squat by a derelict pier. That they are both eminently suitable cases for

treatment seems lost on early-hours DJ Johnny LaGuardia, who takes up their cause. Publicly, he mocks the authorities' feeble attempts to find the two girls; privately, he's grooming them for their fifteen minutes of stardom. The Sleaze Sisters are born!

And they're not so bad: Robin Johnson as 16-year-old Nicky Marotta is all foul-mouth and fiery temper ("I'm sure her childhood was a complete disaster but that's not the point," says one typically concerned adult), an abrasive-looking ragamuffin who happens to talk like Jimmy Durante; Trini Alvarado as 13-year-old Pamela Pearl is all capped-teeth and catatonic

trances (she's the well brought-up one who keeps a diary), an angelic-featured kewpie-doll who could pass for the Mona Lisa's daughter. Believe it or not, they go together well.

But *Times Square* falls apart as soon as Nicky and Pam hit the streets of the city so nice they named it twice. It's all very well plumping for life over TV, vitality over manners and slime over plastic, but I don't think the various pimps, winos, prostitutes and junkies they rub shoulders with would put too much faith in credentials as limp as these. And as for Tim Curry's extraordinary performance as DJ La Guardia

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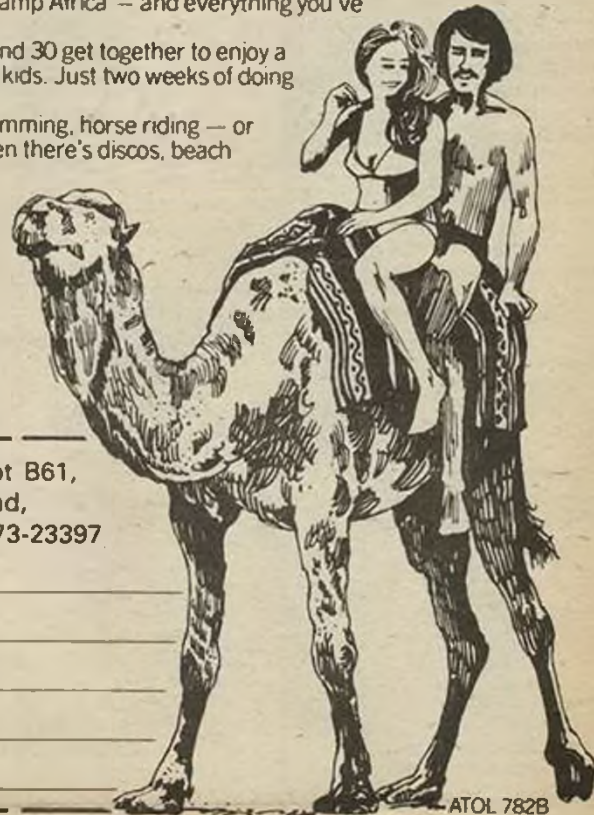
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SILVER SCREEN

... the hoots of derision that greeted his every solemn utterance, his every knit of brow and pout of lip (denoting his concern for the girls' welfare), could not have been much less loud than those at the opening night of O'Toole's *Macbeth*.

No, this won't do. The writer and director have both before been involved in 'proper' films (*The King Of Marvin Gardens*, *Days Of Heaven*, *Outrageous*, *Montreal Main*) but here they seem to have been stymied by the prerequisites of marketing. Not only with the soundtrack — and by all means chuck in songs as incongruous as those by Gary Numan and The Ruts, but Talking Heads' 'Life During Wartime' sits mightily uneasily with the feeble on-screen fairy tale — also with the risible climax in which scores of Sleaze Sister lookalikes emerge, lemming-style, from the suburbs for a free midnight gig, man: 'We are one minute from history,' says LaGuardia, and we all broke up again. Honestly, it's just like *The Brady Bunch*, but with swear words and a few chews.

Monty Smith

The Stunt Man
Directed by Richard Rush
Starring Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback and Barbara Hershey
— (20th Century Fox)

HOW strange that, in a film which fairly trumpets its multi-levelled, metacinematic nature, most critics have chosen to see only the most superficial of intentions, those telegraphed with almost sledgehammer subtlety by director Richard Rush.

The Stunt Man has been variously pilloried and praised for its apparent purvey of some 'grand existential statement', and universally condemned for the heavy-handed, hammy manner in which Peter O'Toole (especially) conveys this statement — face-value criticisms quite unforgivable for a film which hints at the multiplicity of 'realities' behind 'illusions', and ulterior motives behind the apparent intentions.

The surface storyline deals with an on-the-run criminal (Steve Railsback) who strays onto the location shooting of a scene for a World War One action flick, and accidentally causes the death of a stunt man, who he's then trapped into replacing (right down to adopting the name 'Bert') by the megalomaniac director Eli (O'Toole). A Vietnam veteran understandably conditioned to look after number one, the paranoid Bert becomes obsessed with the idea that Eli intends to kill him, but nonetheless finds himself drawn to the director's God-like arrogance, bravado and total disregard for any 'reality' outside the confines of his precious film.

This, his love for money (\$600 per stunt) and the film's female lead (Barbara Hershey) effectively prevent Bert from escaping from Eli's clutches; he stays, to be put through a series

of increasingly dangerous hoops...

Hence the 'existentialist' tag most critics have myopically latched on to: of course the director is a kind of god, and of course he's only this insofar as others let him be — the 'puppetry' poster which advertises *The Stunt Man* implies as much. Fair enough. But instead of complaining that O'Toole's corney, mannered performance spoils an otherwise serious film, wouldn't it be better to take it as another nudge in the ribs, and view the film's content from the perspective of its form? In a film based totally on the concept of masquerade and illusion, isn't it

reasonable to suppose that any purportedly 'intellectual' content is merely masquerading as intellectual?

The Stunt Man, seen this way, is a delightful satire on 'serious' cinema: a pseudo-intellectual movie about egocentric directors (Eli? Rush?) making pseudo-intellectual movies — a hilarious example of the genre it sets out to criticise.

The stunts themselves, as might be expected from the director of *Freebie And The Bean*, are gloriously slapstick set-pieces whose relative safety is cheekily revealed by Rush after a few tense moments; like Eli with Bert, Rush delights in playing cat and mouse with the audience, altering realities to suit his comic whims. Hence

O'Toole's over-the-top performance: what we're seeing is not a director, but an actor portraying a director.

To enjoy *The Stunt Man*, it's best to try and catch, in Eli's (Rush's) words, 'the authentic stench of madness behind all this fun'. Which is why this is a pseudo-intellectual review of a pseudo-intellectual movie about directors making pseudo-intellectual movies. Or is it?

Preposterous bunkum, and I loved every minute of it.

Andy Gill

Steve Railsback discovers the wisdom of arriving at the airport at least three quarters of an hour before take-off.



BOX OFFICE

London

1. *Flash Gordon* (Directed by Mike Hodges)
2. *The Dogs Of War* (John Irvin)
3. *Airplane!* (Abrahams/Zuckers)
4. *Caligula* (Tinto Brass)
5. *Any Which Way You Can* (Buddy Van Horn)

Regions

1. *Flash Gordon* (Mike Hodges)
 2. *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs* (Walt Disney)
 3. *Airplane!* (Abrahams/Zuckers)
 4. *The Blue Lagoon* (Randal Kleiser)
 5. *Any Which Way You Can* (Buddy Van Horn)
- (Screen International)

Divine Madness

Directed by Michael Ritchie
Starring Bette Midler (Warner Bros.)

OH MIDLER, Midler, that en-cy-clo-pidler, Midler the taaaaaattood lady... sorry, where was I? *Divine Madness* is 93 minutes of Bette Midler live onstage: 'in performance', as it

were. The performance of being BETTE MIDLER, the performance that Bette Midler gives.

She's good at it. She has an undeniable voice, lots and lots of energy and more front than Harrods. She invited her audience to demonstrate a shared sophistication by laughing at kitsch (and her kitschness in particular), and then she reduces everything

back to that kitsch level that they've just laughed at and sells it to 'em so hard that they get exhausted just watching her, as did I.

Fair enough, if that's your idea of a good time. Me, I save a piece of my heart for performers who don't throw in everything but the kitchen sink.

Charles Shaar Murray

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CHEATERS

IN SEARCH OF JOE NORMAL...

Below: The Cheaters.
Pic: Kevin Cummins.



THE CHEATERS operate almost entirely outside the realm of the music/fashion business. What makes the dizzy London biz tick is a mystery to them, and one which they haven't the

faintest inclination to solve.

Last year, more by accident than design on their part, this Manchester R&B band were carelessly dismissed by some as mod copyists. But this year, with the last of the mods firmly sealed in the mouldy

mausoleum from whence they came, it's no surprise to find The Cheaters still alive and healthier than ever.

They play what they like, dress how they like — a peculiar hybrid of dowdy styles old and new. Very unfashionable, but that's the

way they are and I for one wouldn't want it any other way.

I've joined The Cheaters for a four-day jaunt around Scotland which is a very cold and miserable place. By the third day of our mini-tour the whole band and road crew have been affected by a particularly demonic breed of flu bug.

With death looming closer with the passing of every hour, the band decide to treat themselves to hotel accommodation in remotest Glenrothes, and it's there they swap anti-biotics and I attempt some kind of interview.

We talk about the band's live show, which bubbles with dangerous dance rhythms that are naturally of the wrong seasonal genre — not the pounding percussion of African tribal imitators, not the bouncing beat of revitalised rockabilly bop, or even the digital pulse of electronic disco — just plain, boring old R&B.

Thankfully, The Cheaters are not remotely interested in becoming this term's disposable models — and it's refreshing to see that they are less than sanctimonious in their attitude to those caught up in transient and trashy trends. Bassist John Martyn puts things firmly into perspective:

"There's no point trying to align ourselves with fashion because it just wouldn't suit us as people. Those who go in for the dressing-up game or religiously identify themselves with the latest musical style, whatever that may be, do so because as people that's right for them. It's just an outlet for their personalities to extend themselves.

"Only fashionable people would call us anti-fashion, but then I suppose we do tend to attract the ordinary Joe Normals to our gigs."

"But Joe Normal knows what he likes," adds lead guitarist Joseph Charles (JC) sagely. "And he doesn't need the music papers to tell him what that should be. As long as it's good and it rocks, fashion doesn't enter into it."

Through their tenacious dedication to winning the loyalties of the Joe Normals of this world, The Cheaters in fact seek to secure a permanent career in an otherwise ephemeral business. Theirs is a meticulously planned formula, for success, phase one of which was completed with their inevitable signing to a major

company, EMI, last summer.

"The deal we negotiated with our record company had to be quite unique," explains singer Mick Brophy. "We insisted that they should set us up as a totally self-sufficient touring outfit with our own van and PA and enough money for wages for a couple of permanently employed road crew. That meant we could be on the road fulltime, playing small venues and slowly but surely building up a large grass roots following nationwide."

This year, The Cheaters will play over 200 gigs in almost as many towns and cities. Yet with attendance figures averaging around 150 per gig, after 52 exhausting weeks of solid travel, they'll only have reached as many people as say The Jam would on a one-month tour. It's a sobering thought, but one which fails to dampen the band's enthusiasm for playing the smallest of gigs in the remotest of sticks.

ON SATURDAY night at the Bungalow Bars in Glasgow, several usually placid Joe Normals — beards, faded levis, checked Ben Sherman's — are induced to dancing on the tables by the exuberance of The Cheaters' live performance.

After the gig a couple of them corner JC so that they might have the honour of speaking to a TV star. They've seen the band on Granada TV's *Get It Together*, transmitted to Scotland at 4.15 on Tuesdays and a programme that's dubbed "the rock show for the unemployed" by our new-found Glaswegian friends.

"Well, if you're still not working in a couple of weeks' time, you'll see us on it again," JC proudly tells them.

"Aw fuck awf Jim," replies the fat Joe Normal. "We haven't worked for the last six bloody years."

JC nods to me and smiles. "There y'are Mick, a couple of typical Cheaters fans."

Spandau Ballet should be so elite.

NEW SINGLE

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"That's another Damned mess you've gotten us into, Scabies!"

PIX PENNIE SMITH



Paul Tickell interrupts Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible just long enough to look behind their motto — *Be Damned Or Die*. "We've progressed," brags Rat. "I'd put this band against any other, though we don't go round saying we're the new messiahs: Donkey Music for Donkey People."



CAPTAIN SENSIBLE'S oldest Damned memories are a violent blur of gigs outside London where people ate lighted cigarettes, skulls were split open and police dogs invaded the dressing-rooms.

The Damned had a dream, though: they would live forever at the Roxy, partying without end.

By 1978 the utopian punk buzz had become more a mortifying scratch, the band's second album bombed and individual members left to do their own thing. The split was a disaster: there were exaggerated rumours of a suicidal Rat Scabies, while really he was just hungry and living on dry porridge oats. He couldn't even

get the money for a beer out of Sensible, whose famous eccentricities were then being rewarded by Social Security with 5p giro.

By 1979 there was little choice (be Damned or die?). The band reformed around the nucleus of Scabies (drums), Sensible (guitar) and Dave Vanian (vocals). They signed to Chiswick, and bass players came and went during the success of the 'Lovesong' single and album 'Machine Gun Etiquette'. The position is now permanently held by Paul Gray (late of the Hot Rods).

TYPICALLY two hours late for their interview (at their publicist's in Soho), Sensible and Scabies kicked off by talking about their latest offering, the double 'Black Album' released before Xmas. It's a weird and wonderful ragbag of a

record, from the live version of 'New Rose', through the epic experimental meandering of 'Curtain Call' (with Vanian doing his Jim Morrison — circa 'Soft Parade' — bit), to the wily pop of 'Dr Jekyll' and 'Waiting For The Blackout' (sort of Joy Division take laughing gas, meet the Three Stooges, yet never lose control).

Rat Scabies objects to these kind of comparisons, which he feels reduce the band's attempt at a change of direction to something camp and "just The Damned being funny". Rat wants to be taken more seriously: he's an artist and has barely been out of bed half an hour (it's 3pm).

Rat: "Tracks like '13th Floor Vendetta', with Paul making his bass sound like a double one, are very clever, just what the doubting Thomases thought the band could never do. We've progressed. I'd put this band against any other, though we don't go round saying we're the new messiahs: Donkey Music for

Donkey People." Rat can go off on a tangent when he sees one. "To be an Ants fan you've got to be able to carry four times your own weight and drag leaves back to your nest after gigs."

Sensible joins in with a sloganeering "Ant Music for Ant Brains". He bears a grudge because, while he was between Damned and trying to put his own outfit together, he approached Adam who didn't exactly jump at the offer.

"Swine!" hisses the good-natured Captain, who now delivers a diatribe against the fickleness of fashion and the fact that young Adam is regaled in glory after years of being called worse than muck. Rat goes on the alert, saying The Damned are still called that and — worse — tragically misunderstood. For instance, how dare I pronounce about 'Curtain Call' in *NME* without first being under the influence of marijuana, preferably some Afghan black? (For the 'Black Album'?) Furthermore, why in my

review of the LP had I picked over Vanian's ghoulish obsessions and his design for the mock gothic, very Hammer horror, cover?

Rat: "The only reason I like Hammer films is that they're so desperately awful, so why tie them in with us? I know what a paradiddle is, and the Captain could jam with Diz Dizley if he wanted to."

This gets Sensible going, not about his own musical abilities but the uselessness of all celluloid: "I hate films. Actors and directors treat you like an imbecile. As for the way they position the camera and get wotsisname with the hatchet to go aaaaargh..."

Rat didn't like Jack Nicholson in *The Shining* either, especially as he's a big fan of the Stephen King novel and considers the adaptation a travesty. He holds the actors and actresses particularly responsible:

"Anyway, what a mentality to spend your life living out other

people's fantasies."

I ask Rat if he doesn't think that rock might perform a similar vicarious function, but he replies by berating ex-Heavy Metal Kid Gary Holton for his characterisation of punks: "He's always on the telly playing the dodgy guy with the dodgy attitudes, and he says the same thing every time: You don't know nuffink. Ha fucking ha."

Sensible is inspired to do a robotic impersonation of Hazel O'Connor and make his own comments about 'punk' acting. "The worst thing is people playing punks and then going off and doing tours, selling records to punks and ripping them off."

THE DAMNED'S audience, of course, is very punk, all those Subs and Ruts fans who were too young to be into the Pistols but who can now unite, tribalise and imitate what their older brothers and

sisters used to do. People still gob at Damned gigs, which also attract a crew who are just as likely to be found at certain HM rituals: Lemmy of Motorhead has been known to take the stage with the band.

Although The Damned are protective about their hardcore following, there may be a growing feeling that it's these fans who keep away the music scene cognoscenti and people who would otherwise get into their more melodic material, the sort, as Rat remarks, "who just sit at home with their headphones on and never go to gigs."

Sensible is less enamoured about being taken up by hifi zombies but at times does find the punk tag a bind: "They should open a Museum of Punk down the London Dungeon. It's a different thing now obviously, more commercial, though we have fought against that tendency — Damned

Continues over

Damned mess

From previous page

T-shirts and stuff."

Sensible continues, after appreciating the irony of Rat holding up a music paper with an advert for a Damned t-shirt: "I must have been stupid to think that punk would change anything, but people seemed more discerning then. They wouldn't come up to you for autographs. People ask for them now with anarchy signs on their back. How much anarchy is there in asking for an autograph? But if you don't sign, people think you're a prat."

"Don't get me wrong, we aren't like that Blitz shit, we love the fans; but on the road I do get sick of What's your next album going to be called? and the other ten basic questions. I wish fans would ask more day to day stuff, like what do I think of the weather or playing in Glasgow. That's why musicians get cliquey: I mean Lemmy isn't going to ask me 'Why don't you have a keyboards player?'"

The Damned do

occasionally allow themselves keyboards and it's hard to imagine some of the tracks on the new album without them. Hans Zimmer, who's composed many a jingle, was called in to play synth, even though some of the band weren't entirely happy with the move.

Sensible: "I hate fucking synths, and Zimmer had to be severely restrained. He made all these suggestions, so I said 'First thing, Hans, you're working for us and you do what we say, and if you don't like that, you can fuck off... He stayed.'"

The Captain also thought he might have similar trouble with the engineer, but this never proved to be the case.

"Hugh Jones had done the Ants and the Bunnymen, and wore sandals. He also had a very prissy attitude towards drink, and I don't as a rule trust a man who doesn't drink. But this geezer turned out to be okay. The one lunchtime he did come to the pub with us, he got so drunk he couldn't work for the rest

of the day and the cleaning lady at Rockfield found him naked and covered in vomit."

RAT AND Sensible don't talk about the album — on which they and the

rest of the band were producers — for long: they have the world to sort out first. This isn't so much an interview as a chat show, with the two soul brothers

skipping from subject to subject, observing only the rules of free association and verbal pingpong. In fact, when I mention covering my list of questions, Rat turns on me: "Oh, trying to wrap it all up neatly, are we?" Guffaws.

Sensible claims that the *NME* tried unsuccessfully to kill The Damned off; Rat turns the claim into one of his proverbs: "The pen is mightier than the sword, but the public is mightier than both."

Sensible then says that he never bothers reading the music press anyway. "I don't see how you can have all these papers, because the bands keep saying exactly the same thing — bit of trouble with the record company, we're gonna tour the States blah blah."

Rat: "I only read them if we're in. Anyway, journalists are no better than Hitler: it's the same kind of dictatorship. It's just personal views — not even that, it's just how you're told to write it, though you'll deny that venomously."

Rat further refines his theory of the press as fascist mouthpiece by detailing the effect it has on northern readers.

"Up in Bolton they get their *NME* every Thursday and they pore over it from cover to cover till Tuesday: it's all they've got."

All who live north of Watford, says Sensible interrupting the mad hatter logic, deserve better. "You're doing these people a disservice. Why can't you tell them what arseholes some of these groups — the golden boys of the press — really are?"

As far as Sensible is concerned the record business is made up of one gigantic network of arseholes, working in unison — against The Damned. "I can't stand companies or agents or managers. It's these people who are the biggest threat to the band."

There's some justification for the bitter paranoia. The Damned's umpteenth manager ran off with the takings of their recent sell-out tour of Britain. Sensible was left penniless over Christmas, chewing over the time another manager had

dispatched bailiffs to his father's house in Croydon to take away the furniture.

"My old man went berserk" he recalls. "I still live down there — just."

IN A business fat with egos which their owners do their best to conceal, Rat's rabid self-regard has a certain fizz to it. "I go on stage with the pure intention of standing out to the 3,000 we're playing to. I want them to look at me, and every body else in the band wants the same."

Sensible tops this brazen selfishness with hedonistic theories about the art of performance.

"The punters come second; what I do is for my own amusement and pleasure. I'll try and do an outrageous flowery run and if it fails — tough. I feel I always have to take it to the limit. That's why I have a lot of respect for the Cream: they played as individuals, not a group. That way you get away from stiffness and mediocrity. I hate controlled sets: spontaneity's the thing."

Paradoxically, the four egos of The Damned banging against each other on stage results in a collective spirit: a sort of ragged vaudeville always on the point of disintegration, rock theatre which can be puerile and backward-looking but also energetic and savagely — if sometimes unintentionally — funny.

Their recent studio work has a similar touch of skilful decomposition. They dismember the corpse of rock 'n' roll, but then put it back together again. If The Damned come completely unstuck during the operation, they always have a next one because of their policy of hit-or-miss and always-cry-wolf.

Sensible and Rat display a similar spirit in conversation, sometimes contradicting themselves, sometimes spot-on, often patenting their own form of nonsense. You just have to put up with it.

The Damned are the best modern fun band there is, and when you take them it means with warts and all.

Who wants clean fun anyway?



The Captain. Pic Pennie Smith.

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

READERS' POLL '80

As read ~~by~~ to the stars

INEXPERT ANALYSIS OF YOUR VOTING
AND OTHER HABITS... PAGES 22/23

BEST GROUP

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 The Jam | 12 Madness |
| 2 Joy Division | 13 The Undertones |
| 3 The Clash | 14 Echo and the Bunnymen |
| 4 Talking Heads | 15 Siouxsie and the Banshees |
| 5 The Police | 16 Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark |
| 6 UB40 | 17 Public Image Ltd |
| 7 The Stranglers | 18 Specials |
| 8 Adam and the Ants | 19 Blondie |
| 9 Genesis | 20 The Cure |
| 10 The Fall | |
| 11 The Beat | |

BEST NEW ACT

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 UB40 | 11 The Au Pairs |
| 2 Spandau Ballet | 12 The Beat |
| 3 Echo and the Bunnymen | 13 Dexys Midnight Runners |
| 4 Stray Cats | 14 Hazel O'Connor |
| 5 Bow Wow Wow | 15 Killing Joke |
| 6 U2 | 16 Comsat Angels |
| 7 Adam and the Ants | 17 Bauhaus |
| 8 Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark | 18 Young Marble Giants |
| 9 The Dead Kennedys | 19 The Associates |
| 10 The Teardrop Explodes | 20 Bad Manners |

MALE SINGER

- 1 Paul Weller
- 2 David Bowie
- 3 Ian Curtis
- 4 Sting
- 5 John Lydon
- 6 Adam Ant
- 7 Peter Gabriel
- 8 Joe Strummer
- 9 Bruce Springsteen
- 10 Feargal Sharkey
- 11 Ian McCulloch
- 12 Elvis Costello
- 13 Bryan Ferry
- 14 Dave Vanian
- 15 Mark Smith

GUITARIST

- 1 Paul Weller
- 2 John McGeoch
- 3 Robert Fripp
- 4 Andy Summers
- 4 Mick Jones
- 6 Bernard Albrecht
- 7 Stuart Adamson
- 8 Marco Pirroni
- 9 Hugh Cornwell
- 10 Robert Smith

BASS

- 1 Bruce Foxton
- 2 Jean Jacques Burnel
- 3 Sting
- 4 Peter Hook
- 4 Jah Wobble
- 6 Barry Adamson
- 7 Paul Simonon
- 8 Tina Weymouth
- 9 Lemmy
- 10 Earl Falconer

DRUMS

- 1 Rick Buckler
- 2 Steve Morris
- 3 Stewart Copeland
- 4 Budgie
- 5 Phil Collins
- 6 Topper Headon
- 7 Rat Scabies
- 8 Terry Lee Miall and Merrick
- 9 Jet Black
- 10 Cozy Powell

KEYBOARDS

- 1 Dave Greenfield
- 2 Jerry Dammers
- 3 Paul Humphreys
- 4 Dave Formula
- 5 Brian Eno
- 6 Steve Nave
- 7 Tony Banks
- 8 Rick Wakeman
- 9 Gary Numan
- 10 Mike Barson

SONGWRITER

- 1 Paul Weller
- 2 David Bowie
- 3 Elvis Costello
- 4 Ian Curtis
- 5 Bruce Springsteen
- 6 David Byrne
- 7 Strummer/Jones
- 8 Peter Gabriel
- 9 John Lennon
- 10 Sting

OTHER INSTRUMENT

- 1 Saxa
- 2 Brian Travers
- 3 Lee Kix Thomson
- 4 Clarence Clemons
- 5 Rico
- 6 Davey Payne
- 7 Andy Mackay
- 8 Lora Logic
- 9 Duncan Kilburn
- 10 David Bowie

SINGLES

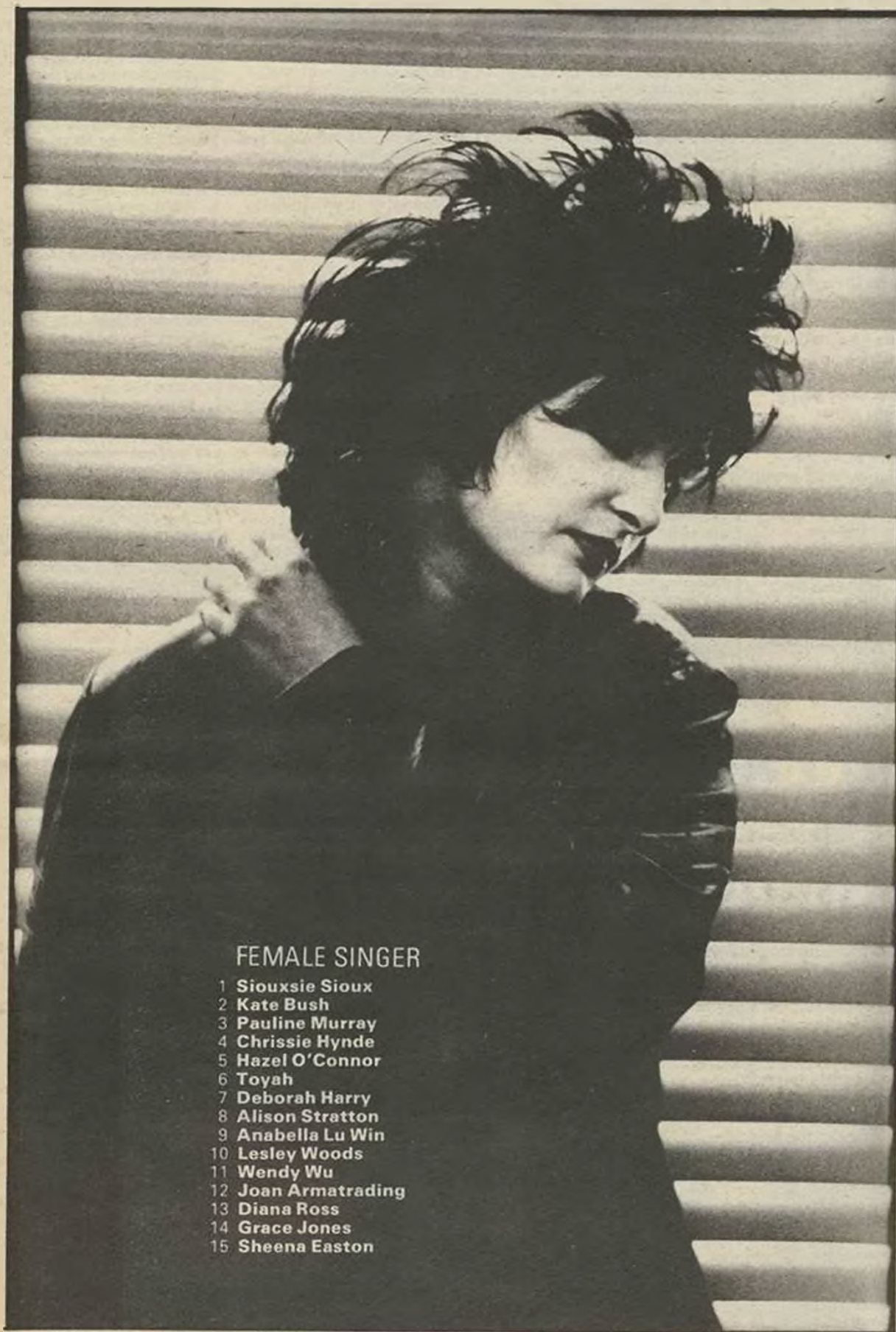
- 1 Going Underground: The Jam
- 2 Love Will Tear Us Apart: Joy Division
- 3 Ashes To Ashes: David Bowie
- 4 Atmosphere: Joy Division
- 5 Start!: The Jam
- 6 Fashion: David Bowie
- 7 Bankrobber: The Clash
- 8 Enola Gay: Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark
- 9 Games Without Frontiers: Peter Gabriel
- 10 Dog Eat Dog: Adam and the Ants
- 11 Holiday in Cambodia: The Dead Kennedys
- 12 A Forest: The Cure
- 13 Don't Stand So Close To Me: The Police
- 14 King/Food For Thought: UB40
- 15 Mirror In The Bathroom: The Beat
- 16 Runaway Boys: Stray Cats
- 17 Who Wants The World: Stranglers
- 18 Geno: Dexys Midnight Runners
- 19 Christine: Siouxsie and the Banshees
- 20 Baggy Trousers: Madness



A winning combination — clockwise from above: Jam, Siouxsie, Saxa, Adam and Bowie. All pix: Anton Corbijn

Top row of pictures, L-R: John Lennon, Mark Chapman, Buster Bloodvessel, UB40, John Hurt as Elephant Man, Eugene Reynolds of The Revillos, Bunnyman Ian McCulloch, Richard Jobson, Rowan Atkinson, Annabella Lu Win, Joy Division.





FEMALE SINGER

- 1 Siouxsie Sioux
- 2 Kate Bush
- 3 Pauline Murray
- 4 Chrissie Hynde
- 5 Hazel O'Connor
- 6 Toyah
- 7 Deborah Harry
- 8 Alison Stratton
- 9 Anabella Lu Win
- 10 Lesley Woods
- 11 Wendy Wu
- 12 Joan Armatrading
- 13 Diana Ross
- 14 Grace Jones
- 15 Sheena Easton

MOST WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING

- 1 Paul Weller
- 2 John Peel
- 3 David Bowie
- 4 John Lennon
- 5 John Lydon
- 6 Rowan Atkinson
- 7 Margaret Thatcher
- 8 Adam Ant
- 9 Ronald Reagan
- 10 Kate Bush
- 11 J. R. Ewing
- 12 Sting
- 13 Debbie Harry
- 14 Ian Curtis
- 15 Julie Burchill

CREEP OF THE YEAR

- 1 Margaret Thatcher
- 2 Sting
- 3 Ronald Reagan
- 4 Gary Numan
- 5 Tony Blackburn
- 6 Kevin Rowland
- 7 Mark Chapman
- 8 Malcolm McLaren
- 9 Sheena Easton
- 10 Peter Powell
- 11 Adam Ant
- 12 Rod Stewart
- 13 Julie Burchill
- 14 Garry Bushell
- 15 Steve Strange

EVENT OF THE YEAR

- 1 Death of John Lennon
- 2 CND Trafalgar Square rally
- 3 Jam Sound Affects tour
- 4 Death of Ian Curtis
- 5 Leeds Futurama festival
- 6 American presidential election
- 7 Shooting of J. R. Ewing
- 8 'Going Underground' going straight to No. 1
- 9 Police Regatta De Bowl concerts
- 10 Iranian Embassy siege
- 11 Michael Foot's election as Labour leader
- 12 NME being disrupted by NUJ dispute
- 13 Grace Jones assaulting Russell Harty
- 14 West Ham winning FA Cup
- 15 The Olympics fiasco



Creep Of The Year Margaret Thatcher reaps public acclaim, watched resentfully by Messrs Sting and Reagan

ALBUMS

- 1 Sound Affects: The Jam
- 2 Closer: Joy Division
- 3 Scary Monsters: David Bowie
- 4 Crocodiles: Echo and the Bunnymen
- 5 Signing Off: UB40
- 6 Remain in Light: Talking Heads
- 7 Kings Of The Wild Frontier: Adam and the Ants
- 8 Zenyatta Mondatta: The Police
- 9 I Just Can't Stop It: The Beat
- 10 Peter Gabriel: Peter Gabriel
- 11 Get Happy!!: Elvis Costello and the Attractions
- 12 Hypnotised: The Undertones
- 13 London Calling: The Clash
- 14 Duke: Genesis
- 15 The Correct Use Of Soap: Magazine
- 16 Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables: The Dead Kennedys
- 17 Black Album: The Damned
- 18 More Specials: Specials
- 19 Flesh And Blood: Roxy Music
- 20 Autoamerican: Blondie

BEST DRESSED SLEEVE

- 1 Sound Affects: The Jam
- 2 Scary Monsters: David Bowie
- 3 Closer: Joy Division
- 4 Signing Off: UB40
- 5 Crocodiles: Echo and the Bunnymen
- 6 Kaleidoscope: Siouxsie and the Banshees
- 7 Paris Au Printemps: Public Image Ltd
- 8 Organisation: Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark
- 9 Peter Gabriel: Peter Gabriel
- 10 Black Album: The Damned

DISC JOCKEY

- 1 John Peel
- 2 Mike Read
- 3 Tommy Vance
- 4 Dave Lee Travis
- 5 Peter Powell
- 6 Kenny Everett
- 7 Noel Edmunds
- 8 Anne Nightingale
- 9 Tony Blackburn
- 10 Nicky Horne

BEST DRESSED PERSON

- 1 Adam Ant
- 2 Paul Weller
- 3 David Bowie
- 4 John Lydon
- 5 Richard Jobson
- 6 Bryan Ferry
- 7 Bruce Foxton
- 8 Michael Foot
- 9 Steve Strange
- 10 Siouxsie Sioux

HAIRCUT OF THE YEAR

- 1 Eugene Reynolds
- 2 Brian Setzer
- 3 Buster Bloodvessel
- 4 Phil Oakley
- 5 Grace Jones
- 6 Toyah
- 7 Ian McCulloch
- 8 Paul Weller
- 9 Bruce Foxton
- 10 Michael Foot

TV PROGRAMME

- 1 Not The Nine O'Clock News
- 2 Tiswas
- 3 Old Grey Whistle Test
- 4 Soap
- 5 Something Else
- 6 Minder
- 7 Star Trek
- 8 Dallas
- 9 Coronation Street
- 10 M.A.S.H.

MOVIE OF THE YEAR

- 1 The Elephant Man
- 2 Airplane!
- 3 Breaking Glass
- 4 The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle
- 5 The Shining
- 6 Apocalypse Now
- 7 Being There
- 8 McVicar
- 9 Rude Boy
- 10 The Tin Drum

HAZEL O'CONNOR

SECOND LEG TOUR



JANUARY

20 th YORK
21 st BRADFORD
23 rd OXFORD
24 th COVENTRY
25 th BATH
26 th EXETER
29 th WORTHING

UNIVERSITY
ST GEORGE'S HALL
POLYTECHNIC
THE THEATRE
THE PAVILION
UNIVERSITY
ASSEMBLY HALL

FEBRUARY

1 st LONDON
2 nd SLOUGH
4 th PORTSMOUTH
5 th POOLE
6 th GUILDFORD
7 th NOTTINGHAM
8 th DUNSTABLE

RAINBOW
COLLEGE
GUILDHALL
ART CENTRE
UNIVERSITY
ROCK CITY
QUEENS HALL



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THEATRE IN DECEMBER 1980



Old favourites ousted — but Jam clean up again

THE SHOCK OF THE NEW

ONCE AGAIN, the nation speaks. Hordes of pop stars and public figures discover what the World's Most Opinionated Rock Readership really thinks of them, reputations are made and broken and beauty problems are redefined. How low hath the mighty fallen — in some cases — and how spectacularly some of the heights have been scaled. So who matters these days?

Well, Led Zeppelin, the Stones and even the poor old 'Oo don't seem to matter one little bit. Neither do Dury and the Blocks — apart from a showing by Davey Payne as a player of an Other Instrument — and Gary Numan doesn't exactly seem to be going down a storm either.

Joy Division, incidentally, would appear to be the most popular defunct group in the country. Like Bowie and The Jam, they account for two of the top ten singles — in fact, those three acts are between them responsible for the top six — as well as Second Best Band and Album, Sixth Guitarist, Second Drummer, Fourth Bassie and (posthumously) Third Male Singer and Fourth

Songwriter for Ian Curtis. Curtis' death was rated as No 4 in Event Of The Year, so one would assume that some sort of sizeable dent was left in (y)our collective consciousness.

Albrecht, Hook and Morris are in the process of sorting themselves out as New Order, so it would seem to be nothing more than appropriate to wish them luck while — objectively — pointing out that the new name stinks. The symbolism of the name Joy Division identified with the oppressed, while New Order identifies with oppression, and it would be reasonably heartening news to

Most Wonderful Human Being to this year Number Two Creep Of The Year is a giant step for mankind, but a small one for Sting. Imagine being a bigger creep than anyone this side of Margaret Thatcher (the first woman to win this most coveted award, incidentally, and also a place in most wonderful human being. Human Being? All a question of definitions, I suppose). Still, Fifth Best Band, Fourth Male Singer, Fourth Guitarist, Third Bass and Third Drums, Tenth Songwriter, Eighth Album and Thirteenth Single still count for something one supposes.

A new name in the poll is that of Michael Foot, whose rating

ahem — their best year ever, even showing up in Best New Act. Best New Act? Do three years as a national laughing stock count for nothing?

Someone else getting his due after long years of arduous travail is Mr Robert Fripp. A dozen or so years after the release of 'In The Court Of The Crimson King', Fripp swept to semi-victory as No 3 Guitarist, superseded only by the ubiquitous Weller and by John McGeoch, best-known for his long blond fringe and his work with Magazine, Banshees (most of whose members got a lot more than a look-in), and — of course — Visage.

Fripp, naturally, has benefited more than somewhat from his association with one David Bowie (Third Most Wonderful Human Being, Second Best Singer, Second Best Songwriter, Third and Sixth Best Singles, Third Best Album, Second Best Sleeve), whose year has been by no means that of an underachiever.

Patterns and conclusions? Draw your own (on one side of the paper only, please). It may or may not be worth pointing out that very few black musicians showed up in the poll (Saxa and Rico coming forward in the Other Instruments notwithstanding) and that Genesis are the last of their generation of elderly horrors still to maintain any kind of foothold in the collective affections of our voters.

That's the way it looks from here, anyway. What d'you reckon? Answers on a postcard, please.

Poll commentary by
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY,
who also breaks
the news to THE JAM (below)

hear that someone had managed to talk them out of it before they embark on their full-scale re-emergence.

For the rest, it would seem that — whatever their status as a national (press) obsession — Blondie don't seem to matter that much to NME's readership, and that The Fall do, coming in ahead of the likes of The Beat, Siouxsie, The Specials, Madness and PIL (Lydon and the departed Wobble maintaining a presence at 5 and 4 in their respective categories, incidentally).

As national obsessions go, The Police would seem to be going. From last year's Fourth

as Fifteenth Most Wonderful Person and his fine showing in Event Of The Year are almost eclipsed by his showing as a lively challenger to the two quiffs, one baldie, one Veronica Lake and one pillbox who led in Haircut Of The Year.

Wonderful Person and Creep Of The Year generally show some sort of overlap, but this year's results were more than usually schizophrenic.

Personages who maintained presences in both section respectively were Margaret Thatcher (1,7), Sting (12,2), Ronald Reagan (3,7), Adam Ant (11,8) and Julie Burchill (13,15). Mr Ant and his cohorts had —

JAM PACT WITH READERS

AS EVEN the most cursory glance at the results of the NME poll will reveal, The Jam have not only taken Best Group for the second year running but also cleaned up in every conceivable category: an across-the-board triumph that even eclipses the kind of silliness that used to go on when berserked-out Led Zeppelin fans would slap the relevant member of the band down for every single section.

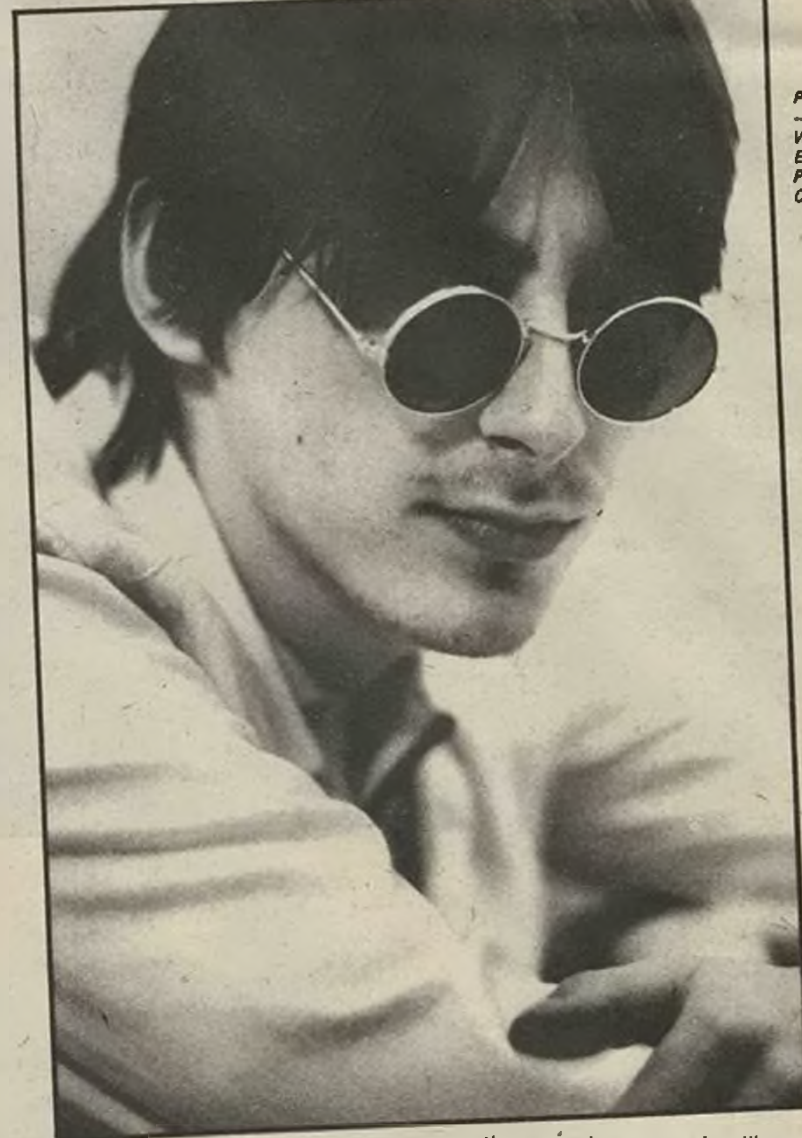
In other words, the most overwhelming vote of confidence that any group has ever received from NME's vast and eclectic readership. Collectively, The Jam account for the Best Album (third time in a row), Best Sleeve, Best Single (plus another one at No 5) and Best Group. Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler absolutely walked Best Bass and Drums, while Mr Weller cops Singer, Songwriter, Guitarist and Most Wonderful Human Being in addition to Second Best Dressed (second? Adam?? Bah!) and Eighth Best Haircut (Bruce's haircut was also much appreciated). They even showed in Event Of The Year with their last tour coming in third. Fair enough?

Mind you, their showing in Creep Of The Year, Best New Act, Female Singer, Keyboards, Other Instruments and Movie Of The Year was bloody pathetic. Must try harder.

So — in one of those spontaneous gestures of lavish generosity for which this publication is so justly renowned — we invited The Jam up to the office and promised them a cup of tea and a can of beer apiece, and even though they can just afford to buy their own beer these days they came up anyway. Very nicely dressed and that they were too: Paul had this white denim jacket with skulls and crossbones on the buttons, plus a few medals; Bruce had a great red leather jacket and Rick wore a blue rollneck sweater (can't win 'em all).

Well — we can hear you asking — were they Over The Moon? Sick As Parrots? Couldn't Give A Monkey's? An adequate summary would be Quite Pleased.

"This means far more to us than any amount of rave reviews or critical acclaim," Buckler said, "because this



Paul Weller
— Most
Wonderful
Everything.
Pic: Anton
Corbijn

comes direct from the fans." This sentiment was heftily seconded and thirded by the other two.

Weller allowed that if The Jam got toppled next year, he'd rather that the winner would be someone new, rather than a fellow member of the Class Of '76. Looking over some of the other results, he tut-tutted somewhat over the success of lingering hangovers like Jean Jacques Burnel, still hanging in as No 2 Bassie despite the astounding quality and quantity of his output this year.

Other bits and pieces of Jam business: they've just about had it with America. "We've been over there and we've done it and we can't be bothered to go over and do it again. 'Sound Affects' is coming out

there any day now and we'll see if it does anything. We'd rather play in Europe, anyway."

"We want to play in Russia," revealed Weller, shrugging into his long woolly coat to get his photo taken. "I'm meeting a geezer from the Russian Arts Council next week to have some talks about it."

Go East, young Jam. What else? Weller's still into George Orwell (though he hasn't got around to the four-volume *Collected Letters, Essays And Journalism* yet) and The Beat, and they ended up leaving most of their beer behind in the end.

Warning sign: Weller was sporting a rather dangerous stubbly growth around the lips and chin. Does this mean that we have to include a Best Beard section in next year's poll?

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

WINNERS' POLL '80

Okay — you've seen how YOU voted. Here's how THEY voted when we asked our Poll winners to fill in the Poll form themselves.



CREEP OF THE YEAR

Margaret Thatcher

"The Prime Minister never comments on awards of this kind — good, bad or indifferent" — Downing Street spokesman.

MOVIE OF THE YEAR

Elephant Man

John Hurt, whose heartfelt performance helped transform *The Elephant Man* from a Victorian sideshow freak into a sensitive human being, is currently filming *Night Crossing* in Germany with director Delbert Mann and co-stars Beau Bridges and Jane Alexander.

When we told Hurt (pictured here in *Alien*) about the Movie Of The Year award, he was pleased and surprised.

"*The Elephant Man* was a very difficult film to make," he said, "so I'm thrilled that it is so appreciated by NME's readership. There's a possibility of four Oscar nominations for the film and it has already been forwarded for other awards."

Had he seen Bowie's interpretation in the stage version of *The Elephant Man*? "No, but I saw the guy before him in the role. I understand though that he was excellent casting in what is a completely different treatment of *The Elephant Man*."

Appearing in the readers' most loved movie, did he have favourites himself from last year's crop?

"I didn't really have a chance to see many," he admits, "but I admired *Fame* very much."



KEYBOARDS PLAYER

Dave Greenfield



Most wonderful human being: None
Event: None
Creep: Jimmy Carter
Best group: St Winifred's School Choir
New act: Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark
Male singer: Hugh Cornwell
Female singer: Kate Bush

Guitarist: Hugh Cornwell
Bass: J J Burnel
Keyboards: No preferences
Drums: Jet Black
Best dressed: Michael Foot
Haircut: None
DJ: Kenny Everett
TV show: Not The Nine O'Clock News
Movie: Airplane

WELLER OF THE YEAR

Paul Weller

Most wonderful human being: Jim from Stiff Little Fingers
Event: It didn't happen
Creep: Thatcher
Best group: The Beat, The Skids and The Silts
New act: Department S, The Questions and The Nips
Male singer: Julian Cope, Suggsy and Michael Jackson
Female singer: Siouxsie, Slits and The Dolly Mixtures (all three of them)
Songwriter: Slits, Teardrop Explodes, Skids and Questions
Guitarist: Stuart Adamson
Bass: Bruce Foxton and Tessa Pollitt
Keyboards: Bloke in Teardrop Explodes
Drums: Pube and Budgie
Other instrument: Saxa
Single: Embarrassment (Madness), 'Do Nothing' (The Specials), 'Is Vic There?' (Department S) and 'Animal Space' (Slits)
Album: 'Killmanjaro' (Teardrop Explodes), 'Grin And Bear It' (the Ruts)
Sleeve: Ours
Best dressed: Steve Marriott circa 64-66 and "Blackburn" (not Tony)
Haircut: none
DJ: Certainly not Peel for a start!
TV show: Minder
Movie: Love On The Dole (NET darling)

FOXTON OF THE YEAR

Bruce Foxton

Most wonderful human being: John Merrick
Event: Jam tour
Creep: Sting/Gary Numan
Best group: Beat/Jam/Ruts
New act: Department S
Male singer: Gabriel/Reggie Bannister
Female singer: Siouxsie Sioux
Songwriter: P. Weller
Guitarist: Wilko/Townshend
Bass: Ian Dury's bassman
Drums: Phil Collins
Other instrument: Thatcher on the fiddle
Single: 'Dog Eat Dog' (Adam And The Ants)/Beat singles
Album: Sound Affects (The Jam), 'Peter Gabriel' 'I Just Can't Stop It' (The Beat)
Sleeve: 'Kaleidoscope' (Siouxsie And The Banshees)
Best dressed: Michael Foot/Patrick Moore
Haircut: Any of The Stray Cats/Patrick Moore/Michael Foot
DJ: Terry Wogan
TV SHOW: Benny Hill
Movie: Airplane/Elephant Man

BUCKLER OF THE YEAR

Rick Buckler

Most wonderful human being: Batman
Event: Christmas
Creep: Thatcher
Best group: Beatles
New act: The Beat
Male singer: Paul Weller
Female singer: Siouxsie Sioux
Song writer: Bowie
Guitarist: Paul Weller
Bass: Thingy from the Blockheads and Bruce Foxton
Keyboards: Ray Manzarek
Drums: What's his face out of The Ruts
Single: 'White Riot' (Clash)
Album: 'Never Mind The Bollocks' (Sex Pistols)
Best dressed: Shane O'Hooligan
Haircut: Tony Blackburn
DJ: Peel
TV show: Tiswas
Movie: Deliverance, Slaughterhouse 5

FEMALE SINGER

Siouxsie Sioux

Most wonderful human being: David Attenborough
Event: Devo Live at L.A. Santa Monica Civic
Creep: Bruce Springsteen
Best group: Cramps
New act: Altered Images
Male singer: Lux Interior (Cramps)
Female singer: Aretha Franklin
Songwriter: Lou Reed
Guitarist: Robert Smith (Cure)
Bass: John Cale
Keyboards: Martin Rev (Suicide)
Drums: Mo Tucker (Velvet Underground)
Other instrument: Alan Vega's voice (Suicide)
Single: 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' (Adam and the Ants)
Album: 'Suicide' (Martin Rev and Alan Vega)
Sleeve: Cristina's 12" of 'Is That All There Is?'
Best dressed: Nick Kent
Haircut: Headcut: Brian Gregory (ex-Cramps)
DJ: No DJ but favourite radio station is LBC
TV show: Jim'll Fix It
Movie: Repulsion, Eraserhead, Stepford Wives, Performance, Psycho, Whatever Happened To Baby Jane and Fantasia

BEST DRESSED PERSON

Adam Ant

Most wonderful human being: Marco Pirroni
Event: Both Ant tours
Creep: Nick Kent
Best group: Madness
New act: Dexys Midnight Runners
Male singer: Kevin Rowland
Female singer: Sheena Easton
Songwriter: Ant/Marco
Guitarist: Marco Pirroni — no other!
Bass: Lee Gorman
Keyboards: Liberate
Drums: Animal (Muppets)
Other instrument: Belton Richard (Cajun accordion)
Single: 'Geno' (Dexys Midnight Runners)
Album: 'Triumph' (The Jacksons)
Sleeve: 'Best Of The New York Dolls' (Japanese import)
Best dressed: Malcolm McLaren
Haircut: Mohicans
DJ: Peter Powell
TV show: The Dawson Watch and Cannon And Ball (tie)
Movie: Cruising

HAIRCUT OF THE YEAR

Eugene Reynolds

Most wonderful human being: Vlad The Impaler (Real Life Transylvanian precedent of Dracula)
Event: Fake bomb scare before encore of Revillos' Rainbow concert
Creep: Lead singer of St Winifred's School Choir
Best group: None — Fran And Anna (an across-the-border middle-aged duo who sing and wear mini kilts)
Single: 'Feels Like I'm In Love' (Kelly Marie)
Album: 'Rev Up' (The Revillos)
Sleeve: Any Burton's suit
Best dressed: None
Haircut: Me, it seems
DJ: Peter Murray
TV show: Outer Limits
Movie: Dracula Sucks

DISC JOCKEY

John Peel

Most wonderful human being: Kenny Dalglish
Event: Birth of my son Thomas James Dalglish Ravenscroft
Creep: Originator of the "Ripper 13 Police nil" chant taken up by Leeds United supporters
Best group: The Fall
New act: Bow Wow Wow
Male singer: Mark E. Smith
Female singer: Barbara Gogan
Songwriter: John O'Neill (Undertones)
Guitarist: Marco Pirroni
Bass: The Shend (Cravats)
Keyboards: The Pig (wife)
Drums: Phil Calvert (The Birthday Party)
Other instrument: Sheena Easton ("Bagpipes, tambourine — she plays on my heart.")
Single: 'Totally Wired', 'How I Wrote Elastic Man' (The Fall — joint favourites)
Album: 'Misty In Roots'
Sleeve: 'Cravats In Toyland'
Best dressed: John Cooper Clarke
Haircut: Mine
DJ: Allan Dell (Dance Band Days DJ)
TV show: Minder
Movie: Sir Henry At Rawlinson's End ("Because I work unsociable hours it's difficult to go to films. I didn't go at all last year, but I'd like to see this one.")

TV SHOW OF THE YEAR

Rowan Atkinson

Most wonderful human being: John Lennon
Event: His death
Creep: The guy who shot him (Mark Chapman)
Best group: The Barron Knights
New act: Kenny Rogers
Male singer: Anne Nightingale
Female singer: Jon Anderson
Guitarist: Django Reinhardt
Bass: Donald Sinden
Keyboards: Richard Stilgoe
Drums: Rowan Atkinson
Other instrument: Prince Charles
Single: 'Lady' (Commodores)
Album: 'Lady' (Commodores)
Sleeve: 'Manilow Magic'
Best dressed: Mel Smith
Haircut: Michael Foot
DJ: Terry Wogan
TV show: Nationwide
Movie: Up Nurse, Doctor

OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST

Saxa

Most wonderful human being: God
Event: Don't wanna talk about it
Creep: —
Best group: Too many groups — Louis Jordan and other jazzers
New act: The Beat onstage
Male singer: Too many good ones
Female singer: Cleo Laine, Ella Fitzgerald
Songwriter: John Powell (deceased)
Guitarist: Too many etc.
Bass: Shuffie David Steele (Beat)
Keyboards: Black Eddie
Drums: Buddy Rich
Other instrument: Dizzy Gillespie (trumpet)
Single: None — I'm a jazzman myself
Album: Records by Louis Jordan
Best dressed: Broke kids who dress up to go to Beat concerts
TV show: Coronation Street
Movie: B-movies with guns and knives in them



Winners' Poll winners L-R: Marco Pirroni, Minder, Dennis Waterman, sartorial leader Michael Foot, Madness.

Trust.



ELVIS COSTELLO and the ATTRactions.XXLP11

ALBUMS

PRODUCTIONS
presents

ELVIS COSTELLO

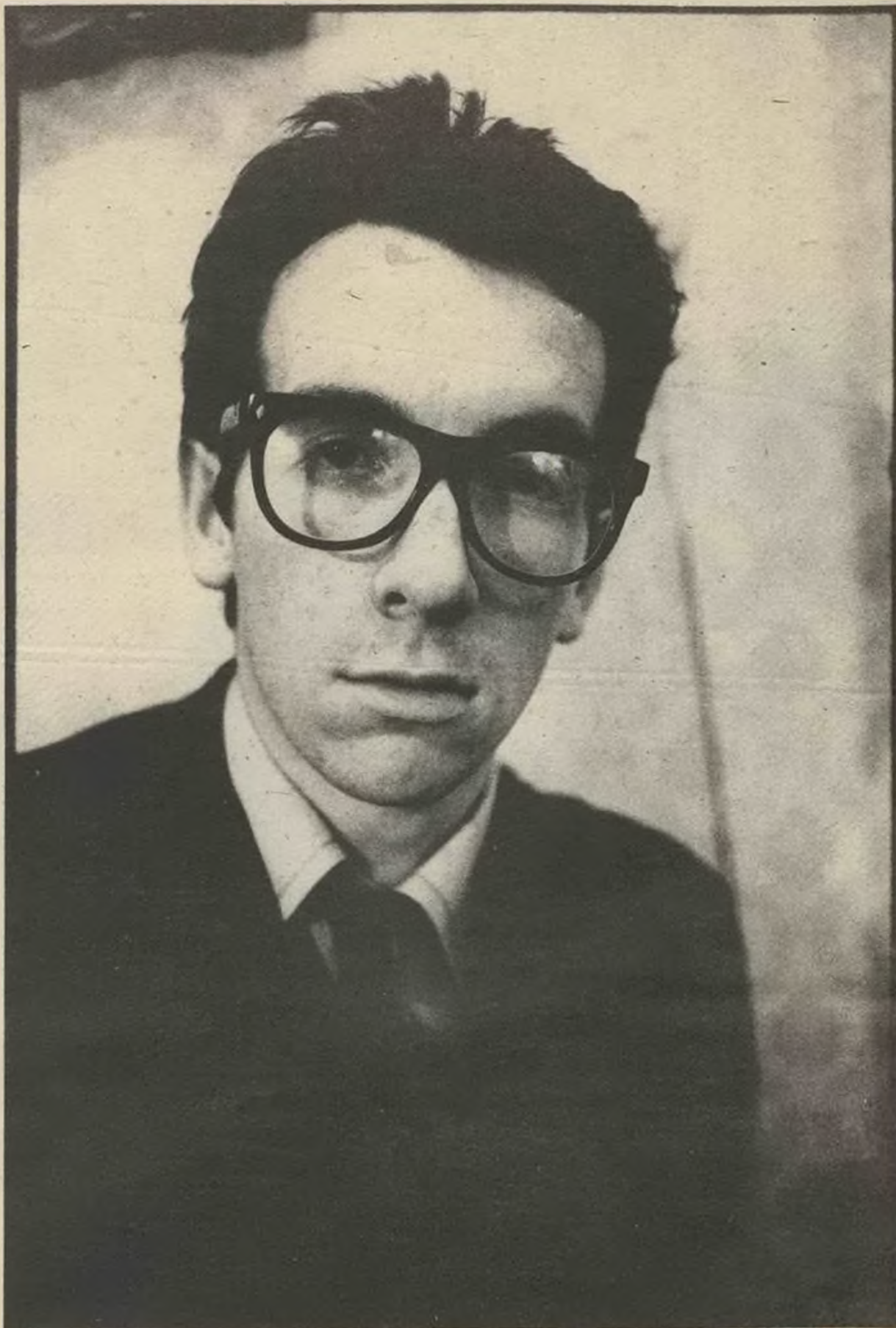
in

TRUST NEVER SLEEPS

MONEY! ★ VIOLENCE! ★
SEX! ★ ROMANCE! ★
★ PUNS! ★

screenplay
IAN PENMAN

cameraman
ANTON CORBIJN



A rare pic of Elvis smiling and humming 'Buddy, Can You Spare A Paradigm'.

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

Trust (*F Beat*)
... TURN TO the right!
Paradigm one: the nouveau hi-fashion sub-culture has within it and its mandarin margins a lot of foppish, foolish notions of 'creative' sophistication. The posh and their prudently acute camp followers (would-be cameleons and critics) are searching for the ultimate — therefore unrealisable — aesthetic aether in which to prance.

The mystification with which these creatures of untroubled leisure dabble is based on the over-valuation of (the) Fashion Life as (the) authentic escape from the reality which produced them — which is lived (or lived on) by the unfortunate masses. Their particular mystery dance is tedious rather than dangerous — i.e., Strange is no Rotten. It elaborates as far as the assumption that Real Life (in the UK) can only remain as it is — the real problem is the cosmetic requirements of their unproblematic little abstract world, in which new needs are always, have always to be satisfied: an epic in direct opposition to the possibility of useful cultural change.

Various excuses thrive. The best of them manipulates 'class' roots — reifying the noting-down of tendencies

(toward funk, toward drink, whatever) as the description of the *real* dream behind the screen. The worst of them just prays and plays for vanguard status (guess who). The best and worse share a commitment: the idealization of a space-in-itself in which various shifts and adjustments of dress, eyebrow, tone, titfer, etc., take place and are noted. No one else save those leading the Fashion Life is accorded any luminosity. The furious fop's exit with respect to real problems and solutions is always the last clever rehearsed Wilde-ish aphorism he had in his head.

The nova clan doesn't recognise the dreariness, the untidiness of life as a problem. The problem is this week's escape route. The repressive, challenging complexity of the social world can only be dealt with — the exquisite ones tell us — by transcendental means. Turn to grey (*sic*).

PARADIGM TWO: "have you ever been had in Clubland?"

'Trust' jump starts single-first like 'Get Happy!!' did almost exactly 12 months ago (and like so many Motown LPs did so many times before). 'Clubland' is as appropriate a taster for the new tract as 'I Can't Stand Up (For Falling Down)' was then — a jumble twist of investigative lyricism, tearing strips of wall paper down off the mythology

in question. There are 13 songs to follow — odes to (tear apart) different delusions — myths — dreams — fibs. The common in-thing is the co-existence and separation of myth and reality. By the time it's through, "trust" means "complacency"; as well.

The trad rock'n'roll critic pigeonholes — limits — specifies. Which very much "misses the point" with Costello's fancy and facility with language — otherwise known as "good lyrics". The point is — there is no *one* point. Any one song deals with (m)any number(s) of things. There are two-plus sides to every story...

This is good — this is unusually sharp and risky, extraordinary in rock terms, not much less so in the current literary climate (rotting formalism). Costello is a poet, but without all the bore — without the precious literary ticket connotations. What's more, his words are written to be sung — the puns and twists and turns are both grammatical and vocal, which allows him to blow up the merest metaphor to bursting point. Does he mean "cheque mate" or "check mate"? Both!

And he is an increasingly, exceedingly "good" vocalist — sliding unexpectedly, prolonging, devouring, pushing, judging with syllables to humorous, dangerous, languorous effect.

Costello opens up all the sore contradictions the most theoretically high-minded thinkers-singers-writers wouldn't dare let their public hear. But his isn't a whining self-confessional. Oh no. The details may well be drawn from Costello's private life drama, but this is neither clear nor important. What is important is not how "open" he is — but how open he can get words to be.

The three main steps the words have to learn are: sex & romance, money, culture. His favourite being the first. Like few other songwriters (along with August Darnell he gives the impression of being able to write classic songs in his sleep — real songwriters in the businesslike Tini Pan Alley sense), Costello can convey the rapture of love and at the same time slice through the more negative codes of male and female sexuality. Whereas in the past this ability was often displaced onto one or other hapless victim from his little black book, since 'Get Happy!!' it has been rationalised into a highly compassionate, personally political voice. The subject which receives more hearing than any other on 'Trust' is sexual deception and violence. Trust = Power, you see, and it can either be used or abused. Unlike a lot of pre-'Get Happy!!' Costello, the villain of the pieces is predominantly a

bloke — which is not to say that the author has gone on a mad hack guilty binge, atoning for past sins by way of laying all blame squarely upon the nastier aspects of the masculine psyche; everything is put in a context or two.

But last we forget: these aren't smug academic mirrors — but pop songs, not afraid of their public. It would, however, be daft to attempt anything approaching a "definitive" perspective on 'Trust'. Although it's six songs less than 'Get Happy!!' that still leaves a lot of syntax to sift through. It took *me* half the last year to realise what half the terms and turns of phrase on 'Get Happy!!' added up to. So, a hasty empirical scan of 'Trust' — featuring Elvis Costello as the private eye ('Looking Italian' the sleeve sez) Steve Nieve on keys, Bruce Thomas on bass notes, Pete Thomas on drumbeat and a Nick Lowe production "in association with" Roger Bechirian "assisted by" Neil King. Wheel it out...

"Bad lovers face to face in the morning/Shy apologies and polite regrets/Slow dances that left no one enough/Outraged glances and indiscreet yawning/Good manners and bad breath get you nowhere/... She's no Angel/He's no Saint/They're all covered up with whitewash

and greasepaint."

TOSS TO the left, turn to the right. 'Trust' nearly caves in under the weight of Costello's bewildering range of viewpoints — or vantage points. 'New Lace Sleeves' — quoted above — is the apex of this emotional index, switching from involved observation to bitter indictment to shrill humour in a manner of couplets.

'Lover's Walk' — which follows 'Clubland' on Side One — is a panted, frenzied phenomenological shortlist, a run through of all characters and characteristics to come, so to speak — from the champagne greeting to the clandestine meet. The beat is halfway between Bo Diddley and Antmusic, the button is double entendre. "Be on caution where lovers walk." 'You'll Never Be A Man' is first up to get specific, and bound to be 'interpreted' as soul-searching autobiographical on Costello's part. "You'll never be a man/No matter how many foreign bodies you can take/You'll never be a man/When you're half a woman and half awake/With a faceful of tears and a chemical shake." I've decided it's about me — anything else would be speculation.

'Pretty Words' is similarly open heart, part diary entry partly obtuse — possibly the

THE dB's Stands For deciBels (Albion)

CHRIS STAMEY and Peter Holsapple are two little-known and unconsecrated songwriters struggling to stand pop on its aching head. They are the hub of The dB's, which stands for deciBels. Which itself is the title of their first album, released some two years late by Albion records because no American label in its right mind would sign a homegrown group with neither a skinny tie nor a trumpet in the package.

A string of singles and EPs by Stamey, Holsapple and The dB's over the past five years has amounted to little more than a pile of exemplary reviews — the stuff of cultdom, maybe, but hardly useful tender for such basics as studio time and a hot dinner. There has, however, been more active support from Alan Betrock, girl group enthusiast, founding editor of *New York Rocker* and the first person to put Blondie into a studio.

It's usually true that a group that appeals so strongly to pop critics is too smart for its own good. These groups tend to share the same aesthetic, an aesthetic which as we all know has very little in common with what is actually popular. This just goes to prove once again what an appalling lack of taste the public has.

If The dB's are really doomed to remain an academic commodity, then so much the worse for Joe Public. Unfortunately, The dB's' music as it was when 'Stands For deciBels' was recorded is not terribly fashionable. Advanced pop composition inspired by records like 'Happy Jack' and 'Heroes And Villains' isn't likely to spawn any new tribes. The dB's are refined almost to the point of weirdness and a bit too frenzied to fit on any juke-box.

The best bet would be to plead their case as a thinking person's pop group. As a thinking person, I'm bound to say that the transparent stupidity of pop is far easier on the nerves these days than the yawning black hole of profundity to be found in much of what passes as serious, positive and forward music in our time. The miserable gropings of groups as disparate as The Skids and A Certain Ratio for something 'new' are only equalled by the bewildered gropings of their audiences for nothing so much as a steady beat — a thing often mistaken for meaning in the modern cacophony.

For all their outwardly conventional style, The dB's are closer, strangely enough, to the



The group rehearse their big speech: "dB or not dB, that is the question."

Get the heebie dB's!

Ideals of these groups than they are to the Top 20. They may choose a less pretentious base, but their music is full of clipped beats and elliptical structures, the same cacophony, but with the benefit of discipline and steady intent.

At times, most tangibly on Chris Stamey's songs, their sophistication nearly defeats them. The four-piece group twists and turns through some wild curves, which can either be thrilling or taxing. And Stamey is often a little too pre-occupied with the degenerate themes of fellow Southerner, Alex Chilton. But Peter Holsapple offsets this with the simpler virtues of his songs, comprising half the album and providing an instant grip on The dB's' direction.

Who will buy this album? Probably the same people who bought Todd Rundgren's 'Something/Anything'. In other words, not enough of you. Support this small enigma now. Their next album will be much better, but it may never happen. If there are any flags left to wave, then The dB's' deserves to be among them.

Paul Rambali

SPLIT ENZ Beginning Of The Enz (Chrysalis)

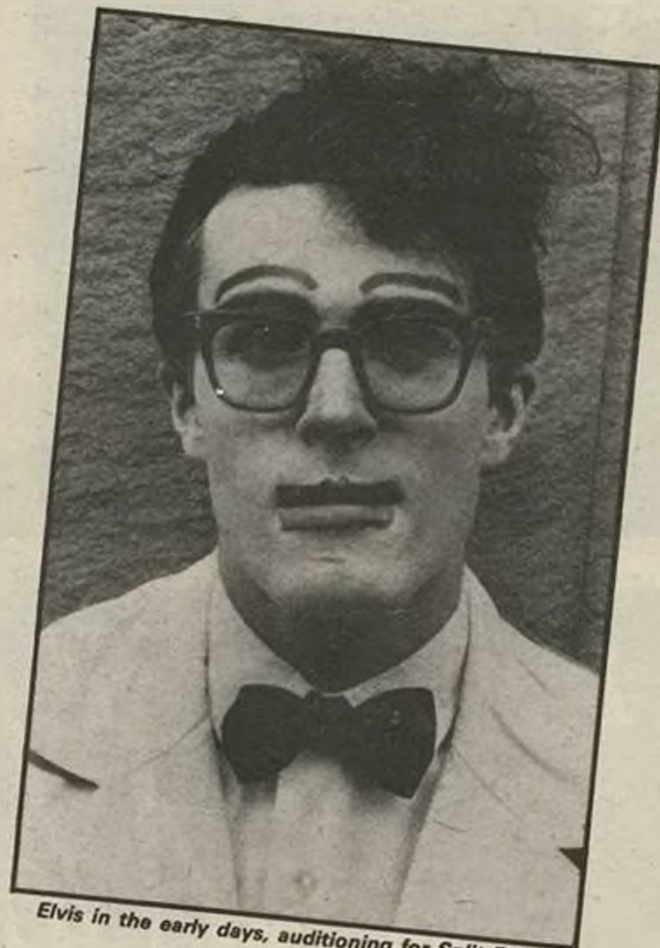
THE CURRENT success of Split Enz with A&M has prompted Chrysalis to release a compilation of material drawn from the band's two albums

with them.

One side of it is taken up with songs from 'Mental Notes', which Phil Manzanera produced in '76. Most of it sounds like an early sketch for the historic meeting of Yes and Buggles. Enz have a noble try at pushing progressive rock into poppier and less leaden directions, but nothing much happens — you try moving with an elephant on your shoulder.

'Walking Down A Road' is fairly typical: the jig-a-jig beginning merely delays the overwrought perambulations which follow. Much the same could be said about 'Late Last Night', though its opening harmonies and flirtation with '30s and '40s notions of what constitutes a good song, point to the tricksiness which followed a year later with the 'Dizrhythmia' album, tracks from which make up the other side of 'Beginning Of The Enz'.

By now the New Zealanders had acquired a British rhythm section and were more clearly pop orientated, but their arrangements were too busy and fiddling to make the songs stick. The skipping light fairground feel of 'My Mistake' is crushed by the band's determination to show that they can do a bit of everything. 'Crosswords' also comes in a series of bits (of brass, keyboards and wind) and the nursery rhyme flavour of the lyrics congeals into mephisto word games. 'Charley' could



Elvis in the early days, auditioning for Split Enz.

most vulnerable song here, or elsewhere in Costello's past, turning imperceptibly from lovely personal detail ('You're loosening all the screws that hold the hinges on my life' — a different kind of love song) into public prosecution, in an immaculately thought-out, very vintage Tamla arrangement. The way in which the main "Pretty words don't mean much any more" refrain is phrased and placed, the statement could be one of regret or definition; I go for regret. "No words of consolation/Just cartoons and chitter chatter/Well, well fancy that!/Millions murdered for a kiss-me-quick hat..."

The same barren, conservative wasteland is looked over in 'Watch Your Step', where the sheer density of imagery nearly overloads the subject matter to the point where it's bliss just to listen to the language: "Broken noses hung up on the wall/Back slapping drinkers cheer the heavyweight brawl/So punch drunk they don't understand at all..." Think you're young and original? Get out before they get to Watch you step."

'White Knuckles' and 'Shot With His Own Gun' both deal with sexual misadventure of one strain or another. In the former, oppression is recognisable and unfortunately everyday in detail: "White knuckles on black and blue

skin/You don't have to take it so you just give in/White knuckles sweating on the forehead..." The haunting 'Shot With His Own Gun' (just voice and piano) is much worse, if I get the drift; even if I don't, the feeling is bad enough: "How does it feel now you've been undressed/By a man with a mind like the gutter press/... He comes without warning, leaves without feeling."

Elsewhere, there's the uptight and utterly incomprehensible 'Luxembourg', the more leisurely but equally stubborn 'Strict Time' ('Musical valium... More like a handjob than a handjob?'), the Squeezey Glen Tilbrook duet of 'From A Whisper To A Scream', the thoroughly C&W 'Different Finger' and slightly sleepwalking 'Fish n Chip Paper'. I can't say anything about 'Big Sister's Clothes'.

IN CONCLUSION, I would just like to say that 'Get Happy!!' is an enormously underrated linguistic and dance music work. 'New Lace Sleeves' is not only the best "protest" song ever recorded but also the only song to make me laugh out loud for a very long time, and that 'Trust' should not be at all underrated as a linguistic and dance music long playing record.

Elvis Costello is using words



Sahm old story, old Sahm song.

that should fill our times and thoughts with revision and renewed need. In that respect, like all the 'best' writers, he is performing a vital task — the resuscitation of words, ideas, meanings that are in danger of being neglected or crushed by either cultural poverty or general boredom. Costello —

like hardly anyone else the eye can hear — has the ability to invest fresh meanings in a hitherto trustworthy old phrase. This music respects everybody's intelligence — not just an intellectual clique here, an ineffectual clique there.

Trust him to do that. Turn to the left!

have been a great reflective ballad, but not with that complicated beat and the drums running too much against the bass. The band are so keen to prove that they aren't innocent NZ lambs that they lose sight of a song's overall structure and effect.

At the time, these shortcomings were less apparent, especially in Enz live shows. Faced by an audience, they got on with the job, even if the pre-Blitz hairdos and clownish get-ups meant distraction rather than complexity: when most other people were basing their theatre on punk social realism, Enz went against the tide with utter artifice.

Now the band sport more orthodox gear and their music slots in easily with the requirements of Radio One. Looking back, using the perspective of this compilation, the wonder is that this ever happened at all. Still, there are odd hints; somewhere in a track like 'Bold As Brass', there's a pop song trying to get out. Naturally, it's a late '60s Sgt Pepper-y baroque one. Never has a band been so obtuse about seeing any merit in the old three chords.

Paul Tickell

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET Border Wave (Chrysalis)

THERE'S SOMETHING sad about Doug Sahm's business-wise decision to re-locate the quintet that got him out of Austin, Texas with a couple of nationwide hits some 15 years ago, but at least it's a return to a winning formula after a largely inconsistent decade.

And what an engaging formula it was, too — one which Sahm's later excursions into big band T-bone blues, Texan swing and odd country never quite matched. In keeping with the conceits of the times, his band adopted an English name and fashioned the most peculiar hybrid ever out of a British beat, a garage punk sound and the sort of shuffle later labeled Tex-Mex. Crude and highly infectious, thanks to Augie Meyers' cruddy organ piping and Sahm's broad-grinned gravelly voice, it's very youthfulness seemingly mitigates against its revival — even if Joe 'King' Carrasco is currently making a living from it. (Maybe the publicity surrounding the self-crowned young pretender made Sahm dig up his title and band again.)

However, as Sir Doug has always sung like he was born 40 he easily emulates the role he carved for himself with his '60s hits, 'She's About A Mover' and 'Rain, Rain, Rain'. He sounds as grizzled and as enthusiastic as ever — which is why 'Border Wave' is at best irrepressible.

Chock full of the Tex-Mex titbits he was always canny enough to scatter through his later erratic recordings, a whole album-load is almost too much to take, unless you can eat your meat without potatoes and veg on the side. The title track itself indicates that Sahm just might believe the sociologists who have christened him one of punk's many godfathers, but he doesn't labour the point — its content entertainingly describes Sahm's return to the border town to find himself.

The Quintet hasn't picked up many frills over the years, their sound is still lean and cheerfully uncluttered — though Meyers winningly curls the edges a bit, like the Doors used to, on 'You're Gonna Miss Me', which also features a great, typically broad Sahm chorus.

Sudden celebrants, broken hearts, two-timers and lovers... if last year's consistently good blues record 'Hell Of A Spell' proved that Sir Doug was capable of ageing gracefully, the vigorous 'Border Wave' is the work of a man both reluctant and unready to begin the process. He's happy, I'm happy, so who's complaining?

Chris Bohm

rolling and R&B.

There's more to Pearl, though, than the dirty lowdown excitement of 'Fujiyama Mama' with its chopping Wilko-ish guitar. 'Everybody's Boring But My Baby' may be tongue-in-cheek but the voice takes on the emotive Shangri La tinge of early '60s female groups.

The couple of attempts at straight C&W, like 'Losing To You', aren't murderous or marvellous, just exercises. But 'Heaven Is Gonna Be Empty' does work because Pearl rocks up the country while showing she can roll her Rs and wiggle her uvula along with Billie Joe Spears and the best of them.

The album was recorded in England, and Blockhead Mickey Gallagher has gone for a no-nonsense production and probably encouraged Pearl to try out Dury's 'Rough Kids'. However, at times the conspicuous drums and brashness of the production hem in the voice and the many directions (listen to the Bayou burr on 'Filipino Baby') of which it's capable. She doesn't so much need a grabbing — one-dimensional? — sound as sounds, a much more conscious deployment of different musical contexts.

Till then Pearl, in the words of the title, may find she's a little lost.

Paul Tickell

PEARL HARBOUR Don't Follow Me, I'm Lost Too (Warner Bros)

AS THE bike girl cover warns, Pearl is out to prove that she's one of the boys. Dubious proof comes in the way of 13 tracks, most of them self-penned high energy rushes of rockabilly

YES
Yesshows (Atlantic)
AND STILL they crawl out of the woodwork. Outfits once regarded as hot properties now hopelessly out of sync with life as it is lived — out of breath, out of time.
Life after mega-platinum means no life at all for Yes whose latest release must represent the most desperate attempt yet at hacking out a quick double album to stall the inevitable swan-dive into the bargain-bin trough. You thought 'Eagles Live' and 'Fleetwood Mac Live' were the pits? At least the aforementioned groups still exist, albeit in some twilight zone of indecisive zombie-time sloth shuffle.
'Yesshows' consists of four sides of supposedly vintage Yes, i.e. strictly pre-Buggles era pomp with Jon Anderson's grating castrato commandeering the foreground whilst the old hands plus either Rick Wakeman or Patrick Moraz strain and soar over the usual arsenal of technological tedium and the arid pulp-Castaneda consciousness that created such gems as 'The Gates Of Delirium' and 'Going For The One'.
Great gaping vacuous structures, this record — all too obviously a counter-play to keep a desperate grasp on the blinkered bunch alienated by Anderson and Wakeman's departure — is the epitome of dinosaur music: over-enamoured with all the peripheral flourishes, the hollow pomp, the facile 'cosmic' banalities.
Perhaps we should be grateful for Yes in that their crass conceits pretty much dominated the back-lash that '76-'77's new wave mustered in retaliation, but that's still no reason to turn one's attentions toward 'Yesshows', a feeble mausoleum for musical dodos.

Nick Kent

Graham Lewis pic: Sally Matthews.



B. C. GILBERT/G. LEWIS
3R4 (4AD)
EX-WIREMEN Gilbert & Lewis's latest project, on which they're assisted by Davyd Boyd and Russell Mills, steers somewhat closer to Cupol than Dome, but manages to mingle elements of both.
The two sides begin with fragments of 'Barge Calm', percussive entrees which sound as though they were recorded in a tunnel, before embarking on lengthy solo compositions, Gilbert's 'R' and Lewis's '3.4' (which bears no relation to the similarly-titled Carla Bley piece).
'R' begins like a blacksmith's version of a barbershop quartet, all foundry/forging percussion, then mutates into a kind of meandering, ambient stasis, with few "events" to speak of. The more satisfying '3.4', on the other side, is a long, ethereal piece, with subdued, distant fragments shifting and sifting around in an undulating windy drone. It flows quite pleasantly, apart from a few illogical eruptions here and there, and eventually builds up a considered, intimate rhythmic interlocking of the various elements: satisfying, but not vital — and with no pretences in that area.
No role; and not a lot of rock either. As if that mattered.

Andy Gill

Rapper's decline

MILLIE JACKSON
I Had To Say It (Polydor)

I CAN never decide if Millie Jackson is a right-on black feminist or a cynical image-builder. She has the image — as did Laura Lee, a late '60s precursor of the 'rap' style — of a woman who is not afraid to sing about the gritty details of relationships, a woman with the strength to stand up to men and demand better treatment. But at other times she's so tacky, I suspect that image is just another marketing device.
The 'Caught Up' trilogy, from the mid-'70s, established her reputation for hard-hitting lyrics and lengthy raps. In them, she examined the wife / husband / other woman syndrome; but those albums exuded the feeling that, if she didn't have much time for men, she had still less time for women and was, in some of her lyrics, barely able to hide an outright contempt for them — a fact which rather undermined her 'thinking woman' tag.
'I Had To Say It' does little to alter this situation. The title track is yet another of her 'famous' raps — this time she's having a go at the way black men treat black women, how they never do any work but go off and spend their money on white women, only coming home when they're broke. She doesn't pull any punches, and she knows what she's saying is contentious — in fact, that seems, suspiciously, to be the main point of the song: "you may break this record / but I had to say it".
'You Owe Me That Much' is similarly biting: "I washed your clothes / made your meals and nursed your colds / add them up, you will find me underpaid". But I'm still not convinced, especially when she complains in 'Ladies First' that her man is not opening doors and lighting fags for her.
Millie Jackson is a very uncomfortable singer to listen to; she works overtime on a big bad mamma reputation even as she coyly tries to deny it and throw in a few pseudo-'liberated' sentiments. Couple this hypocrisy with an uninspired funk backdrop and you have a record that's not very likeable at all.

Dorota Koc

The tide of terror that swept Bells Hill

The Sheening

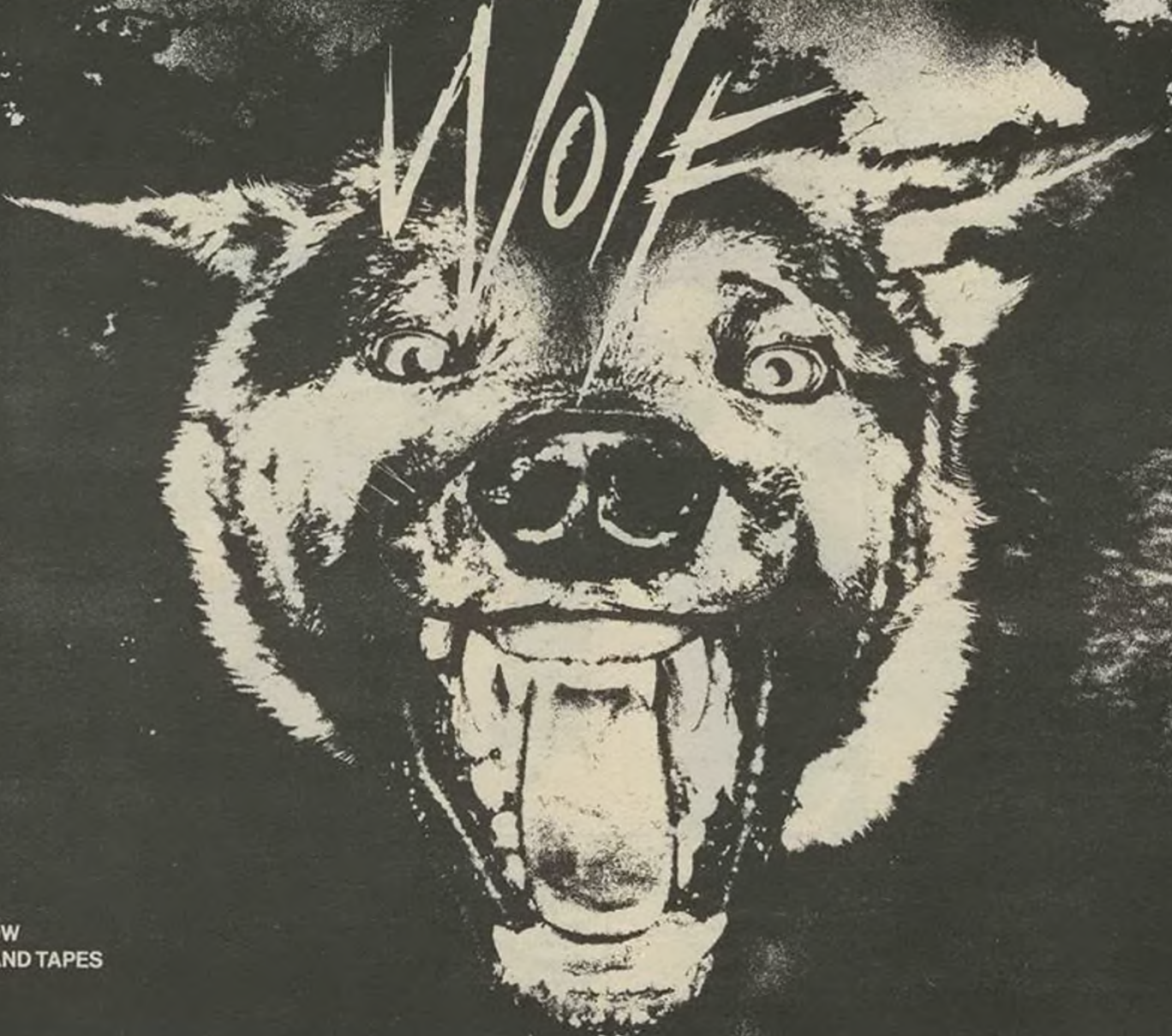


SHEENA EASTON
Take My Time (EMI)

IF Sheena Easton is anything more than a malleable marketing man's dream, then there's little evidence of it on this album. Everything from the stereotyped prettiness of her appearance to her sweet, sharp

antiseptic voice creates an impression of impeccable mediocrity. Even her Cinderella singles chart success story seems to have been achieved without much recourse to her own personality. As an entertainer she's succeeded not in spite of her anonymity, but because of it.
Sheena's great gift is the inoffensive freshness with which she tackles the tritest of True Love and Real Life stories. What comes over is not so much commitment as an unquestioning acceptance that

• T R E V O R R A B I N •



NEW ALBUM AVAILABLE NOW
ON CHRYSALIS RECORDS AND TAPES



GEORGE JONES AND TAMMY WYNETTE Together Again (Epic)

FOR NEW readers: Tammy, a 17-year-old mother of three, heads for Nashville after the break-up of her marriage.

There she becomes a star and meets rugged George Jones, one of Music City's greatest singers, the two falling hopelessly in love.

They wed, but George also proves to be one of the town's greatest drinkers and, though Tammy tries to make the marriage work, the ill-fated lovers head for inevitable D.I.V.O.R.C.E., after which Tammy remarries twice in an effort to regain her lost happiness.

Later, following a fire at Tammy's home and a kidnaper plot in which she is injured, George, now a reformed man, returns to her side and the sweethearts record an album titled 'Together Again', which proves to be full of cuddle-up country songs and syrupy pedal-steel fills.

The rock critics hate it but the country buffs hail the duo's return and praise George's ever-soulful voice, naming him Country Singer of the Year.

Now read on...

Fred Dellar

Baby Greensleeves of Splodge pic: Robert Legon.

SPLODGENESSABOUTS Splojgenessabouts (Deram)

IN THE middle of winter in the depth of a recession, Splojgenessabouts release a comedy album. They've got to be joking.

And indeed joking is what they're aiming (somewhat strenuously) to do. Whether you'll laugh is another matter.

Their 'Lager And Crisps' hit single is disguised here as 'Two Pints (Dub)' and is easily the funniest track. In fact, you're definitely guaranteed at least a small smile the first time you hear it.

The runners-up are a punk rock version of Rolf Harris's 'Two Little Boys' (basically the same joke as Sid's 'My Way') and the nicely incongruous 'Anarchy Chaos Stanley Odgen' in which Max Splodge reveals unsuspected knowledge of the *Coronation Street* milieu.

Other than that, it's strictly heavy going. The humour chiefly consists of the sort of language that primary school children snigger over. Among the rich sources of inspiration, "snot" and "farts" seem particularly well to the fore.

Maybe you need them live to really enjoy them. Ten pints of lager and no crisps would probably help you get the jokes.

Bob Edmonds

shows even in the dutiful showbiz inflexions and phrasings that are wrapped around each song.

The most irritating tracks on 'Take My Time' are 'Modern Girl', '9 To 5' and 'One Man Woman'. Since these are a fairly representative selection, their niggling prominence is probably a case of over-exposure, and while some of the others seem superficially more acceptable, it may be only a matter of time before they become as mildly unbearable as the singles.

Titles like 'Don't Send Flowers', 'Cry', 'When He Shines', 'So Much In Love', 'Calm Before The Storm', and 'No One Ever Knows' give a good idea of lyrics written around a middle-aged male idea of a swinging single girl: sort of Mills and Boon romantic with a spuriously independent sexuality that's as bland as the bare-shouldered cover shot.

Despite the carefully constructed Modern Girl smokescreen, Sheena Easton has very little in common with

modern pop music. Her success has more to do with the anomaly that throws up Ken Dodd, Chas and Dave and Dennis Waterman from the residual sludge of public susceptibility into the charts. Her image is a triumph of tailored packaging around a product so average and innocuous that, almost unnoticed, she's slipped into a commanding position.

But then, that's entertainment.

Lynn Hanna

MOTELS

THE SINGLE DAYS ARE OK



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DATA CONTROL

RECORD NEWS

Lennon interview on elpee

AN ALBUM of interviews with The Beatles — one side John Lennon the other side all four — recorded during their second tour of America, and originally only distributed to radio stations for promotional purposes, is released by Charly Records on January 30 at the retail price of £3.99. The company stresses that it isn't cashing in on Lennon's death, as the LP was already scheduled for release following a licensing deal completed a year ago.

This is one of a large batch of Charly albums issued the same day, among them seven original Sun sets (£2.99 each) — including 'At The Rockhouse' by Roy Orbison, 'Jerry Lee Lewis's Greatest', 'Johnny Cash With His Hot & Blue Guitar' and the compilation 'Sun's Gold Hits'.

And 16 further January 30 releases selling at the regular price (now £4.80) include albums by The Yardbirds with Eric Clapton, The Yardbirds with Jeff Beck, Soft Machine, The Animals, Julie Driscoll & Brian Auger, Graham Bond Organisation and Lee Dorsey, plus a newly recorded 16-track LP by The Blue Cats.

● The Teardrop Explodes have their second Mercury single released this weekend, coupling 'Reward' (produced by Clive Langer of Madness fame) and 'Strange House In The Sun' (produced by the band themselves). Neither side is taken from their current album 'Kilimanjaro'.

● Five-piece Coventry band Urge release a new single 'Bobby' / 'Teach Yourself Dutch' on their own Consumer Disks label on January 30. It's their first under their new distribution deal with Arista.

● 'Sweet Revenge' / 'Rabies' are two tracks recorded in 1976 by the near-legendary 101'ers, and now available for the first time on Big Beat Records. The band's line-up includes Joe Strummer (now of Clash fame), Clive Timperley (now with The Passions) and Richard Dudanski (who later joined PIL).

● Issued by CBS on January 30 is a new single by The Nick Straker Band titled 'The Last Goodbye', culled from their debut album 'A Walk In The Park'.

● Music For Pleasure release a new single 'Fuel To The Fire' on Rage Records on February 6. The Leeds band are lining up a string of dates to promote it, and they'll have an album out in the spring.

● The dB's, who are among the New York outfits playing in the special Hurrah's night at London Rainbow on February 20, have their debut album 'Stands For Decibels' issued by Albion Records on January 30 — it includes their highly rated single 'Black And White', only available until now on import. After the Rainbow date, they'll be playing a series of UK gigs in their own right.

● Polydor have signed singer-writer Kirsty MacColl, who was previously with Stiff, and release her single 'Keep Your Hands Off My Baby' this weekend.

● Singles due in February include 'Make Room' by Fad Gadget (Mute Records), 'Nagasaki Nightmare' by Cress and 'All Systems Go' by Poison Girls (both on the Cress label) and 'Hard To Be An Egg' by John Dowie (Factory Records) — all distributed by Rough Trade.

● The release this week of WEA's first-ever cassette single, 'Woman' by John Lennon, is not a one-off novelty — in fact, the company intends to utilise this form of marketing quite extensively in future. The next will be the new Pretenders single 'Message Of Love' on February 14. WEA say that cassette singles will feature established artists 'who could add 40,000 to disc sales of 200,000 or more', plus selected new acts. The cassettes come in cardboard flip-top boxes similar to cigarette packs, and sell for around £1.

● 101 Records release their fourth compilation album on January 30 — titled 'Live Letters', it was recorded live at London's 101 Club in Clapham, and it features three tracks each from Huang Chung, Endgames, The Fix and Fay Ray.

● Claire Hamill, who signed to WEA in the autumn, has her single 'First Time In New York' issued on February 6 — it's her own composition, and her first record release in four years.

● Tom Robinson's band Sector 27 have their single 'Total Recall' out this week on the recently reactivated Fontana label.



ROUGH TRADE UBU BONANZA

PERE UBU, who are due to visit the UK next month, figure strongly in the list of upcoming Rough Trade releases — their LP 'The Modern Dance' (deleted 18 months ago) is reissued next week, with a single titled 'Not Happy' to follow at the end of this month and a live album scheduled for late February. Also coming next month are albums by The Raincoats, The Red Crayola and TV Personalities, plus an EP by Young Marble Giants called 'Testcard'. Scritti Politti, This Heat and Orange Juice will all have new studio albums out in the early spring.

● The new Styx album 'Paradise Theater' is only the second laser etched LP to be issued in this country — out this week on A&M, it's a concept album based around an old Chicago theatre. Extracted from it is Britain's first laser etched single, titled 'Best Of Times'. It's understood that Styx are planning a UK tour later in the year.

● Kiki Dee's first single under her new worldwide deal with Ariola is released this weekend, titled 'Star'. It will be followed by an album in the early spring.

● The new single from The Alan Parsons Project is 'Games People Play', issued this week by Arista. It's taken from their album 'The Turn Of A Friendly Card', a minor UK hit in the autumn, and currently a smash in the States.

● Yorkshire heavy metal trio Vardis have their latest single, a cover of Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine', released this weekend by Logo. Their first studio album 'The World's Insane' is due in March, and they'll be undertaking an extensive UK tour to coincide.

● The Undertones, who split from Sire Records in the autumn, look set to clinch a deal with EMI — provided that they can be guaranteed their own label. They have an album already completed, so release could be scheduled soon after an agreement is signed.

UNCOOL CATS

THE STRAY CATS release their second Arista single on January 30 — titled 'Rock This Town', it was penned by lead guitarist and vocalist Brian Stezer, and produced by Dave Edmunds. The B-side is a re-working of the Supremes' oldie 'Can't Hurry Love'. The New York punkabilly trio's debut album is due to be issued at the end of February, and this will coincide with their second British tour — details to follow shortly.

Davenport (14), Middlesbrough Town Hall (15), Liverpool Empire (16 and 17), Southsea King's (20), Southampton Gaumont (21), Slough Fulcrum Centre (22 and 23) and St. Austell Cornish Coliseum (24 and 25).

Tickets are on sale now at most venues, but prices vary, and readers are advised to check with local theatres for details. Prior to the tour, Chrysalis will release a three-track Sayer single featuring the brand new 'Bye Bye Now My Sweet Love', plus two numbers from his recent album, 'You Win I Lose' and 'She's Not Coming Back'.

LOW-KEY ESSEX

DAVID ESSEX begins an extensive UK tour at the end of January, lasting for a month and climaxing at London Victoria Apollo on Friday, February 27 (tickets on sale now with a top price of £6). But details of all his other provincial concerts are not being announced nationally because, explains promoter Mel Bush, there is always such a heavy demand for Essex tickets that his shows are invariably over-subscribed. So advertising is being confined to local press in the areas involved, and it's understood that many dates are already sold out. He also plays a cabaret week at Watford Bailey's from February 9.

TOUR NEWS

WHO, SPRINGSTEEN EXTRA

THE WHO have added yet another date to their massive UK tour starting this weekend (see Gig Guide). It's an extra London show, which has been slotted in by promoter Harvey Goldsmith because only a few tickets remain for the band's Wembley concerts in March. This new gig is at the Rainbow Theatre on Wednesday, February 4 — the day after they play a special benefit show at that venue, which is now sold out. Tickets are now on sale at the box-office, all at the one price of £5 — and under the Rainbow's new experimental policy, it's standing in the stalls and seating in the circle.

● Support act on the first leg of The Who's tour, from this Sunday to the two Rainbow gigs, will be Q-Tips. The only provincial gigs for which some tickets are still available are Deeside Leisure Centre (February 28) and Birmingham International Arena (March 5 and 6).

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN has now been confirmed for a second concert in Birmingham. It's again at the 15,000-seater International Arena in the National Exhibition Centre on Saturday, March 28 — the day after his first concert at that venue, which has now sold out. Tickets are priced £5.80 and £5.30 (including booking fee), and they're available by post from Bruce Springsteen, GP Productions, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only made payable to "GP Productions", write "Birmingham, March 28" and the price of tickets wanted on the back of your envelope, enclose SAE and allow six weeks for delivery. There will also be some tickets available at selected local outlets — watch the local press for details.

● All five Springsteen concerts at London Wembley Arena are now sold out, and no more applications can be accepted.

□ GLEN CAMPBELL and Tanya Tucker, whose tour was reported in our Christmas issue, will not now be playing London Royal Albert Hall on May 6 and 8 — instead, their London shows will be at the Victoria Apollo on April 28 and 29. This has involved an interchange with their two Irish dates at Dublin Stadium and Belfast Grosvenor Hall, which are now on May 5 and 8 respectively.

□ THE RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES are playing a short tour with dates at Sheffield Limit Club (tonight, Thursday), Uxbridge Brunel University (Friday), London Herne Hill Half Moon (Saturday), Canterbury Kent University (January 27), London Islington Hope & Anchor (28), London Southbank Polytechnic (29), Coventry General Wolfe (30), London Fulham Greyhound (February 4) and Port Talbot Troubadour (5).

□ FRANKIE VALLI & The Four Seasons have added another date to their UK tour, reported last week — at Southport Theatre on March 12. Tickets are on sale now at all box-offices, except for the London show at the Victoria Apollo on March 14, for which it's postal bookings only from The Kruger Organisation, P.O. Box 460, Brighton BN1 5BQ — postal orders only to "Kruger Organisation (Concert Promotions) Ltd.", and the prices are £10, £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.



□ ANY TROUBLE, who spent the autumn touring in the 60-date ten-nation Son Of Stiff package, play eight UK headlining dates next month before setting out on their third visit to America. They're at London Islington Hope & Anchor (February 1), Liverpool Edgehill College (6), London Chelsea College (7), Bradford University (11), London Camden Dingwalls (12), Exeter University (13), Bristol Polytechnic (14) and London Marquee (15).

□ THE FALL are playing a number of dates over the coming week, to aid promotion of their current Rough Trade album 'Grotesque (After The Gramme)'. They're at Norwich East Anglia University (this Saturday), Leicester Polytechnic (July 31), Canterbury Kent University (February 4), London Mile End Queen Mary College (5), Cardiff University (7), and Liverpool Brady's (21).

□ THE BELLE STARS are a new seven-piece all-girl band launched by five former Bodysnatchers — Stella, Sarah-Jane, Penny, Miranda and Judy — plus bassist Lesley Shone and singer Jenny McKeown. They're at Canterbury College of Art tonight (Thursday), followed by London gigs at Fulham Greyhound with Sore Throat (Saturday), Islington Hope & Anchor (Sunday), Gossips, W.1 (January 26) and Stockwell Old Queen's Head (30), with more being set.

□ X-EFFECTS, now featuring a revolutionary electronic drum kit, promote their upcoming single 'Nineteen' with a string of gigs in and around London — at Herne Hill Half Moon (tomorrow, Friday), Richmond Snoopies (January 27), Southbank Polytechnic (30), Covent Garden Rock Garden (February 2), High Wycombe Nags Head (5), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (8), Fulham Greyhound (10), Eton Christopher Hotel (12), Weybridge National College of Food (21) and Bracknell South Hill Park Centre (27).

□ WASTED YOUTH support Japan at London Hammersmith Odeon on February 7, and Toyah at London Lyceum on February 22. Prior to this, they play two warm-up gigs in their own right — at Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (January 31) and Croydon Technical College (February 6).

□ DEDRINGER have added the following dates to their current tour: Liverpool Edgehill College (January 30), Cornforth United Club (February 6), Hull Humberstone Theatre (8), Shildon Club (9), Canterbury Kent University (18), London Marquee (18), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (19), Withersea Grand Pavilion (20), Tonypandy Naval Club (21) and Hull Tiffany's (23). And their Bradford Princeville gig moves forward from February 12 to 6.

Burning Spear extends

BURNING SPEAR — whose February 8 concert at London Rainbow was announced last week — has now been confirmed for four provincial dates. He plays Manchester Apollo (February 10), Birmingham Odeon (11), Cardiff Top Rank (13) and Leeds University (14).

□ BAD MANNERS have made several changes to their winter tour itinerary, starting on January 30 and reported in our Christmas issue. They have cancelled gigs announced for Middlesbrough Town Hall (February 3), Sheffield Polytechnic (4), Withersea Grand Pavilion (5) and Liverpool University (7). But they've added Newcastle Royalty Theatre (February 2), Hull University (3), Corby Festival Hall (19) and Canterbury Odeon (24). And their Birmingham show on February 20 is now at Aston University instead of the Top Rank.

□ THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS have slotted three dates next week into their current tour, reported last week, which promotes their new Zonophone single 'Kids On The Streets'. They're at London Canning Town Bridge House next Monday and Tuesday (26-27), then play a No Nukes gig at Taunton Camelot Club on Wednesday, January 28.

□ GRACE KENNEDY — whose new album 'I'm Starting Again' comes out on February 6, with the title track already on release as a single — has been lined up for a short series of concert appearances. She visits Croydon Fairfield Hall (February 19), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Brighton Dome (26), Chatham Central Hall (28) and Cardiff New Theatre (March 8).

□ MARTHA & THE MUFFINS, currently at home in Canada preparing material for their third album, are planning a European tour in the spring. No details yet, but it's likely that the greater part of their schedule will be devoted to British dates.

□ LEEDS gains a new rock venue next month, when the Mecca-run Tiffany's Ballroom begins a regular Sunday-night rock policy. With a capacity of 1,800, it will be the city's largest, and gigs are being promoted by the proprietors of the local Fan Club. The first is Bad Manners on February 15.

□ AL JARREAU interrupts a European tour to play a one-off concert at London Victoria Apollo on Saturday, February 7, supported by the Morrissey Mullen Band. It's being recorded by Capital Radio, who are co-promoting with Marshall Arts, and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3.

□ DELTA 5 undertake a short 'Bring Back Glam Rock' tour, playing dates at Guildford Surrey University with The Au Pairs (tomorrow, Friday), Sheffield Arts School (January 29), London Lyceum with U2 (February 1), Canterbury Kent University (2), Birmingham Cedar Club with The Au Pairs (6), London Oxford St. 100 Club with Vincent Units (10) and Oxford Scamps (11) — then they're off the Europe.

□ MOE BANDY heads the latest C&W package to be announced, also featuring Dotsy, Roy Drusky and Colorado. Dates confirmed so far are London Lewisham Town Hall (March 12), Ipswich Gaumont (13), Peterborough Sovereign Hall (14), Hull City Hall (15), Carlisle Market Hall (17), Inverness Eden Court (18), Glasgow City Hall (19), Dublin Stadium (20), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (21), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Gloucester Leisure Centre (24), Derby Assembly Rooms (25), Portsmouth Guildhall (26) and Chatham Central Hall (27).

□ THE THOMPSON TWINS begin their 'Winter Cruise' next month, playing for expenses only, with all other proceeds going to No Nukes. They're at Brighton Polytechnic (February 5), London Central Polytechnic (6), Northampton Nene College (7), Manchester Polytechnic (10), Sheffield Poly (13), Leeds Poly (14), Edinburgh Nite Club (17), Stirling University (18), Aberdeen University (19), Paisley Technical College (20), Newcastle University (21) and Wrexham N-E Wales Institute (22).

□ RICHARD STRANGE has opted out of 'The 2002 Review' at London Strand Lyceum this Sunday (26), claiming that his name was advertised before he had committed himself to playing. But three other acts have been confirmed, so the line-up now is Classix Nouveaux, Theatre Of Hate, Naked Lunch, Shock, Martin Besserman and Blancmango, plus appearances by surprise guests.

Darting around

DARTS are on the road next month, playing a mixture of concert, club and college dates. They now have a new look to the band, with vocalist Stan Alexander coming in to replace founder member Bob Fish, who's left to pursue a solo career — and James Compton taking over from Mike Deacon on keyboards. The two newcomers make their live debut this Friday and Saturday (23-24), when Darts play two charity shows at London Canning Town Bridge House in aid of Capital Radio's 'Help A London Child' appeal (admission £2).

With further February dates to be announced, those confirmed so far are Birmingham University (7), Keele University (11), Leeds Warehouse (12), Retford Porterhouse (13), Norwich East Anglia University (14), London Camden Dingwalls (17 and 18), Sheffield Limit Club (19), Newcastle Polytechnic (20), Glasgow Strathclyde University (21), Redcar Coatham Bowl (22), Reading University (24), Worthing Assembly Hall (25), Canterbury Kent University (26) and London City University (27).



STEVE SEVERIN is taking time out from his accustomed role as Banshees bassist and Siouxsie's right-hand man in order to help boost an up-and-coming band. He's at present working in the studio with Altered Images, producing their debut single for release by CBS in the near future. But, of course, he'll be back with Siouxsie & Co in time for their UK tour next month.

Sayer's sixty spring shows

LEO SAYER headlines a huge UK tour in the spring, playing over 40 dates — and with two houses at many venues, this means almost 60 performances. His four nights at London Victoria Apollo (May 6-9) were announced in our Christmas issue, but the rest of the dates — comprising Sayer's first tour since 1979 are:

Ipswich Gaumont (April 2), Derby Assembly Rooms (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Southport Theatre (5), Preston Guildhall (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (8), Dundee Caird Hall (9), Aberdeen Capitol (10), Glasgow Apollo (11), Newcastle City Hall (12), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Paignton Festival Theatre (15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (17 and 18), Brighton Centre (19), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (20), Oxford New Theatre (22), Sheffield City Hall (23), Bradford St. George's Hall (24), Coventry Theatre (25), Nottingham Theatre Royal (26), Swansea Grand (29), Gloucester Leisure Centre (30), Birmingham Odeon (May 1), Bridlington Spa Hall (2), Blackpool Opera House (3), Croydon Fairfield Hall (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (13), Stockport

TOUR NEWS

INFORMATION CITY

Wilko reunion with Senders

WILKO JOHNSON, on leave from The Blockheads now that Ian Dury is off the road, returns to front his own Solid Senders band in an extensive UK tour starting early next month. The outing ties in with the release this week of his new album 'Ice On The Motorway' on Nighthawk Records — produced by Johnson himself and recorded in Southend, it features Wilko (guitar and vocals), Russell Strutter (bass and vocals), Alex Bines (drums) and Blockhead Mickey Gallagher (keyboards).

Tour dates confirmed so far are London Strand Kings College (February 5), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (7), London Camden Dingwalls (10), Rickmansworth Civic Hall (11), Loughborough University (14), Manchester UMIST (19), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (20), Liverpool Warehouse (21), Coventry General Wolfe (26), Durham University (28), Sheffield Limit Club (March 3) and Leeds Warehouse (4) — and we're assured that there are many more to come.

● The new LP includes six new Wilko



compositions, plus other material which ranges from Ray Charles to Bob Dylan. Initial pressings will include a free single, coupling 'Back In The Night' (with Wilko playing keyboards) and the live favourite 'She Does It Right'.

Ray Charles charity double at the Albert

RAY CHARLES flies into London next month to play two charity concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on February 11 and 12, together with his Orchestra and The Raelets, plus special guest Barbara Dickson. The first show is in aid of the Police Dependents' Trust, which was established in 1966 after the murder of three policemen in Shepherds Bush — and the second benefits the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association.

The Albert Hall box-office

opens this Saturday, and box seats are £15 and £12, while in the main auditorium they are £7.50, £5, £3 and £1.50. Or you can book a Grand Tier box seat at £30, or even a whole box at £300, direct from C.S.S. Promotions Ltd., 35 Bruton Street, London W.1. (Just thought you'd like to know):

● The London label has just released a new Ray Charles single titled 'Compared To What', taken from his current album 'Brother Ray'.

Flo & Eddie in town

FLO & EDDIE next week pay their first visit to the UK for several years, presenting their latest revue 'The 2½ Man Show' at London Victoria The Venue on Monday and Tuesday (26-27). For the uninitiated, the group's name hides the identity of Marc Volman and Howard Kaylan — writers, singers and satirists — who were formerly founder members of the late sixties U.S. hit team The Turtles. They subsequently became members of The Mothers Of Invention, appearing in Frank Zappa's film *200 Motels*, but broke away in 1972 to form their own outfit which was originally known as The Phlorescent Leech & Eddie. Their newly-devised 2½-hour show is backed only by a pianist, and their two nights at The Venue (admission £4) will be their only dates in this country.

Pearl Harbour blast: gigs, album, new band

PEARL HARBOUR begins her first full British tour this weekend, backed by a new seven-piece band — first confirmed dates are Liverpool Brady's (tomorrow, Friday), Edinburgh Nite Club (Saturday), Leeds Warehouse (next Monday) and London Oxford Street 100 Club (Tuesday), but many more are being finalised and she'll be on the road here for most of February.

With her previous outfit The Explosions now disbanded, the new band won't have a name of their own, and the whole aggregation will operate under the name of Pearl Harbour. Line-up includes Nigel Dixon (from Whirlwind), Steve New (ex-Rich Kids), Nick Simenon (Paul's brother) and saxist Gary Barnacle who's recently been working with Ruts D.C.

Since supporting The B-52's in the autumn, Pearl has sustained a broken nose and had her tonsils out, but is now fully fit again. Her single 'Fujiyama Mama' is already on release, and her 13-track album 'Don't Follow Me, I'm Lost Too'



is issued by Warner Brothers this weekend.

□ THE PIRANHAS headline a special charity show this Sunday (25) at Brighton Jenkinson's Club, in aid of the Brighton Resources Centre which was extensively damaged by fire in October. It will be their only South Coast date for some time, and they're supported by local groups Daddy Yum Yum, The Ammonites and The Bright Girls.

MILTON KEYNES, DONINGTON

Summertime blues

MILTON KEYNES Concert Bowl, the open-air venue which staged its first concert last summer with The Police headlining, will host two major rock events this summer. They'll again be presented by the NJF and Marquee, who also promote the Reading Festival, and booker Jack Barrie is currently negotiating with big-name attractions for the two shows. Both Milton Keynes concerts will take place before Reading, which will again occupy its traditional August Bank Holiday spot (28-30).

Another new outdoor venue to make its mark last year was Castle Donington, which staged a heavy metal extravaganza with Rainbow topping, and a similar event will be held there this year — with Saturday, August 1, as the probable date. There's speculation that AC/DC are in the running for this show, though it's still far too early for any confirmation.

Gabriel: why I sung German

HAVING just invested in the superb 'Ein Deutsches' album by Peter Gabriel, I found within the sleeve a lyric sheet which also featured a special message, in German, from the man himself. As I failed my CSE in German, I wondered if you could reveal the text of this message?

STEVE KENNEDY

● Being born in canal-side Willesden, where even learning English proved a bit of a chore, let alone German, I passed the problem over to Peter Gabriel. Over the hot-line he claimed:

"It was rather a lengthy message but it was basically about the barriers of language and how I'd initially tried to speak local languages — or as much as I could muster — while doing overseas concerts. There's also some reference to 'Me And My Teddy Bear', a humorous song that was translated into French and German — the first thing I ever tried to sing in other languages. I found that people appreciated this gesture and began asking if I would try recording in another language. And as I was musically trying to experiment on my last album, it also seemed the right time to attempt something like this.

"The message then goes on to tell how I found Thomas Quast, a translator, with whom I met and talked with to see if we thought in the same way and if we had the same approach to lyric writing. It was only when I found out that we were in agreement that I attempted the recording. I must admit that at one time the only

German that had penetrated my ignorant ears had come from war films about the Nazis and it was only when I began working on the album that I began to acquire a feeling for the language and the sound of the words. It was very beautiful to scream away

in a language which gave the melodies a completely different character — and there were certain words where I found that I could react more to the sound of the words themselves rather than be aware of their meaning."

Gabriel added that when he first considered recording in a foreign tongue his record company Telexed around the world in order to ascertain which countries wanted to release such an album — at which point only the Germans waxed enthusiastic. Since that time, however, several other countries have re-considered and he is now working on a Spanish translation of the album, while his next album will also be released in at least one non-English version.

"I was a bit upset when someone at NME claimed that 'Ein Deutsches' was merely an attempt to get collectors to shell out for what was basically the same album. I didn't even think about the import situation at the time, I just thought that the gesture would help sales in Germany — though some people had warned me that the whole thing would seem to smack of commercial gimmickry. But I tried to do the job properly, I didn't just read the words off a sheet of paper in parrot-fashion, as many singers have done in the past. I spent many days working on that translation and getting things just right. I really did my lessons."

(Fine, but why did Charisma import 10,000 copies of the German edition and extensively advertise the fact — if not only to appeal to Gabriel fans. — W. A. Mozart)



MONSTER NASH GIG

NASH THE SLASH, the Canadian bandaged phenomenon, is back in Britain to coincide with his debut UK record releases. And he marks his return with a special gig at London Victoria The Venue next Wednesday (28), when the show will feature films both as a support and incorporated into. Nash's act — in fact, the evening kicks off with a screening of the classic Lon Chaney movie *The Monster*. A full tour is currently being booked for Nash and, in the meantime, he appears as guest artist in Japan's concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on February 8.

Newly signed by DinDisc, his single 'Dead Man's Curve' is issued this weekend — it's a re-recording of the track previously only available on import from Canada, and it features an electronic version of the Jan & Dean surfing hit. His first album is called 'Children Of The Night', and that's out on February 13.

SPLIT TOUR FOR RIVITT

SPLIT RIVITT begin their two-month 'Spell It Right' tour of Germany, Holland, Ireland and the UK this weekend, when they open in Berlin. It ties in with the release of their new single 'Satisfyin' Feeling', penned by Tommy Tucker, on Carve Up Records (a subsidiary of Red Lightnin) — with an album to follow shortly.

Confirmed British dates, which are interspersed with visits to the Continent and Ireland, are: Hallsham Crown Hotel (January 30), Weybridge National College of Food (31), Newbridge Memorial Hall (February 1), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (4), Liverpool Warehouse (5), Derby Assembly Rooms (9), Leeds Warehouse (11), Coventry Warwick University (12), Lowestoft College (13), Guildford Surrey University (23), Port Talbot Troubadour (26), High Wycombe Bucks College (27), Kingston Polytechnic (28), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (March 1) and Hatfield Forum (22).

CAN you provide the address of Bruce Springsteen's fan club?

WENDY KING, Bognor Regis, W. Sussex.

● According to CBS, there is no official fan club for New Jersey's most potent ambassador since Frank Sinatra. But if you care to send letters to the E-Streeter

care of Customer Relations Office, CBS Records, 17/19 Soho Square, London W1, then I'm assured they will be passed on to the man himself.

ON the sleeves of the later Van Der Graaf Generator albums (e.g. 'Godbluff' to 'Vital') there is the phrase "Gordianisation by Troeller".

Can you tell me what this means?

GARY VALENTINE, Hollin Park, Leeds 8

X The phrase was merely placed on the sleeves as a kind of 'thank-you' to one Gordian Troeller, the band's tour manager.

By Fred Dellar

IMPORTS

AS THEY SAY in all the best old-time music hall intros: "And here we have that minimalistic master of monotony, that no-messing, no-dressing manipulator of the mumble, that scintillating song stylist of simplistic settings — Ladies and Gentlemen, I present... Mr Alan Vega!"

He's worth the build-up. The Red Star and Ze albums he did with keyboardist Martin Rev as Suicide, though as basically profound as a *Crossroads* plot, proved among the most diverting and original offerings of recent years.

The arrival of 'Alan Vega' (PVC) finds the New Yorker now in the company of Phil Hawk, three-chord guitarist extraordinaire. And while Suicide initially came on like a budget version of Velvet Underground, this latest Vega venture has more in common with the sounds of Sun.

The opening 'Jukebox Babe' and 'Fireball' are hot-shot Presley heard from the echoing bathroom just down the hall — though Hawk is content merely to suggest a Scotty Moore presence rather than to pick his way to rock 'n' roll glory. Even on the lesser-paced material, Vega's return to roots is evident, 'Love Cry' being a particle of doomy doo-wop set against two note piano, a lonesome hi-hat and some backdropped blues guitar, while 'Lonely' emerges as a cross between 'Heartbreak Hotel' and some long-forgotten predecessor to Fleetwood Mac's 'Albatross'.

Alan Vega remains ahead of the pack. We may easily have a genius on our hands.

IMPORTS TOP TEN

- 1 John Lennon and Yoko Ono 'The Wedding Album' (Jap, Apple)
 - 2 Deep Purple 'New, Live And Rare' (Trash)
 - 3 John Lennon and Yoko Ono 'Life With The Lions' (Jap, Apple)
 - 4 Whitesnake 'Snakebite' (Sunburst)
 - 5 Joe Sample 'Voices In The Rain' (MCA)
 - 6 America 'Alibi' (Capitol)
 - 7 Clash 'Black Market Clash' (Epic)
 - 8 Fuse 'Fuse One' (Jap, CTI)
 - 9 Beatles 'Rarities' (Capitol)
 - 10 Heart 'Hits Live' (Epic)
- Also selling: Shoes 'Tongue Twister' (Elektra), Sharon Redd 'Sharon Redd' (Prelude), Bernie Marsden 'About Time Too' (Trash), Monkees 'Greatest Hits' (German Arista), Nekter 'Man In The Moon' (Ariola), Caspades 'Make Up City' (Alpha), Ryuichi Sakamoto 'Be 2 Unit' (Alpha). Chart supplied by Virgin, Glasgow; Flyover Records, Hammersmith, and HMV Shop, Oxford Street.

● T. S. Monk: 'House Of Music' (Atlantic). The singer/drummer son of bop keyboardist Thelonius Monk makes his shot at the terpsichore stakes with the aid of femmes Boo Boo Monk and Yvonne Fletcher, plus producer Sandy Linzer, who also wrote most of the songs.

● The Specials: 'More Specials' (Canadian Chrysalis). Basically the same as the UK version but with an extra track, 'Rat Race', and a different sleeve.

● Ironhorse: 'Everything Is Grey' (Scotti Brothers). Randy Bachman's last four-piece, with Bachman's songs being handled by keyboardist Frank Ludwig. Meanwhile, Pete Frame's Guess Who family tree just keeps gettin' longer.

● Creedence Clearwater Revival: 'The Royal Albert Hall Concert' (Fantasy). 'Green River', 'Bad Moon Rising', 'Proud Mary', 'Midnight Special' and 10 other CCR winners, as performed at the Albert in April, 1970. Well recorded and with the four-piece unit in far better form than the Tom Fogerty-less line-up which provided the previous 'Live In Europe' album.

● Pigmeat Jarrett: 'Look At The People' (June Appal). Classic barrelhouse blues'n'boogie, recorded at the University of Cincinnati in '79, when Jarrett was still a sprightly 74. With its shades of Albert Ammons, Meade Lewis, Piano Red and others it's practically a piano blues lesson, with Pigmeat's deliciously naughty workout on 'Dirty Dozens' alone being worth the price of the album.

By Fred Dellar

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

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01-437 6603

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JOHNNY MARS

Plus Supprt & Jerry Floyd

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Sun 25th Jan

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Adm £2.00

ANGELWITCH

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JO-ANN KELLY'S 2ND LINE

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TUES 27/ROCKABILLY NIGHT

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THE GREYHOUND

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Saturday 24th January

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Sunday 25th January

THE ALTERNATIVE CABERET

Monday 26th January

NIK TURNERS INNER CITY UNIT

+ Rue-De Marx

Tuesday 27th January

T.V. SMITH EXPLORERS

+ Fruit Eating Bears

Wednesday 28th January

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OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD. NW1, TEL: 485 5086

ROCK CITY
Formerly HEART OF THE MIDLANDS,
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM

Tel 0602 411212 Open 8 pm to 2 am

Fri 23rd Jan	£3.00 Adv	Thursday 19th Feb	£3.50 Adv
GEN X + Teaset		THE STRANGLERS	+ Support
Saturday 24th Jan	£2.00 Adv	Friday 20th Feb	£2.50 Adv
THE MEMBERS + Support		AFTER THE FIRE	+ Support
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Tuesday 29th Jan	£2.00 Adv	Friday 27th Feb	£2.50 Adv
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Friday 30th Jan	£2.50 Adv	Saturday 28th Feb	£3.00 Adv
TOYAH + Support		ODYSSEY	
Saturday 7th Feb	£2.50 Adv	Wednesday 4th March	£3.00 Adv
HAZEL O'CONNOR & MEGAHYPE	+ Prime Suspect	GILLAN + Support	
Thursday 12th Feb	£2.50 Adv	Thursday 5th March	£2.50 Adv
ALEX HARVEY + Support		THE CRAMPS + Support	
Saturday 14th Feb	£2.50 Adv	Wednesday 11th March	£5.00
BAD MANNERS + Support		FRANKIE VALLI AND THE FOUR SEASONS	
Monday 14th Feb	£2.50 Adv		
GEORGE MELLY + Support			

Ticket from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc Victoria Box Office Way Ahead
Revolver, R E Chords (Derby), Revolver (Leicester), or by post from Rock City —
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Venue

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Friday 30th January	£3.00
CIMARONS	
Saturday 31st January	£3.50
CLIMAX BLUES BAND	
Friday 6th February	£3.00
WEAPON OF PEACE	
Tuesday 24th February	£4.00
JAN HAMMER & FRIENDS	

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23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 22nd January	70p	Sunday 26th & Monday 27th	£1.00
DOLLY MIXTURES		ANGELIC UPSTARTS	
+ Gym Slips		+ Erazorhead	
Friday 23rd & Saturday 24th	£2.00	Wednesday 28th January	60p
THE DARTS		JOHNNY HOLLIDAYS	
(See Panel Below)		ESCAPE CLUB	
		+ Capital Dandy	
Saturday 25th January	70p	Thursday 29th January	70p
SUNFIGHTER		NASHVILLE TEENS	
+ Last Chance		+ The Enerjectics	

THE BRIDGEHOUSE PRESENTS

THE DARTS

on Friday 23rd and
Saturday 24th January

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Thursday 22nd January	£1	Monday 26th January	£1
THE HITMEN		LITTLE ROOSTERS	
Friday 23rd January	£1.50	Tuesday 27th January	£1
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Saturday 24th January	£1.25	Wednesday 28th January	£1
BASEMENT 5		RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES	

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Friday 23rd January	ASSEMBLY HALL TUNBRIDGE WELLS KENT	Friday 30th January	QUEENSWAY HALL DUNSTABLE, BEDS. + BLEAK HOUSE Live on Stage
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Saturday 7th February	STOUR CENTRE ASHFORD, KENT		

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JANUARY	7 Al Jaffrau	MARCH
21 Black Sabbath	7 Japan	1 UK Subs
22 Max Webster	8 Burning Spear	6 Ian Gillan
26 Classic Nouveaux	10 11 Emmylou Harris	7 Krokus
26 Slade	11 Harry Chaplin	14 Frankie Valli
27 April Wine	15 The Stranglers	15 Iron Maiden
27-30 Billy Connolly	16 17 Siouxsie & The Banshees	17 Judas Priest
28, 29 UFO	20 New York to the Rainbow	27/28 Elvis Costello
FEBRUARY	22 Toyah	APRIL
1 Billy Connolly	23 Bad Manners	9-12 Neil Sedaka
1 Hazel O'Connor	23 Boys of the Lough	28, 29 Glen Campbell
1 U2/Delta 5	26 Pato Pena	29, 30 Liberace
5 Eric Clapton	27 Camel	MAY
	27 David Essex	1-9 Liberace
		8-9 Leo Sayer
		21, 22 Paul Anka

JAN 27-30, BILLY CONNOLLY

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THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

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+ Expelaires	
Wednesday 28th January	
CLIMAX BLUES BAND	
Thursday 12th February	
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Coming Soon: Mo-Dettes, Marshall Doktors, Moondog, Johnny Cougar & many more	
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PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENT

Monday 2nd February	Monday 16th February
THE BLUES BAND	BAD MANNERS
at Manchester Rotters	at Doncaster Rotters
Tel. 081-236 4934	Tel. 0302 27448
Adv Tickets £2.50	Adv Tickets £2.50
Tuesday 3rd February	Tuesday 17th February
THE BLUES BAND	BAD MANNERS
at Liverpool Rotters	at Manchester Rotters
Tel 051-709 0771	Tel 081-236 4934
Adv Tickets £2.50	Adv Tickets £2.50
Wednesday 25th February Adv Tickets £3.00	
ODYSSEY	
at Doncaster Rotters. Tel 0302 27448	
For times and ticket outlets see local press. Must be over 18 years of age.	
No Dress Restrictions. No Membership Required	

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Annerley Road, Upper Norwood SE19 (Crystal Palace Roundabout)

Saturday 24th January

THE MO-DETTES

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Aberdeen College of Commerce: Gary Glitter
 Barnsley Antonio's Club: The Cruisers (for three days)
 Bath Moles: Patrik Fitzgerald Group
 Belfast Queen's University: Stiff Little Fingers
 Bicester Kings Head: C-Salm
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Quads
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Drongos For Europe
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Privates / Partizans
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Look
 Bradford Princeville Club: Spider
 Bristol University: The Passions
 Canterbury College of Art: The Belle Stars
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Matt Monro / Eric Delaney Band
 Croydon The Cartoon: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 Derby Cosmo Club: The Enemy / Aftermath
 Eastcote Bottom Line: Juveissance
 Edinburgh Odeon: Slade
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Crafty Half
 Farnham West Surrey College of Art: Weapon
 Gillingham Central Hotel: Modern Jazz
 Gravesend Red Lion: The Pulsaters
 Guildford Civic Centre: The Blues Band
 Hardestoft Shoulder of Mutton: Climax Blues Band
 Hemel Hempstead Rose & Crown: Blazing Red
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Effect
 Hull Wellington Club: Human Zoo / Cool To Snog
 Ilford The Cranbrook: Suttel Approach
 Kingston Three Tuns: Final Frontier
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Dedringer
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
 Liverpool Brady's: Zebra
 Liverpool Bronte Centre: Stun The Guards
 Liverpool Star & Garter: Asylum
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 London Camden Dingwalls: Restaurant For Dogs
 London Clapham 101 Club: Soul Distributors
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Durutti Column / Kevin Hewick
 London Deptford Royal Albert: The Realists
 London Ealing College: The Attendants / B Film
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Cotton Buds
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Dumb Blondes / Animal Magnet
 London Fulham The Cock: Old Number 7
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Slurp
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Max Webster / Angelwitch
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Bad Publicity
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Fix / Erogonous Zones
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Hitmen
 London Islington Pied Bull: Sons Of Cain
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
 London Marquee Club: Budgie
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: The Kraze
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Trinity / The Freedom Fighters
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Reflections / The Orange Cardigan
 London Shoreditch Brunel University: Spiral Models
 London Soho Pizza Express: Sammy Rimmington Quintet
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Yakety Yak
 London Walthamstow The Towers: The Razy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Lines / The Decorators
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Splodge / Baby Greensleeves / The Crocodiles
 Loughborough Charnwood Theatre: George Hamilton IV
 Manchester Band on the Wall: Weller-Spring Quartet
 Manchester Rafter's: The Little Roosters
 Manchester UMIST: Lindisfarne
 Mansfield Forest Town Club: Witchfynde
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: UFO
 Milton Keynes Compass Club: Russians
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
 Oldham Greenfield Clarence Hotel: Gayna Jones & The Cellar Four
 Oldham Saddleworth Civic Hall: The Localeroes
 Oxford Corn Dolly: The Skavengers
 Plymouth Tops: The Mechanics
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Saxon
 Port Talbot Troubadour: Franke Miller Band
 Rickmansworth Watersmeet: Gen X / The Tea Set
 Slough Technical College: Between Pictures
 Southend Scamps: Newtown Neurotics
 St. Albans Waldo's Jazz Club: The Tea Set
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: Dedringer
 Uckfield Youth Centre: Switches
 Wellingborough British Rail Club: The Bopcats
 Willenhall The Cavalcade: Sub Zero
 Worthing Balmoral Bar: Meanstreak

FRIDAY

Abbotts Langley Hillside Hall: Z-Hatters/Rudimentary Peni/Soft Drunk
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poorboys
 Birmingham Cedar Club: Dansette Damage
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Cravats / The Nightingales
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
 Birmingham Midland Institute: Sam Rivers Trio

The 'Oo on the circuit

AFTER endless speculation throughout the second half of 1980 concerning a possible autumn tour (and even a charity show at Covent Garden Opera House), all of which came to nothing, The Who finally go back on the road this weekend. And they're certainly making up for lost time, 'cos their schedule takes in no less than 24 major concerts around the country. Initial dates are at Leicester on Monday and Sheffield on Tuesday.

This is the highlight of a gig week, which sees the circuit virtually back to normal after the traditional post-Christmas recession. There's well over 500 dates for you to choose from this week, including a number of big-name tours already in action. Don't forget, though, that gigs are always subject to alteration (specially the smaller ones) — so play it safe, and check with the venue before you set out on a journey.

Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Theatre Of Hate
 Blackwood Oakdale Institute: Andy Pandemonium
 Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: Black Sabbath
 Bristol Bear Hotel: The Review / The Mob / Bikini Mutants
 Bristol Trinity Church: The Transmitters
 Burton 76 Club: The Little Roosters
 Cheltenham Gloucester College of Art: The Revillos
 Clacton Princess Theatre: George Hamilton IV
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Accelerators
 Coventry General Wolfe: Big Brother
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
 Croydon The Cartoon: Yakety Yak
 Dumfries White Hart: Wayward Skylabs
 Dundee University: Gary Glitter
 Eton Christopher Hotel: Telemacque
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Slade
 Glossop Surrey Arms: Private Sector
 Guildford Surrey University: The Au Pairs/Delta 5
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: Fruit Eating Bears / The Chevrans
 Kingston Three Tuns: Competition
 Lancaster University: UFO
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Weapon
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Doggy Tactics
 Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Weller-Spring Quartet
 Liverpool Brady's: Pearl Harbour/Glass Torpedoes
 Liverpool The Dolphin: Stun The Guards
 Liverpool The Warehouse: Spider
 Liverpool University: Lindisfarne
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Hitmen
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Darts
 London Clapham 101 Club: Restaurant For Dogs / The Afghan Rebels
 London Cockfosters Middlesex Polytechnic: The Escorts
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Fumble/Midnight & The Lemon Boys
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Ronnie Lane Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Modern Jazz / The Realists
 London Fulham The Cock: Jazz Sluts
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Decorators / Ludus
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Gaffa
 London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: The Kicks
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Resistance / X-Effects
 London Holloway North Polytechnic: The Mo-dettes
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Naked Lunch / Depeche Mode
 London Kingsford Bandwagon: Limelight
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Civil Service / Crab Apple Band
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Kabbala
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: Shadowfax
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
 London Putney Star & Garter: Snatch 22
 London Putney White Lion: Salt
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Diagram Bros / Eric Random / Dislocation Dance
 London School of Business Studies: Geno Washington Band
 London School of Oriental & African Studies: Misty In Roots
 London Soho Pizza Express: Al Cohn & Son
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
 London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: Soul Distributors
 London Tottenham The Spurs: Sanity Clause
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Colah Triplets
 London Victoria The Venue: The Bluesblasters
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Richard Strange / Philip Gayle / The

Klones
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Thompson Twins / Kan-Kan
 Manchester Comanche Students Union: The Chesters
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Meanstreet
 Manchester Pips: Performance
 Manchester The Lamplight: The Product
 Matlock Darley Dale Club: Witchfynde
 Newcastle City Hall: Max Webster/Angelwitch
 Norwich East Anglia University: The Blues Band
 Nottingham Rock City: Generation X
 Ormskirk Edgehill College: Frankie Miller Band
 Oxford Polytechnic: Hazel O'Connor & Megahype
 Peterborough The Cresset: The Name / The Rackets / The Point
 Reading University: Between Pictures
 Rotherham Arts Centre: Whammer Jammer
 Salford University: Climax Blues Band
 Scarborough Taboo: The Angelic Upstarts
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Toyah
 Sheffield Sorby Hall: The Frantic Elevators
 Shifnal Star Hotel: The Scene
 Spalding Pied Calf: Shader
 Tewkesbury Watson Hall: The Lids / Freud Pointer / Pneumatic Bliss
 Uxbridge Brunel University: The Reluctant Stereotypes
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Hamburger Mary
 Weymouth Teachers Training College: The Skavengers
 York College: The Look

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: Slade
 Berkhamstead Civic Centre: Anorexia
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Gen X/The Tea Set
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Angelwitch
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Pinkies/The Rogues
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
 Blackburn Galligraives: J. G. Spoils Rock Band
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Spider
 Bournemouth The Pinecliff: Switches
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: White Cockade
 Bradford University: Lindisfarne
 Bristol Granary: Dedringer
 Carlisle Market Hall: UFO
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: Whitefire
 Coventry General Wolfe: Money
 Coventry Theatre: Hazel O'Connor & Megahype
 Croydon The Cross: Johnny Storm
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Little Roosters
 Durham University: Climax Blues Band
 Eton Christopher Hotel: The Charts
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: U2
 Gravesend Red Lion: Cable Car
 Haslingden Tankards: Meanstreet
 Hatfield The Forum: George Hamilton IV
 Hereford Market Tavern: The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants
 High Wycombe Newland Hall: Misty In Roots
 Ilkley College: Elga
 Kingston Three Tuns: Jackie Lynton Band
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: The Look
 Leeds Haddon Hall: Royal Justice
 Leeds Queen's Hall: Black Sabbath/Mex Webster
 Leicester University: Gary Glitter
 Liverpool Brady's: Dead Or Alive
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Darts
 London Clapham 101 Club: Eric Random/The Diagram Bros/Dislocation

Dance
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Restaurant For Dogs
 London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Mo-dettes
 London Deptford Royal Albert: The Bluebirds
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Dance Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Sore Throat/The Belle Stars
 London Fulham The Cock: Chantoussie
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Brian Brain
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Modern Jazz
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Reluctant Stereotypes/The Directions
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Basement 6
 London Leicester Square Charles Peguy Centre: The Flatbackers
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Passing Storm/The Tucker Finlayson Band
 London N.W.11 Tabernacle Community Centre: The Sound/Ludus
 London Putney Star & Garter: Earl Okin
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: The Watsons
 London Soho Pizza Express: Rafael Fays Trio
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Thompson Twins
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Colah Triplets
 London Victoria The Venue: Osibisa
 London West Ealing The Olde Hatte: Good Question
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Robyn Hitchcock & The Soft Boys/Exit
 Luton Kingsway Tavern: Yakety Yak
 Manchester Denton Youth Club: Wayward Skylabs
 Manchester Polytechnic: Theatre Of Hate
 Manchester UMIST: Weapon
 Manchester University: The Revillos
 Newark Palace Theatre: Race/Paralex
 Newcastle University: Toyah
 Nottingham Boat Club: Budgie
 Nottingham Rock City: The Members
 Oldham Uppermill Hare & Hounds: Gayna Jones & The Cellar Four
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Cooper S
 Oxford St. Catherine's College: The Kicks
 Preston Warehouse: The Chesters
 Rayleigh Crocs: The Passions
 Reading Bulmershe College: Nicky Barclay & AFM/Between Pictures
 Reading University: The Blues Band
 Retford Polytechnic: Frankie Miller Band
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: Sinking Ships
 Sheffield Hurlfield Arts Campus: Sam Rivers Trio
 Shifnal Star Hotel: Partizans
 Shoreham Community Centre: Black Cat
 Slough College: Sledgehammer
 Southport Arts Centre: Al Cohn & Son
 Stockport Hazel Grove Jackson Lane School: The Passage/Playground
 Walsall Town Hall: The Angelic Upstarts
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
 Wolverhampton The Gifford: Sub Zero

SUNDAY

Bath Pavilion: Hazel O'Connor & Megahype
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Brighton Alhambra: Daddy Yum Yum
 Brighton Jenkinson's: The Pirahns/The Ammonites / The Bright Girls
 Brighton Northern Hotel (lunchtime):

Meanstreak
 Bristol Colston Hall: Slade
 Bristol Lamb Inn (lunchtime): Fred Wedlock
 / Poor Boys / Wild Range Hepcats
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Bury Bridge Inn: Meanstreet
 Bury Shakerams: Gayna Jones & The Cellar Four
 Crawley Leisure Centre: George Hamilton IV
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Lindisfarne
 Edinburgh Valentino's: U2
 Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): The Gatsby Five
 Guildford Surrey University: Between Pictures
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: Walling Snails
 Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar: The Cruisers (for four days)
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Kingston Three Tuns: The Munchies
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 Leicester Granby Hall: The Who
 Leicester Phoenix Theatre: Sam Rivers Trio
 Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: Manitou
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: UFO
 Liverpool Morton Apollo Club: Zebra
 London Acton Kings Head: The Decorators/Dr Mix & The Remix
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brixton George Canning: Southside
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Sunfighter/Last Chance
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Red Rinse
 London Clapham 101 Club: Dirty Strangers/Toad The Wet Sprocket
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Transmitters/Schleimer K / Red Shoes
 London Deptford The Duke: The Bluebirds
 London Finchley Torrington: Kevin Coyne & GLS
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Bluesblasters
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Alternative Cabaret
 London Fulham The Cock: The Works
 London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
 London Hayes Brook House: Vibro/The Fringe
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Venigmas/Choirboys
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Belle Stars
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): Pete Neighbour Quartet
 London Putney White Lion: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
 London Richmond Brollys: Dedringer
 London Soho Pizza Express: Rafael Fays Trio
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Ivory Coasters
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: 'The 2002 Review' with Classix
 Nouveau/Theatre Of Hate/Shock etc.
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
 London Trafalgar-Sq. St Martin's Crypt: Dave Evans
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Eric Random/Ludus/Dislocation Dance
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Acker Bilk Band
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Sarah Nagourney Quartet
 Margate Winter Gardens: Angelwitch
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: Switches
 Newcastle The Garage: Total Chaos/The Reptiles
 Newquay Central Hall: The Winners
 Northampton The Romany: The World Service
 Oxford Corn Dolly: Nicky Barclay & AFM
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: Stalker

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

Poynton Folk Centre: Brownsville
Banned/Galadriel
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: April Wine
Stafford Bingley Hall: Black Sabbath/Max Webster
St Neots The Priory: The Look
Wollaston Nags Head: Nation 3

MONDAY

Barrow Civic Hall: George Hamilton IV
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Beshara
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham Odeon: UFO
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Briton
Boston Folk Club: Martin Simpson
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Sphere
Bolton Aquarius Club: Meanstreet
Brierly Hill Horseshoe: Hamburger Mary
Bristol Colston Hall: April Wine
Canterbury Odeon: The Blues Band
Cheltenham Eve's Night Club: The Passions
Cochester George Hotel: Dave Evans
Crewe & Alsager College: Lindisfarne
Durham University: Toyah
Eton Christopher Hotel: England's National Sport
Exeter University: Hazel O'Connor & Megahype
Guildford Surrey University: Patrik Fitzgerald Group
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Ilford Room at the Top: The Inversions
Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
Kingston Three Tuns: Static
Leeds Warehouse: Expelaires
Liverpool Everyman Bistro: The Moderates/Remote Patrol
Liverpool Stanley Social Club: Zebra
Liverpool The Mayflower: The Cheaters
London Camden Dingwalls: Rio & The Robots/Newtown Neurotics
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Angelic Upstarts/Erazerhead
London Clapham 101 Club: Sore Points/The Temper
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Suggestion/Travel Agent
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Whoopee Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Inner City
Unit/Rue-De-Remarx
London Fulham The Cock: John Spencer's Spectacles
London Hammersmith Odeon: Slade
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Flash Back
London Islington Hare & Hounds: 7 Year Itch
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Little Roosters
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
London Marquee Club: Angelwitch
London N.4 The Stapleton: Sore Throat
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Monkey
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal



THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS are wreaking havoc again, and Mensi (left) will be stirring up the punters' blood pressure at Scarborough (Friday), Walsall (Saturday) and London Canning Town (Monday and Tuesday), in a bid to sell more copies of their new single 'Kids On The Streets'.
THE MO-DETTES (below) are also on the road, though presumably using more than just the one motor-bike. This week's activities are confined to the London area, starting on Friday at North Polytechnic in Holloway.



London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Stratford Green Man: Julian Dawson's Hit Factory
London Tooting The Castle: Fruit Eating Bears/Empty Vessels
London Victoria The Venue: Flo'n Eddie
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Jo Broadberry & The Standouts/The Cuban Heels
London W.1 (Dean Street) Gossips: The Belle Stars
London W.1 Gillyray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
Redcar Hydro Hotel: Carl Green & The Scene
Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
Sheffield City Hall: The Who
Sheffield University: Vena Cava
Southend Zero 6: Marshall Doktors

Wallasey Labour Club: Stadium
Watford Bailey's: Darts (for a week)
York University: U2

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Birmingham Top Rank: The Blues Band
Blackburn King George's Hall: George Hamilton IV
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Lennie Best/Pete King
Bristol Colston Hall: Black Sabbath
Bury The Derby Hall: The Passage
Cardiff University: Lindisfarne
Coventry Shades Club: Track 21
Guildford Wooden Bridge: The Sleep/White Colours
Ilkley Rose & Crown: Dale Hargreaves' Flamingos

Kingston Three Tuns: Furniture
Leeds Warehouse: Theatre Of Hate
Leicester Luca Centre: The Little Roosters
Leicester University: Toyah
Lincoln Drill Hall: Angelwitch
Liverpool The Dolphin: The Accelerators
London Camden Dingwalls: The Meteors
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Angelic Upstarts/Erazerhead
London Clapham 101 Club: The Imports/The Becketts
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Micro-Chic
London Dartford Railway Hotel: Dave Evans
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Fix
London Fulham Greyhound: Fruit Eating Bears/The Chevrans
London Fulham The Cock: Side Street
London Hammersmith Odeon: April Wine
London Hampstead Starlight Room: Hibiscus
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Strangers In The Night/The Extras
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Modern Man
London Islington Pied Bull: Kan-Kan
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Yakety Yak
London Marquee Club: More/Bastille
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razzie Dazzy Spasm Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Route 66
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Pearl Harbor & The Explosion
London Putney White Lion: The Cuban Heels
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: B Film/Red Box
London Stratford Green Man: The Ivory Coasters
London Tooting The Castle: Hit And Run
London Victoria The Venue: Flo'n Eddie
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Embryo/Murder Incorporated/Paulakes
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The MGA Band
Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: Close Rivals
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: Rough Justice
Manchester Polytechnic: U2
Nottingham Rock City: The Psychedelic Furs
St. Albans Adelaide Wine House: Steve Hooker's Shakers
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Spider
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Dredinger

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Mercat Cross: M. S.
Nightwork
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bradford University: Toyah
Brighton Top Rank: The Blues Band
Canterbury Kent University: Patrik Fitzgerald Group

Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Black Sabbath
Cardiff Treforest Polytechnic: Lindisfarne
Carlisle Mick's Club: The Cheaters
Cheltenham The Plough: Roadsters
Dorking Hospital Club: Dave Evans
Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
Eton Christopher Hotel: Fusion
Exeter University: Dredinger
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: Silent Movies
Guildford Wooden Bridge: Spiral Models
Halifax Foggy's: Knife Edge
Kingston Three Tuns: The Kicks
Liverpool Scamps: Stun The Guards
London Acton Kings Head: Blurt/Furniture
London Canning Town Bridge House: Johnny Holliday's Escape Club/Fibre Class
London Clapham 101 Club: The Heroes/Le Change
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Blue Orchids/Davillish Tin Trumpet
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Nashville Teens
London Fulham Greyhound: Modern Man/The Resistance
London Fulham The Cock: Fizz
London Hackney Chat's Palace: Poison Girls
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Transmitters
London Hammersmith Odeon: UFO
London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Almost Brothers
London Hayes Brook House: The Attendants/Red Box
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Reluctant Stereotypes
London Islington Pied Bull: Empty Vessels/Josie & The Pussycats
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Marquee Club: The Psychedelic Furs
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Gothic Jazz Band
London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
London Richmond Snoopies: Base 3
London Soho Pizza Express: Al Cohn & Son (for four days)
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The MGA Band
London Stratford Green Man: Micky Jupp Band
London Victoria The Venue: Nash The Slash
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: Roy Vaughan Trio
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Plain Characters/English Subtitles
London W.1 (Dean St) The Rock Store: The Cubes
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Spider
New Romney The Seahorse: Dave Butler Band
Norwich East Anglia University: U2
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Paisley Bungalow Bar: H20
Prescott Hope & Anchor: Whipps
Salford University: Meanstreet
Taunton Camelot: The Angelic Upstarts
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Theatre Of Hate
Worthing Balmoral Bar: Suspect

LIVE

PHONE 01 261 6153

THE MO-DETTES

+ The Temper

Holloway Road Theatre
Polytechnic of North London

Fri Jan 23 8-11pm £1.75

ARROGANT

January Tour Dates

Friday 23rd — Reading University

Monday 26th — Studio 1, High St, Slough
Berks

Friday 30th — Middx Poly, Tottenham N7

A YOUTH CND BENEFIT JAN 24 7 pm

THE SOUND

+ Ludus
+ "The War Game"
Film

TABERNACLE COMMUNITY CENTRE, POWIS SQ, W11 ADM £1

PCLSU Presents

GENO WASHINGTON

+ Mobster

Friday 23rd Jan 8pm Cheap Bar

Polytechnic Central London
Wells St. W1 (Oxford St Tube)

£1.20 Students £1.50 Others.

BARRY ANDREWS
**RESTAURANT
FOR DOGS**
AFGHAN
REBELS
FRI 23rd JAN £1.50

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday, January 23rd	SUSAN FASSBENDER (latest single 'Twilight Cafe')	Adm £2
Saturday, January 24th	FRANKIE MILLER	Adm £2
Friday, January 30th	THE PASSIONS	Adm £2
Saturday, January 31st	MORE	Adm £2
Friday, February 6th	AU PAIRS	Adm £2
Friday, February 13th	DARTS	Adm £2
Saturday, February 14th	ALEX HARVEY BAND	Adm £2
Friday, February 20th	MOONDOGS	Adm £2
Saturday, February 21st	CLASSIX NOUVEAUX	Adm £2

REGGAE AT

THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St, London
W1

Thursday 22nd January
! BACK BY PUBLIC DEMAND !

TRNITY

With the Freedom Fighters
**NEW WAVE AT THE
100 CLUB**
Tuesday 27th January

**PEARL HARBOUR
& THE
EXPLOSIONS**

STAPLETON

Crouch
Hill

Jan 28th

**BLACK
MARKET**

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

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

Wednesday 21st January	ANIMAL MAGNET + The Imports	£1.50
Thursday 22nd January	THE LINES + The Decorators	£1.50
Friday 23rd January	RICHARD STRANGE + Philip Gayle + The Klones	£1.50
Saturday 24th January	ROBYN KITCHCOCK & THE SOFT BOYS + Exit 13	£1.50
Sunday 25th January	ERIC RANDOM + LUDUS + Dislocation Dance	£1.50
Monday 26th January	JOE BROADBERRY & THE STAND OUTS + Cuban Heels	£1.50
Tuesday 27th January	THE JUMP SQUAD + Murder Inc + Ex-Vandres	£1.50
Wednesday 28th January	PLAIN CHARACTERS + English Subtitles	£1.50

GREEN MAN

196 Stratford High Street E15
(Stratford Tube)

Mon 26 Jan
**JULIAN DAWSON'S
HIT FACTORY**

Tues 27 Jan
IVORY COASTERS
(Afro/Jazz Rock)

Wed 28 Jan
MICKY JUPP

DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS

The
Blues Band

+ SUPPORT

Tues 27th Jan:—

TOP RANK BIRMINGHAM @ 8 pm

All tickets £3 available in advance from Top Rank
(021-236 3226), Cyclops, Virgin & usual agents

Wed 28th Jan:—

TOP RANK BRIGHTON @ 8 pm

All tickets £3 available in advance from Top Rank
(0273 25895) Virgin (Brighton) and usual agents.

Sun 1st Feb:—

TOP RANK SHEFFIELD @ 8 pm

All tickets £3 available in advance from Top
Rank (0742 21927).

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS

Present a Heavy Metal Weekend in Amsterdam

**JUDAS PRIEST/
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Live in Concert Comprising

- ★ Weekend in Amsterdam, departing Friday 13th February. Concert Sat 14th February
- ★ Return Sun 15th February
- ★ Tickets to see concert
- ★ Return Luxury Coach trip
- ★ Return Ferry from Dover to Ostend £48.00 Inclusive

"There are a few tickets left for the Pink Floyd trip — Phone 0702 338651 for details"

Please complete the booking form below and return with S.A.E. and cheque or P.O. for £48 to

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As space is limited, early booking is essential, unsuccessful applicants will have their money refunded by return of post

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**TWO
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SUPREMES'
MARY
WILSON**

on Thur 12th, Fri 13th
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**24 Hours From
Tulsa**

But for 3 Nights at
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**GENE
PITNEY**

on Thurs 19th, Fri
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Admission Prices
Members £2.00
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**MEMBERSHIP IS NOT
ESSENTIAL**
Send for Tickets now, Cesars
Palace, Luton LU4 0JS.

**Telephone Luton
51357 or 594144**

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Thursday 22nd January £1

BAD PUBLICITY

Friday 23rd January £1.50

GAFFA (60's Rock 'n' Roll)

+ The Firm Saturday 24th January £1.50

DOLLY MIXTURES

+ The Rapiers Monday 26th January £1

FLASHBACK

Tuesday 27th January £1

HIBISCUS

Wednesday 28th January £1

ALMOST BROTHERS

For information Ring Pete : 01-624 7611

Venue

160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882

Tickets from The Venue Box Office
and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin
Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W1
Postal Applications (P.O.'s only) from
The Venue

FOOD, DANCING, LIVE MUSIC
OPEN TIL 3am EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Thursday, 22nd January £2.00

THE KRAZE

Late Night (22nd) £2.00

ELEKTRO DISKOW

Friday, 23rd January £3.00

THE BLUES BLASTERS

featuring Dick Meddell-Smith and Victor Bria Saturday, 24th January £3.50

OSIBISA

Monday, 26th January and Tuesday, 27th January £4.00

FLO and EDDIE presents

THE 2 1/2 MAN REVUE

featuring HOWARD KAYLAN and MARK VOLMAN Wednesday, 28th January £2.00

NASH THE SLASH

Thursday, 29th January £2.00

JO BROADBERRY & THE STANDOUTS

Late Night £2.00

ELEKTRO DISKOW

FETISH NITE OUT
THROBBING GRISTLE
CABARET VOLTAIRE
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LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 8th FEBRUARY at 7.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 636 3715.
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**JO BROADBERRY
& the standouts**
FIRST SINGLE - OUT NOW
CUT OUT THE REAL
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WED 21 JANUARY - HOPE & ANCHOR
MON 26 JANUARY - MOONLIGHT
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REVENGE RECORDS
the sound of hitting back

**NEW MERLINS
CAVE**
once again offers you
**GREAT MUSIC FROM
JAZZ TO ROCK**
Jazz on Fri 23 Jan with O JAH
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THE MGA BAND
Jazz on Sun 25 Jan with L.A.B.
Funk/Reggae on Mon 26 Jan with
SAFTA
Blues/Jazz on Fri 30 Jan with
SOUTHERN COMFORT
Rock on Sat 31 Jan with
THE MGA BAND
Jazz on Sun 1st Feb with L.A.B.
Rock on Mon 2 Feb with
THE MGA BAND
Latin/Reggae on Fri 6 Feb with
RHYTHM METHOD
Rock on Sat 7 Feb with
THE MGA BAND
Jazz on Sun 8 Feb with L.A.B.
Rock on Mon 9 Feb with **RADIOACTIVE**
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Adm £1 each night
Free Jazz every Sunday Morning
Sat 14 Feb — Celebrate St Valentines
Day with a double bill
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Kings X Tube

Please phone before setting out, check,
but avoiding major disasters, here is
**WHAT'S ON AT THE
ROCK GARDEN**
THE DUTCH COLUMN
THU 22 Imagine John Martyn without the
moulden sentimentalism or Rag Russell free of the
grand-garde military. NME + KEVIN HOWICK
FUMBLE
FRI 23 Harmony Rock'n Roll from a band
with style, wit and humour and set sibilin
From 9 o'clock join Winkie for their
their version of 'Benny's Eyes'. Plus
MIDNIGHT & THE FLYING BOYS
RESTAURANT FOR DOGS
SAT 24 3-piece led by Barry Andrews
lots of XTC. Songs said 5000s are 'idiot
the 2s is the outlandish line up GUN WHEELS
SUN. SCHLEIMER K + TRANSMITTERS + FIVE
MON. SUGGESTION + TRAVEL AGENT
TUE. FABRICATION + SUPPORT
BLUE ORCHIDS
WED. Effervescent pop music that makes
you smile, dance, sit up and listen. said song
DEPARTMENT 5
THU 24 Unreleased but unbeatable enter-
tainment from a likeable 5-piece who have cut
2 collaborating hits — and 5 SINGLES FOR FREE.
The 5-piece open's the life-sized Sunday
when its 12.00 till 12. Real life 6 Cocktails right
thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week
8.30am till 6.00am most days. Phone for details
We are on the corner of King St & James St
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BOTH BANNED
BY THE CENSOR
**THE WILD
ANGELS**
PLUS
THE TRIP
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UNCUT PRINTS

GUILDFORD UNIVERSITY SURREY 30 MINS FROM LONDON
Present: 23rd January
THE AU PAIRS + DELTA 5
Tickets £2
Present 31st January
THE LOOK + PATRIK FITZGERALD
Tickets £2
Present 6th February
HAZEL O'CONNORS MEGAHYPE
Tickets £3.00
Tickets available from University and Record Stores

**BROADWAY
TICKET AGENCY**
Tickets on sale now for
THE WHO
9th, 10th and 11th March
NEIL SADAKA
9th 10th 11th and 12th April
DAVID ESSEX
27th February
BILLY CONNOLLY
30th 31st Jan and 1st Feb
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AGENCY**
8 Claybury Broadway,
Clayhall, Ilford, Essex
Phone 01 551 4138/9

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith W6
Thursday, January 22nd £1
BLURT
+ Sed Among Strangers
Friday, January 23rd £1
THE DECORATORS
+ Ludo's
Saturday, January 24th £1
BRIAN BRAIN
+ Furniture
Tuesday, January 27th £1
THE TRANSMITTERS
+ Then It Rained
Thursday, January 29th £1
THE MUNCHIES
+ Red Alert

BRUNEL ENTS PRESENTS AT BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx.
Friday 23rd January — Kingdom Rooms
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
+ Voice
Tickets £1.25 Advance or on door. Doors open 8.00pm
Friday 30th January in the Sports Bar
GARY GLITTER
+ The Smarties
Tickets £2.50 Advance or on door. Doors Open 8.00pm
Advance Tickets available from Students Union in person or by post

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block
presents
BAD MANNERS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY 7.30pm
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"2-Tone isn't this year's thing, which is really good. It's very easy to go from absolutely nothing to being the future of rock'n'roll in the space of a few months these days. It's a very different thing sustaining it. If you're still there a year later, then that's good going."

— Sir Horace Gentleman, The Specials

"A year ago, everyone was saying we were ska before you were ska! Now they're all saying that they've never had anything to do with it!"

— David Steele, The Beat

THEY MIGHT have raised a few eyebrows with occasional jolly japes like when they cheekily switched bass players to liven up an otherwise-uninspiring new year *Top Of The Pops*, but The Beat and The Specials have surprisingly never toured together before.

Yet the two groups have plenty in common, not least that both have practically stood alone in broadening the musical base of punky-reggae, developing rather than re-hashing the new ska that prospered in the slipstream of 2-Tone's initial outbreak two years ago.

Hence this low-key Emerald Isle engagement, the first ever joint Go-Feet/2-Tone revue, hastily put together following a chance meeting between the two groups for the benefit of various local charities.

The gig at Ulster Hall in Belfast alone raised over £2,000 for an inter-denominational HELP set-up who arrange holidays for both Catholic and Protestant children in the west of Ireland. Proceeds from the Dublin Starlight show, on the other hand, are earmarked for a group of local anti-nuke activists.

"More bands should play places like Belfast. The audience is great, probably better than most of the audiences we've played to in England!"

— Ranking Roger
"Just look at The Beat."



THE NAKED WARRIOR — ROGER



—Nelson Aigren, *The Man With The Golden Arm*

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AND WE'LL ALL TAKE A RIDE!

THE SPECIALS & BEAT IN IRELAND. REPORT: ADRIAN THRILLS. PIX: ANTON CORBIJN

They're really bubbling, even before they go onstage. Watching them makes me feel like a real old campaigner!

— Sir Horace Gentleman

THE BEAT bound around a stage with so much naked enthusiasm and fresh-faced spirit, you would be forgiven for assuming that every gig was their first. They are still absorbed by the thrill of it all, just being there, and reflect that ebullience in two sets that reverberate with upful, positive sound.

Feeding off the fervour of an over-appreciative crowd — the Belfast audience in particular — The Beat's

insatiable verve more than compensates for some live musical shortcomings. Only sedate saxophonist Saxa — more incongruous than ever in a pair of ludicrously patterned canvas baggies topped by trendy Johnson's T-shirt — and drummer Everett Morton are exceptional musicians, but the crosscut rhythms of guitarists Andy Cox and Dave Wakeling give everything a melodic edge and resonance that characterises the group's sound.

David 'Shuffle' Steele, meanwhile, stands in the great British tradition of the physically stylised bassist (Matlock, Simonon, Hook,

Gentleman . . .), his shuffling and prouetting at the back of the stage confirming my deep-seated suspicion that most bassmen are far bigger posers than guitarists can ever hope to be.

But the visual focus, as always, is the irrepressible man in black, Ranking Roger, prince of the freeze-frame skank and ongoing grin. With The Beat instrumentalists — including for the Irish gigs new organist Blockhead — concentrating their attention on musical detail, the onus falls heavily on Roger to project the group, which he does in fine style, eventually becoming so carried away that he forsakes his jacket,

shirt and even that sacred stove-pipe hat by the end of the set.

"We've got really interested in dancing over the last year and looking at the effects that dancing has at a gig. It can make for a really optimistic feel without having to preach, help people go away feeling a bit stronger."

— Dave Wakeling

WITH A SECOND LP, tentatively titled 'Dance Yourself Stupid' due to be cut soonish, The Beat previewed a brace of new unrecorded songs: the bouncy and repetitive 'All Out To Get You', continuing in the racey vein of the sublime 'Too Nice

To Talk To' hit; and the rockier 'I Am Your Flag', inspired by partypolitical adverts the group saw on American TV during the recent election campaign.

The Beat are still at their best on record however, the studio giving them the extra time and space to breathe and indulge their more inventive instincts. Live, they might still lack the impressive upfront dynamism of The Specials, but they are coming on well.

It's great watching them learn.

"These gigs are probably the last time we are doing some of the older songs. The thing is it's a very young



JERRY & DAVE



SAXA & RICO

audience and probably the first time most of them are seeing us, so it's basically a greatest hits set."

— Jerry Dammers

SOME MIGHT maintain they have never fallen from grace since the golden beginnings of 2-Tone, but The Specials have never forgotten what made them great in the first place — the energy and vital vitality of their stage show plus the incisive wit and morality of their lyrics.

Starting both shows with a twin-pronged opening shot of 'Concrete Jungle' and 'Gangsters', The Specials immediately put their hatred of violence and corruption on the line. But it's the newer stuff that really catches the ear: while bassist Horace might be slightly off the mark in a claim that 'International Jet Set' is the best thing the group have ever done, it certainly does stand out as a uniquely disconcerting track. Like much of the 'More Specials' LP, its risks and musical maturity are becoming more apparent with hindsight.

But while The Specials have been either credited or lambasted for "going muzak" on their second LP, the fuller integration of the Rico/Dick Cuthell horn section into their sonic maelstrom has been practically ignored. That horn section — plus the occasional addition of Paul Hesketh on sax — has given the group's uptempo skank an added carnival stridency.

Singer Terry Hall, too, has come on tremendously as a frontman and focal point of the band. Time was when he was more or less submerged by the lunacy of Dammers, Staples and Golding that surrounded him. Now he is the unfussy vortex of the group's newly refined attack.

When a few pissed-up lunkheads threaten to over-run the Dublin date, to the disgruntlement of the rest of the crowd, Hall deals with a potentially nightmarish situation with sensible aplomb, his calming sarcasm making a mockery of his recent conviction by Cambridge's answer to Judge Roughneck.

The disruptions, however, do destroy any continuity The Specials' set might have had and it ends amid an ugly stage invasion, the sort of thing that should have gone out with gobbling.

But at the heart of things, The Specials are keeping their hand in. Sometimes musical tensions and the strain of touring seem to be on the verge of pulling them apart; sometimes they look distinctly jaded as they plough through the likes of 'Too Much Too Young' one more time; sometimes The Specials myth seems to be an albatross of Clash City proportions around their necks, but the spirit lives on all the same. Don't Hargue!

"But we're just being a bit more realistic about things: let's try talking about things and maybe doing something rather than just ignoring it, cause it won't go away by just ignoring it."

— Sir Horace Gentleman

And remember. It's good to be wise when you're young.

IT COULD have been an army recruitment centre, a secret NATO exercise or a group of extras for a remake of *From Here To Eternity*. But it was none of these things.

It was Hyde Park on a Saturday afternoon and the gathering of youths clad in combat gear were waiting to be transported to a destination known only as 'Gommorah'. Really, it was a fancy dress ball.

So welcome to The First Atlas Adventure (does that mean there's more of these fiascos to come?), the shooting of *They Shine So Hard* featuring Echo And The Bunnymen with the video screen debut of this generation's answer to Judy Garland pulled through a hedge backwards — Ian McCulloch.

For £5 the punter gets a little green card and a little pink one: the first entitles him to ten hours of coach travel along Britain's motorways (with stop-offs at those amenable and illustrious transport cafes). So you could be forgiven for forgetting that the little pink pass is for a one hour performance frustratingly placed in the middle of all this excitement.

What, one wonder could be behind a promotional trick such as this which arranges for fleets of coaches from Birmingham, Liverpool and London to converge on what is quite literally the middle of nowhere?

Are Echo devoted, selfish, stupid... or have they nothing better to do?

And as we leave our coaches Bunnymania is well in evidence — the inevitable combat gear, haystack haircuts and snot rags tied around the head. This may have had something to do with the fact that the tickets requested appropriate dress. Then the invading forces march up a snow covered hill overlooking the lights of the town. Deep into the dark chill of the twilight, it stumbles and shivers to find — on



THE VIDEO OF THE FIASCO BEGINS

reaching the top — that, misdirected, they'd arrived at a MoD outpost of some sort. Hal! The irony!

THE ARCHITECTURAL dome and the botanical surrounds of Buxton's picturesque Pavilion Gardens suggest it has been chosen for the film as it evokes the leaf airbrushed scenario of the band's 'Crocodile' LP cover. The foyer has a magnificent display of thick, fleshy plants and onstage a small array arranged with suitable lighting and a camouflage net behind stage and ceiling gives the desired effect. Just when they should be shaking their listeners up, the Bunnymen are playing the most tiresome rock con of all — perpetrating an image as an end in itself.

Their best music comes from the tremulous division between despair and exhilaration, and to maintain their strength and instinctive drive they should be constantly reactivating and re-examining themselves, their motivations and their

music. Events like this can only cement themselves and their audience in a heartless passivity.

For all the (contrived) mystique surrounding the filming, the day proved to be a big anti-climax. (Though the biggest disappointment came when the coach arrived back in London and the assembled throng found that they'd missed the last tubes home and had to walk.

In any case this is merely a standard performance with a few cameras in attendance. The audience appear jaundiced, but then people can hardly be expected to show enthusiasm having endured such a long and cramped journey. But isn't the resulting entropic sham capturing both Echo and audience in a state of suspended animation exactly what a video requires?

ECHO MUSIC has a certain undanceability about it, almost every number is greeted with uniform stasis, and the dour drilled drumbeat at the back of each song

leaves a distinctly unflexible sounding board for movement and rhythmic interaction.

Viewed on an academic basis, however, they have one of the most tantalising and fully flavoured concoctions of modern rock music available. They work as splendidly cohesive technicians with a basic recipe which is faultless but they require much more pressure in their cooking, in their performance and in themselves.

At the centre of their art and the audience's heart is Ian McCulloch, whose dry, humourless introductions belie a by no means reprehensible sexuality which unfolds during the course of the performance as he swaps his big Hofner guitar for a beer bottle and starts to preen and flounce into a swagger with bunched neck muscles and pouting lips — a non-sexist sex symbol is something to be, I guess.

But the dreamlike image of McCulloch flailing in a mental and emotional whirlpool, where colours turn to clouds

and he has to walk around in a wilful stupor to remain untainted by the external confusion and the reckless partying, could eventually be his ruin. It is a Ferry-type myth which points towards self-parody.

TAKEN AS a whole the Bunnymen are, like the Gang of Four and Prometheus, chained to a rock that is their style and their myth. The cool linear development of their performance may cultivate a radiance but the glow sees them revealed as little more than bourgeois artisans. Because Echo and 'All That Jazz' (the lights, the smoke and the military chic) are as much an amoral celebration as an invocation of decay and degradation — not something to relish or in which to be proud. No wonder the fashion factor is such a serious thing — the whole clique of loveliness is a cloak for underlying nihilism and vacuity.

I've no doubt that *They Shine So Hard* will show the Bunnymen in a flattering light, vainly treated as something quite profound; just as similar video excursions by David Bowie and The Boomtown Rats have been.

A stylised band go stale and get embalmed just for posterity; coming to a rich friend's house near you soon.

As I watched a crowd dazed, fascinated and captivated by the whole affair, I found comfort in the words of a Russian philosopher. "They don't know what meaning is; it has vanished from a world in which there is no room any more for the Logos."

But perhaps Peter Anderson was right — maybe I was just wearing the wrong type of jacket.

A
LIVE!
PRODUCTION

THE BUNNYMEN IN GOMMORAH. REPORT: GAVIN MARTIN. PIX: PETER ANDERSON

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR. DADDY?



BUNNYMAN BEHIND THE NETTING



A
LIVE!
PRODUCTION

FERRY ACROSS THE MISERY

Roxy Music

Leicester

ONLY A rock fan would pay for the privilege of being herded into a filthy, freezing barn where seeing the group depends on being over six foot tall or the chance of circumstance of the sea of heads parting long enough for you to focus on the stage.

In these conditions The Passions are inevitably only an interesting diversion at one end of the bleak bulk of Granby Hall. Although their airy pop flies and pierces, its sharp essence is spread far too thinly over the vast venue.

Roxy Music start their set behind six outsized Venetian blinds whose slats swing open to let the sound slink through. When they slowly roll upwards Ferry, Manzanera and Mackay move to the front of the stage, leaving a deferential backline of Gary Tibbs, David Skinner, Neil Hubbard and Michael Dawe behind them.

These days Roxy's music is

a clever pastiche of a distinguished past. The irresistible danger of the dark that they once conveyed so succinctly has been replaced by a cloudy, soft-focus funk and a gentler, sophisticated's disco.

And if love is still Ferry's drug, then he is no longer so obviously dependant, and the lover's meticulous, absorbed obsession has given way to a more resigned sense of regret.

But a new age of hedonism approaches, Roxy Music have already slotted into a fresh set of values with 'Flesh And Blood'. Maybe they sound shallower and more spineless, but their comparative lack of substance makes them supple enough to sway to a new tune. Either the change is due to a desensitisation of Ferry's nerve-endings — an option that seems unlikely from this performance — or he's long since started to commit rock's most castigated crime, that of growing old gracefully by conserving his energies and giving a little less while taking a lot more.

Still, tonight I'm standing on tip-toe on the mud-coated concrete, straining to see round the ill-mannered oafs who are sitting on each other's shoulders, and when Bryan Ferry starts to sing 'Both Ends Burning' I could forgive him and everyone else almost anything.

Ferry is still one of rock's most sensual singers, approaching each song, each debilitating blast of emotion with an unquenched sense of wonder. There's an awed caution in the way he caresses each cadence, an inspired, contrived teasing of every note that gives his voice a revelatory quality as evocative as a shocking, skipped heartbeat at the sight of a once too-familiar face.

When he's swimming slowly across the stage, wading with a pained, pleased expression as if through a thick and clinging sea, or standing at the microphone hands fluttering and face semi-comatose, he still personified the perfect romantic, alive to every

nuance of emotion.

But if Ferry is the alchemist who turns everything he touches into gold, then the rest of Roxy Music are built, unfortunately, of baser metal. Both Manzanera and Mackay (one slightly shrivelled, the latter stiffened), are alternately wheeled out for applause. And while Mackay plays his part with dignity, Manzanera's frequent, uninspired solos are an irksome intrusion. The same goes for the drum solo and other stale rock conceits that at times came perilously close to puncturing the atmosphere.

Irritants apart, Roxy Music had moments that were the best I've seen: the frozen subtleties of 'Flesh And Blood', the sharp intoxication of 'Do The Strand', the measured, melodramatic grandeur of 'Song For Europe', and the perfect timing with which Ferry stopped singing and staggered, crushed, to the side of the stage.

At their best, Roxy Music enshrine an appetite for life

and a thirst for emotional sensation that goes far beyond a shallow celebration of style. Their glamorous soul now fuses styles that cross the range of popular music. All the more reason why their renaissance should be unsullied by unnecessary musical clichés from the pompous rock heritage to which Roxy Music originally provided an alternative.

Lynn Hanna

Dennis Bovell's Dub Band

Commonwealth Institute

"DUB" SAID Dennis Bovell, dubmaster "you just — do it. Spontaneous. That's the effect I wanted to create onstage."

Looked at as a try-out for an idea Dennis has been harbouring for a while — taking a dub band on the road — the evening was pretty successful. The musicians didn't know who was going to be playing till they arrived at

the Commonwealth Institute, and Matumbi's new drummer, Erroll Melbourne, arrived in London from Birmingham just before the show began.

As with so many improvised, spontaneous events, there were moments where the music degenerated into self-indulgent, meandering jams. But Dennis in particular is an innate musician who can't help but make music wherever he goes; seeing him play dub guitar is entertainment and education, gift-wrapped. Perhaps those longeurs are part of the deal.

The musicians — Matumbi-ites Webster and Jah Blake, plus his 13-year old whizz kid brother Paul who shone on keyboards but faltered when switched to bass and guitar, the eloquent James Paxton on sax, and lanky Julio Finn soaring on blues harp, plus Feyoum Netfa on percussion — are good enough to ensure adequate first base on the most casual jam. Hence the frustration — with a little more thought, the music could have been far harder.

Regarded as a prototype test, though, the results were encouraging enough to convince Dennis to pursue the idea.

The evening also featured the debut of a jazzy, funky reggae band called Rebirth, whose vocalist couldn't find his level within the solid playing. While not dramatic as yet, they could develop.

But the most enlightening part of the evening were the poets. Imruh Caesar, journalist, film maker and poet, began with his lively, well-delivered narrative poems of Caribbeans arriving in England — his central image is of England as one big cold outdoor toilet in comparison to the warmth of the islands. Then an African poet presented his revival of the celebrated African oral tradition with a very moralistic, anti-women fairy tale featuring a snotty know-it-all vulture who tries to rig a royal love affair via the mean advantage of being able to bring the dead to life. If that's the oral tradition, I'd stick to sign language.

The last poet was T-Bone Walker, whose cameo part in last week's 'Wolcott' was a gem. His poems were funny and emotional, focusing on domestic details like burning bananas in the frying pan; and homely evocations of the destabilisation of high-rise dwellings brought great applause.

Vivien Goldman

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Jethro Tull

Hammersmith Odeon

IT'S ALWAYS a moving occasion when the real greats of rock'n'roll come to town, and this triumphal appearance by megastars Jethro Tull — arguably the most dynamic and talented group of musicians there has ever been in the history of the universe — was no exception. Of course, I had had to save and save for two years to buy a ticket — not for us true fans the shower of freebies afforded the notorious liggers and freeloaders of the so-called music press — but I can assure you that it was well worth every penny!

Adopting his now-legendary standing-on-one-leg posture throughout the show, superstar Ian Gelfandson quipped: "You know, people always ask me why I have one leg in the air. It's simple: if I lifted both of them, I'd fall down!" — proving once again that he is one of the wittiest people in show business.

The band played a selection of their great hits: 'I Don't Like



"This one's for Lynn Hanna behind those two big oafs." Pic Kevin Cummins.

Thursday', and, er, all those other ones. But without a doubt it was their grand-slam finale — a singalong version of 'Living In The Past' — which really summed the evening up.

Raymond O'Bongo

(Some mistake here, I think. I've got the Boomtown Rats down for this date — Live! Ed).

Restaurant For Dogs

Hope and Anchor

EVER SINCE his early days with XTC, Barry Andrews has had a talent for making his keyboards sound rhythmic and steady yet looped and piecemeal at the same time. He's justly been a person in demand, cropping up all over

the place and making interesting contributions to other people's projects (eg Iggy's 'Soldier' album).

Leave him to his own devices, though — like tonight, the first outing for his Restaurant For Dogs ensemble — and the interesting episodes get blown up into a continuous quirky saga.

Andrews' own voice is an integral part of the plot: in

Swindon Cockney the words, as opposed to lyrics, pour out — "feeding time . . . Holy Father . . . dogs . . . bars . . ." There's a social comment in there somewhere (Zappa goes to Stoke Poges), but it never gets knocked into a catchphrase, especially as Andrews sings from the back of his throat in a whisper that promises drama but never knows how to start or end a song.

Perhaps this function has been left to Karl Asciti, a hairy operatic tenor who really ought to try that barber in Seville. But how interesting to have a 'real' singer, with two female accomplices, vocalising across Barry. At the same time, Bruce McRae's guitar teams up with the keyboards as much as it spits against them; the results, however, aren't always audible, and Bruce is

symbolically sat down out of sight.

Again, it's all very int-er-esting — in the sense of being novel and slightly bizarre. But who is this music speaking to? Because, though it's never superficial, neither does it seem very relevant. The whole event just slips that bit too easily into the 'difficult to categorise' category. It has attracted a criss-cross audience, even if there is a pre-dominance of those serious bohemians who always get particularly excited by Fripp or later Talking Heads.

The music scene has its many ghettos, and Restaurant For Dogs (bits of pop, funk, reggae and opera) are already headed for the desperately eclectic one. The band can't punch out an identity for themselves, just as Barry's Englishness is no perspective on the nation, merely one person's small-time vision: Sam Weller not Paul.

If the top line of the band frequently come over as doers rather than fighters, then bassist David Marx and Kevin Wilkinson — who's the sort of drummer Stewart Copeland would like to be — do manage to pressure them into tension of the funky but determinedly non-chic variety.

'Le Freak' gave the game away: the cynical gloss of the original was stripped away to be replaced by (good old shabby England!) eccentricity with a beat. But did it get the audience going, probably some of the crowd who used to convince themselves that Robert Wyatt had done great things for 'I'm A Believer'.

I tapped my feet and for the first time in my life found it to be an utterly empty experience.

Paul Tickell

A
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ANYONE INTERESTED in forming N.W. experimental band. Phone 832760 Preston (Dorset).

BASS AND DRUMS by guitarist (191) to form a dance band using the squat and dote method. Should have broad musical tastes and the usual level of ability that goes with a couple of years of learning. Chris 0325 65416, daytime.

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DRUMMER URGENTLY needed. Ants influenced. Phone Hemel Hempstead 0442 80988.

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FORWARD LOOKING band require new bass + guitar players with looks + sense. Dan 435 7969.

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TUITION 22p per word

STUDIO ENGINEERING tuition in 8-track studio. 01-588 8846.

DIS

Liverpool, too, shows no signs of letting up on the encouraging flood of fresh

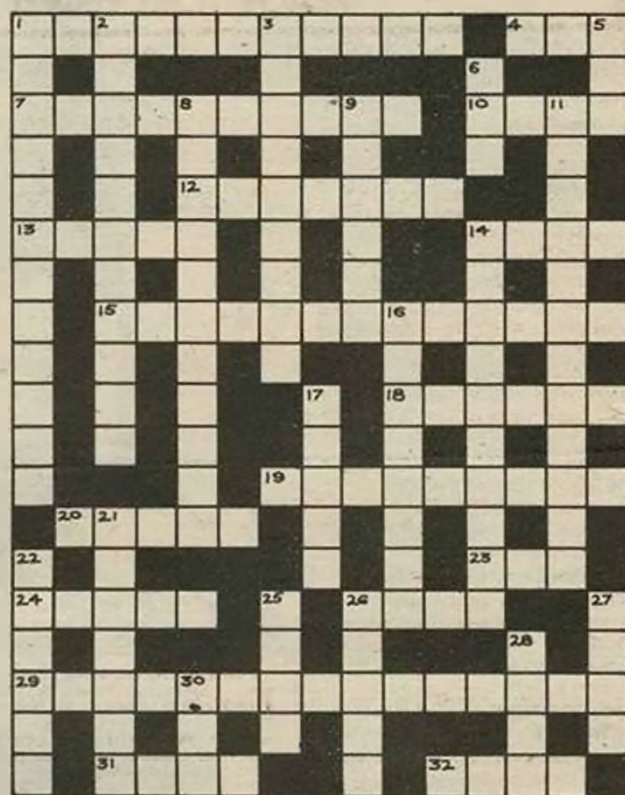


B-Movie's new 12", on the Lincoln independent Dead Good, suffers a sort of identity crisis, being a 45 single on one side and a 33 album on the other. Nevertheless it's a comprehensive showcase, containing an uncertain mix of the mundane and the promising. A bit of sparkle in the vocals might help, plus a lot of enlightenment all round.



WESLEY MAGOOGAN: This Guy's In Love With You (Mainly Modern). Oh no, even worse. Saxist of Hazel O'Connor's band brings out interminable muzak version of Herb Alpert hit, disco style, girlie chorus. Jesus.

- 1 The origin of 'Rapture'
- 2 B-52-er (5,6)
- 3 Half of 'Abandoned Luncheonette' partnership (5,4)
- 5 Antlabel
- 6 Alexis Korner band whose early '70s hits included "Walkin" and "Tap Turns On The Water" (1,1,1)
- 8 C&W starlet (5,6)
- 9 Patti Smith album
- 11 Gary Numan on the morning after? (4,8)
- 14 "---- -- Dancing": David Bowie (4,3,4)
- 16 See 17
- 17 & 16 Pretenders smash (5,2,6)
- 21 See 14 across
- 22 See 18
- 25 & 27 Your happening DJ (if it's happening at Anfield!)



28 Following for the oyster?
30 Chrysalis heavy rock outfit

DOWN: 1 Dexy's Midnight Runners; 2 Barry; 3 'Fade To (Grey)'; 4 (Nick) Tesco; 5 (Tina) Turner; 6 George Melly; 11 'Penny Lane'; 13 Josef K.; 14 'Death Disco'; 19 (Billy) Joel; 22 Devo; 24 Nicky (Tesco); 25 Patti (Smith); 27 Tina (Turner); 28 Kiki (Dee); 29 RCA.

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[illegible]

Live - Ray McEntarney (S) - No	(2,75)	2 Pat Mac Donnell - Convent - <i>Beauty/Jessica</i>	(2,30)
Nocturnal Incubation - <i>Rock</i>	(2,75)	3 The Lanes - <i>Tommy McConn</i>	(2,30)
Rock Alive! - Big Heat	(2,75)	4 East Of River Road - <i>Acoustic Pub</i>	(2,30)
Presenting Young McCook - <i>Sly & Robbie</i>	(2,75)	5 Nocturnal - <i>Five Senses</i>	(2,30)
Empire Theatres - <i>Beauty World</i>	(2,75)	6 Travelogue Brothers - <i>Public Side</i>	(2,30)
Hot & Cold - Keith Statham	(2,75)	7 World War III - <i>Military Band</i>	(2,30)
Dad & Pops - <i>Scenarios on Space Investors</i>	(2,75)	8 Rains Road - <i>Rock</i> <i>Don't Judge Yet</i>	(2,30)
Rock Club Dub - <i>The Larry Poppies</i>	(2,75)	9 Dullness Dub - <i>Noveltymania</i>	(2,30)
Ready Or Not Here I Stand - <i>Johnny Deakane</i>	(2,75)	10 Black Man (Pw) - <i>Tagger Clark</i>	(2,30)
Best Of - <i>Radio</i>	(2,75)	11 Shimmie - <i>Shim Sham</i>	(2,30)
Live Greatest Hits - <i>Prince Buster</i>	(2,75)	12 Girl I Love You - <i>Johnny Clark</i>	(2,30)
Rock & Roll - <i>Shannon Corporation</i>	(2,75)		

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50

Britain's Electrical Specialists

GASBAG

This is an introduction to a letter. About surprises galore — shifts of critical perspective — the irredeemable meeting the irrefutable — a sudden spark of awareness — a rapp payback — a revelation!

Ian Penman: young blood, old mind — cerebral masturbation in a twilight zone — polysyllabic pontification — short circuits flashing a blue haze of alliteration — not so much enigmatic as enigmatic — who give a shit? He is difference in predictable surroundings. In grubby reality you can only hope to be a pen, man. But none so fine as a quail's quill or such. Yours is an unfelt tip. Pardon me for saying so, but the whole way you pose convincingly suggests an absence of head. Out-of-frame or otherwise.

James Brown: old blood, young mind — body heat on guerrilla street — ours if we choose it, his because he can't escape it. It's not a matter of posing (but he does, but he does) it's a question of survival. On May 3 he'll have personally survived for 48 years — on Feb 4 he'll have professionally survived for 25 years — on any day he's mightier than the media. From 'Please Please Please' to 'Rapp Payback' — a silver jubilee of liver than you'll ever be. And on till he dies on his feet, still screaming for something that he'll never have.

And yet, just for a second there, the unexpected thrill of understanding zapped the critic. "James Brown can be imitated and copied but rarely equalled," he says. "James Brown can never be underestimated or undervalued," he says. And even if he did mean "should never be underestimated..." it can only amount to an unprecedented breakthrough — a revelation! That deep down inside that inadequately expressed exterior, Ian Penman has soul.

Can I be the first to say, who'd have thought it? Cliff White, Charly Records, London W6. Sure. But I don't believe either of you. — M.S.

The first of loads of letters on Paul Morley's death; as a writer anyway. Whether Orange Juice's next single is a hit or not, dear Paul should resign — for the typewriter is taking over where the hearty darkness that once characterised his work left off.

Once it was Penman's irksome task to build canals of word play with his fidgety fingers, but since his consummation by the Holy Spirit his articles have been increasingly enjoyable, self-deprecatory, even funny (the Skids one was a killer). Now it seems to be Paul's intention to take up where that lovable buffoon left off. Not that Paul approaches the keys in quite the same way; it's more a matter of consistently damning himself with quaint phrase.

I hope Paul reads this and sulks for weeks. The Rev. Nicholas J. Dwyer, Brighton. Oh, he will, he will. — M.S.

If Paul Morley is half as great as he writes he is, I'd like to know his secret. God, currently appearing at Kilmarnock. He doesn't like pubs or Paul Weller; is that any help? — M.S.

I have been buying NME since 1963, and in all that time I have never felt like joining in the weekly brawl in Gasbag over musical opinions. But now I'm angry — really angry. Not just a little bit, but furious, you understand?

In the almost three years since it was first broadcast in March '78, your scummy, arrogant, opinionated little rag has had not one kind word to say about *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy*. Never mind the fact that it's a brilliantly witty, subtle,

imaginative, original and weird piece of satire; it has a huge following; it brings together people from many different generations and makes them laugh (so what if it's not in vogue?). The TV adaptation is brilliant, and fully lives up to — sometimes exceeds — my expectations and those of many other people; and it's cheaper than *The Encyclopaedia Galactica* and has the words "don't panic" inscribed in large, friendly letters on the cover.

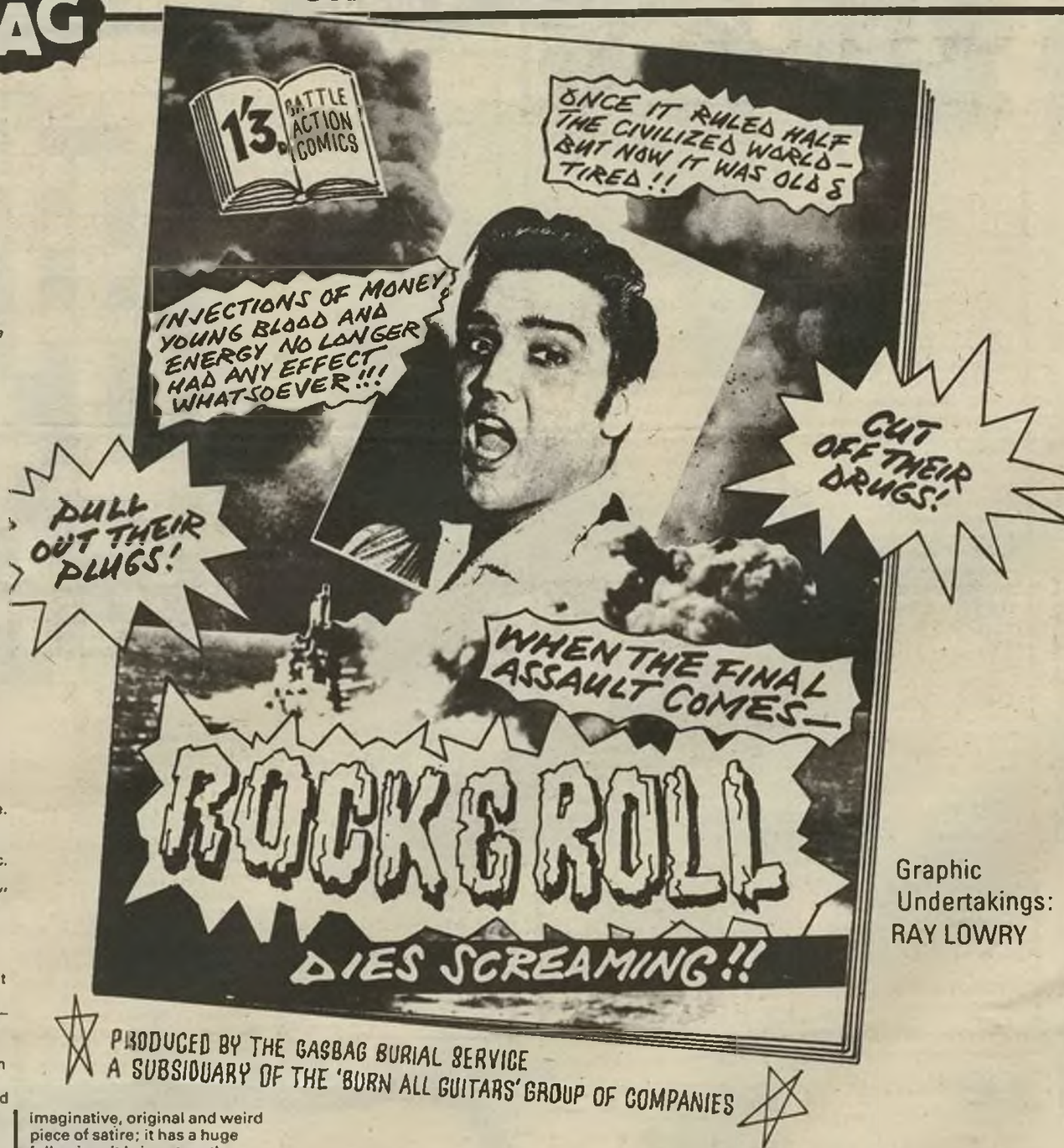
The only time I can recall NME actually acknowledging its existence was in the Christmas edition of '79 when it was listed in the 'Last Year's Thing' column. Had it ever been 'This Year's Thing'? Well of course not! How could it have been, if you'd never even reviewed it, in any of its incarnations?

On the other hand, Julie Burchill fires off in all directions about the mindless tedium of sit-coms on TV, the visual chewing gum of the mass audiences who can't be bothered to use more than one brain cell at a time. Good thing too, I thought. But now you come along and tell us what a dull, uninteresting programme this is. Half a good idea? Don't make me laugh! There are more good ideas in a millimetre of *Hitch-Hiker's* than in a light year's worth of all the other TV comedy put together (with the possible exception of *Not The Nine O'Clock News*).

Of course, I expect that, in keeping with the 'quick fix' attitudes prevalent in today's entertainment, you've only heard it once, and then only bits and pieces in between the bath filling up and the water being sloshed around. I bet you haven't even got a yellow rubber duck, and wouldn't know why if you had.

Life? Don't talk to me about life. Marvin, *The Very Annoyed Android*, (Terry Platt and Peter Dallman), Balham, London SW12. It's a deal. — M.S.

ON RUE MORGUE



Graphic Undertakings: RAY LOWRY

In an interview on Granada TV, Bev Bevan ranted on about how he deserves all his money because he's worked very hard for it. The interviewer, a bit surprised at this attitude, asked "Are you a Tory?" Bevan replied, "Oh, yes. Very much so."

Why do they only shoot the good guys? Smeg, St Helens, Merseyside

A note to Monty Smith: So Sarah Wiggins and Helen Lunn are too "fucking liberal" for your tastes, then? Well, I'd rather have that than the vicious, hypocritical, emotional nonsense bandied about irresponsibly in the NME these past two or three issues, regarding the Lennon murder. A "death threat" to Parsons and Burchill?

Comments like, "I'd like to rip the heart out of the bastard that killed him." And, "Anybody want to contribute to the Save Mark Chapman From The Chair fund?" Understandable, certainly (and OK, Monty, your little sneer is an attack on opportunist liberalism — rather like the old 'tongue-in-cheek' swastikas) but is this what Lennon wanted? Is this what he deserves, to have his message of all-embracing compassion thrown back into his face? I mean, is this the NME, or the *Daily Express* readers versus Myra Hindley?

Thank God for the Lowry cartoon, "All he wanted was peace", which put the matter in perspective. The hatred and venom spat out in the above quotations is in total contradiction to John Lennon's message and totally repugnant to any progression towards his values, which Yoko Ono implored might come of his death. Peace, love and understanding includes everybody — there is no sub-clause, 'except fucking

psychos'. If you find that hard to stomach, it just shows how far there is to go. That's why Yoko Ono, an example to us all in this respect, described Chapman as 'A very confused person'.

(Would you have said to her what you said to Sarah Wiggins?) Yoko Ono's courageous refusal to succumb to adversity was genuinely inspiring — the NME not so. And until rock people in general learn to start Rocking For as well as Rocking Against, I can't see this situation changing. David S, Barwick-in-Elmet, Nr Leeds. I don't understand your references to swastikas or Myra Hindley but otherwise you're right, Dave: let's all pat Mark Chapman on the head — the guy's sick, right? — M.S.

I just do not believe in people like Sarah Wiggins. Why don't we all go around murdering innocent people, just to be noticed? Sarah, darling, I suggest you look into working with the mentally handicapped and stop being so trendy and hip. Slick, Somewhere

Happy War (Xmas Is Over). Anonymous

It looks like through death one can achieve pop chart success. Please forward this information to Phil Lynott, Phil Collins and Freddie Mercury. Philip Maguire, Newry, Co. Down.

Somebody sends Thatcher a letter-bomb and it gets intercepted by a postman. That's the real working class for you. Frustrating, isn't it? John Smith, London NW2.

Do your staff feel that they are justified in criticising the policies of one of the greatest political thinkers of this century,

merely because Mrs Thatcher isn't as obsessed as they seem to be with pandering to the lower classes?

Andrew Gray, Kimberley, Notts. Yes — M.S.

I think that it is significant that Ronald Reagan should take office in this, the International Year of the Disabled. However, an apocalypse would prevent the British government being in the embarrassing position of having to provide extra amenities for those who need them. Ted.

It might interest your readers that P. McCreath's letter (10.1.81) was lifted almost word for word from *Film As Film* by V. F. Perkins (opening paragraph, Chapter 4). At least he had the intelligence to substitute 'music' for 'film/cinema'. I hope Mr Perkins sues.

R. Thomas, Horsell, Surrey. This letter is typical of a number we have received on this subject. Which just goes to show that some of you read some mighty queer books. — M.S.

I really larked when I saw Unlawful Janice's letter (Gasbag 10.1.81) hopefully pondering if her collection of 48 cassette recordings was a record. At last count I had 631 home recorded cassettes, and a collection of 310 albums. Beat Junky, York, Yorks. Big sucker, I guess — M.S. (apologies to Stan Laurel)

48 tapes?! Gosh! Silly cow. Ian, Edinburgh

I am proud to say that I have no cassette tapes at home, and wish to have nothing whatsoever to do with them. M. McLaren, High Wycombe.

Karen Neville's letter about The Slits was far more revealing of herself than of the individuals she finds so offensive.

If the interview with the group confirmed anything it was that any frustrations they experience arise from the shortcomings outside of themselves and not in themselves. It is, of course, entirely up to Karen Neville if she wishes to find the members of the group 'tasteless' and 'thoroughly repulsive' as examples of our species.

Secondly, the song 'Girls And Their Willies' is not sexist but anti-sexist. It states a biological fact, that a woman's clitoris is the equivalent of a man's penis, which has been and still is suppressed, for women are actively discouraged from realising their sexuality, or through it their strength and independence. I suppose Karen Neville finds the Thin Lizzy song, 'Killer On The Loose', more acceptable — being closer to the 'norm' — or the on-stage rapist persona of the Saxon drummer. I don't see how The Slits, or any other female group, can compare with this for bestiality. And the male equivalent to 'Girls And Their Willies' is around us all the time, not just in music but in our whole culture.

The people in rock, and elsewhere, who are debasing themselves are those who avoid making statements, who will not take a stand upon issues unimportant to them, and who generally play it clean and keep it orthodox: they're all working for the clampdown.

Simply by using a phrase such as 'two-bit tarts' Karen Neville shows that she still has not seen through the sexual double-standard by which prostitutes are cheap filth but man can make use of their services without becoming devalued.

Ms Caroline Legge, Coventry

I'd just like to thank Paul Du Noyer for the strong stand he took with regards to this one (10.1.81), and what he said goes for me, too. — M.S.

Ari Upp left school early, well before she had time to learn the niceties of toilet training. But I'm sure Viv will read Karen Neville's letter to her, so that she too can learn from Karen's pure wisdom.

Rin Tin Tin, Wandsworth

If the Rastas really do want to go to Africa, what's stopping them? And when they quite rightly condemn racism how can they justify being so overtly sexist?

A Puzzled Dunstable Person Search I. — HORSEMOUTH

So you've found the four lollipops in addition to the Toblerone — now find the hitchhiker! Johann

Actually, there are five lollipops. Now, what about the bananas? With that I trust this correspondence is now closed. Sweetie Norman, 'The Leaks', Westminster.

Re: Gavin Martin's Sweet review. Do you not think there's a double standard operating here? I mean, it's OK to dig up fashionable old Iggy whenever he's off junk long enough to crawl into the studio. So what's his beef? Sus, Birmingham

Laying 'em out on the slab:

MORT SMITH

Spirit your mail to us at:

Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PG.

T-ZERS

ON SHABBY ROAD

You have disowned punk rock. Have you forgotten that all these arty farty bands you give space to — especially your own poser, Nick Kent — were all punks once? So were your writers, after they were hippies. Thankfully, there are those

who keep the faith: Discharge, Poison Girls, Crass, Killing Joke, etc. But there are more: in Birmingham there's GBH and The Drongos, in Derby, Anti Pasti. All these groups deserve support from your posey, influential rag. Print this letter, because I bet that when it appears, you'll have articles on these great new bands, just loads of crappy posers.

Smelly Jimmy and the System Haters, Camden

Well, Smell, you won't believe this but on pages 23-36 there's a giant spread on Punk '81. You won't believe this, because I'm pulling your leg. No, we're going to stick awhile with the Post-Modernist Pre-Holocaust baubles and bubbly brigade, because they add so much joy to our miserable little lives and they're fun, fun, fun! See you by the make-up counter in Boots. — M.S. Despatch a flagship to Derby. — N.S.

Chelsea are a good side, South Africa is a democratic society, Maggie Thatcher is an excellent head of state, and Nick Kent is an enigma. What do you think? Cheryl Ann, Edgbaston

Nick Kent is an enigma! Who can deny it? A. Whackol Kent!

I was startled when I read 'The Almost Legendary Nick Kent Story'. I would suggest that Mr Kent is a rock'n'roll casualty, not because he is struggling to eradicate the "washed up junkie Keith Richard look-alike image", but because he is trapped by the infantile mentality that perpetuates the whole rock star myth, from 'hard' living and broken teeth, to nail varnish and 'certain chemicals' etc. I am surprised that the NME does not feel that there are more pressing issues to discuss in its paper than Mr Kent's eating habits, genitalia or Bohemian lifestyle.

If the likes of Nick Kent are the sum of the changes and progress that have taken place in modern music over the past six years then I fear that something has gone dreadfully wrong.

B. Durante, Somerset. Next week, Max Bell interviewed by Penny Reel. — M.S.

I was surprised to read that your Mr Salewicz was 'touched' to find a torn-up NME in the toilet of Nick Kent's abode. There's nothing particularly touching about this. What, may I ask, is one supposed to do with the NME? Read it? Reg, the one with the veg, Kent God forbid! — M.S.

Leave this paper, Satan! The power of Christ compels you! Father Lancaster Merrin, Georgetown, Washington.



Morty compares the brains of a headbanger (left) with that of Brian Eno.

WHO WOULD credit it? American Express? An Algerian banker? The very same week that Iran's popular figurehead, Ayatollah Khomeini, gave the USA the nod for the release of her beleaguered hostages we called Steve Strange for a quote. "It's not really the weather for kilts, is it Jimmy?" was his riposte. And this scarcely minutes after purchasing a valuable full length she-wolf fur coat (boo, hiss) at a theatrical costumier's clear-out in Knightsbridge. Strange, ever mindful of a bargain, spotted the hide retailing at a paltry fifty quid. Observant of the snip Strange fumbled for his PR's wallet and was soon hot foot for Wimbledon where a furrier reckoned it to be worth five hundred berries.

And the NME is still Bob Geldof's "favourite paper" according to a totally unreliable source. Contrary as usual though poor Bob granted us an exclusive interview at the Hammersmith Odeon last week when he dedicated something known as 'Me And Howard Hughes' to someone called 'Nick Kent'. Warming to his task, Geldof urged the slumbering audience to send all their snapshots of his Boomtown band to either Jackie magazine, or NME.

Film news: The Rolling Stones are writing songs together for the forthcoming soundtrack accompaniment to Werner Herzog's gripping Peruvian melodrama (starring Mick Jagger). There'll be a season of Herzog fictions at the NFT next month.

Mick's old pal Marianne Faithfull was nominated for a Grammy Award for her parts in 'Broken English'. Nominated by whom you may ask? The Grammy Board in L.A. (where else?). Marianne was having her wisdoms extracted when T-Zers called for verification.

Transplanted New Yorkers The Stray Cats found themselves in a Wolcott type situation when their London flat was burgled last week. Amongst the debits — a lot of gear, a stereo and Brian 'Alka Setzer's 1957 Gretsch (as well as a Gibson and a Telecaster of similar vintage). Stray Cats were victims of a full scale rip-off 'cos none of their possessions was insured.

THAT MAN of Catholic taste and cloth Richard Jobson was spotted singing an Irish rebel song 'The Band Played Waltzing Matilda' unaccompanied at Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura last Sunday. He braved two verses before cool audience reaction (GBH, flying glasses, minor flesh wounds) forced a nifty stage vacation (immortalised on celluloid incidentally, Richard). Alternative (synonym for totally unfunny) comic Keith Allen began his show at the same gig from the women's toilets where he tried to organise a fire drill (don't call us, Keith). From next week the Cabaret moves to a Monday night spot at another location, 13 Wardour Street.

On a more culturally enlightening note. Is there any truth in the rumour that Richard Wagner's one surviving relative Winifred is suing Strange (either one) for his use of 'Tristan Und Isolde' (Tristan And Isolde) at the start of his act? Well, is there?

Holly and The Italians (a duff name whichever way you



So, little grasshoppers, answer us this ancient T-zers riddle. Why did the Gang Of Four cross the road? Was it: a) To get to the other side b) To get to the off licence c) To go into exile in the far flung province of Ah-Bee Roh d) As a cheap publicity gimmick e) To go to work Answers on a postcard of the great wall of Wapping to Hugo Burnham, c/o Running Hyenas of Capitalism, Manchester Square, London W.1.

turn it up) have just finished their debut album with Richard Gottehrer, better employed working with Link Wray. It's taken 'em long enough.

An office incident: Two men from I-D fashion magazine called in to see Paul Morley. "Jesus, and I haven't got my best clothes on," worried Paul

DRUG CORNER: Motorhead's road manager James O'Neill was granted a conditional discharge after a cannabis raid at his gaffe last October. And Horseferry Court played host to a veritable galaxy of stars, well, two anyway, when Jimmy Page elected to stand trial by jury after being found in possession of Peruvian talcum powder and five Physeptone tablets (methadone) the day after Marianne Faithfull (mentioned elsewhere in this column in a dental situation), 33, failed to appear to answer charges of cannabis and heroin possession.



from Leeds The Mekons write to tell us that they never did sack Mr Corrigan because he went to work for Bow Wow Wow. Nope, "No matter how distasteful, The Mekons have always allowed their members to lead separate lives." Damn decent of them.

Who said Americans were dumb? Keith Richard has been asked to vacate his luxury New York digs after neighbours complained one time too many times 'bout the wasted Stone's tendency to play loud rock and roll music

24 hours a day. Said Keef: "Eh, wot?"

A glance at the forthcoming Chrysalis/Two Tone film *Dance Crazy* which features Bad Manners, The Beat, The Bodysnatchers-as-were, The Selector and The Specials reveals snappy shooting and good sound(s). Title-wise the director Joe Massot felt that "there was dance in it... and there was craze". Harumph! The Selector weren't too happy with the end-product though, with Pauline Black insisting on redoing all her vocals and further additions/deletions being requested by the band. As for The Madness verdict: "Shambolic, but at least we're up there dancing". *Dance Crazy* should be at your screen sometime in late February.

JUNIOR Records boss Steve Hindle and aspiring popster Howard Fielding from The Feel were stopped and questioned in their native Oldham for allegedly pissing on a Conservative Club. The two were not charged with the offence due to insufficient evidence and would like to thank P.C. Blacker for his close attentions.

Henry Padovani, better known as the bloke who missed the boat as The Police's first guitarist, is all over the nationals of late in his guise as a member of the little known Subterraneans. According to one rag it was all that nasty Andy Summers' fault. "Because he was older and more experienced he started bossing me around... I just wish I had some of their dough." Many of us, who have never been in The Police, agree with Henry on this point.

Elvis Costello's fabulous new album 'Trust' owes nothing whatsoever to either Robert Parker or Allen Toussaint. The songs 'Watch Your Step' and 'From A Whisper To A Scream' bear no relation whatsoever to songs of the same name by the above mentioned artists. 'Trust' us, it's good.

Far fetched? Believe it or not (smart money on the latter) but both WEA and Polydor are rumoured to be sniffing after the vacant Members' contract according to a bewildered J.C.

Hot on the heels of fellow Specials' Jerry unt Terry and their brush with the law, front man Neville Staples claims that he's just received fittings for three (count 'em, Nev) paternity suits. As the sprogs in question approach their third year Staples tells us that anyone else who wants a bit of off the peg tailoring can stick with Burton's.

JOSEF K have nixed their debut album 'Sorry For Laughing' (Postcard) on the grounds that they ought to have done it better. According to PC gaffer Alan Horne "It was good, but only about as good as Echo and The Bunnymen." Scottish git! We'll be the judge of how good it was.

Talking of E and the B, it was a strange sight indeed to witness several hundred camouflaged youth running amuck at Marble Arch tube recently en route for the Peak District's world famous beauty spot Buxton where The Bunnies played a secret, mysterious type gig thing that was so obscure that the coach drivers taking the punters were forced to dump their charges somewhere near Biggin Hill. A bedraggled assortment followed their twitching noses to the Floral Hall, Buxton and so missed the gig altogether.

Next week we have an exclusive interview with Frankie Avalon. And Bob Geldof breaks his silence (and so does Elvis Costello and Marlon Brando, Tehran Radio and Prince Charles and the Aga Khan but not unfortunately within our earshot).

But just before that we might as well tell you that the Adrian Wright in The Distractions has left but there is still an Adrian Wright in The Human League. There is very little truth in the rumour that the Adrian Wright in The Distractions (as was) is about to join The Human League. Or vice versa.

HERE WE GO AGAIN!



NME

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This List

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2 (2) CNO	20p
3 (3) Amy Invention	20p
4 (4) Amy Ne 2	20p
5 (5) Amy Ne 1	20p
6 (6) Jam - Start	20p
7 (7) Jam - Pop Art	20p
8 (8) Agn - Physical	20p
9 (9) Echo & The Bunnymen	20p
10 (10) Amy Ne 3	20p

New Releases (20p) (NB + 15p P&P)

Source - Great Undertones - See No More, Royal
Raiders, Theatre of Hate, Theatre of Hate - Legion,
Waka, Stray Cats, Passions - The Summer Vision
Collusion, The Dops, Little Bob Story, Selector Too
much Pressure, UB40, Bowie - Ashes to Ashes,
Adams, Six Patrol, Carpenters, Au Pair, Meteors, Black
Slave, Mc Derris - Story So Far, Trix, Heat, Health A,
Efficiency, Studio 1, Girls At Our Best, Brian Brain, The
Demons, The Petcoats, New Cabaret Voltage, New
Essential Job, Scenics, Capt. Beetham, Atwood
Sheds, Spandau Ballet, Rockade, OMD, Comus
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