

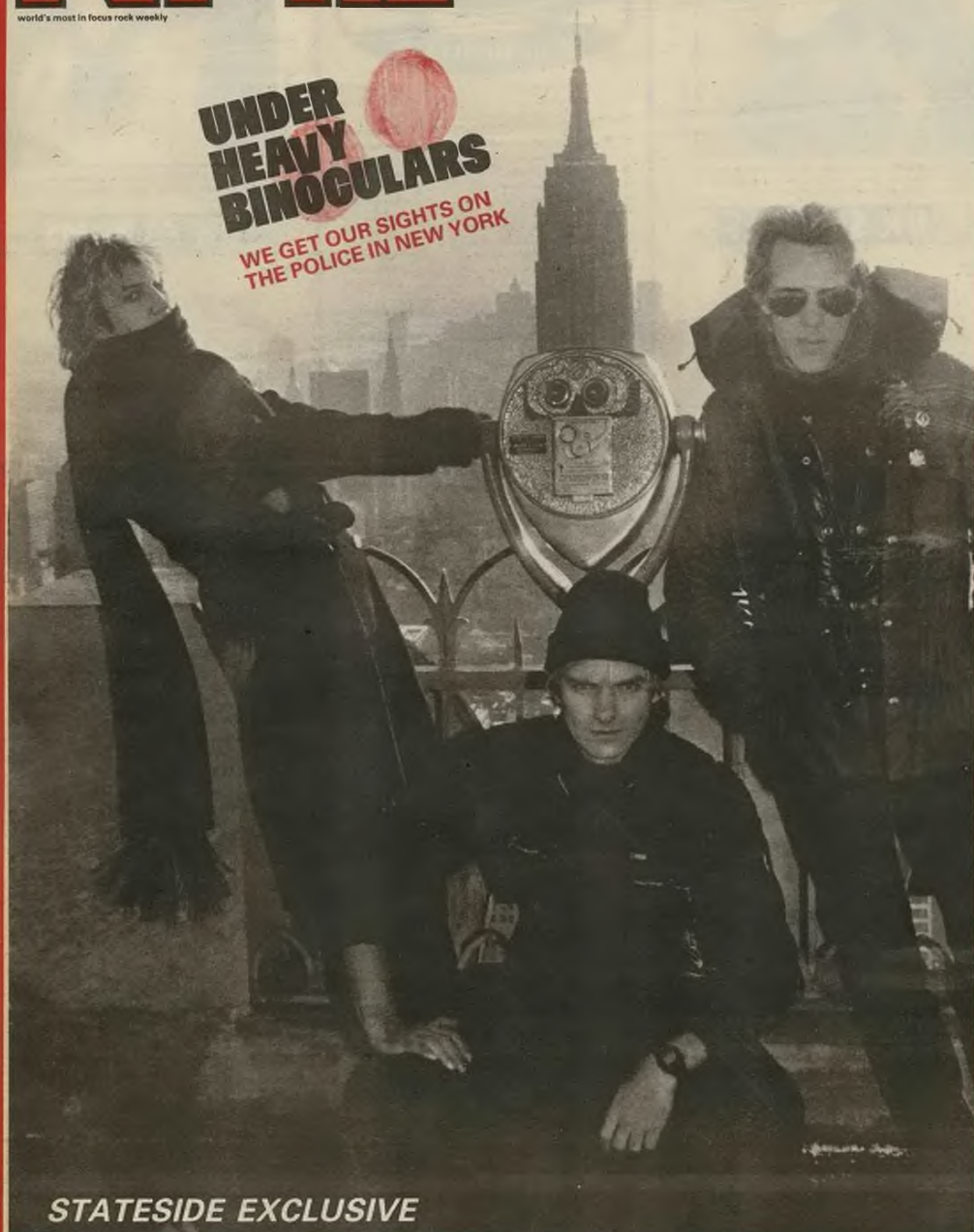
NEW NME EXPRESS MUSICAL

world's most in focus rock weekly

CUBAN HEELS • SHAKING PYRAMIDS

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**UNDER
HEAVY
BINOCULARS****WE GET OUR SIGHTS ON
THE POLICE IN NEW YORK****STATESIDE EXCLUSIVE**



Pic: Robert Ellis.

Life can be hard, even for chart-toppers like Phil Collins. As this tragic pic from Skid Row shows, there was a time when Phil barely had two million dollars to rub together.

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
February 7th, 1981

US SINGLES

This Last Week

- | | | | |
|----|------|---|--------------------------|
| 1 | (1) | The Tide Is High | Blondie |
| 2 | (3) | Celebration | Kool & The Gang |
| 3 | (2) | (Just Like) Starting Over | John Lennon |
| 4 | (4) | Passion | Rod Stewart |
| 5 | (7) | 9 To 5 | Dolly Parton |
| 6 | (8) | I Love A Rainy Night | Eddie Rabbitt |
| 7 | (5) | Love On The Rocks | Nell Diamond |
| 8 | (10) | Same Old Lang Syne | Dan Fogelberg |
| 9 | (12) | Keep On Loving You | Reo Speedwagon |
| 10 | (14) | Hey Nineteen | Steely Dan |
| 11 | (9) | Every Woman In The World | Air Supply |
| 12 | (11) | Hlt Me With Your Best Shot | Pat Benatar |
| 13 | (16) | Giving It Up For Your Love | Delbert McClinton |
| 14 | (—) | Woman | John Lennon |
| 15 | (6) | Lady | Kenny Rogers |
| 16 | (21) | The Best Of Times | Styx |
| 17 | (13) | Hungry Heart | Bruce Springsteen |
| 18 | (20) | Miss Sun | Boz Scaggs |
| 19 | (23) | I Ain't Gonna Stand For It | Stevie Wonder |
| 20 | (—) | Treat Me Right | Pat Benatar |
| 21 | (25) | The Winner Takes It All | Abba |
| 22 | (27) | Heartbreak Hotel | The Jacksons |
| 23 | (24) | Together | Tierra |
| 24 | (—) | Crying | Don McLean |
| 25 | (29) | A Little In Love | Cliff Richard |
| 26 | (—) | Games People Play | The Alan Parsons Project |
| 27 | (28) | He Can't Love You | Michael Stanley Band |
| 28 | (—) | Smoky Mountain Rain | Ronnie Milsap |
| 29 | (—) | Hello Again (Love Theme From 'The Jazz Singer') | Neil Diamond |
| 30 | (—) | Seven Bridges Road | Eagles |



Pic: Gus Stewart.

"Hello, I'd just like to express my gratitude to all my fans, who've bought my new album. Thank you for your trust, I shall wear it always."

UK SINGLES

This Last Week

Highest Weeks In

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|---|----|
| 1 | (4) | In The Air Tonight | Phil Collins (Virgin) | 3 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | Woman | John Lennon (Geffen) | 2 | 3 |
| 3 | (1) | Imagine | John Lennon (Apple) | 6 | 1 |
| 4 | (8) | Rapture | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 2 | 4 |
| 5 | (13) | Vienna | Ultravox (Chrysalis) | 2 | 5 |
| 6 | (10) | Don't Stop The Music | Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury) | 3 | 6 |
| 7 | (2) | Ant Music | Adam & The Ants (CBS) | 7 | 2 |
| 8 | (17) | Fade To Grey | Visage (Polydor) | 3 | 8 |
| 9 | (7) | I Am The Beat | The Look (MCA) | 4 | 7 |
| 10 | (5) | Young Parisians | Adam & The Ants (Decca) | 3 | 5 |
| 11 | (12) | I Ain't Gonna Stand For It | Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 5 | 5 |
| 12 | (22) | A Little Love | Cliff Richard (EMI) | 2 | 12 |
| 13 | (24) | Romeo And Juliet | Dire Straits (Vertigo) | 2 | 13 |
| 14 | (25) | Return Of The Los Palmas 7 | Madness (Stiff) | 2 | 14 |
| 15 | (23) | Gangsters Of The Groove | Heatwave (GTO) | 3 | 15 |
| 16 | (—) | The Freeze | Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis) | 1 | 16 |
| 17 | (—) | I Surrender | Rainbow (Polydor) | 1 | 17 |
| 18 | (14) | Runaround Sue | Racey (RAK) | 4 | 14 |
| 19 | (6) | Do Nothing | Specials (2-Tone) | 6 | 3 |
| 20 | (9) | Too Nice To Talk To | The Beat (Go-Feat) | 7 | 4 |
| 21 | (30) | Twilight Cafe | Susan Fassbender (CBS) | 2 | 21 |
| 22 | (18) | It's My Turn | Diana Ross (Motown) | 3 | 18 |
| 23 | (—) | Burn Rubber On Me | Gap Band (Mercury) | 3 | 24 |
| 24 | (15) | Scary Monsters | David Bowie (RCA) | 4 | 15 |
| 25 | (28) | Lorraine | Bad Manners (Magnet) | 3 | 25 |
| 26 | (11) | Flash | Queen (EMI) | 8 | 6 |
| 27 | (—) | The Elephant's Graveyard | Boomtown Rats (Ensign) | 1 | 27 |
| 28 | (—) | Just When I Needed You Most | Barbara Jones (Sonet) | 1 | 28 |
| 29 | (—) | Sgt Rock | XTC (Virgin) | 1 | 29 |
| 30 | (26) | Hitsville UK | Clash (CBS) | 2 | 26 |

BUBBLING UNDER

Thrown Away — The Stranglers (Liberty)
Turn Me On, Turn Me Off — Honey Bane (Zonophone)
Oldest Swinger In Town — Fred Wedlock (Rocket)
I'm In Love With A German Film Star — Passions (Polydor)
While You See A Chance — Steve Winwood (Island)
Reward — The Teardrop Explodes (Polygram)

US ALBUMS

This Last Week

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

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week

Highest Weeks In

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|------------------------------|---|----|----|
| 1 | (1) | Kings Of The Wild Frontier | Adam & The Ants (CBS) | 11 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | The Very Best of David Bowie | David Bowie (K-Tel) | 4 | 2 |
| 3 | (8) | Manilow Magic | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 25 | 3 |
| 4 | (4) | Double Fantasy | John Lennon/Yoko Ono (Warner Bros/Geffen) | 11 | 1 |
| 5 | (6) | Imagine | John Lennon (EMI) | 4 | 4 |
| 6 | (10) | Barry | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 9 | 4 |
| 7 | (2) | Dr Hook's Greatest Hits | Dr Hook (Capitol) | 8 | 2 |
| 8 | (7) | Guilty | Barbra Streisand (CBS) | 16 | 2 |
| 8 | (11) | Mondo Bongo | Boomtown Rats (Mercury) | 2 | 8 |
| 10 | (12) | Makin' Movies | Dire Straits (Vertigo) | 4 | 10 |
| 11 | (18) | Paradise Theater | Styx (A&M) | 2 | 11 |
| 12 | (12) | Signing Off | UB40 (Graduate) | 15 | 1 |
| 13 | (15) | Hotter Than July | Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 13 | 1 |
| 13 | (—) | Trust | Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat) | 1 | 13 |
| 15 | (—) | Take My Time | Sheena Easton (EMI) | 1 | 15 |
| 16 | (—) | Vienna | Ultravox (Chrysalis) | 1 | 16 |
| 17 | (19) | Absolutely | Madness (Stiff) | 18 | 2 |
| 18 | (30) | Jazz Singer | Neil Diamond (Capitol) | 10 | 6 |
| 19 | (13) | Shaved Fish | John Lennon (Geffen/WEA) | 4 | 13 |
| 19 | (5) | Supertrouper | Abba (Epic) | 11 | 1 |
| 21 | (16) | Arc Of A Diver | Steve Winwood (Island) | 3 | 16 |
| 22 | (9) | Flash Gordon | Queen (EMI) | 6 | 6 |
| 23 | (17) | Not The Nine O'Clock News | Cast (BBC) | 12 | 3 |
| 23 | (—) | Visage | Visage (Polydor) | 1 | 23 |
| 25 | (22) | Autoamerican | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 10 | 3 |
| 26 | (—) | Lady | Kenny Rogers (Liberty) | 1 | 26 |
| 27 | (27) | Scary Monsters | David Bowie (RCA) | 16 | 1 |
| 28 | (—) | Gap Band 3 | Gap Band (Mercury) | 1 | 28 |
| 29 | (—) | Back In Black | AC/DC (Atlantic) | 3 | 26 |
| 29 | (—) | Looney Tunes | Bad Manners (Magnet) | 3 | 16 |

BUBBLING UNDER

Toyah! Toyah! Toyah! Toyah (Safari)
I Had To Say It Millie Jackson (Polydor)
Beginning Of The Enz Split Enz (Chrysalis)
Kiss Me Deadly Generation X (Chrysalis)
The Nature Of The Beat April Wine (Capitol)
Basement 5 1965-1980 (Island)

INDIES 33s

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 | Dirk Wears White Sox | Adam & The Ants (Do It) |
| 2 | Toyah Toyah Toyah! | Toyah (Safari) |
| 3 | Lubricate Your Living Room | Fire Engines (Accessory) |
| 4 | Thirst | Clock D.V.A. (Fetish) |
| 5 | Gyrate | Pylon (Armageddon) |
| 6 | Grotesque | The Fall (Rough Trade) |
| 7 | Signing Off | UB40 (Graduate) |
| 8 | Mekons | Mekons (Red China) |
| 9 | Unknown Pleasures | Joy Division (Graduate) |
| 10 | The Recorder | Various (Bristol Recorder) |

REGGAE

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|---|
| 1 | Put It On | Love And Unity (Studio 16) |
| 2 | Who's Gonna Love Me | Albions (KK) |
| 3 | Tribute To General Echo | General Saint and Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves) |
| 4 | Loving Kind | Simple City (King City) |
| 5 | Good Thing Going | Sugar Minott (Hawkeye) |
| 6 | Together In Love | Samantha Rose (Nature) |
| 7 | She Rob And Groan | Barrington Levy (Strong Like Sampson) |
| 8 | Love Between A Boy And Girl | Chosen Few (Love And Unity) |
| 9 | Ungateful Girl | Tristan Palmer (Audit) |
| 10 | The Bed's Too Big Without You | Sheila Hilton (Island) |
- Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London S.E.14

DISCO

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 | Don't Stop The Music | Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury) |
| 2 | Burn Rubber On Me | Gap Band (Mercury) |
| 3 | Gangsters Of The Groove | Heatwave (GTO) |
| 4 | I Shot The Sheriff | Light Of The World (Ensign) |
| 5 | Do You Feel My Love | Eddie Grant (Ensign) |
| 6 | Mysteries Of The World | MFSB (Philadelphia) |
| 7 | Rap Playback | James Brown (RCA) |
| 8 | Celebration | Kool & The Gang (Delite) |
| 9 | You're Too Late | Fantasy (Epic) |
| 10 | All My Love | Lax (Epic) |
- Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 | Mama Mia | Abba (Epic) |
| 2 | Forever And Forever | Silk (Bell) |
| 3 | Love Machine | Miracles (Tamla Motown) |
| 4 | Love To Love You Baby | Donna Summer (GTO) |
| 5 | We Do It | R. & J. Stone (RCA) |
| 6 | Glass Of Champagne | Sailor (Epic) |
| 7 | Bohemian Rhapsody | Queen (EMI) |
| 8 | In Dulce Jubilo/On Horseback | Mike Oldfield (Virgin) |
| 9 | King Of The Cops | Billy Howard (Penny Farthing) |
| 10 | Evil Woman | Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) |
- Week ending February 7, 1976

15 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|--|
| 1 | These Boots Are Made For Walkin' | Nancy Sinatra (Reprise) |
| 2 | 19th Nervous Breakdown | Rolling Stones (Decca) |
| 3 | You Were On My Mind | Crispian Peters (Decca) |
| 4 | Michelle | Overlanders (Pye) |
| 5 | Love's Just A Broken Heart | Cilla Black (Parlophone) |
| 6 | Groovy Kind Of Love | Mindbenders (Fontana) |
| 7 | Spanish Flea | Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass (Pye Int.) |
| 8 | Keep On Running | Spencer Davis (Fontana) |
| 9 | Second Hand Rose | Barbra Streisand (CBS) |
| 10 | Mirror Mirror | Pinkerton's Assorted Colours (Phillips) |
- Week ending February 4, 1966

10 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 | My Sweet Lord | George Harrison (Apple) |
| 2 | Pushbike Song | Mixtures (Polydor) |
| 3 | Stoned Love | Supremes (Tamla Motown) |
| 4 | Resurrection Shuffle | Ashton, Gardner & Dyke (Capitol) |
| 5 | Amazing Grace | Judy Collins (Elektra) |
| 6 | Candida | Dawn (Bell) |
| 7 | No Matter What | Badfinger (Apple) |
| 8 | Your Song | Elton John (DJM) |
| 9 | Apeman | Kinks (Pye) |
| 10 | Grandad | Clive Dunn (Columbia) |
- Week ending February 10, 1971

20 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | Are You Lonesome Tonight | Elvis Presley (RCA) |
| 2 | Sailor | Petula Clark (Pye) |
| 3 | Rubber Ball | Bobby Vee (London) |
| 4 | You're Sixteen | Johnny Burnette (London) |
| 5 | Pepe | Duane Eddy (London) |
| 6 | Poetry In Motion | Johnny Tillotson (London) |
| 7 | Rubber Ball | Marty Wilde (Philips) |
| 8 | Sailor | Anne Shelton (Philips) |
| 9 | Portrait Of My Love | Matt Munro (Parlophone) |
| 10 | FBI | Shadows (Columbia) |
- Week ending February 10, 1961

INDIES 45s

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 | It's Obvious/Diet | Au Pairs (Human) |
| 2 | Bullshit Detector 12" | Various (Crass) |
| 3 | The Still Reflex | Repetition (Les Disques Du Repuscul) |
| 4 | Legion | Theatre Of Hate (SS) |
| 5 | Action By Example | Demons (Crypt) |
| 6 | The Bunker 12" | Bollock Bros (McDonald Lydon) |
| 7 | Animal Space 12" | Sifts (Human) |
| 8 | Fore Sore Points | Anti Pasti (Rondollet) |
| 9 | Something's Got To Give | Orange Disaster (Neuter) |
| 10 | It's Kinds Funny | Josef K (Postcard) |
- Chart by: Saul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

TAPE IT TO THE BRIDGE

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Island entering home taping market?

By ANDREW TYLER

ISLAND RECORDS this week launched a "new cassette concept" called the One Plus One — and immediately laid themselves open to charges of exploiting or even encouraging home taping.

Acknowledging the fact that home taping won't go away and you might just as well cut yourself in as lose out, the new product is both pre-recorded and blank. Side A features an entire non-erasable album of songs. Side B is straight blank chrome tape which can be used for recording and re-recording "in the usual way".

The scheme is bound to irritate the hell out of other record companies, who might well see it as an enticement to fill the blank side with music culled from radio or other forbidden sources.

Home taping is already said to cost the industry millions a year in lost "sales", and has driven the British Phonographic Industry in search of a "compensatory" levy on blanks.

Island, however, take the line that One Plus One won't hurt anyone but blank tape manufacturers. It will, they claim, "benefit the industry as a whole."

Island chairman Martin Davis told *NME*: "Our attitude is that the person who is buying blanks and recording music on them is very much entrenched in that habit. It is these people we are hoping to attract."

As for aiding and abetting

home tapers, Davis coyly swivels on the spot: "Nowhere in our marketing or publicity are we advocating any particular use for the blank side. That must be for the consumer to decide."

The series starts with Steve Winwood's 'Arc Of A Diver'. All future cassette releases will automatically appear in the new format, whilst back catalogue will soon be transferred.

Aside from novelty value, the company also claim quality and price advantages over comparable packages.

The BPI, of which Island is itself a key member, still hadn't fully studied One Plus One at the time of going to press. It is unlikely though that it will be much impressed with a development that tacitly acknowledges that the 'scourge' of home taping is best lived with.



Drops flee the Cope. Pic: Leslie Pattinson

The end of an implosion

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have now completed the personnel upheavals revealed in last week's *NME* interview with leader Julian Cope. Guitarist Alan Gill and keyboards man Dave Balfe have been replaced by Troy Tate and Jeff Hammer respectively. Additionally, Cope had decided to drop playing bass in order to concentrate on singing and his visual performance, so in comes a third new member in the person of Alfie Agius on bass. They'll also continue to use a small brass section.

It's planned that, for the future, the band will become a more flexible unit, built around the two original members — Cope and drummer Gary Dwyer. A statement issued this week says "it was felt by all concerned that they were compromising themselves too much, hence the changes". The new-look band record a single at Rockfield later this month, then rehearse for an American tour before recording a follow-up to their 'Killmanjaro' album. No British dates are planned until the summer.

The two departing members are both working on their own projects — Gill is concentrating on his unit Dalek I Love You, who release a single later this month; and Balfe has retired in the classic manner to "get it together in a country cottage".

STOP PRESS

Clash tour off — for now

THE CLASH tour announced two weeks ago is off — for the moment at least.

A complete date sheet was due to be confirmed this week — minus a London gig which had still to be arranged. But at the last minute, as promoters Straight Music prepared to announce the bookings, The Clash pulled out of the tour.

The reason given by Clash aide Kozmo Vinyl was a lack of suitable venues. "We cannot find enough alternative venues

to play," he explained. "The band aren't satisfied — and in the meantime everybody's going to have to wait."

When asked what sort of venues The Clash were looking for, he replied: "If you know any wharfs or docks or empty aircraft hangers... If anybody's got any suggestions, maybe they should write to *NME*."

Seven or eight dates for this short tour are known to have been pencilled in from the end of February. Whether The Clash will actually be on the road by then remains to be seen.

Classix, Ruts, Selector dates

● THE SELECTER have been lined up for their first major UK tour in over a year. So far 16 dates have been confirmed, including a major London show at the Hammersmith Palais, but more are still being finalised.

Tour dates and venues are Cardiff University (March 7), Bristol Locarno (8), Malvern Winter Gardens (9), Reading University (10), Brighton Top Rank (11), Hanley Victoria Hall (12), Liverpool Royal Court (13), Preston Polytechnic (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Edinburgh Tiffany's (16), Glasgow Tiffany's (17), Manchester Polytechnic (19), Sheffield Polytechnic (20), Nottingham Rock City (21), Dunstable Queensway Hall (22) and London Hammersmith Palais (24).

The Selector also take part in a new Capital Radio series being recorded at London Victoria The Venue — their date is February 18. Also set for the series are The Skids (February 10), Light Of The World (21), Gordon Giltrap (March 4) and The Photos (11). The shows will be broadcast the Friday after recording.

● RUTS D.C., fresh out of the studio where they've been recording their debut album in their new guise, are to play six warm-up dates — four with The Who and two in their own right — in preparation for a full-scale UK tour they'll be undertaking a little later in the year. On February 24 and 25, they're the opening act for The Who at Newcastle City Hall; they headline at London Marquee Club on February 27 and 28; and it's back with The Who at Manchester Apollo on March 1 and 2.

The band's first single since Malcolm Owen's death (excluding 'West One' which featured Owen) is set for release by Virgin on February 13 — written by Segs, Dave Ruffy and Paul Fox, it's called 'A Different View'. The B-side is the Kevin Coyne song 'Formula Eyes', which they originally performed when they guested on Coyne's double album 'Sanity Stomp' — but it's now been re-vamped with Segs on leads vocals, and that's a role he will perform on all Ruts D.C. recordings in future.

● CLASSIX NOUVEAUX are taking the '2000 Review' on a three-week tour of major stand-up provincial venues in March. This is the futurist package which they recently headlined at London Lyceum, along with Theatre Of Hate, Naked Lunch and Shock.

Some of the bands featured at the Lyceum will take part in the UK tour, as well as special guests, and with a local band opening the show each night. Full details of the package — originally intended as a one-off, but now extended into a tour in view of its sell-out success at the Lyceum — will be announced in a week or two.

Meanwhile, Classix Nouveaux are playing their own short tour this month, to tie in with the release next Monday (9) of their new Liberty single 'Guilty'. They visit Oxford Scamps (February 9), Sheffield Limit Club (12), Scarborough Penthouse (13), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (14), Port Talbot Troubadour (19), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (20) and Retford Porterhouse (21).

ADAM PLAYS FOR HRH

ADAM & THE ANTS are a special added attraction in the Children's Royal Variety Show, being held this Sunday (8) at the London Palladium and attended by Princess Margaret. Other acts are mainly comedy and novelty — like Jim Davidson, Paul Daniels, Rod Hull & Emu and the Tiswas team. Some tickets are still available from £3.50 to £25, and the show is being filmed for subsequent ITV network screening.



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TUES. 10th FEBRUARY 7.30

Tickets £4.50 and £6.00 from
Rainbow Theatre, 212 Upper Seabrook Road, 124 Tel. 01 267 8845
(and in all shops)

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
WED. 11th FEBRUARY 7.30

Tickets £4.50 and £6.00 from
Rainbow Theatre, 212 Upper Seabrook Road, 124 Tel. 01 267 8845
(and in all shops)

ROCK ON'T BOX — LATEST

ATV'S NEW series *Rockstage*, filmed at Nottingham Theatre Royal last summer, begins a 12-week run early next month. The one-hour shows will be screened on Monday nights — at 11.15 pm in most areas, though timings may vary slightly from one region to another. Several independent radio stations will broadcast the concerts simultaneously in stereo.

The opening show on March 2 is a compilation, featuring most of the acts to be seen more extensively later in the series — and these are *Sad Cafe* (March 9), *Average White Band* (16), *Elkie Brooks* (23), *Squeeze* (30), *Motorhead* (April 6), *Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark* and *Lene Lovich* (13), *Joe Jackson* and *Martha & The Muffins* (20), *The Stranglers* and *Hazel O'Connor* (27), *The Selecter* and *The Lambrettas* (May 4), *Madness* and *The Mo-dettes* (11) and *Matchbox* and *Any Trouble* (18).

● BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on February 14 marks the UK return of Michael des Barres, who fronted the now-defunct Silverhead

● Showcased in BBC-2's *Rock Goes To College* series are *The Roches* (February 9), *B. A. Robertson* (16), *Gillan* (23), *John Martyn* (March 2), *The Marshall Tucker Band* (9) and *After The Fire* (16).

STING'S LITERARY DEBUT!

● STING, already set for a major acting role in the movie *While My Guitar Gently Weeps*, has recorded the theme song for a two-hour TV feature film called *Parole* — and it's none other than Bob Dylan's classic 'I Shall Be Released'. Recording took place while The Police were in New York for their Madison Square Garden concert. The CBS-TV film could eventually develop into a series, but it's not yet known if it will be seen in this country.

Sting also has his first book coming out on April 2, titled *Message In A Bottle*. Described as "a children's book with a music tie-in", it tells of a youngster marooned on a desert island, and is illustrated by Sharon Burn and Rosetta Woolf. It's bottle-shaped, costs £3.95 and is published by Virgin Books — who, on March 5, are also bringing out a paperback version of Michael Moorcock's *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* (£1.50).

SO THINGS have finally got to this. Sheila Hynton, a Jamaican 24-year-old, makes a cover of The Police's white reggae 'The Bed's Too Big Without You', secures a respectable amount of radio play for her trouble — and now looks set for a big, big hit. It's an irony even we couldn't resist.

And so, at 1.30 pm on an uninspired Wednesday midday, a writer is despatched to the Shepherd's Bush Hilton in order to partake of a brisk natter with the young lady under the aegis of the Island Records press corps.

Miss Hynton arrives flanked by two 'assistants' — a blonde woman and a chap named Harry who tend the 'artiste's affairs' — shakes hands with scribe and decides to do the interview immediately, thus affording her the time needed for expensive preparation of the face and form due to be unveiled before millions of *Top Of The Pops* viewers later that afternoon.

Seated in the cafeteria, the scribe gently pokes for details of Ms Hynton's career. He knows absolutely nothing about her beyond what info the Island 45 has to offer. Sheila demurely obliges.

She talks in a quietly elegant, well-measured fashion — neither fierce nor cute. She's a top model back in Jamaica — "one of the top three" she

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?

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Ah, they don't make ads like that any more! Remember Happy Jack? — he wasn't tall but he was a man and he lived in the sands on the Isle Of Man... Yes, well. Remember Ralph Steadman? — he wasn't tall either but he lived near Maidstone and drew posh cartoons (sorry, illustrations) like the ones for the *NME Consumers' Guide To 1984*. Well, in the December 3, 1966 issue of *NME*, Reaction Records put the two of them together, with the results lurking above. It's not what you know, but Who...

DON'T NUKE BACK

DO YOU ASSUME that anti-nuclear music has to mean acoustic angst, low lights, and sad strummings about the inevitable? If so, rock artists as diverse as This Heat, John Williams, The Beat, The Clash, The Angelic Upstarts and John Cooper Clarke will disagree with you.

They're among the many who've volunteered services (and in the case of The Beat £15,000) towards the CND's arm of musical protest: No Nukes Music. NNM, not to be confused with its Yank namesake, has been in existence in Britain for nine months and is just about to set in motion its first national event: a 30-date tour headlined



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By HIRAM
HOLIDAY-INN

remarks matter-of-factly, before relating the key episode that shaped her destiny. "My girlfriend is the top model in Jamaica and when I was ... oh, I think 17, I accompanied her to a show where, just by chance, one of the other models hadn't arrived. So my friend asked me to help out. I was the same size as the missing girl and I was quickly shown how to move about on the catwalk."

The rest appears to be local history: all very run-of-the-mill. Sheila's the girl destined to be in the right place at the right time when star-time comes a-knocking. Her musical career, for example, was set into motion because "I was producer Harry J's secretary and one day he said to me, 'Sheila, you should be a singer'." So Sheila spent six months working with a Scottish-born vocal tutor and was whisked into the studio.

"Breakfast in Bed" was my first hit, although it didn't do anything outside Jamaica." Island released it here, passed on four subsequent singles, and zeroed back in when Harry J and Ms Hylton recorded the

WOULD YOU RENT A BED FROM THIS HYLTON?



Sheila greets Hiram with the casual look.

Sting number with the usual rhythm section of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare.

"The song was my choice," Hylton carefully asserts. "I've never been in a position where I've been dictated to. I can't play an instrument but I have a feeling for the bass. That's where my music comes from. It's very ..."

Instinctual? "Yes, reggae is so much to do with 'feel'."

When queried about white reggae, Sheila simply pulls a face.

"They don't understand the form, to my ears. It all comes from the rhythm section and most white groups just haven't got that pulse. Except for The Police," she quickly amends.

She dismisses any hint of the woman as submissive figure in a culture that has always prided itself on its chauvinistic mores. Politically, too, she hums and haws around the subject of Jamaica's 'heavy manners' social climate. "The recent election sorted all that out. People got what they wanted." (Incisive stuff, eh?)

And, of course, the final glib plug for Sheila Hylton, media-celebrity. "The next move I see as being one towards 'drama'. I'd like to be in films."

But of course ... "My album will be out in February and I'll have my own group together then in order to perform. Performing is fun, y'know. I like it. Modelling, singing, and then acting."

Had she been studying at a drama school?

"No, no. But I'm a good impersonator. My boyfriend says so. He's really pleased for me that I'm such a success."

Sheila Hylton's story is so threadbare it's scarcely worth brush-stroking across the media. Ambition tempered with coyness, tenacity tempered by 'the right profile'. Young, black and glib.

By CYNTHIA ROSE

by The Thompson Twins.

No Nukes Music's first undertaking to succeed "on a large scale" was the benefit accompanying CND's Harrisburg Day demo, featuring Cooper Clarke and Essential Logic. "We decided soon after," says national co-ordinator Martin Goldschmidt, "that we would do benefits for anyone connected with the anti-nuke movement, architect benefits for big events, and help people who wanted to structure their own benefits."

In connection with mobilisations at Torness in Scotland, an Edinburgh-based Scottish No Nukes Music came into being — started off by a Sector 27 concert Martin still reckons as one of the liveliest gigs so far. A NNM tourette followed, with The Young Marble Giants, The Thompson Twins and Local Heroes.

The CND connection became official when CND expressed their delight at NNM's handling of the This

Heat/Flatbackers/Doll By Doll/Au Pairs concert which accompanied their most recent rally. But further NNM activities in London have included the establishment (with help from Charlie Gillett) of a pub venue in Stockwell — although they've now lost the site due to a change in management.

"But with a bit of luck," says their spokesperson, "we'll soon have three South London venues: the Round House in Wandsworth, the Thurlow Arms in Tulse Hill, and Brixton Town Hall."

"We want to aim towards gigs which are right for the bands involved," says Martin G. "There are now enough bands who want to play for us that we can tailor arrangements more carefully." He cites The Spectres as "particularly helpful, as are The Beat. The Beat often spend all day in meetings with us; they don't just turn up to play or send a cheque."

"You know," Martin relates, "before the CND rally a journalist from another music paper rang me up and said,

'Look, who's actually playing; is it worth my coming along?' I mean, it's too important to regard as merely a musical event. I had to explain to her that that's just not how the bands see it at all."

No Nukes Music can be contacted c/o SANE, 9 Poland St, London W1. If you would like more info, send an aae.

LOWRY



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IAN PENMAN looks back on Robert De Niro week

Robert De Niro on *Parkinson* (BBC1) never looked all that promising. The show has recently degenerated into the most pea-brained marriage of sycophancy and senility on TV. Cagney and Ali aside — they need all the vestigial dignity they can get — the paradigmatic illustration of Parkinson's Malaise was a communal arse-licking session between Malcolm Muggeridge, "Lord" George Brown and George Melly; so little said with so many words, the wet wind gush of patronising codswallop drowned out only by the resounding crack of arthritic backs collapsing under the strain of so much slapping...

Young De Niro is completely unsuitable — young! important! an image! an icon no less! — material for this ceremony of salivation. He hardly has a reputation for public speaking — especially not if "forthcoming" means hacking out chummy showbiz anecdotes. De Niro generally keeps his trap shut off set, someone who is an actor when employed and unavailable for comment when unemployed.

The *Parkinson* spot was one of a series to promote the Scorsese-directed *Raging Bull* pic — and both sides played along with this. Parkinson asked a load of questions that anyone with half an ear to the film's advance publicity (and it has been plastered over the media) already knew the answers to.

Otherwise, Parkinson's perception was predictably pat: "It's ooncanny actually, it really is... Astonishing... Remarkable." The machine mouthed on, salary clocking up — like knowing a cab driver is taking you the long way round a short ride home. De Niro was clearly nervous and coughed a lot. He didn't stick around for David Jacobs' Donald Duck impersonation. It's oonremarkable actually, it really is.

You talkin' to me? Well I'm the only one here. Not quite true. De Niro could always have gone one notch of the brow lower and tried to communicate with the mollusc Russell Harty — our other "chat" show host.



Robert De Niro on *Parkinson*. Pic: Justin Thomas

YOU TALKIN' TO ME?

Harty is even worse than Parkinson — comfortable only in the company of close idiot friends, freaks, fops, the hideously senile and anyone slower witted than himself.

Last week's star turn was Edna O'Brien, a very dear lady and a very wonderful close friend of Russell's for many years. They got coy about having it off together and Edna twittered preciously and at length on the subject of Virginia Woolf, whom she has just sold a play about. Roosevelt simpered and sighed.

On his second programme, later on in the week, he sat through an entire interview — typical Harty guest; rags to cultural acceptance "worker-cum-writer" nonentity — with his right hand shirt collar screwed up oonder his tie. What a ninny! I hope we don't export him to the States...

You talkin' to me? Robert De Niro week began on Tuesday when *Newsnight* (BBC2) featured the Rank row over *Raging Bull* in its tail-end Novelty/Culture slot, and proceeded to bring the film down to just as low a level as Rank. 'Ah, a film about Boxing — what (t)rusty old Sports

Media hack can we wheel out? Henry Cooper. Bound to be incisive on the psycho-sexual tensions of a 40's-50's Italian-American... A *Newsnight* talking head warned us about the "language" we were about to hear. A few quick cuts and fucks were spliced up with Good Ol' 'Enry being interviewed in a sweaty gymnasium. Was it 'Enry's language we were being warned about? His comments were, needless to say, incredibly useful. Actually.

16 Up (BBC2, and BBC1 repeat) was almost as incredibly useful on the subject of drugs. There are a lot of different drugs — a lot of pleasures, perils, practicalities — and as many different ways in and out of them. *16 Up* used The Ruts/Malcolm Owen as a basis for its non specific "investigation" and "discussion"; i.e., a highly personalised account of one person's death through heroin is hardly the marker we need here, surely.

One of the many irritating things about the programme was how a career in rock was assumed to be something like a free license to pour as many chemicals as exist in the world

into your body — questions of mythology and availability weren't touched upon, no context for drug (ab)use was established outside of Owen's personal problems. Even this was marred by the fact that most of the people taking part in both the film and "discussion" seemed hindered by a severe form of hippie aphasia.

This was an appropriate, if not satisfactory alternative to the now-deceased *History Man* Sunday night serial BBC2, was)

The *History Man* was dealt with approvingly in last week's *Dangerous Visions*, so I'll just endorse that view before it gets repeated on BBC1 and the country goes *History Man* mad a la *Sunday Mirror* — "Inside Britain's Steamiest Sex Drama"

Well, how else could a BBC2 serial with a title like *The History Man* attract any kind of non-in-joke viewer? I'm personally waiting for the day when someone finally swears in *Coronation Street* ITV Come on Len, cut your finger at work or summat — "SHIT!" Common language, actually.

The *History Man* made me hoot with laughter like little else

has recently — the *Laurel & Hardy* repeats, *Triangle* — but one very worrying question begs an answer: where did they get all those rather too convincingly-played long hair types? Scary monsters! Do the BBC keep them in cold storage vaults?

It was what you might term life imitating *The Muppet Show* (ITV) — which, while we're on the subject, seems to be slipping a bit after a few surreally sophisticated scripts. The Debbie Harry show was pretty dull by recent standards, although Quasimodo's wedding song ('Me And Gargoyles') hit and a gag about clothes spontaneously combusting into poultry was something worthy of vintage Spike Milligan.

By far the funniest thing on TV all week was a Roadrunner vs. Wile E. Coyote cartoon (Lickety Split, ITV). Coyote's attempt at handling a pair of Acme Roller Skis — "NO SNOW NECESSARY" — was visual humour of the highest order. As was the sequence featuring a falling anvil which momentarily fell upwards and sideways.

This is silly I chalked on the screen, before splitting my sides.

ON THE BOX

Thursday February 5
What a choice! Those loveable, wacky cops known as the *Hill Street Blues* (ITV) continue to cope the best they can with gang warfare in an episode zany titled 'Can World War Three Be An Attitude?' Or stick with that cute twosome *Starsky And Hutch* (BBC 1), whose 'unorthodox' style of law enforcement upssets a sweet, liberal newsgirl — don't be too surprised when they win her over in the end!!! Come back *Z Cars*, all has been forgotten...

Friday February 6
The unpronounceable Robert Guillaume continues as *Benson* (ITV), a disappointingly flat spin-off from *Soap*, and the unspeakable Joan Collins stars with never-was-beens Gene Barry and Richard Todd in Peter Graham Scott's feeble *Subterfuge* (BBC 1), a 1968 spy yarn shot in London — unfortunately not shot quite dead enough. The soporific *Friday Night, Saturday Morning* (BBC 2) persists in bedevilling insomniacs, and this week's scientifically chosen hostess is Clare Francis, one of those celebrated loonies who sail around the world on coconut rafts; topics under discussion include Clare's quaint belief that "You are what you eat", and seeing as how she once

survived an Atlantic crossing solely on peaches she must have a pretty high opinion of herself. Talking point of the weekend, one supposes, will be *The Journal Of Bridget Htler* (BBC 2) in which writer Beryl Bainbridge and director Philip Saville speculate — to spectacular effect, if press releases are to be believed — about Adolf's little-known Irish sister-in-law; Maurice Rooves is Adolf, Dennis Lill brother Alois, with Siobhan McKenna as Bridget.

Saturday February 7
As usual, Saturday is probably the best day to chuck your TV out of the window. Amongst much other crap, all you'd be without is Susannah York as a nun (typecasting!) in a '79 telefilm, *The Golden Gate Murders* (ITV), Wendy Craig as a Nanny (BBC 1), and Lerry Hagman as a ninny in *Dallazzzzz* (BBC 1). Mind you, the movies are worth a look: specially for Julie Burchill there's a double-bill of Bette Davis in *That Certain Woman* and *The Old Maid* (both BBC 2, both directed by Edmund Goulding in the late '30s), and specially for me there's Natalie Wood — for whom I'd gladly commit bigamy — in Richard Quine's 1964 trifle, *Sex And The Single Girl* (BBC 1). And still I refuse to admit I'm an old queen.

Sunday February 8
What with *Credo* (ITV), *Everyman* (BBC 1), *The Money Programme* (BBC 2) and *Agony* (ITV), Sunday is probably the best day to chuck yourself out of the window. But not before *Bilko* (BBC 1), the only US sit-com (which hasn't always been a dirty hyphenate) to show the way home to the best of ours — and I'd even include Tony Hancock and *Fawltly Towers* in that judgement; Phil Silvers was the best. As you plummet to the pavement, you may care to reflect upon *A Day In The Death Of Joe Egg* (BBC 2), Peter Medak's disquieting black comedy about a middle-class couple blessed with a spastic daughter; it was made in 1971, and stars Alan Bates and Janet Suzman. Happy landings!

Monday February 9
Fresh from his triumph on the *Parkinson*, Jimmy Cagney blasts all doubters to kingdom come in *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye* (ITV), a 1950 Gordon Douglas potboiler posing as the real thing; not so dandy, Jim. Dolly Parton and Goldie Hawn feature in Barry Norman's increasingly flip Film 81 (BBC 1) and Basil Fawltly takes an instant dislike to hairy-chested Mr Johnson in

Fawltly Towers (BBC 2). Burt Lancaster eschews silver wig, and Lee J Cobb and Robert Duvall go without any kind of wigs at all, in Michael Winner's atypically restrained 1970 Western, *Lawman* (BBC 1). Real-life spies in *General Studies* (BBC 1), low-life cops in *The Sweeney* (ITV).

Tuesday February 10
The ill-fated 'Six Of The Best' series wraps up with the irredeemably awful *Man From Uncle* (Auntie BBC 1), Robert Vaughn camping it up as Napoleon Solo, David McCallum grateful for the money as the totally believable Ilya Kuryakin. Otherwise, Ian Penman continues to recommend *Taxi* (BBC 1), which is on too early for the likes of me, and I continue to recommend *West Ham* for the League Cup, even though they've yet to overcome Coventry City in the Second Leg (Midweek Sports Special, ITV).

Wednesday February 11
"Should we stop worrying and learn to love the dole?" asks *16 Up* (BBC 2); and should we endeavour to find a few youngsters who aren't utter cretins — like the spotty lot spouting about drugs on last week's programme — to talk about it?



Your week
on telly
by
MONTY SMITH
(above)

Eric, the ex-Tiller Boy recalls how abuse used to fly at Random but now . . .



By CHRIS BOHN

ERIC RANDOM concerts these days aren't the personal health hazards they once were when he, Pete Shelley and assorted Mancunians used to kick up an unholy row together under the collective bane of The Tiller Boys.

That's tiller as in farmhand, not as in Tiller Girl, going by their one and only single 'Big Noise From The Jungle' — a crudely joyful celebration of wild guitar and whalloping drums. With scant respect for tradition or their own safety, the boys instinctively ploughed great furrows across rockarama riffs, churning up messy, yet highly ear catching new patterns in their wake.

However, the single only displayed The Tiller Boys' lighter rock side, which was heavily directed by the unforgettable drumming of Francis Cookson. Their darker moments veered towards more indigestible experiments in feedback and distortion not unlike those heard (by few) on the limited edition Free Agents album he and Shelley made for Groove records.

Still, debuting as they did in a Lake District hall during the supposed "anything goes" days of '78, they might have expected a more tolerant reception than the hail of cans and abuse they were accorded.

"But the promoter had advertised it as Pete Shelley plus assorted Buzzcocks," recalls the bemused Random. "When they realised we were nothing like the Buzzcocks, they started throwing things. It ended with a riot and the police being called in . . . quite amazing really."

He might have taken some consolation from the first time he saw soul brothers Cabaret Voltaire similarly treated at London's Lyceum ballroom. However, a new, more willing audience now seeks out and appreciates the alien noises of Random and the Cabs, one of which "is prepared to think about what is actually going on

RANDOM HOLDS HIS OWN



Eric Random: Pix David Corio.

onstage, instead of just classing it all as one noise; they'll look for what's going on inside the noise . . . things like that," posits Eric.

The Tiller Boys' more pleasing moments weren't so weird as to deserve such a violent response. Indeed, compared to the more bizarre cocoons Random spins solo, they appear positively conventional.

ERIC RANDOM prepares for concerts by pre-recording a series of drum and noise tracks which he doesn't listen to or rehearse with until the night itself.

"I do have a good idea which ones will go well with which though," he assures me shortly before his gig at South London's 101 Club.

Did such risk taking prompt his re-christening?

"Actually no," he smiles. "I nicked it off the singer out of someone called Pussycat (Dutch country and western group) who once did a song called 'Mississippi'. I heard it read over the radio and was quite amused by it."

A shy, softly spoken person, it's difficult to reconcile him

with the man controlling the awesome noises latter emitted onstage. The guitarist scratches away sparrow-like little improvisations over heaving, gargantuan slabs of sound, seemingly with little effect at first; but he gently and gradually imbues the hypnotic ebb and flow with an amphibian grace.

His music/noise is a crafty concoction of the pleasant and grating, of the comforting familiar and the disturbingly discordant. Unlike some extreme experimentalists, he recognises the need to grasp the audience's attention with something recognisable if he's going to be listened to at all. That means throwing out just enough hooks to hold them through the "difficult" patches, with which he hopes more physically to affect them and himself. As with The Tiller Boys, the effect was once the reverse.

"Earlier on, people used to get quite upset at gigs, but they don't seem to any more," Random asserts. "Even if the music disturbs them, they can still find some enjoyment in it. Sometimes it's a nice sound that they feel inside their body — me too."

His approach is occasionally more direct. For example, 'Dirty Bingo' on his 12" single 'That's What I Like About Me' lifted its bass line from 'Peter Gunn'.

"The sound of my guitar fitted in with the sound of the bass riff, so I just improvised over it," says Random. "I found the track on this detective soundtrack album I brought back from the States. It was great — real '60s style mystery full of sleazy jazz-type things. Very attractive . . ."

THOUGH he's had trouble finding audiences in the past, his latest sideline Jell — an outfit featuring, among other hometown Hulme musicians, Random collaborator Lyn Walton — has already been courted by the futurists. A Jell track will appear shortly on the 'Some Bizzare Album' compiled by futurist DJ Stevo. Random isn't particularly committed to the cause.

"I don't really relate to it at all," he whispers, softly. "Basically we felt a great need to get things out even though we haven't been together that long. Each time we rehearse, everything sounds completely different, so we wanted to get something out straight away, otherwise it just gets forgotten."

Jell will nevertheless be playing a few of the Bizzare package dates. Not a prospect Random particularly relishes, performing for ready labelled audiences. More appealing is the as yet unconfirmed prospect of backing William Burroughs reading at a New York Ides of March festival.

RANDOM'S 101 concert isn't one of his best. Beset by mechanical problems, he throws in the towel after some 15 minutes of exotic noise marred by uninvited feedback. He slots in a final, jittery funk tape and slips quietly offstage. The music plays on without him and nobody seems to notice apart from New Hormones' Richard Boon and associate looking nervous. Eric appears suddenly at their side, watching the empty stage.

"Do you think someone should turn the tape off?" Someone whispers.

Click.



THE WIDE WORLD OF WHIPS

THE LATE fall issue of **'NO Magazine'**, which hails from Los Angeles, was trailed in *New York Rocker* as "a respected journal of constructive nihilism". How constructive is its nihilism? Well, rather unsurprisingly, it's hard to tell the interview-mode pinups (Howie Devoto, Belinda of The Go-Gos, Crystal of The Speed Queens, Shannon of The Castration Squad, and their like) from the hairdressers' ads. A predictable clutch of conceptual artists includes the punk-suss Jerry Dreva of mailout fame, but quotes on Survival Challenge from "Serge who was in a Mexican jail for four years" fall flat, as does a lamentable little Gun Demystification bibliography. **NO's** supposed coups are a 4-page fiction-feature on/by Geza X (photographed in the buff and clinging to his privates with an understandable air of desperation), a free flexidisc by same (which defeated all attempts to play it), and exclusive shots of ex-Cramp Bryan Gregory. These reveal the truth about more than BG's new coiff as he's also naked, and mixing it up with a snake named Michael.

The only service **NO** offers is Gregory's in-person answer to the burning question of why he cropped those locks: "I know I'll get an offer... once the word's

Box 2391; Olympia WA 98507 USA. Price 80c. Highly recommended!

FROM the Motor City comes **Anonymous** (50c), along with an informative missive from Editor Larassa Stolarchuk, vocalist for a new Detroit band called either L-Seveh, Zoo Babies, or Zoo Bonds (stay tuned to **Anonymous** for the final decision). This 'zine is founded in the Bookies Club 870 backlash (has there really been a seismic shift on the club circuit from Bookies to



Nunzio's and Todd's 'gay black disco'?!?).

Issue 1 kicked off with a modern anarchist manifesto (via Pierre Joseph Proudhon, d. 1865), so it's no surprise that Crass and their mates get a lot of space. **Anonymous 2** tackles Aleister Crowley and Orange Juice; these are Anglophiles! How about more on the Detroit bands recommended by its Ed: postmortems on Retro 1922 and The Blind; The Boners; even HMers (are they?) Flirt and Bad Habit? Potential contributors who wish to remain **Anonymous** should address themselves to 20107 Mada Ave; Southfield MI 48075 USA.

Several ex-Rough Traders now resident in San Francisco have produced the variable **RE-Search**, which has a good selection of material — from the prestigious which works (JG Ballard's modern zodiac including the Sign of the Stripper, the Sign of the IUD, the Sign of the Psychiatrist, etc) to the political which works ('Punk Prostitutes': an excellent interview with two punkettes who drifted into the oldest occupation). The inevitable Slits interview (it does have their home address for the Fan-Who-Has-Everything-But) and long plug piece on the Young Marble Giants as were are offset by a really funny conversation with Boyd Rice of NON (including the best-ever story of a first person encounter with a First Lady across a skinned sheep's head). Rice also candidly makes the ultimate conceptualist's confession: "After a time doing stuff to the public wears out,

becomes less interesting." Lots more, including the 'Seven Danger Signs of Subjectivity'. **RE-Search**: 20 Romolo B; San Francisco, CA. 94133 USA. Price \$1.50, or via Rough Trade.

ContempoCulture is an Austin, Texas fanzine (and memo here to ex-Austin contemporary **Sluggo!**, now re-located in Frisco, to send **Thrills** the new address and a sample!) which costs a dollar. Judging on Issue 4 (Women and Music) it's well stuck into the width of a flourishing local music scene — interviewing local female critics like Margaret Moser as well as local female rockers (Lorenda Ash of F-Systems; girl group The Foams). Reviews of visiting acts include The MoDettes and Grace Jones, and two excellent pieces by Lester Bangs illuminate his recent residency in Austin during the period of this issue. Highly recommended: Bangs' mini-essay 'Trapped by the Mormons'. **ContempoCulture**: 601 W 18th; Austin Texas 78701 USA.

Not Fade Away has put out three issues in five years, but they're not bothered — just taking their time on a trip through the history of Texas music: In no. 3 (\$2.50 to overseas purchasers), they cover Mouse And The Traps, Josefus, The Reasons Why, Larry and The Blue Notes and J-Beck/Cee Bee Records — the primo Texas '60s label which brought you The Bad Seeds. Indispensable to anyone interested in a thorough picture of Texas' contribution to the mid-'60s rock scene, especially the exhaustive discographies.

Not Fade Away: 1316 Kenwood Ave; Austin Texas 78704 USA.

New to Texas is Sharisse Zeff's newsprint mag **Upbeat**, formerly issued from Norman, Oklahoma. This hard working zine goes to considerable lengths to cover the whole rock waterfront — they even scored a Springsteen interview for no 5 ('Briefly With The Boss') as well



as talks with The Stranglers, Carlene Carter and Ian Anderson (!). There are numerous reviews, not only of visiting artists at standard venues, but also from North Texas New Wave hotspots such as the Hot Klub and Zero's. Record reviews (US, imports and indies), movie crits and local listings — and though the journalism varies wildly, the whole is well-organised and professionally pulled together. **Upbeat**: PO Box 400266, Dallas Texas 75240 USA. Free.

The reputation of Houston, Texas' **XLR8** precedes it, via both readers and musicians — and it includes solid informative stuff on Houston's Judy's (not, however, whether B-52's/Talking Heads manager Gary Kurfurst has persuaded them into his flock yet), Austin's Radio Planets, F-Systems and The Front; a good column on remastered records; a **Texas fashion spread** (!); movie reviews and think pieces — in this ish, a post-mortem on punk. Great! From 805 Hyde Park; Houston Texas 77006 USA. Price: \$1.

Fraternal Houston publication **Wild Dog** (first to feature the Guyana Boys Choir which must be some height in tastelessness) was among that burg's first punk artefacts and is still holding forth; and although its visuals look a mite decrepit, it still carries comprehensive plugs for fellow fanzines. Write to: **Wild Dog**, PO Box 35253, South Post Oak Station; Houston Texas 77035 USA. Price \$1.

Publicising other zines is also a virtue of New Orleans' **The Final Solution**, which fills you in on the scene that gave Texas Aces 88; There are poems, a punkette pinup (not to worry, she's fully clad), cartoon strips, and updates from out-of-town. Write to: **The Final Solution**: 4304 James Dr, Metairie. LA. 70003 USA. Price: 60c.



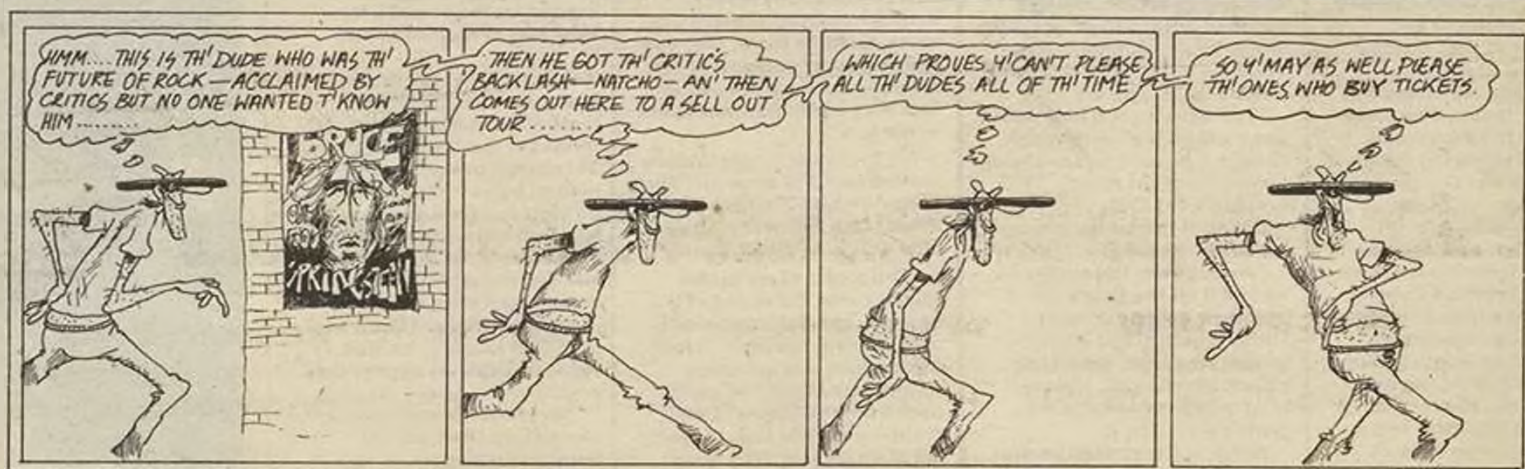
out. That's why I did a different hair style... Like I could be completely bald if they wanted me to." BG also longs for celluloid immortality: "I have a great envy for Boris Karloff. I feel that nowadays there aren't too many people that can replace someone like him." Obviously not — or at least **NO** can't find 'em. **NO Magazine**: PO Box 57041; Los Angeles, Ca 90057 USA. Price: \$2.

Subterranean Pop, by contrast, is an excellent, though unassuming, addition to the pan-American picture. It's the only periodical on the zine scene which 1) promotes American bands only; 2) promotes indie product exclusively; and 3) works for the 'decentralisation' of pop culture by reporting on and supporting local movements. Each copy is hand-decorated with stickers, crayons, and similar; and every new US band I'd heard of lately got at least a namecheck in these pages, indexed by area (Cleveland, Seattle, Austin, etc).

Info is fleshed out with concise criticism and — more important — accurate data about addresses, prices and postage. The next **Sub Pop** is due out in March, so submit your own helpful hints to Editor Bruce Pavitt via his publisher, the Lost Music Network; PO



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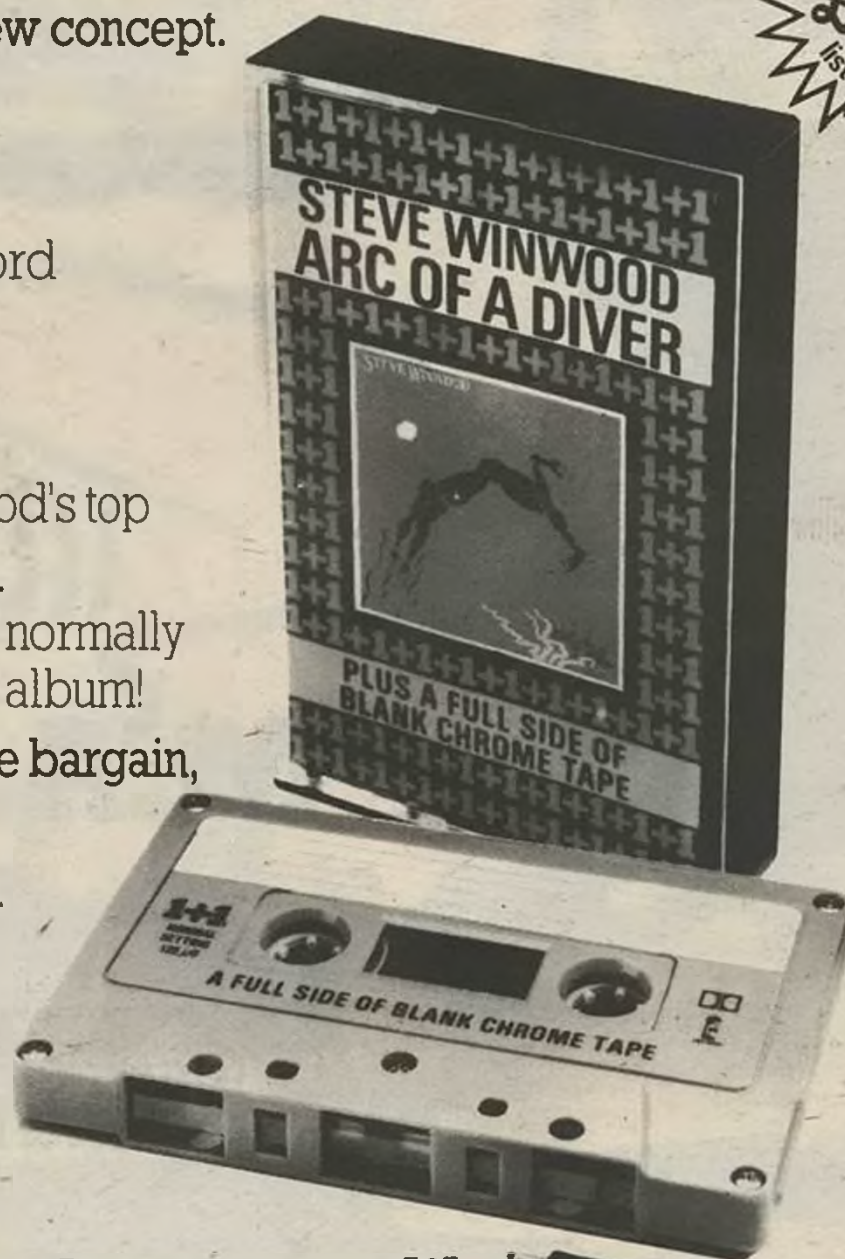
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ISLAND

Plastics heading new Japanese invasion?

By CYNTHIA ROSE

REMEMBER Pearl Harbour? Well, by the time that anniversary rolls round again you'll be faced with the question so far posed to audiences in San Francisco, LA and New York: Are Jap stars The Plastics just designer Tupperware on export? Or are they a five-piece answer to the eternal ponderings about how rock art integrates with Real Dreams?

Certainly Chica Sato, Toshi Nakanishi, Hajime Tachibana, Ma-Chang Sakuma and Takemi Shima — due over in the nearish future — are lots more than pop stars. Sato, whose sprightly *outré* fashion sense puts professional punk sulkers like Siouxsie Sioux to shame, is a photographic stylist. Guitarist Nakanishi (who writes The Plastics' English lyrics) is an



A Nip in the air? — Plastics people...

is a graphic designer and also writes all the music (based, he freely confesses, on American hits of the '50s and '60s like 'It's My Party' and 'Tracks Of My Tears'). Sakuma is the only Plastic with any professional music background — though

Shima is a rock critic and journalist.

Together since '76, The Plastics have played with Iggy Pop, The Ramones, Talking Heads, The B-52's, and Devo — to whom they are often compared. They began with a



雰囲気ムン
バハマ・レ
文・藤波正平

TURNING JAPANESE I THINK I'M TURNING...

synthesiser and rhythm box rather than guitar and drums "because guitars are too expensive in Japan". Now guitars are an integral part of the live show, but it also features three rhythm generators, a shifting keyboard-synthesised fabric of textures, plenty of ocular inspiration — and a rousing revamp of The Monkees' 'Last Train To Clarksville'.

On vinyl (the 'Welcome Plastics' LP, whose title cut is a parody of the '60s Japanese fan anthem 'Welcome Beatles'), the vocals are more treated and the pulse of the rhythm box

predominates. Island Records will soon be releasing it here as 'Welcome Plastics/Plastics In America'.

Vinyl, though, is not The Plastics' main consideration. They now manage their own label, invitation, but claim that they took up music "only as a further outlet for expression". And they go after every form of self-expression on which they can lay hands: fashion, graphics (they designed the sleeve of Talking Heads' single 'Life During Wartime'), journalism, video and even Plastics comics.

Their UK product so far (the

Rough Trade single 'Copy/Robot') serves as a taster for their views on "collage" art where East, for a change, colonises West. "You make a copy of some song, then a copy of that copy, then a copy of that copy — every copy causes some distortion or shift in the original... the result is original."

"I like to use the Xerox and copying machines as metaphors for what we do," says Nakanishi.

● Celebrity Plastics fans are legion — John Cale, Kevin Ayers, Iggy Pop, Mark Mothersbaugh, Chris Stein — but now you have a chance to judge for yourself if you wander along to a new club called The Great Wall, which is dedicating itself to a playlist of only Japanese (and some Chinese) fare including Plastics' rivals like No Comments, Susan and the Rokkets, Lizard and Chakra. The Great Wall occurs on Monday evenings at 37 Oxford Street, London W1, after 9.30 pm and entrance is two quid.

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL



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The Cuban Heels



THE CUBA Libre label is the brainchild of a young Glaswegian gentleman by the name of Ali Mackenzie. Like the recently publicised activities of Alan Horne's Postcard Records and Stirling's A Bigger Splash, Cuba Libre is both a tribute to its founder's dedicated belief in a real decentralisation of sound and practical alternative to the rusty truth that finds Glasgow to be a massive urban community with a startling lack of positive cultural amenities.

It's been evident in recent months that the current spate of radically diverse entertainment from Scotland — the new Scottish scene — has flourished despite itself. A triumph born out of adversity?

For people to whom the very idea of rock and roll is repugnant this rock heroic is nothing to them and never could be. Still, there are many parasites ready to proclaim the death of a very simple pleasure and at the same time take their money from the blighted old fool.

A town like Glasgow would dearly love to get in on some of this dead action but Glasgow has long suffered at the hands of a licensing bye-law

Since this little epic and Cuban Heels' own record (a cautionary explanation of the pressures facing the likes of Brian Jones, itself indirectly inspired by Nick Kent's appraisal of the late Stone some eighteen months back) Cuba Libre has fulfilled Ali's ambition to capture ex-Zone Willie Gardner and enigmatic Glaswegian loony James King on immortal plastic.

CUBA LIBRE'S identity stems back to an occasion last July when Ali had been let down once too often by the false promises of the London based industry and its smug A&R taste makers.

Mackenzie was getting too used to the rejection slips for Cuban Heels, he'd made the thousand mile round trip on several occasions with tapes and stories, been soured by the lies. He was tired of the Arista man and the Polydor man who failed to meet their appointments, who had their secretaries do the dirty work for them. In particular, he almost cried one day when a CBS man, full of apparent enthusiasm for the Heels, failed to show up and take in the proof of a vital group with a wealth of elegant material and the rare ability to swamp a crowd in varying emotions. Cuban Heels' current set is a fierce testimony to their self-confidence though a lot of their natural flair and technical ability may count against them for a while (an

After two years unnoticed hard work in the Scottish foothills, The Cuban Heels had carved their niche amongst the masses.

With the recruitment of The Shakin' Pyramids the next step was obvious — the formation of their own label to win over the masses once and for all.

MAX BELL (words) and PETER ANDERSON (pix)
chart the course of the Cuba Libre revolution.

which prevents clubs from starting operations. The bye-law is the result of Harry Lauder's Music Hall heyday, long since replated by a saturation of appalling local-bred country and western. Music Hall stars in the early part of the twentieth century were powerful enough to demand that their audience wasn't threatened by pubs with music licenses. The results of this effective ban on small venue live rock (or soul or disco) have been demoralising for Glasgow's aspiring youth, forced into hobnobbing with the local hoods or hop onto the bus for Paisley's Bungalow (six miles outside of the city the bye-law no longer applies but you can imagine the consequences for yourself).

Ali Mackenzie knows the problems intimately. His Cuba Libre is set at the foot of a dingy tenement block that quadruples as studio, office, meeting place, cafe. Ali also doubles up as drummer for Cuban Heels, a four piece group — singer John Milarky; bassist Nick Clarke and guitarist Laurie Cuffe — with few pretensions to be a strictly modern, you-are-what-you-wear type of outfit. After two years of non-recognition Cuban Heels have formed the backbone of Cuba Libre, with their debut 'Walk On Water' single smartly followed by the self-styled Celtic Reeverbilly madness of The Shakin' Pyramids, an NME single of the week band recently with their dynamic original 'Reeverbilly Boogie'.

irony that shouldn't be lost on the more blinkered followers of Orange Juice and the like — precious things to their fans and often too precious to the casual outsider).

Mackenzie christened his Hellfire premises and Cuban Heels' alternative began. The second link in the chain was the chance rendezvous in Glasgow's Barras market where Mackenzie happened upon an unlikely trio of rockabilly buskers with a penchant for Everly Brothers styled harmonies and acoustic early Sun. Because of their busking, street corner sensibilities, Shakin' Pyramids are in the delightful position of being able to play at the drop of a guitar case. Their singer, Davie Duncan, a handsome black quiffed personality, has a throat that encompasses all manner of timbres from Elvis to Hank Williams and his heroes Don and Phil. He's flanked by the acoustic guitars of Jim Creighton and 'Railroad' Ken (better known as Big Ken, on account of his strapping 6'6" frame). Railroad resides in a village outside of Glasgow where he makes a living with his hands building cane furniture ('he's a real craftsman' is the general opinion).

But it was Davie and Jim who a year or so ago left home for the streets of Paris and points south. Duncan: "We had a fiver between us but we made enough to live on. We've always believed in playing anywhere at any time, in



The Shakin' Pyramids



VIVA CUBA LIBRE

your toilet or at your party, we're that kind of group."

Jim Creighton elaborates. "There's always someone who'll say 'you're doing this because ...' Especially with rockabilly being so fashionable now, I can't believe all the quiffs in London!"

Recently the Pyramids have gained a certain amount of notoriety by taking their music to the streets of the capital. They've auditioned for Richard Branson at Dingwalls and played an impromptu set in the foyer of the Venue last week. "We went down better than Flo and Eddie, you should have seen the happy, smiling faces. Afterwards Branson was plying us with champagne. No wonder he was in such a good mood. He walks into the Venue and he owns the whole fuckin' place!"

They have a way of mixing business with pleasure. The Pyramids inveigled their way onto a recent Rockpile support in Glasgow after meeting The Polecats and getting invited back to the Edmunds and Lowe hotel where they sang Everly Brothers songs into the wee hours.

According to Creighton, "Edmunds was a bit narky, he told us we'd got a harmony wrong when we hadn't. Nick Lowe's great though, and so's his wife. We really respect those guys but I don't think Lowe's as interested in producing small bands as he was."

Now he's married into the House of Cash he doesn't need to be.

"Aye, that's true. Last week we were busking in the Kings Road and we made nine pounds before the police moved us on. These blokes from Glasgow started the ball rolling, one of 'em pulled out four notes and put them in the case."

BOTH CUBAN Heels and The Shakin' Pyramids admit to finding London too speedy for their tastes, yet they are also adamant that Glasgow, despite its million plus population and its rich heritage of writers, artists, museums and halls of learning is still no place for an emergent new label. Duncan has enjoyed the novelty of busking in the open but finds the rock and roll purist mentality is as bad at home as anywhere.

"The purists want to hear it done the same way or better, that's all. Not differently. We were

in the Cafe Gondolfi one day playing a Gene Vincent song and these teds came in, sat down for a minute then walked out. Real snobs. Really we don't even consider ourselves strictly rockabilly, although that music to me is the best in the world. We didn't even decide to try out the Everly harmonies, that was something that happened. Now the rockabilly fad has been created we've already been accused of being a wacky Stray Cats copy band. In fact our acoustic sound is entirely different. I'm influenced by traditional Scottish folk music, we use the boran, a hand drum, like The Chieftains. A proper drummer could destroy our sound altogether though a slap bass, that rockabilly rhythm, could crank it up. I use a lot of handclapping live and the harmonica is very important. Otherwise we can't go into a studio and make a sophisticated sound that won't be reproduced live. That's cheating."

The Pyramids debut album, twelve tracks of originals and obscure covers, was produced by Mackenzie who has been forced into learning several skills from scratch. It's scheduled for a March release. The sound is nothing to be ashamed of either, highlighting a blend of completely fresh rocked-out craziness with a lethal injection of guitar virtuosity that would grace the life of any country lover, from a Gram Parsons fanatic to a Mac Curtis devotee to a Cramps Bopper. "We hope that when the fashion dies away that people will retain their respect for the music," say the Pyramids.

Mackenzie's own Cuban Heels remain the fulcrum of the label although as I pointed out to them it's the rockabilly trio who are likely to make the initial running. At present Mackenzie is talking about leasing the label through a major company and having the other groups remain on Cuba Libre with a licensing deal to ensure full control on the important things like art work and self-presentation.

"The main reason why the Heels have got some publicity this time after being together for so long is that we have Sandy Robertson and Paul Brown (Rockburgh personnel) helping us with promotion. They've opened a lot of doors for us. In the last two years because we'd never been signed to anyone we never had any pose thrust upon us and we had time to develop. We find that people will watch us, that we keep their attention, even if they think we're a crap band. We have an identity but it isn't contrived. I mean what's all this about Spandau Ballet wearing kilts?"

Duncan intervenes: "It's a popular

misconception that rock and roll originated in Scotland, that the Americans came over to the shipyards in Greenock and stole it away."

He deflates a touchy subject but the point is made then and later that certain groups, let's call them Spandau Ballet or The Polecats for reasons of anonymity, have had much publicity thrust upon them by virtue of a natty haircut or an image that looks suspiciously artificial. Admittedly there is no special advantage in spending months struggling for recognition in a Glasgow slum but the experience has had its edifying moments.

"The Cuban Heels have played in some clubs that were run by gangsters, real neds, vicious bastards. One night a guy came into a club carrying a black bin liner. When the bouncer took it off him it had a sub-machine gun inside. The boy just says 'Och, put that behind the bar and collect it later'."

"It's not uncommon for people to come into a club and try to steal the till. But Glasgow, well Scotland, has a very bad image. The music press still tend to treat it like one town — the Scottish scene, like the Liverpool scene or the Newcastle scene — but it's a whole fuckin' country, man. The record business people also think we're yokels, the strokes they try to pull. You can be punished for staying in Scotland, or patronised. The A&R men know you'll come to them because they'll never come to Scotland. They'll go two miles in London to see an act. We'll come down for however long it takes to get the job done."

Guitarist Laurie Cuffe mumbles something about Andy Stewart before confessing that when he gets home he'll be "getting the hat on, a few rounds of golf, a bit of fishing, a bowl of porridge."

BUT CUBA Libre, like Postcard, is a step in the direction that will help destroy the patronage and ensure a measure of decentralisation, even though Mackenzie has aspirations that go way beyond the alternative charts. "I've a secret respect for Alan Horne and Orange Juice, they'll be at the top of the independent list for a while yet. That's good but a lot of recognition would be better. It's nice to be hip but it's nicer to be rich. I'd like Cuban Heels to be successful on the level of The Jam or The Beat, groups with integrity that sell a lot of records. Orange Juice would never admit it but they've come to us for help with technical things, a guitar tuning or a drum sound and yet Alan Horne will say that he hates us. He thinks

Cuban Heels are old men and the Pyramids are cabaret. We're the same age as those guys but they try to act really young and giggly. I have to respect Alan Horne though, even if he is a shit of a guy."

The future for Cuba Libre is a package tour in the spring and a Heels album for the summer as well as the mentioned records that will soon constitute a solid start for a label that relies on an ancient mixing desk, a few rosey mikos and an acoustic ambience roughly equivalent to a small scullery. All the bands have completely separate identities and many not even share a common aim.

Mackenzie has yet to reveal his other trump, James King, on a breathless world. King once preferred to be known as Jimmy Loser, a real East End of Glasgow chip man with a big brother. "Och, but he's a good lad now," is the laughing verdict. "I once didn't get him onto a guest list and he came up to me and said 'I'm gonna stab you in the throat'. He's quietened down a bit, doctor's orders on account of him spitting up blood in the morning. He has a habit of falling up stairs a lot. Now he has a line in one of his songs that goes 'and the loser shall be king', which is a bit of a change."

King's new E.P. with its electric sound as potent as Costello, the Dolls' Tom Verlaine and 'Aftermath' Stones (that's my interpretation) indicates that he is the stuff of future legend. A tough nut with false teeth and glasses, Mr King writes and sings from a personal well of savage commitment that compares favourably with any of the true greats. His brash 'Back From The Dead', coupled with 'My Reward' and a particularly compelling reworking of 'As Tears Go By' is guaranteed to cause a stir soon enough. Mackenzie says that King's sound "is very American in a way, but it has balls, it isn't Schmaltzy". As with Costello you won't feel King's hard fire power until you come across him face to face. It's a chance worth taking. In the interim Cuba Libre has made its own story without any favours: its music is a product of Britain's most depressed city but it certainly isn't depressed in spirit. The evidence so far is that Mackenzie has picked up on four disparate outfits all of whom are hell bent on rocking.

A King, a Gardner, three Shakin' Pyramids and four Cuban Heels make a powerful mix. Have yourself a Cuba Libre on me.

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Between the cycle of fashion and the force of farce



A CERTAIN RATIO Do The Du/The Fox/Shack Up/Son And Heir (Factory Records (US) Inc.) Sticks, bones, loose clothes, sparse makeup and bloodshot eyes for this one: passion drilling deep enough to scare the skin off the average Spandau Ballet songwriter. Dance yourselves dizzy, think yourselves lucky. . . . A Certain Ratio and The Joy Of Performing. A Certain Ratio, the deficiency experts. No unpleasant impulses whitewashed! No love lost! Resist the burning ACR and you are truly blind and deaf to the new realities that have overtaken most lives.

Half way between the highfidelity sophistication of 'Flight' and the who-knows-what unparalleled goodies of the taboo LP appears a four song feted hits compilation. Ostensibly an introduction for the American avant-garde: nonchalantly conceived to further help define the deeply subtle talents and buried brilliance of the vain princess of northern soul. Media boosted rock decorates its empty vanity with more cliché, intensifies its spiritual impotence and pitches an effete advocacy of 'justice' — groups like ACR challenge such examples of the spreading conspiracy against reality. ACR are no refinement of the obvious, don't echo emotions or hedge their bets: are a defiant contemplation of essential isolation, phony discipline and outside interference. As outer-reality grows more brutal in its fundamentals — sexual, political, psychological, sensational — ACR exist to capture and confront new experiences. A stinging entertainment for the accelerated present.

Who's afraid of A Certain Ratio now!

So . . . information: the price to pay. 'Do The Du (casse)' from the Graveyard side of the cassette-in-a-purse, 'The Fox' from the Ballroom side: that's the flipside. 'Do The Du' highlights the postadolescent existential ribbon of farce that threads through their music — as Frederic Raphael said farce is the only kind of humour that can mesh with tragedy — blinded with the exaggerated lurch and dizzy excitement. "My heart is like an open sore." Titter if you want!

'The Fox' is nibbling, radically nutty, a pep-pill of playfulness and free from tetchiness. In a sense: GOSH!

The hipside can even surpass all that for bastard shape and form and lifting shifts in outlook and values — the scope of ACR's concern, constantly being revealed, will surprise a number of prejudiced minds. The blessed Benelux beauty 'Shack Up' is inevitably the most commercial crystallisation of ACR's fantastic pop up art: this layering of monotony, action, illumination, beat, devotion. 'Shack Up' is as pure groovy as 'Too Nice To Talk To'.

'Son And Heir' is as superior, sweeping and startlingly personal as 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' — y'know, flirting with the maudlin and Romantically Damned — bleeding where that song melts. The words are sung in semitrance: the energy is disguised: rejoice in the incantatory! Throbbing Gristle fed through a James Brown hallucination dipped into a Celine dream. Why the line "And I wanted to die" lifts and thrills me so much I can only explain to the ones I love most. (Tell me tonight. — Ed.)

Don't (please) be deceived by the apparent casualness of ACR's work. This record is special, if only because it is so challengingly frank, fluid and immersed in a strange faith. Sons and lovers ACR are 1) the best group in our part of the hemisphere 2) young poetic-religious idealists alienated from our sapping materialistic culture 3) neo-buddhists and gentle anarchists 4) simply very drowsy.

This record can be bought in this country.

THE NAMES I Wish I Could Speak Your Language/Night Shift (Factory) Factory's outing into the low country part one: Fac 29. The laminated modart (lots of broken up cartoon Saints) sleeve audaciously imparts



A Certain Simon Topping blows his funky horn and does the du.
Pic: David Corio

no information — except that this is indeed Fac. 29. Factory — how they cheerily jumble up rock's assumed traditions. And again, it has to be said, only a collective as abstractive and instinctive as Factory would have the patience or perception to detect the off centre, unstated value of The Names music. An unusual situation, this sound.

The Names are European — Belgian — and are part of the growing Europeanism that's connecting all around us even as we struggle through this first week in February. They've a sweeter disillusionment than A Certain Ratio: a cooler, more classic Europeanism a long way from ACR's paranoid EurofunkActivism. The Names are honing the ballad properties in Joy Division's latter works: a new slant on the function of sophistication. They've an artful respect for melody, a non-obscene sense of dynamics, their use of structure is somehow both retreating and epic. Both songs are yearning, watery, sung with pale elegance: soft pulses issue from the music, rippling, sucking the listener into its embrace. Poignant, thwarting, for those who acknowledge the eroticism and calm in the music of Repitition, Durutti Column, DAF and . . .

MINNY POPS Goddess/Dolphins Spurt (Factory) Factory's outing into the low country part two: Fac 31. Minny Pops are Dutch, are hard and fragile. Unusually they could potentially make sense to those who find fun (in whatever ways) in both

Minny Pops knock on Britain's door and ask to go Dutch
Pic: Anton Corbijn

SINGLES

BUT IS REVIEWER
PAUL MORLEY
ON PAYOLA?

the fantasies and terrifying images of Voltaire and the sweet images and bitter-sweet fantasies of Manoeuvres. Their music is not normally focussed: a caricature of a pacey pop song, attacking not preserving its components.

Daniel Miller has said that he likes music at either end of the scale — Throbbing Gristle or Silicone Teens. Nothing midway. Minny Pops are, simplistically speaking, floating somewhere in between. Intellectuals light heartedly treating serious themes or a pop group losing thier trust in surface coherence: which ever way they're wilfully retarded. They could, though, quite easily be a Mute group, and if I had a daytime Radio 1 show they could quite easily be very famous. As it is, they're on Factory, so they'll probably be treated as half-human.

For the alert, sensible and less dogmatic, Factory are simply years ahead.

CRISPY AMBULANCE Unsightly And Serene (Factory) And so to Fac 32.

For some the spirit of destruction introduced by Joy Division has gone flat on us with such performers as Crispy Ambulance. I can't agree. Crispy Ambulance may not dazzle but the spirit is aggressive, character is imposed and there is no tame emulation of J.D. effects. It has been said there is a typical Factory group. They are supposed to be inauthentically post-J.D. Sort of naturalistic neo heavy metal, limited in range, texturally grey, spitefully monotonous and mordant, glum, glib, grim, gloomy . . . in fact a rock fan's/Radio DJ's impression of Joy Division, as a fashionable Uriah Heep.

The rock fan is well used to accepting without thought failed statements of style, meanings destroyed by years of abuse. The disrupting, liberating imagination, the public expression of personal desires that remains faithful to the inner self — this is an unknown quality, invisible, unrecognised. Surface gloss is all that has become required.

may, from the conventions of rock, seem narcissistically introspective, undeveloped and depressing. Maybe they are! In truth, such groups communicate more through hard edged minimalist style and primitive sound than rockist groups who've sorted out their poses and clichés based on archly repressed formats.

Crispy Ambulance have to be approached with a minimum of



preconceptions and anticipations. You can hate it but you can't claim that it contributes to our hardship. These are first steps: the start of it all. This is not rock formed by those traditions, based on those conventions, framed by those responses, and for all its apparent 'amateurishness' is far more a creative endeavour than the safely contained, melted down idiocy of such respected reactionary specimens like Dire Straits or Styx.

These two songs on this ten inch are crude dreamy concoctions with motion, cool primitivism and thorny imperfection that excites me and cheers me more than so called happy pop by Look, Freshies, Cheaters. If there is a typical Factory group then what makes it typical is recognition that rock restrictions are a joke: design, intellectual or otherwise. Factory Records are laughing.

POP WORTHIES

THE BONGOS In The Congo/Mambo Sun (Fetish) The Bongos succeed because they invite you into an ineffable pop fantasy and do it without insulting you or indulging themselves: their music is a glowing

RECESSION VANISHES MIRACULOUSLY
FACTORY OUTPUT
BOOMS

Joy Division bought in such things as unselfconsciousness, the painful twist of abstract analytical sensibilities, that rock had rejected. Groups genuinely inspired by the depth and energy of Joy Division,

CONTINUES
OVER



FROM PREVIOUS

celebration of their own worthlessness, an unamazed re-interpretation of early '70s anglo-pop. They're like innocent Devo, too idealistic and respectful to gnaw nastily at the rotting roots of their wonderland, too much in love with the unaccountable magic of the pop hero. Theirs is Bolan and they are honourable enough not to copy the man's noblest work but, with great discipline and sensitivity, update it for these new days. They cavort wilfully through 'Mambo Sun' and 'In The Congo' sounds as covetous as the best of that period Bolan. Both songs, though, radiate with their own sweet desires. The Bongos aren't nostalgic! The spirit is contemporary! It would make an exquisite choice by Peter Powell for his record of the week.

Bit hard on New York's baby Bongos. They'll get jaded soon and end up as forbidding as the mighty Clock DVA.

THE SELECTER *Celebrate The Bullet (Chrysalis)* One by one. Here sit I. Alone and grim visaged. Bit by bit. The defences drop! I fell for the self-deprecation and undespairsing agitation of Madness, the sociability and emancipation of the brilliant Beat, and now quietly admire the imperious yet expressive new adventure of The Selecter. My! those 2-Tone groups are spreading out. It's hard to believe it was once so symbiotic.

'Celebrate The Bullet' is at least polished pop, a lazy lace work of mute guitars, semi-committal percussion, laconic brass, reverential harmonies and flawless bass. Pauline Black's airs and graces here manifest themselves as acceptably melodramatic. It's a septic torch song, even a surgically precise destruction of that initially risible ska busybody. A much subtler and more refreshing mettle in this new Selecter! Hope it gets slotted into those daytime schedules: it'll prey on some minds for whatever reasons.

POSITIVE NOISE *Give Me Passion/Ghosts (Statik)* Well! Who'd have thought! Hero Adrian Thrills, fresh back from New York this very week and stuffed with alien jive, reviewed this single a few

weeks ago from a private tape that we play a lot round here. Now, praise the Lord, I get a chance to rave a little: and a little more arcanelly no doubt. Yes it's out!! Next week, along with 'Ceremony' by New Order and 'Tell Me It's Easter On Friday' by The Associates, why couldn't I have waited a week before I grabbed the singles sack? All these singles of the week weren't in the sack anyway.

'Ghosts' is a respectful elegy to a nameless hero: an elevating work. 'Give Me Passion' is an extravagant pop song. Years of misuse have debased such words as 'power', 'anger', 'heart' in the rock space — but that's what 'Give Me Passion' has. A lubricating power, intoxicating anger, anxious heart. In the small chart room — it's not pure fancy to say it could easily break in — it's simple exclamation — conveyed with almost delusional intensity — will achieve a glorious resonance.

Upcoming LP 'Heart Of Darkness' should vindicate Positive Noise in the eyes of those who see and object to an idealised Magazine flavouring on 'Give Me Passion', and dismiss 'Ghosts' as J.D. in a bad light.

SHEENA EASTON *Take My Time (EMI)* Talking of Scotland, how can we avoid Sheena Easton's first single of '81, carefully tucked into the first month, wrapped in a glowing bag featuring one of those shrewdly glamourising Brian Aris pictures. Aris transforms Easton into a fourteen year old — implying it's no wonder that the hapless lass gets herself into such a muddle with those disreputable and fickle lyrics. Here she's hopefully preaching monogamy — 'I need somebody to tie me down'. I'll let that one sink in. Or, I'll tie you up anytime you want, darling. Or, oh bondage up yours. Or, Sheena is a punk rocker. Or, Sheena should sue the git who wrote that line. But why is she so timid to accept such treacherous junk? I expect the answer is very complex.

It's indicative that all the idiots who write words in other papers and magazines, speak words on the radio, grin on TV, can consider someone as fundamentally plain as Easton, with a voice so stretched and implausible, an image so slippery, and a non-existent lust, to be a pop genius. Not even a moderate family

entertainer like Bob Geldof and Grace Kennedy, but a demonstrable TALENT. Jonathan King claimed the other day that Easton is the brightest female to emerge since Hynde. But she can't DO anything. It's almost a shame.

Has everybody forgotten how pathetically ordinary Easton looked traipsing into Esther Rantzen's deplorable *Big Time*? — irresolute, passive, vacantly desperate for an escape route. Lulu's manager (of all people) got it right when she looked at the uninviting waif and sternly announced that she just wasn't right for the times: recognising a second rate Lulu when she saw one. Sheena Easton isn't what should be happening now: but she's what the BBC want to happen, so she is what's happening. We should all be massively suspicious of the inevitability of it all.

'Take My Time' sounds like it was thrown away by Nils Lofgren: sounds like the wettest Kiki Dee attempt to convert the whole of America to some sincere something or other. Since Sheena's found herself with all this space and access, instead of singing these appallingly joyless songs that are turning her into a hardbitten middle aged shell, she should sing songs written specially for her by Pos Noise, Scars, Orange Juice, Associates etc etc etc.

DOLLAR *You Take My Breath Away (WEA)* What I find so attractive about Dollar — Corry's Gail and Brian gone para-glamour — is that they smear their cussed, curdling passion all over the slobbering dailies, don't pretend to be profound saviours, don't mind appearing dumb and lax, and that they try so hard to be nubile and 'modern'. Thereza Bazar and David Van Day seem to get married every two years to pull in necessary publicity. They're due another marriage pretty soon, me reckons.

They're just so gallantly harmless. I get violent over the awfulness of The Look, paranoid about the Sheena Easton conspiracy, catty about the success of Visage, worried about the malignance of Rainbow, but can tolerate Dollar almost to the point of OPEN AFFECTION. Their music, actually cunning and crafty, seems almost to parody the insulting soul destroying perkiness of daytime Radio One! I'd like them to be my friends. Take them down to

Cabaret Futura: get Currie / Formula / Ure / McGeoch to back them instead of the noxious Steve Strange. What an excruciating dream! There are bits of 'You Take My Breath Away' that sound like Magazine gone Eurovision — and David and Thereza wrote it themselves! No two ways about it: gosh!

If there is going to be dross dominating the pop charts — and the BBC demand it — then rather it be Dollar than ...

NOT ONLY BUT ALSO **NEW MUSIK** *Luxury (GTO)* **REGENTS** *Just A Little (Arista)* What a bunch of crap — God these people are just so UNPLEASANT. Sloppy sleeves featuring such irritating faces, damp expressions and sad clothes. What have faces and clothes got to do with music? Everything, everything. New Musik still make saturnine/jocular pseudo-post Normal electro-pop that can't help but be even more stupid and humiliating than their name. These boys — BOYS!! — churn out such dreadful sweet sheet you just know that deep down they'd love to be accepted by The Blitz berks. They'll probably end up propping up this year's Yes.

Regent's '17' noised its way into view pivoted around a sour novelty base: it was obvious they were one hit wonders like Jilted John and Susan Fassbinder. On 'Just A Little' they're all demure and penitent. The song's so sober and deadening it could be a reject from *The Jazz Singer* or a David Essex b-side. They should get David and Thereza to write their next song for them.

LANDSCAPE *Einstein A Go-Go (RCA)* Landscape arthritic sophisticated dance music will simply be washed away by the harsh accents and tones of Skid 23 and the belting exuberance of Stimulin'. The meretricious Spandau music will be swamped too. (C'mon lads, where's the punchline?)

KIT HAIN *Uninvited Guests (Decca)* **CLAIRE HAMMILL** *First Night In New York (Beggars Banquet)* **NOOSHA FOX** *More Than Molecules (Earlobe)* Hain, once part of Marshall/Hain, produced here by Mike Thorn (Wire, John Cale), should be congratulated or something for grafting a sensitive

contemporary edge onto her nerveless, florid MOR. The nearest male equivalent to such a stylist I can think of is Richard Strange. Hamill's lovingly stressed voice has not worn down with age, and despite vapid lyrics, a prosy rockist arrangement, 'New York' is close indeed to the progressive MOR class of 'Uninvited Guests'. The sleeve is second rate Peter Saville and therefore the best non-Factory sleeve of the week, and the b-side 'Ultraviolet Light' features Gary Numan systematically abstracting Hamill's curious ballad: should be the play side.

Of these three it's Noosha Fox's blunted, bromide ballad that will appeal to the Radio One mentality and so be a hit. So be it? This consistent inclination towards the axiomatic is getting really serious.

HALF HEARTEDLY RECOMMENDED

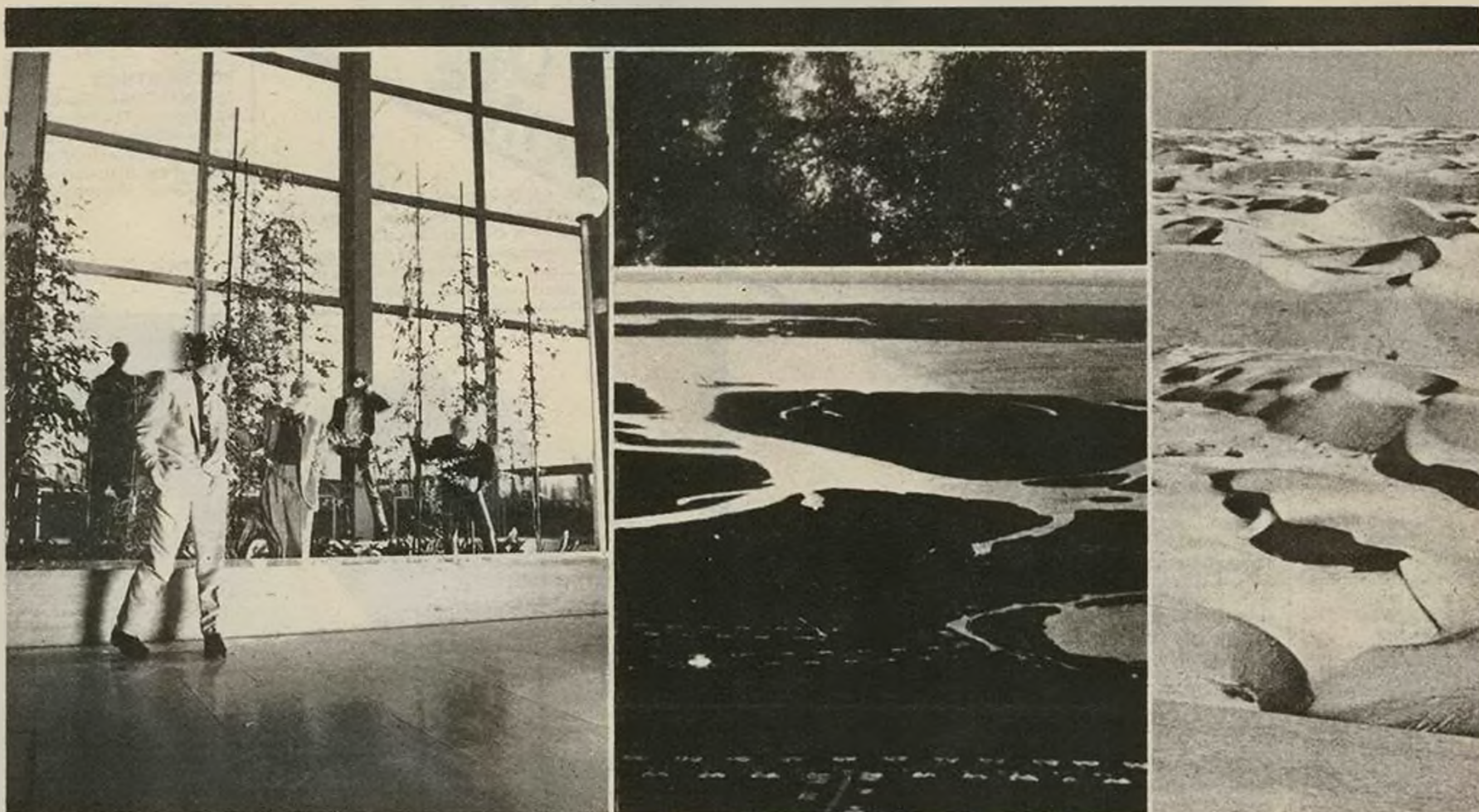
ROBERT WYATT *Stalin Wasn't Stalling/PETER BLACKMAN* *Stalingrad (Rough Trade)*. I don't suppose this will worry anyone. A nursery rhyme and a poem, for RT fanatics, general phobics and obsessive collectors of profound trifle. Wyatt has made his own category in music: this is an addition.

NOT RECOMMENDED AND NOT DECENT

MICHAEL ATIVAR *Cabral Dynamic (Chance)* **JOHN ELLIS** *Hit Man (Rat Race)* **RELIGIOUS OVERDOSE** *25 Minutes (Glass)* I wouldn't trust these records if I were you. Ellis gets produced by Steve Hillage and gets polluted by the man's strange new found militant joyful hustle. A fidgety interfering little record. The other two are laboured, painstaking, paralysing technological dawdles. The line of least resistance. **DANCESHIFT** *Dance In The Moonlight (Harvest)* **PAUL SIMON** *Oh Marion (Warners)* **SMIFF N'THE TEARS** *Driver's Seat (Chiswick)* **ROBIN TROWER** *What It Is (Chrysalis)* **BRIAN COPSEY AND THE COMMOTIONS** *Boys In Love (Chrysalis)* **TANGO BRIGADE** *Donagat (Epic)* **GILLAN** *Mutually Assured Destruction (Virgin)* **LEAVE ME ALONE!** (And pass the sticks and bones ...)

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24 LONDON Hammersmith Palais

OTHER DATES TO BE ADVISED

LEATHER JACKETS and leather upholstery, greasy quiffs and greasy food, unhealthy complexions reflecting in cloudy cups of tea: Ten Pole Tudor merge effortlessly into the confines of the sleazy cafe. Sometime later, after he's dined on chips and greasy fried eggs, gangling, gawky Eddie Tenpole will reveal that it's not in these sordid surroundings that the feasting should be taking place.

His eyes begin to sparkle as he outlines a romantic vision buried somewhere in the mists of medieval (Tudor?) England.

"I want to be rich one day and be able to invite people round for banquets, get their measurements and have a load of costumes waiting for them when they arrive. People should be celebrating, carousing and fornicating under the moonlit trees of England."

Dick Crippen, the group's waggish bass player adds to the picture. "Lots of chicken legs and gravy running all down your chin. Hahahahaha." Each to his own, I guess.

No matter how much they may try to deny it, Ten Pole Tudor are of a breed that includes The Sex Pistols, Adam and The Ants and Bow Wow Wow. That is to say they are more bastard offspring sired by Malcolm McLaren. He looms large in their history acting as an unholy trinity of conspirer, inspirer and Fairy Godmother.

"I was decorating his flat singing away to myself and he said, 'Cor you've got a great voice, come away with me and do some recording'."

The fruits of this liaison came in the form of a cameo role in *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle*. While Steve Jones pursued his favourite hobby somewhere in the stalls, Eddie wandered lost and forlorn through the aisles singing 'Who Killed Bambi'.

But Eddie wants to forget all that now. "We don't even do 'Who Killed Bambi' anymore. It's all history and we'll prove that we are greater than that. I've always been who I am ever since I was born, but just because I happened to gatecrash the whole *Swindle* episode people think that's where I come from and that we're secondary to that. But we're secondary to nothing, this is the new age of wildness and Tudor punk. Ten Pole Tudor stand alone at its forefront."

When pushed, he will admit to an affection for McLaren.

"The last time I saw Malcolm was at the Battersea Funfair and he took me on the big dipper (*Long time since you saw him, Eddie. The Dipper closed in 1975 — Ed.*) He told me to imagine a 5/4 beat and all the major corporations crumbling to dust. Now I thought that was a bit weird — y'know what it's like on the big dipper — and there he is telling me to imagine everything falling apart. But Malcolm's like that, he's got a wonderful sense of humour and he's a great person to be with. In fact it was all his idea all this dressing and everything. I wish I'd thought of it first, but just because I didn't doesn't mean we can't carry it out."

EDDIE TENPOLE'S a queer fish and no mistake. He's like a caricature of a '60s protest singer come to life — hedonistic Wolfie Smith. As the old gag says — he's suffered for his music and now we're going to have to do the same.

There was a rumour going around that Eddie Tenpole was from a wealthy family, and adopted a South London accent just for street credibility. Well, the accent makes no aspirations to being anything other than a mildly cultured standard English and, he claims, his

background was miserably poverty stricken.

"Until I heard my first beat group, life was meaningless. I saw the Stones on telly when I was eight years old and they excited me unbelievably."

After being kicked out of his co-educational boarding school at 16 for having his own group, Eddie became a children's actor. His favourite memory from this period is of playing the leading role in a play he wrote himself. He brought the play on a tour of primary schools and as many scenes required the participation of the entire audience it was a great success. I can just imagine him getting the kids all excited, as they clambered onstage to maul him, crawl over his back and pull his hair while the teachers sat there, baffled and indignant.

I can imagine him too at parties — making a name for himself as the ungainly beanpole liable to burst out into a chorus of 'Satisfaction' at the end of the evening. A slightly lonely, a slightly sad figure but when all is said and done, a definite loony.

"Everything's so sordid nowadays. Since the industrial revolution, evolution has been going at such a fantastically fast rate that everyone's lost touch with the spirit of life and natural exuberance. We want to put people in touch with the wild feeling that is the spirit of



Pix: David Corio



Above: Eddie. Above right: Dick Crippen, Bob Kingstee, Gary Long, Eddie Tenpole.

rock'n'roll.

"Y'know the feeling you get when you buy your first amp and you plug it in and you jump around the room shouting and yelling. That's it! — that's the primal spirit of rock n roll. We've no bullshit to offer, we're bypassing the intellect and singing straight from the heart, from the soul. I mean, forget the intellect, it's the most destructive mechanism in the human brain. I don't tend to use mine much."

With *The Swindle* behind him, Eddie and his friend Bob Kingston (guitar and vocals) met up with Dick Crippen (bass and vocals) and Gary Long (drums and vocals). Despite early reservations they decided to stick with the name Ten Pole Tudor. Perhaps all the free publicity from the topselling *Swindle* soundtrack album helped sway their decision. It took sometime before record companies began to show an interest in the band, but when Stiff added Ten Pole Tudor to their roster of tasteless and faceless outfits it seemed a typical, not to say inevitable, gesture. They deserved each other.

Eddie, of course, doesn't see it like that. Although he's released two singles that have disappeared without trace his

main love is performing and he falls into the mould of the original caveman rocker; the legacy left by Screaming Lord Sutch and Arthur Brown. He's desperate.

"Ten Pole Tudor is all we've got left, because when you're in a band you lose all your mates. The other day I got so depressed I was ready to jump off the roof. But then we get into the rehearsal room and start playing, it sounds terrible and I love it. Sometimes I think we'll never be really popular because everyone who's become involved with us doesn't really know how to take us. We'll last until the day I die which might mean I'll commit suicide next week."

EDDIE TENPOLE is inviting the entire youth of this country to a party.

"I think everyone should rip up their 20th century suits and stop being snooty and standoffish. There's got to be a warmth and love between people. I think that it's great everyone is dressing up these days — I mean those Blitz kids look amazing. But what I can't stand about them is their aloof and unfriendly attitude which is all wrong. Why be unfriendly in this modern world? Why not love your fellow man?"

"But don't get me wrong, we're not a flower power

group. When I was 13 all this hippy lark was starting and I thought, 'great'. I went to my first concert at half term and — saw this guy with all the beads and the long hair. So I went up to him and said 'hi man!'. He looked at me, in my short trousers and short hair, I had a few beads round my neck trying to look cool, and he just said 'fuck off'. I've felt disillusioned ever since — never trust a hippy."

But surely you are something just as bad, something just as irrelevant — a trumped up punk icon three years too late.

"No, because punk is changing and developing all the time. There's hundreds of punks all over the place. Anyway our music has never been punk rock, we don't play like the UK Subs for instance. We play beat music with lots of different rhythms."

Just to bear out the range of this versatility, Bob demonstrates the ten pence piece banging on a beer glass rhythm.

A novel start to our conversation had provided me with my first opportunity of hearing Eddie's eclectic outfit in action. I pressed the button on my brand new cassette player only to find that, contrary to the sales assistant's advice, the machine did not have a

recording facility. Generously, a roadperson drove me back home to get my old recorder and played me several Ten Pole demos during the drive. I'll say one thing for them, their weedy vocals, perfunctory tunes and general scruffiness suited my predicament perfectly: very embarrassing. In so many words I tell this to Eddie.

"We've written a lot of shit actually. I'm not a very good singer but that's not what it's all about. What I lack in singing I make up for in other directions. You really have to see us live to get an idea of what this band is like. Our gigs are a celebration of wildness, dynamism, attack, life and joy. Our best performances are when things go wrong, like Bob knocking his amp over — a bit of chaos, we love all that. There's too much coldness and sterility in the world."

Right now, Ten Pole Tudor are recording their debut album with Alan Winstanley, who handled the production chores with Madness on 'One Step Beyond' and 'Absolutely', at the controls. The group look upon it as a retrospective of their earlier work and it includes a few songs they've now dropped from their live show.

Something they seemed far more enthusiastic about was their return to the hallowed concert halls of England, having just returned from America with the Stiff tour.

"I wasn't too fond of being

Eddie Tenpole wants everyone to come to a party and go bonkers all round him.

He wishes he'd thought of the silly clothes but they were Malcolm's idea.

His spiritual forbears are Arthur Brown and Screaming Lord Sutch. He's an all round caricature, he's . . .

WOLFIE SMITH IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Gavin Martin adopts the mock-Tudor look.

part of a package tour because I think we're much too individual for that. I just treated it as a training course. Britain, America and Europe for three months seven nights a week. That's a good training course. But . . . America, man, I can't stand America. America is a shit hole on the face of the earth. The people are dehumanised monsters — the Macdonald's syndrome, everybody walking around like human coca cola tins."

WHEN I was four years old I used to take myself and my little tin guitar out into the garden and serenade the pupils returning home from primary school with a medley of Beatles' songs. As the years passed, I looked back and thought what a stupid little prick I was.

Eddie Tenpole used to do something similar and really he's never stopped. He wants little more than to jump onstage and have everyone go bonkers around him. There's a place reserved for him in the mudbath of ugliness and ineptitude inhabited by the likes of Max Splodge. There he will splash around long enough to irritate some and provoke a guillible sense of enjoyment in others. But in my book he'll always be little more than an imbecilic victim of rock'n'roll — curtailed and defined by its many myths and his own shortsightedness.



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BY PAUL RAMBALI

SATURDAY NIGHT ended at seven o'clock on Sunday morning with one last bottle of Veuve Cliquot and Sunday began at four in the afternoon with Bette Midler. Normally I recommend a blend of coffee and neat alcohol in these situations, but if Bette Midler came in soluble form that would do nicely.

French journalist Philippe Manoeuvre and I had already worked out our campaign as we lurched across Paris in a rented R5, watching the traffic part miraculously through a brainless fug. In the lobby of the Plaza hotel — which is not quite the George V but close, in fact just around the corner — I contemplate what would happen if I lay down and went to sleep on the seductively deep pile.

Would one of the hopelessly rich and stultifyingly idle women look up from her afternoon idyll of out-of-season strawberries and take pity on me before or after I was thrown out?

The odds were almost computed when the moment arrived. Miss Midler would see us now. We are the second of four interviews on the fourth or fifth day of her promotional junket to Europe. Tomorrow she lunches with Jacqueline Cartier. Perhaps they will discuss a promo tie-up for a line of designer jewelry as worn by the Divine Miss M and available in department stores everywhere.

Sometimes a real trouper gets her reward before she goes to heaven.

At the age of 24, or thereabouts, Bette Midler is the supertrouper — the living epitome of the fact that showbusiness isn't dead yet. A woman of supreme taste and perfect charm ready to step outside with anyone who says she isn't. Also, her current success just goes to show how far rock'n'roll has come these last ten years, and this last statement proves once again that irony never works in print.

Named after Bette Davis, Bette Midler has worked on Broadway and in a New York gay sauna, often mistaken as one and the same. She has a string of interpretative showcase albums to her credit, none of which contains any songs by Laura Nyro. She nearly won an Oscar for her part in *The Rose*, she has written a book of her travels called *The View From Abroad*, and she has insulted our Royal Family, which it must be admitted won her more column inches than her duet with Bob Dylan.

Her new film, *Divine Madness*, documents her live show for future generations. In it, Miss M is as ribald as she is brassy, more lurid than Liberace, and saltier than a hot pastrami.

With this in mind and a list of questions in hand, Philippe and I enter her beige marble suite on the seventh, trembling more through drink than anticipation.

ALARGE pink balding American fellow who sweats unduly in his role as bodyguard and flunky leads us into the main room, where we meet a woman called Bonnie who is Miss Midler's travelling companion, and Miss Midler herself, who is blue-eyed, blonde and buxom, dressed in blue jeans and a blue shirt, and much more diminutive and fragile looking than I'd expected. They'll never have to dig a ditch for her leading man!

"Let's talk about *Divine Madness*. I love it!"

This doesn't come as a great surprise.

"It's a record of a show that I've done for a long time, and I'm in it. In fact, it's mostly me. I also have The Harlettes (her back-line), not

enough of them I'm afraid, but they're there. There's some new songs and some old songs, some old jokes, some old characters, but the costumes are all brand new and that's what really matters!"

As Philippe and I work for rock'n'roll journals, Miss Midler is at pains to explain if we like rock'n'roll we are sure to like it. I tell her we don't but she continues regardless.

"I thought that *Divine Madness* would be a good explanation of why I got the part as The Rose. I am and always have been in my own shows very energetic... I've always danced and sung a certain kind of material — very overblown, passionate, exaggerated material, and that's the reason I got the part. They had asked me to do it seven years ago and I had refused because it was too close to Janis and I didn't want to have the onus of trying to imitate her."

Don't you think, says Philippe, that it was a little too exaggerated, this movie *The Rose*? "Oh no, I didn't think it was exaggerated enough. She was a bit overblown but the life on the road aspect and the manager character and the way the crowds behaved were very accurate. I've been on the road and I've suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous audiences myself. As far as the heavy boozing goes: that was not portrayed to its full extent in the early days of rock'n'roll. Now you find that the kids are much more circumspect and much more professional."

"I mean Jim Morrison was a nut! He was absolutely blotto! At times he couldn't even get on stage. In fact, he was the model that I used for her."

To our guarded astonishment, Miss Midler claims that making *The Rose* finally gave her the confidence to sing rock'n'roll, which is what she wants to do on her next tour. She is apparently renouncing her career in revisionist swing, full-scale surrealist extravaganzas and visions in cheese. One feels that rock'n'roll would not be gaining a daughter so much as losing an eccentric aunt. Hopefully, she thought better of it once we'd left the room.

Nevertheless this begs the question: what does she think of Ronald Reagan?

"I didn't vote. I didn't even know what day it was. I couldn't care less; not interested at all! I am curious about him though. I hope he does some of the work himself."

Do you think he has it in him to do the work?

"I'm not sure. They say he doesn't read, but I'm waiting to see what happens. I will say I like the way he dresses. I think he looks great for his age, just *smashing*. He hasn't got a grey hair on his head and I remember him when he was *completely* grey — so it's nice to see that he's rejuvenated himself."

Have you ever thought of being the first woman president?

"All the time. Actually I ran for president

when I was at high school and I was elected president of the class. I was a great campaigner. See, this is what I learnt about politics when I was in high school: I was a great campaigner, but I couldn't do the job. I mean, I love a popularity contest as much as the next person, and that's what elections have deteriorated into. But the thing you find is that once they get the gig they don't have a clue what to do. I was almost impeached! They marched on my classroom!"

When was the last time you went mad, and about what?

Miss Midler and her companion look at each other for a moment and then burst out laughing.

"Well," says Bette, "I went mad over a man I met in London about three nights ago!"

Does it happen often?

"You mean really mad? When was the last time I was really freaked out? Let's see..."

Bonnie looks at her watch. "Let's see, what time is it now...?"

"I don't often go mad, actually, I used to go mad a lot when I was younger. I was a great one for throwing things and kicking people in the shins and stuff, but I've calmed down considerably."

"Age does that to you, you know. Now that I'm 24 I think it's time I began to act like the real princess I am."

WHAT IS an average Bette Midler day? (By now it should be clear that Philippe and I have reverted to our script for the main thrust of this interview.)

"I wake at 11 o'clock if I'm lucky, and I get on the phone immediately and start hassling my agent. I don't even bother with breakfast — all I need is one cup of coffee to get me really angry. Then I get on the phone to my agent and I say, Why? Why? Why? Why am I suffering so? Who am I waiting for? Get on the ball! Then I call my lawyer and I say the same thing to him. And then I get on to my accountant and what I say to him is, Where? Where? Where?"

And then you spend the rest of the day waiting for them to ring you back, right?

"How did you guess?"

"Actually I do a lot of business, from the time I wake up to the time I go to bed. Also I do a lot of reading and a lot of studying. I don't get a lot of time to work with a band, though, and I'm hoping that after this trip I can just start singing and working in the creative part of it again."

Two comic strip heroes: Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Which is your favourite?

"Actually I think Mickey is a bit of a poofy, a bit of a wimp. I like Donald the best because he's really feisty, and yet so stupid. He's so ignorant, and yet that doesn't stop him from making a great racket. He's a lot like me. A lot like me."

ABREAST OF HER TIMES

KODAK SAFETY FILM 5063



TOM SHEEHAN

What's your favourite moment in a film in which you *didn't* appear?

"Well, I thought my telephone scene in *The Rose* was rather grand, but... I loved Anna Magnani in a film called *Bellissima*. I liked almost everything that Anna Magnani did. I also loved Giulietta Massima, when she was working with Fellini; *The Juliet of the Spirits* films and the *Cabiria* films. The nights of *Cabiria* was extraordinary.

"I was always drawn to the underdog, the tramp characters. Charlie Chaplin I thought was great, great genius. The scene in *The Gold Rush* where he eats his shoelaces! He boils his shoes and eats his shoes! He boils his shoes and eats his shoelaces as though they were spaghetti! That was a great moment..."

What was the last book you read?

"The last book I read was *True Britt* by Britt Ekland. (Pause for unanimous laughter.) And it was *no fun at all!* (ditto.) I was so angry because I thought it would really be a lark. I mean, if it was me and I had slept with all those guys I would have written a hair-raising book! I would have just laid everyone to filth!

"She was very tasteful I thought. Much too tasteful."

What's your astrological sign?

"I'm a Sagittarian, born on December the first. But I don't set any store by astrology except in the hiring and firing of people. I tend to surround myself with fire signs. Almost everyone that works for me is either a Leo, a Sagittarian or an Aries."

You like a good sparring partner, so to speak?

"Yeah, that's right. They don't let me walk on them. They give me back what I'm asking for. They fight, and I love an argument. I love a knock down tussle. Many of my friends have the bruises to prove it. Also, I try to avoid water signs at all costs. I've gone out with a few of them and they tend to be a bit flaky."

Being on the cusp of Aquarius and Pisces myself, I choose to ignore this remark. Miss Midler can count herself lucky that I was in an overtired and motionless state at the time. I retaliate with a simple question: Who is your biggest rival?

"My one biggest rival? Bruce Springsteen."

Not, as we might be forgiven for thinking, Dolly Parton?

"Oh no, I don't think of Dolly Parton as a rival at all, except in the area of body proportions. And lack of taste in clothes."

"But I think she's gone even further around the bend than I. Sometimes I wonder if she ripped me off, but I don't really think so. She's the kind of girl who likes to dress up. She comes from poverty the same way I do, and people who come from that always tend to get carried away with the baubles and sequins."

DO YOU come from a very poor background?

"Practically destitute. My father was a housepainter, and he ended up in Honolulu because he was trying to get as far away as he could from his mother."

Where did his mother live, New York?

"Actually, it was New Jersey, and she was a *terror*. She had married a man whom she didn't want to marry, sort of on the rebound, but she had six children by him anyway. The man that she wanted to marry was very rich, and he threw her over and married someone else who was very rich, and she never got over it. She married my grandfather, who was the soul of kindness and generosity, a very soft-hearted man, and she ran him into the ground... made his life a misery."

"My father was the eldest of the six children and he couldn't wait to get away from her. He tried joining the army, but my grandmother sent his sisters up to the base to get him back, claiming he was their sole means of support and if he didn't come home they were all going to starve. When he got back he found a job in the paper in the South Seas, and he didn't even think twice about it. He married my mother and went to Honolulu and he's still there now."

Did you regret not being brought up in America?

"How could you regret the South Seas? It's paradise! And what it did for me was it kept me away. It gave me a distance from the American continent and a great distance from the American point of view."

You became what I call an Off-shore American.

"That's right. And they are really the best kind. They are all very imaginative and all very ambitious."

But they do tend to be a bit homeless, don't they? Stuck outside the American mainstream like that.

"Yes they do, they tend to be... but I didn't feel homeless when I finally got to New York. I felt that I'd actually *found* my home."

That could well be because New York is full of Off-shore Americans anyway!

NOW THAT you've reached the age of 24, do you have any ambitions left?

"To get out of Paris alive... You know, at the end of *The Rose* when I got nominated for an Academy Award I really thought my life was over. I thought, well, now what am I going to do? But I've calmed down a bit. I was pretty depressed by that, by the fact that I lost. I wasn't *real* depressed, but I felt... like you're supposed to feel when you lose."

Who won?

"Who won? Sally Field won. And she deserved to win, but after that I thought, Gee, I've done it all. What can I do now? I went to a whole bunch of rock'n'roll shows, just for recreation and I thought — I haven't really done this. I did it in the film but I didn't do it in real life..."

What do you do for relaxation?

"Relaxation, what's that?"

Do you play any sports?

"Only indoor sports."

Do you jog?

"I hate that crap, that's such nonsense! It hurts!"

What's your idea of the perfect man?

"Someone who can string a sentence together. I like intelligence and I like 'em fat! About 230 pounds. Someone who can pick me up with one hand!"

Have you ever found the perfect man?

"Aaaahhh... You would ask that. I've found them, but they don't linger."

Can you cook?

"Yes, I'm an excellent cook. My favourite dish is red beans and rice, which I learnt to cook when we were in New Orleans. I use a lot of spice, which I discovered not too long ago. Americans aren't crazy about spices, and the English really aren't crazy about spices, but I've discovered that you can use spices together like chemistry. I don't let anything go by without a little dash of this or that."

What's your idea of the perfect weekend?

"The perfect man, and a rack full of spices!"

What in your opinion is the most terrible crime?

"Once, I sang an Ira Gershwin song. That was a crime against nature, and they told me so. They said it was like putting ketchup on caviar!"

Have you ever seen a UFO?

"I once saw a drag queen that I thought was a UFO..."

Are you rich?

"Extremely. And I intend to hang on to every nickel. That's why I'm rich."

Do you sleep in the nude or do you wear pyjamas?

"It depends on how much the other person sweats."

What was your most erotic experience outside of the bedroom?

"Whaaat? — I think some of the experiences I've had on stage have been fairly erotic. Singing 'Stay With Me' (her tribute to Janis Joplin) was a bit of a jolt. That was pretty lewd, I thought, for me..."

Do you want to have children one day?

"Any day you name. I'd love to have children. But I haven't found the right man yet."

I want to make sure that he's... clean.

Someone who isn't diseased, which is fairly hard to find these days."

What are your ideal measurements?

"If I could choose a figure I think I would want to have a '20s figure, like a vamp. No chest, no hips, and no waist. Everyone who has a bosom always wishes they were built like a broomstick, but what can I say? I got what I got and I'm not about to cut 'em off!"

"Actually, I have thought of it, but it looks like too much trouble. It's a very dangerous operation and you get terrible scars from it. Imagine showing that to the one you love! Ugh! How awful! I would *never* do it. I really don't believe in that sort of thing. I believe in doing as well as you can with what you've got. And I've done fabulously well, considering..."

HOW DOES it feel to be Queen of Queens?

"The Queen of Queens!? I think I'm the queen of just about anybody who likes a certain kind of showbusiness... any kind of showbusiness. I think I'm having a good run these last couple of years. People used to look at me and not understand at all what it was that I was doing, but lately my audience has broadened, er, so to speak."

"I still have queens, but I have older people too, and couples, and a lot of young girls."

More than that, I have achieved a certain amount of credibility. And that to me is absolutely fantastic, just fantastic. I always wanted it, and I always dreamed that I would achieve it, but I wasn't *really* sure that I could. But now I have and it's very gratifying, very very gratifying. The only unfortunate thing is that those crests of joyous success don't last."

Would you rather have satisfaction while you live or glory after your death?

"It's good to be satisfied while you're alive but I happen to be peculiarly obsessed with the historical perspective. I'm really hung up on it, in fact. There are some people who work for the present and some people who work for what they are going to say about you afterwards. I sometimes imagine my ghost hovering around the printing presses keeping an eye on what's being said about me. It's stupid to work for posterity but I do."

This is an admission of unusual sensitivity for someone whose career motto so far has been the immortal phrase: fuck you if you can't take a joke!

If I had a drink in my right hand right now I think I'd drink to Bette Midler.

The humours and bazoomas of Bette Midler



GABOR J. F. SCOTT



The Exterminator

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Diamond is a goy's best friend

The Jazz Singer

Directed by Richard Fleischer
Starring Neil Diamond, Laurence Olivier and Lucie Arnaz (EMI)

THE AL Jolson original caused box-office mayhem with its first-time synchronisation of talking and singing, and oh how the tears must have flowed as kosher kid Al fell for the life of jazz while ascetic papa wept for lost orthodoxy.

Less spectacular was the effect of the Danny Thomas remake in 1953 which had no new technology on offer, only schmaltz. Now Neil Diamond tries out as the New York synagogue cantor who, against the express wishes of his family, makes for himself a career in Adult Orientated Rock music.

The role of disconcerted pa goes to Lord Laurence Olivier, a man who looks as Jewish as a pork knuckle, but just for the part learnt how to quell and oi, yoi, yoi like no-vun's business.

The old man weeps, clucks, bites his fist, sings 'Havah Nagilah' but still can't quash his "boy's" hellbent dreams of Holly-wood. Altogether more subdued is the greenhorn performance of Diamond. Though lacking in vibrancy and at times verging on the somnolent, it's an adequate debut, one that's (ludicrously) earned him a Golden Globe

nomination.

Much of the action centres on the strain between the two Rabinovitch males with subsidiary tension deriving from wife Rifka who, in her pristine heart, well knows the pitfalls of the showbiz lifestyle.

With only a modicum of regret Yussel (now Jess Robin) sheds her and takes up with tough, shrewd, cute musical agent Molly Bell, who in real life is tough, shrewd Lucie Arnaz, daughter of Lucille Ball and professional Cuban Desi Arnaz.

It's Molly who makes Jess into a Hollywood mensch. It's she who fixes him up with a 40-piece orchestra and expensive session players for only his second gig.

At first Jess is the model Adult Orientated professional; always neat, polite, on time. But as the war with pa hots up he becomes the traditional bigshot prima donna, and just as Moll is about to inform him she is with child, runs off for an extended sulk through the American West.

He hitch-hikes from bar to cafe, gruffly singing his Adult Orientated material (curiously available on a new Neil Diamond album), always moving on before Truth finds him out. Only a beard and credit card insulate Jess from cold reality.

From now on the pot boils over and the songs pour out quicker than tears.

Naturally the whole thing's melodramatic codswallop, an exercise aimed at manipulating emotions, producing tears and cheers on cue and getting you from cinema to record store for the rest of the dubious package.

But who cares! Beneath the gushes of sentiment and opportunism I see no evil, only a half-baked attempt to warm the coals of human understanding, an effort to dissolve battle lines between blacks, Jews and the majority WASP world.

What it doesn't do, of course, is permit more than a glimpse of the depraved Hollywood lifestyle, the world so fervently objected to by the orthodox end of the family.

Only one scene stands out. It features Paul Nicholas as temperamental 'punk' star Keith Lennox and James Booth as his put-upon manager. Lennox is working on a furious version of a Robin love ballad when the greenhorn himself takes over the piano stool for a first-take delivery so exquisitely correct even the engineers gasp.

"Very good", says Lennox, languidly applauding, "now piss off."

The rest is smooth as whipped goo, ready made for the late, late TV slot in five to 50 years time, inclusive. And who knows, one lonely Friday night you might even be glad of it.

Andrew Tyler



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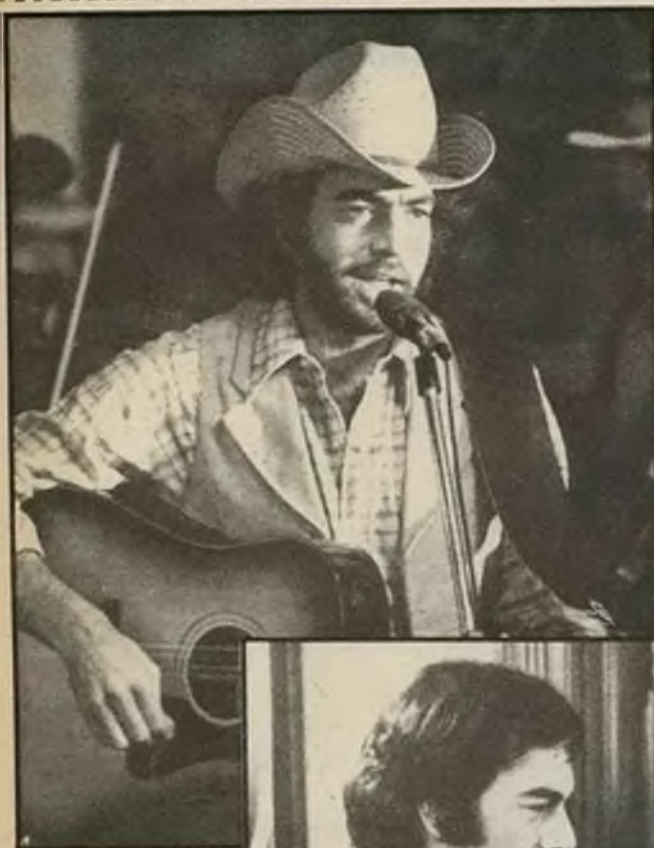
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W H SMITH



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Scenes from 'The Jazz Singer'. Only one of the four people pictured is Sir Laurence Olivier, the other three are Neil Diamond. Can you spot Sir Larry? Clue: he is wearing a silly costume.

SILVER SCREEN

Don't bring Loulou

Loulou

Directed by Maurice Pialat
Starring Isabelle Huppert,
Gerard Depardieu and Guy
Marchand (Artificial Eye)

LOULOU's a beau hunk whose boorish behaviour seemingly only adds to his Ramonic charm. He provides a perfect vehicle for Gerard Depardieu who has been rather unfairly typecast as the thinking woman's lorry driver. Yet without previous knowledge of the Depardieu movie myth it's difficult imagining this film working.

It cuts right in on Depardieu/Loulou catching level-headed Nelly's eye at a disco. She has an argument with her live-in lover and deserts him immediately for the brutish Loulou. After the stifling and sexually unsatisfying years she's spent with old lover Andre we can understand why she'd opt for a superficially simpler sex-based relationship.

Apart from his body and an

eye-opening glimpse into a demi-monde of petty crime, shady cafes and dodgy bars, Loulou has little else to offer her. Inarticulate and, for most of the film, incapable of expressing love, the viewer's almost as mystified by his lure as Andre and her family. However, she doggedly sticks by him, resisting Andre's selfish advances to win her back.

Despite the plaudits it's currently winning, Pialat's latest film is nowhere near a great one. But his cold observational eye, plus some very good performances from his three stars, give it a plausibility it would otherwise lack. If Truffaut had handled this particular triangle he would have turned it into a typically frivolous romp. However, under the sterner Pialat, the actors rightly discourage any sentimentality, and by the end succeed in winning our sympathy.

Huppert's sturdy, strong-willed Nelly doesn't really need it, though, as she shows herself completely capable of handling Loulou, even at his most drunk and unpleasant. Depardieu's movie past helps flesh out the character left out by the script and his inarticulate need to father a child is finally moving. Marchand succeeds with the toughest job — playing the wimpish Andre, whose petit bourgeois securities provide only cold comfort to Nelly. She did well to escape it.

If Pialat's the undiscovered talent everyone's suddenly claiming he is, don't choose Loulou as an introduction to it, like I did. I remain unconvinced, but there's enough going on to leave me open to persuasion.

Chris Bohn

BOX OFFICE

London

1. The Exterminator (Directed by James Glickenhaus)
2. The Dogs Of War (John Irvin)
3. Flash Gordon (Mike Hodges)
4. Caligula (Tinto Brass)
5. Tribute (Bob Clark)

Regions

1. Flash Gordon (Mike Hodges)
2. Kentucky Fried Movie (John Landis)
3. Resurrection (Sid B DeMille)
4. The Big Brawl (Robert Clouse)
5. Last Feelings (Pilon De Pasta)

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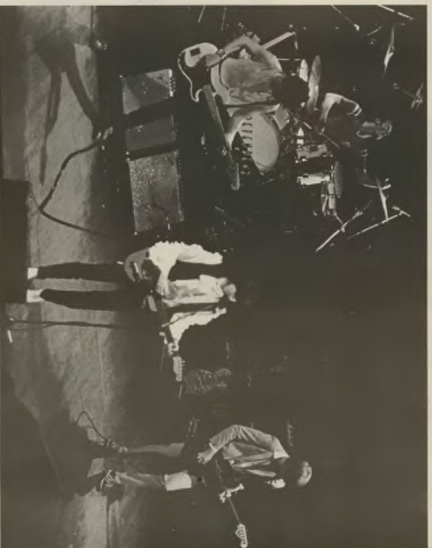
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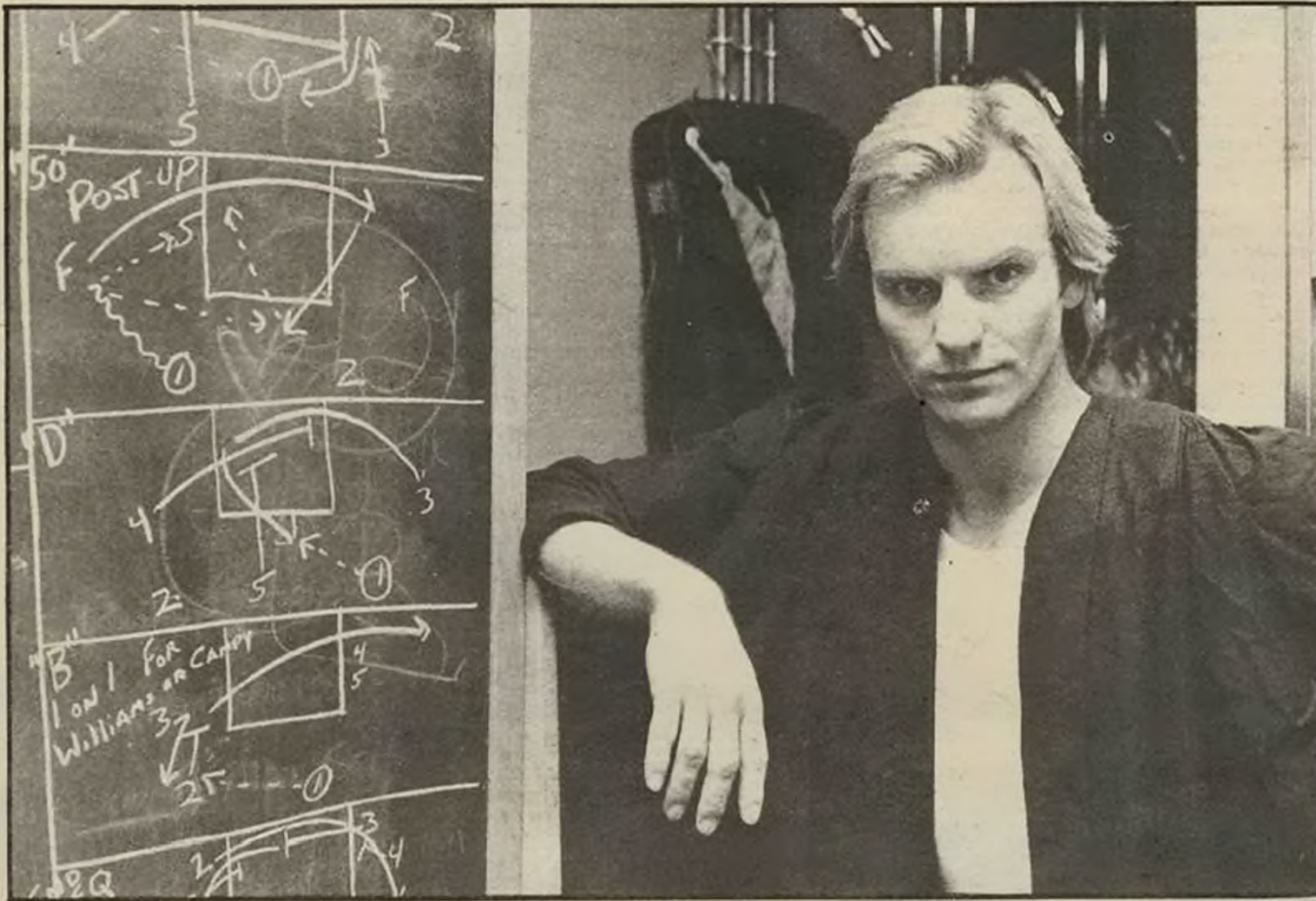
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LESSON ONE

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE IN A POLICE STATE

Sting instructs New York in the art of Police pop, posing and pontificating



IN NEW YORK City it is the coldest day of the winter. Later that night the temperature drops to 0 degrees Fahrenheit.

The woollen-enshrouded Sting leaves the warm lobby of the exclusive, uptight St. Regis hotel, just off the opulent Fifth Avenue a couple of blocks south of Central Park, and rushes nimbly through the freezing air to his waiting, ready-heated, powder-blue Cadillac limousine.

The limo aggressively pushes aside the late Saturday afternoon traffic, and bumps along the pot-holed, steaming Manhattan streets towards Madison Square Gardens and The Police's first-ever headlining show at the 20,000 seater venue. It is the first American concert on such a scale by a punk/new wave group, whatever that group's credibility.

Nestling down in the rear seat of the car Sting seems glad of the company of photographer Joe Stevens and myself — we're apparently taking his mind off the evening's performance which, he confesses after it's over, had seemed full of potentially fearful pitfalls.

"Of course," he suddenly offers in a torrent of words, his conscience perhaps pricked by the Hollywood-like trappings about us, "we got in through the back door in 1977. We weren't the real thing. Andy's age quickly gave everything away."

"But the revolution was upon us, and you had to pick sides. I thought, Well, I'm certainly not going to go with the Genesis mob — I'll go with something I actually agree with. And although in the initial stages I didn't really get off on The Sex Pistols' music, the attitude was so compelling I had to side with that lot."

"I was into serious music. I didn't even listen to rock music. Even now, I don't really listen to records much. I listen to the radio much more. Right now my favourite album is The Band's 'Music From Big Pink'. I never listened to Led Zeppelin or anyone like that. I could never stand those groups. In fact, to me The Sex Pistols sound was very much an extension of that. However, it was the verbalising that went round it that really struck me."

"But then I really *did* get into The Sex

Pistols, and my favourite album for a whole year was 'Never Mind The Bollocks'. It was so heavy! Paul Cook was a formidable drummer."

"It was the same for Stewart in Curved Air. They weren't happening then, and when The Sex Pistols came along, they knew they weren't going to happen again: a tidal wave came along and you had to either dive in or be drowned."

"We were in a curious position. Because of how old we were, and the experiences we'd had, we could be fairly objective about the whole thing. I could see that punk was going to develop in some way. It was going to have to ameliorate. It was obvious that if you could ally that energy and that drive to a more musical form, it would be dynamite. And what I wanted to have was energy rock'n'roll allied to harmonic, melodic music."

"What I started off doing was structuring songs that had an eight-bar section of rock'n'roll coupled with, say 16 bars of reggae. Which, in fact, you can see in 'Roxanne'. And through listening to the various songs you can see how my writing gradually became more sinuous. There's a reggae element in 'Don't Stand So Close To Me', but you can hardly hear it. The music flows more now — there's hardly any breaks."

"Initially, though, it was just very crudely obvious that if you joined the two things together you'd get something else."

"And," he laughs, "now we've refined that down to the pap we currently present."

THE LIMOUSINE approaches the gates to the Madison Square Gardens complex. Sting gazes out of the window at the concrete expanse of this pantheon of the rock establishment.

"In America, no-one in their music press *dares* criticise you. They're part of showbiz," he suggests, making his first mention of something which he will later admit to being very much a part of himself.

"They're part of the music industry — because you've sold so many units you *must* be good."

"There's no turnover whatsoever in America," he adds, as the car pulls up the ramp leading to the backstage area. "That's why I'm so pleased about making it here. We're here for the next ten years now."

By last Christmas, The Police's 'Zenyatta Mondatta' album and 'De Do Do De Da Da' single were amongst the 20 best-selling LPs and 45s in the US. After the relative failure of the 'Regatta De Blanc' album there, Sting, Stewart Copeland and Andy Summers are now securely re-established in the largest record market in the world, belatedly building on the success in 1978 of the 'Roxanne' single.

This new American breakthrough climaxed a year in which The Police unquestionably had become The Biggest Group In The World. In the UK where each of their three albums have passed the million sales mark, they seemed to have become almost Bigger Than Life Itself.

That this should have happened in spite of the scornful sneers of punk purists is an irony not lost on manager Miles Copeland, Stewart's 36-year-old eldest brother and the boss of the independent IRS Records in America and Faulty Records in Britain.

"No one came along and offered us any help," he tensely rattles. "With the exception of the merest handful of features, The Police have been consistently either slammed or ignored by the music press. Look at the NME Top 50 albums of last year, and The Police are not mentioned once."

"Yet we sold in the first three weeks of release of the last album more records than the rest of the Top Ten albums put together. (So what? That was a critics' poll on quality not quantity, Miles — Ed.) It's almost unreal! Quite remarkable! The group has done more for the British music business than anyone in the last ten years — than anyone since The Beatles, in fact," he barks, obviously having decided not to spare the superlatives.

"We brought The New Wave to America!" Copeland bounces up and down in something close to an orgasm of animation.

This is probably true, as a matter of fact. If Copeland hadn't slogged round the States with Squeeze in June and July of 1978 as their roadie, and asked "every single kid who looked like a punk which were the hip record stores, the best venues, which DJs in the area were into punk", and then noted down such information, it's unlikely that The Pretenders, The Clash, The B-52s, Talking Heads, and even Elvis Costello would have succeeded in America.

When The Police themselves went over there for their first tour in the early autumn of that year, they were mainly playing dates and doing interviews with DJs discovered by the paranoid but likable Miles, and his brother Ian, then working for a Macon, Georgia agency, and now running the FBI, the premier punk booking agency in the US.

Flying over to New York on Laker ("Laker has been very significant in the history of The Police," says shrewd Miles Copeland), with one roadie, The Police played six weeks of dates, covering the American east coast and travelling in an old van that Miles had bought.

"We were the first British group ever to come to America and not to ask for Tour Support to underwrite the dates. At first the record company seemed almost mistrustful of us, as though they were wondering what we were trying to pull."

"All I said to the record company was, Please come and see us. We were breaking even, picking up 200 dollars a night."

"I think," expands Stewart Copeland, "a lot of groups get held back, because they are only actually prepared to go a certain amount of the way, and when they get to that level they're not prepared for the further push. It's like, How confident are you that you can really do it? If you haven't got that total faith in

STORY: CHRIS SALEWICZ

PHOTOS: JOE STEVENS

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yourself, maybe you're just going to go for as big a slice of the cake as you can get in one go — namely, the advance.

"Then you'll know that for such a length of time you can have your £50 a week, though eventually, of course, it will run out.

"Where The Clash made their biggest error was in accepting that money from CBS. But their second error was in missing out of their contract a very important clause. Namely, that they retain complete artistic freedom to release whatever they desire, which is something we certainly have — point 36.

"In fact, that artistic freedom clause was a standard one until Lou Reed decided he wanted to get out of his deal with RCA, and fulfill his obligations by releasing four sides of hissing electronic sounds — 'Metal Machine Music'. RCA had to release it, and overnight that clause vanished from standard contracts. And it became something we revived.

Whatever we give to them, they have to put out.

"A lot of what we do," continues the drummer, "is commented on pretty negatively — their albums are done in three weeks, they're done really cheaply, they use a minimal road crew. But that's all a question of emphasis and the tone in which it's said — it can be made to sound really positive. They did their album in only three weeks! They do them really cheaply!"

BUT IT was the involvement in The Police of the Copeland brothers that was a major cause of the suspicion with which the band were regarded by the anarchy set.

Their musically and managerial involvements with Old Fart outfits were evident enough. Plus, they would have incurred xenophobic punk wrath simply for being American. But when their suspect CIA family background was revealed it was enough to make paranoid chaps wonder

whether Chief Constable 666 might not have a hand in this little musical operation.

I mean, just why were The Police the first Punk group to happen in America? It stands to reason it's a conspiracy intended to undermine the people's music. . . . blah! blah!

The reality is that Miles Copeland Snr, a close friend of US Vice-President and former CIA man George Bush, was a high-ranking CIA official who, first in Cairo and then in Beirut, bossed the operations of what manager Miles casually refers to as "the company". Manager Miles — whose *Newsweek* view of world affairs is less metaphysical than that of his youngest musician brother, and who himself was to attend the Bush inauguration in Washington — wrote an MA thesis on how to bring backward nations into the 20th century.

"As it happened I ended up taking underdeveloped pop groups to success," he jokes.

When The Police played in Cairo last April, the group's equipment was hindered by customs. "The guy from the record company said, 'Is there anyone in the government you know? Well, the only person I could think of was this fellow who used to live next door to us who was Nasser's bodyguard. I mentioned his name, and the fellow said, 'But he's vice-premier now! So I got on the phone to him, and all the problems ended."

"The thing you have to understand about Miles," says Sting, a North-East leftie, "is that he has this very *laissez-faire* rightist attitude in which he sees rock 'n' roll as bringing freedom to all these obscure places we've gone and played in. As far as I'm concerned, though, the reason we've done them is because being a world-class group shouldn't just be restricted to being big in the Western world — the popular conception of it. It should mean you're a force everywhere."

Whatever, one wouldn't be surprised if Miles Copeland had political ambitions . . .

OTHER RECENT sins include the Tooting Common Christmas show that turned into a Black Hole Of Calcutta-like experience. Neither Sting nor Andy Summers will admit that the shows were ill-conceived — "Since when's rock 'n' roll been a comfortable experience?" wriggles Sting. It seems they were inspired to try the dates following the success of a French tour using a similar tent — those concerts, though, had taken place in mid-summer.

Also, there was the shocking *Old Grey Whistle Test* live broadcast from Germany, in which the sound was so appalling that it could've caused a group of lesser stature permanent career damage.

"From what we can make out about that," apologises Sting, "it seems only half the stereo input was being mixed into the TV sound. It was a good gig, I remember. I mean, we're not a bad group live."

The limited edition set of previously released Police singles put out last Spring also created more than a small measure of controversy.

"We acquiesced to that because we were in Australia," says Andy Summers, "and the record company was in England, and there wasn't a lot we could do. But what we did say was that we wanted it to be in a limited edition, and not to be printed up in millions of copies."

This doesn't seem to concur with Stewart's claims of the group's artistic control, nor with talk within A&M that the singles sets were put out at the *direct* insistence of Miles Copeland! The greatest crime perpetrated by The Police, of course has been the low standard of 'Zenyatta Mondatta'. Though Sting will admit that the best Police album certainly will be their Greatest Hits LP, none of the group, predictably enough, will admit that their third album comprises shoddy material.

"The last album," Summers admits "was a bit of a cock-up. It was so rushed. We only had a month to do it in, yet had to take a week off in the middle to come to England and do the Milton Keynes concert. It was obviously an important gig, and we rehearsed the stage-show, came to England to do the gig, did another show the next day in Dublin and then came back to Holland to finish off the record."

"The last night we were in the studio we were putting the tracks in order until four in the morning, and we had to leave at eight the next day to go to Belgium to play a gig. We literally had to rush out of the studio, without getting a chance to really think about what we'd done, or see the tapes through and make sure the cut was alright."

"Whatever we've recorded, though, I — and it's the same for the others — can't get any perspective on what we've done for quite a while. I get really paranoid. In fact, I really like the album now, which has really come about as a result of my little girl playing it about 12 times a day."

There were no complaints, though, about the group's Madison Square Gardens show.

They transcended the size of the vast arena with an ease that belied there only being three musicians in the outfit, and which was a tribute to their dexterity. During the third number, 'De Do Do Do', a vodka bottle was lugged through Copeland's bass drum. As the lengthy repairs got underway, Sting ad libbed his way through 'The Yellow Rose of Texas', getting the entire audience to sing along.

Photographer Joe Stevens was down in the front-stage pit for the whole of the set. "You know," he said, "I've seen Springsteen, another very good crowd manipulator, from that same pit. And you soon see that in order

to reach those people right up at the back of the auditorium, he's hamming it up and faking it quite a bit.

"But Sting wasn't doing that — he didn't seem at all contrived."

"Also, before the show he personally came and got me past the security guards and into the dressing-room; that must have been the first time *ever* at Madison Square Gardens that the headlining star has done that. Rod Stewart would never behave like that!"

EARLY THE next evening I'm on the eleventh floor of the St Regis Hotel, in the living-room of Sting's suite, overlooking Fifth Avenue.

Sometimes Sting seems a little too charming, often capable of a subtle glibness, although that may be because he slips into the stock rap for a particular interview subject; it's a failing Stewart Copeland will also readily admit to with some self-censure.

Even so, Sting is a shrewd, political conversationalist, and equivocal to the point of deviousness (to which he later confesses). Confession probably comes naturally to him — Gordon Sting Sumner was brought up a Catholic. He attended St Cuthbert's Grammar School, where he was taught by priests — "A most reactionary, fascistic organisation. Still, it gave me something to kick against."

It also gave him the means to rid himself of his Northeast accent, though a Newcastle burr still lingers. "I very quickly learned to speak Received Pronunciation. When I went to grammar school I quickly learnt that if you want social mobility you have to have two voices. And now I've also got a London accent when I want."

In ordinary conversation Sting is surprisingly soft-spoken, though that's

probably an instinctive means of protecting his sometimes fragile singing voice (he appears to have a permanent sore throat). Now, though, he looks so fit under his South American tan and that combined with a new, rather conservative haircut to disguise a baldness problem, at first I hardly recognised him.

An exceptionally well-read person, backstage at Madison Square Gardens Sting is considering *Earthly Powers*, Anthony Burgess' new "large" book.

"Excellent. It's very interesting that the central character is gay, yet is handled so sympathetically and expertly by Burgess, who is totally heterosexual, as far as I know. That must have been very difficult for him to do — it shows his scope as a writer."

Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, Joyce's *Ulysses* ("It took me six months to read it, but I got through it.") and *Finnegans Wake*, E. M. Forster's *Howard's End* and *Aspects Of The Novel* are all mentioned during our conversation the next day.

Also with him in the dressing room is Sting's wife, Frances Tomelty, who starred in Peter O'Toole's controversial *Macbeth*. A bit of a show-off, Sting leaps on Frances in what seems just a little too much like a deliberate public display of his powerful sexuality. Perhaps it's motivated by the presence of Nina Miskow from the *Sun*, who — as Sting knows full well — is seeking out a story on the Beautiful Couple of The Police Man And The Actress.

It serves him right that he falls off the couch onto the floor.

Frances is also a Catholic; an Irish Catholic — which explains why Sting chose Ireland to go into the tax exile he pretends he hasn't been in.

"I'm not a patriotic person," says Sting, "which means that I have big rows with Frances, who's from Andersontown in Belfast. I can't separate chauvinism from nationalism, but she can even justify it to me."

"That's why I think rock 'n' roll is so great. . . . If you go to Argentina, it's more than just kids jumping up and down to music — they're actually saying, 'Fuck you!' to all the police around the stadium. Really, rock 'n' roll has done quite a lot — it's the same three chords as well. . . ."

It was whilst he was playing in the pit-band of the Newcastle local rep that he met leading lady Frances. They were married soon afterwards, in 1976.

"He was the reason we got married, of course," Sting stage-whispers, pointing at his son, Joe.

"Soon afterwards we moved to London with the baby, and the dog, and all our possessions in a Citroen Dyane. It wasn't to do The Police — it was to get out of Newcastle. Stewart's idea was just another feather in. . . . quiver in the bow (laughs). . . . Or whatever — it was one of those. And it was the one that turned up."

"I packed in teaching around July of '76, and I'd been on the dole in Newcastle for a few months. I thought, 'If I'm serious about being a musician, then obviously I can't get anywhere in Newcastle. I've reached the pinnacle up here. So I decided to move down, and we slept on the floor for about four or five months, with the kid in the carry-cot."

"I'm quite enjoying having money now, because I've never had it before."

"There isn't much difference between rock 'n' roll and teaching, mind you. It's the same job. You're entertaining delinquents for an hour. I think the phenomenon in the classroom is not teaching, it's learning. And your job is to create an ambience in which one can learn. That's what I'm doing onstage — I'm not telling kids anything, I'm just creating a mood which they can feed on and give to."

"I think it's the same job, basically. I'm not there to pontificate. I'm just there to create the mood where we can have some sort of intercourse. Mass intercourse. (Laughs) Oh yeah, that's a good term. Mass intercourse — gerrem off!"

IN THE hotel suite, Frances and Joe are readying themselves to go out. A large bunch of inflated balloons Frances is holding trail behind her at head level. "It's the only way to travel!" she quips.

Seizing the opportunity, I beat all of Britain's dailies to the punch by asking if there is any rivalry between her and Sting.

"Of course there is," she snaps back.

"It's a very creative rivalry," Sting expands. "I really want her to get on, because I couldn't live with a little housewife. I'd be straight out the door. We have to be equal. I'm very for Women's Lib, because I think it not only liberates the woman, it also liberates the man. And Frances' career is as important to me as mine is. It's mutual parasitism, I suppose."

In a couple of hours' time Sting is due to leave the hotel to be driven down to the Ritz, the venue where The Police are set to play a "secret" gig that really everyone in New York knows about.

"We're playing this gig as a bit of a political thing, really. After all, at the beginning we said that we were a simple group who only wanted



Top — Sting hugs his (banker) manager, Miles. Below: Summers practises the art of cool.

to play small clubs. We're saying that we've proved we can play Madison Square, and now we're going to play a smaller date."

"The first time we played in LA was at the 5,000 seater Santa Monica Civic, and the next night we did a Chinese restaurant. It's a statement about how versatile we are."

It's also very good for your credibility. "It's good for our credibility. . . . It's all showbiz — let's face it, rock 'n' roll's ancestor is music hall, not High Art. There are loads of charades that go on — in live gigs, for example. Everyone knows when you go off at the end of the set that you're going to come back for an encore, but people suspend their disbelief for that period of time. It is music hall. That doesn't mean it's any less valid."

"The Police are a pop band, certainly not a rock band — to me that means someone like Aerosmith."

"We are making music for window cleaners to whistle."

"When we did our first big English tour, when 'Roxanne' was number 16 in the charts. I was sitting in my hotel bedroom in Stoke, and they were painting out in the corridor."

RO-CK-ANNE. . . I Ere, Bill, pass us that yellow paint, will you? . . . *YOU DON'T HAVE TO SELL YOUR*. . . I thought, Blimey, I've done it! I loved that. It's fantastic to write a song that anyone can whistle. You can't whistle 'Death Disco'."

"Certainly what we're producing is not elitist High Art. But, equally, I think entertainment's an art. I think my songs are fairly literate — they're not rubbish. 'De Do Do Do', for example, was grossly misunderstood: the lyrics are about banality, about the abuse of words. Almost everyone who reviewed it said, 'Oh, this is baby talk. They were just listening to the chorus alone, obviously. But they're the same people who would probably never get through the first paragraph of *Finnegans Wake*, because that's 'baby talk', too."

"I know that sounds pretentious, but in that song I was trying to say something which was really quite difficult — that people like politicians, like myself even, use words to manipulate people, and that you should be very careful. It's quite a serious song, but because it's by The Police it was just written off as being garbage."

"I think if I stick at being a lyricist and a composer, then when all this wears off and my head drops off. . . . I'm serious about being a musician and a composer. I don't think it stops when your guitar strings drop off. When all the

High Art musicians in ten years' time are working as taxi-drivers, I'll still be a musician."

"In fact, I don't believe you can deliberately create art. I think it's only art retrospectively. It was to have a function first. And our function is to be heard in factories. It's to be whistled — it's a placebo, if you like. It's only art in five years time. I'd like someone then to decide, 'Well, that song 'Roxanne' had a simplistic kind of beauty to it. But that's not for me to say."

"When you think back to your own adolescence you can probably remember all the number ones you ever heard. Right now I could probably sing you the whole of 'Oh, Pretty Woman' by Roy Orbison, and I haven't heard it in maybe ten years. Or all The Beatles' songs. . . . And so can everybody if they're pushed. Or old Hollies songs."

"I find it great that we're actually in that league now. I find it hard to believe that in ten years time people may think of us in the same way that I think of The Hollies. A brilliant, fantastic pop group. I hate it when we're compared with The Beatles, but The Hollies I'd actually go for. Because like us they were a classic singles pop group."

"Part of our appeal that I'm very proud of is the young girls. There's a great tendency to treat 14-year-old girls and housewives as a sub-species, as if entertaining them makes you the lowest of the low. That's really . . . fantastic."

Well, secretly a lot of rock groups don't seem to really like girls very much.

"Well, it's all that, isn't it?" He holds his fist and arm up erect in a certain well-known gesture. "Go and see Status Quo and it'll be very onanistic — it's all boys, and they might as well get their cocks out as far as I'm concerned."

"That's not what we're into — we're into *sex*!" he laughs at this show of machismo. "Of the hetero variety. I think it's a much healthier scene to be in, even though you do get jibed at for being pretty boys."

"And, in fact, I think there's something in our music for just about everybody. Which I know is why we sell a lot of records."

"I know we're not so hip in the *NME*, but we're the darlings of the dailies these days. *The Sun* keeps following us around. Which, in fact, reaches a lot more people. And if we mean what we say when we claim to be a pop group then (laughs) I suppose the paper for us to be in is *The Sun*. Which is a pop paper."

"It's very insulting, though, when people talk of our music in terms of, 'Oh, it's just a



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formula! We're not breeding some science project! It's a real insult, in fact. We just do what's natural to us.

"I'm getting to the stage," he fires up, "where I don't care what I say anymore. I know what I'm doing, and I know what I feel good doing, and I'll do it. And to hell with you all! There was a time when I really cared and I could be very deeply hurt by bad criticism, but I really don't react like that anymore."

"I look on The Police," he continues, "as a group that has two very distinct phases, the first one of which was a failure. When the band first started, it was definitely Stewart's group and it was using Stewart's songs, which were totally sub-punk, and I just couldn't relate to them at all. The first few months I was living in London was when I was signing on on the dole, and in the afternoon I'd go along and play with him, almost just as something to do."

"I mean, in my jazz bands in Newcastle I'd been used to playing in diminished chords. And then Stewart presented me with all these two chord songs."

"Anyway, for whatever reason, Andy saw the potential of Stewart and I and joined the band and knew all the chords I'd like to put in. He was like a reservoir I could dig in. And it was then that I started to write songs again. Some of the things we play are fairly sophisticated harmonically. And a guitarist who's been playing for nine months — which was what Henri Padovani, our original guitarist, had — is miles away from achieving them. It's no sleight on Henri, who was quite a reasonable player. It's just that where I wanted to be musically, Henri couldn't be."

"But the second incarnation of the group was with Andy's guitar and my songs."

IN THE not so early hours of the next morning, following the trio's return to the hotel after the successful Ritz blitz, I find myself in the lounge of Stewart's suite. One floor beneath Sting's, it's almost an identical layout; a matter which I find slightly confusing. Stewart sits on a not quite identical couch in the same position as Sting had sat. Frances has been replaced with the excellent Sonja Kristina, the drummer's live-in lover since the days when she was lead singer with Curved Air. Stewart — who with his gangling, ungainly long frame and with his eyes popping from his permanently implanted contact lenses looks not unlike the Walt Disney character Pluto — was also in the final, failing edition of Curved Air. And there is a tricky moment between us when he realises it was me who once described that group as "lamentably crass".

Considering that at the time he read the review he wanted to bop me on the nose, it is to his credit that he is now able to see the

humour in the situation, and, with a sidelong glance at Sonja, he even admits that the reason Curved Air decided to take what became a permanent sabbatical in '76 was because they just weren't happening.

Now, in his ambitious pursuit of success he flirts with a faintly amoral philosophy that permits him to indulge in such dodgy concepts as the production of the notorious Moors Murderers record.

On the other hand, he is often denounced as the worst kind of ego-maniac, when that is just a paranoid misunderstanding of his supremely confident energy.

Like Sting (and Andy to a lesser extent), Stewart's a professional communicator who probably loves every aspect of this media game. It seems completely right that, as an ultimate PR scam, he should've edited *Record Mirror* the week 'Zenyatta Mondatta' was released.

Predictably, Stewart has a good solid perspective on the success story of The Police.

"I have not failed," he tells me, "to notice the absurdity of the way that I am now allowed to sit here and pontificate away, and everything I say is believed to be of immense value."

"The classic one, of course, is when you'll be standing in the middle of a dressing-room, and you just blurt out something in error that normally you would have cringed in embarrassment to have said. But before you can put your hand over your mouth, and wish you could disappear into the floor, you find that all the road crew and everyone else in the room are all guffawing loudly at this profound joke you've just made. Very odd."

"I also definitely have set raps on interview topics that I can wheel out at any given moment. I even find these days that I slip into them in the middle of ordinary conversations. As soon as the discussion hits any possible interview subjects, I just take off on the standard rap."

"The opinions I offer in all interviews, incidentally, are equally liable to frequent change," he adds as an escape clause.

The pre-Police history of Stewart Copeland has been nurtured adroitly into a now fairly well-known mythology: he only lived in America for the first six months of his life before his trombone-playing Masterspy father moved first to Cairo, then Beirut in the Lebanon. The youngest of the three Copeland brothers, Stewart was the most immediately musical, and before he was 13 he was playing drums in groups formed by the precious members of the Beirut American community.

In his early teens "the company" posted his father to London, and Stewart attended on a scholarship a co-educational boarding school in the West Country, along with grand-children of Haile Selassie. In terms of the liberated life he claims to have enjoyed in

Beirut, he found England constricting.

"My very first job as a professional musician," he says "was the one I had in Curved Air. Immediately I got the gig we went off on a tour of France, and it was very quickly apparent I was jumping in a bit ahead of myself. I really wasn't quite up to it."

"I was quite convinced I was going to be sacked, and I thought the only way I could save myself from this was by getting myself some publicity. So I wrote a letter on some spurious topic to *Melody Maker* and they published it immediately."

"And I didn't get sacked, because events took another turn." He glances again in the direction of Sonja.

He doesn't believe that events in The Police are about to take any unexpected turns.

"Everything connected with this group has happened very quickly indeed," he says.

"There is this succession of significant landmark events. And if and when The Police split, I feel that it will likely be for some coldly logical reason."

"Although at the moment, and bearing in mind the very different ways in which each of us has coped with our changing fortunes, we each find that the future still looks best with us working together."

ONE KIP, two kippers and a few hours later I find myself down in Andy Summers' room.

Beneath his ostensibly serene and sophisticated near-regality there lurks a knave-like impishness that befits a someone once featured in Jenny Fabian's book, *Groupie*, the salacious account of late '60s underground rock in London. And he was the only member of the group to continue the post-Madison Square Gardens festivities beyond the party at the statutory chic restaurant provided by A&M Records. He went on to a Lower East Side club called The Jefferson, distinguished by a hat-check man who wore a stocking over his head and a suspender belt and stockings on his legs.

For a long time one of the finest rock guitarists in the UK, the classically trained Andy Summers' addition to the ranks of The Police was yet another cause of extreme suspicion by hard-core punks. Not only was Summers in the mid-30s, but suddenly to adopt a punk stance was unconvincing, considering he was a foppishly stylish beat musician with Zoot Money's Big Roll Band, then acid prince of the psychedelic generation in Money's next outfit, Dantalion's Chariot.

Summers had then played with Eric Burdon's New Animals, quitting that group in 1969 when they concluded an American tour in California, and enrolling in university in Los Angeles where he studied music for four years. He left his course and America to return

to Britain for "personal reasons" shortly before he was due to gain his degree.

Back in the UK, Andy played first with Kevin Coyne and then Kevin Ayres before eventually joining The Police in late summer of 1977.

One of the more absurd blights on the considerably credibility-blurred Police was that Summers eventually came to join the outfit as a result of a connection with the ultimate hippy group, Gong.

"When I eventually decided to join The Police full-time," he explains "it was mainly Stewart's songs that were being used, most of which were pretty dodgy. They were all ultra-punky, and ultra-fast, and totally meaningless. (Laughs). It wasn't very enjoyable to play because there was no feel in it. I didn't enjoy it at all."

"I'd joined in the spirit of 'this could be really good. We could really do something here with a three-piece group'. But when initially we were playing it was just a disappointment, because it wasn't gelling as I imagined it should. It took quite a while, but eventually we started to see and feel the direction in which we should be going. We got more reggae-type songs, and started to spring out of that."

"The really early stuff, though, was diabolical."

"But when the offer came to join The Police it was a question of, Oh alright, let's burn the boats. There was no immediate future with them. There was no money. It was back to pushing the van to get it started, loading the gear yourself, and rehearsing a lot and just hoping and trying to move along an inch at a time. It got pretty heavy over the first year when really nothing happened. After I'd been in the group for about six or seven months Miles agreed to manage us."

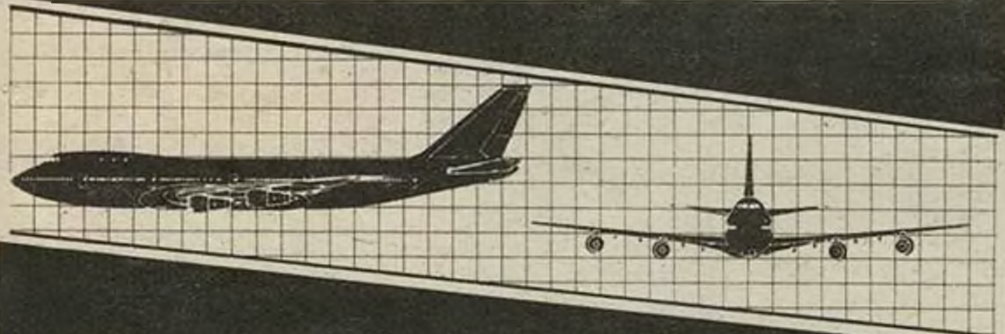
"Over the summer of '78 it really did get quite desperate. It seemed like nothing was happening. Sometimes when despondency would set in I would pull my seasoned trouper bit and do my best to keep chins raised: Come, on chaps, I've been through this one. As you get older then hopefully you can be more rational about some of the more bizarre things that happen, and get them in better perspective."

Though it is Sting who writes the vast share of the group's songs, Andy Summers isn't restricted to the guitar parts the bassist comes up with.

"We start off with the basic core and then as far as I can I personalise everything. For me the more interesting material is where I have as much freedom as possible to change the chord structures and fragment as much as I can. Which is what happens particularly in songs like 'Shadows In The Rain'... I fragment the original chord structure

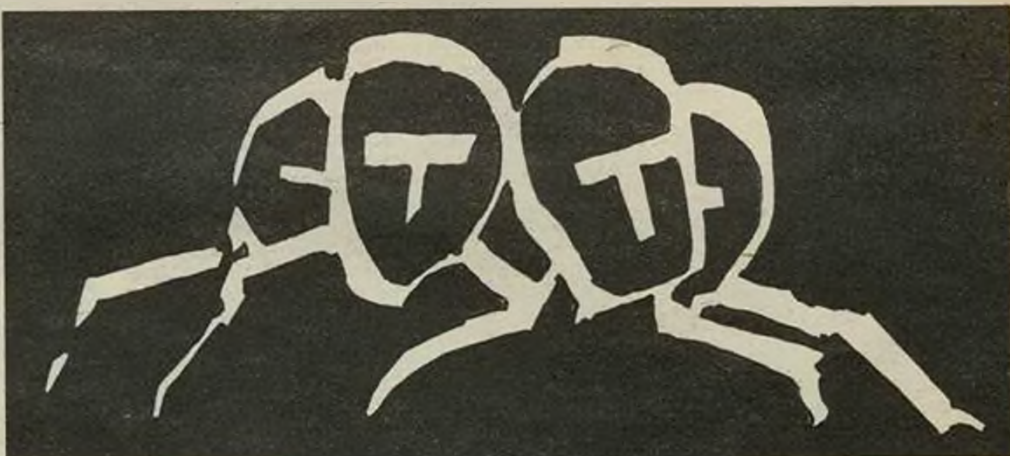
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AIM AT THE BRAIN!

AND THE FEET WILL FOLLOW

VARIOUS ARTISTS Dance Craze (2-Tone)

A YEAR is as long as a life time in the pop phenomena scale, and with hindsight it's tempting to view 2-Tone as a victim of its own momentum. One of the prices you pay for such an overwhelming impact is to be left apparently stuck at the same spot once attention inevitably shifts elsewhere. And with many of the groups who instigated the style currently in some form of disarray, it's easy to overlook their considerable achievements.

As a label 2-Tone kept a steady finger on a vibrant pop pulse when so much modern music was shabby and drab. The personal control that it stamped on its products while tapping the resources of a major company spilt sideways into set-ups like Go-Feet, and put pop where it hits the greatest number hardest; in the charts, on the television screen and now on film.

This accompanying album both puts British ska into perspective and brings it up to date. 15 tracks from six groups with sharply defined identities who have all been associated in some way with 2-Tone, complete with cheering, chanting and stage tirades against fighting and Thatcher that convey the authentic atmosphere that the ska groups generated.

'Dance Craze' is the sound of a real roots explosion that was the logical result of all those punky-reggae parties, and the issues that a lot of these tracks air are those that should stay close to any responsible heart. It shows a black and white dance beat that recognised an economic oppressor, and it incorporates the idea that somehow shared music could ease street strife. Its escapism is restricted to its effect on the feet; lyrically it hits conflict head on and the solution it offers is a simple, pragmatic appeal to human decency. It rests on the premise that through an inter-racial dance craze you can challenge a common enemy in an uncaring government; and that by exposing fascism you can help to hamper it.

Appropriately it's The Specials who shape and to some extent dominate this album. It starts with 'Concrete Jungle', on the run

through the city from the National Hunt, ends with a sleazy, sardonic 'Nite Klub', and in between there's their sinister warning against nuclear attack in 'Man At C&A.' The Selector's sound is superficially lighter and more plaintive, but 'Three Minute Hero,' 'Too Much Pressure,' and 'Missing Words' are characteristically sharp and stringent. That The Beat benefitted from these foundations shows in their effortless amalgam of styles, from Saxa's lovely looping introduction that floats in front of 'Mirror In The Bathroom,' through the irresistible rhythmic shimmer of 'Big Shot' and 'Ranking Full Stop'.

Bad Manners are emptier, good-natured and less articulate, but they blunder energetically through 'Lip Up Fatty' and 'Inner London Violence.' I'd have liked more of the underrated Bodysnatchers' slim, effervescent feminism than 'Easy Life,' their single track. And despite 'Razor Blade Alley' and 'One Step Beyond' from the Madness ska music hall repertoire, it's they who provide the one slightly weak link with 'Night Boat To Cairo' on Side Two; one instrumental is representative, but two without the added nutty visuals, in this context, looks like a waste of space.

Overall 'Dance Craze' lives up to its claim as the best of British ska. The album is an accurate reflection of one of the rare times in rock when people, place and social climate collide to transcend the limitations of mass entertainment and provide a deeper insight into public concerns. 'Dance Craze' is Britain at the beginning of the 1980's where the streets aren't safe at night, where the only start in life offered to many school leavers is enforced unemployment, where there's a wider and debilitating sense of international insecurity and where the democratic process seems so divorced from everyday life that creating an alternative reality in rock for once looks like a sensible option.

At its best, British ska set the feet on automatic and aimed at the brain, at a time when most dance crazes achieve exactly the opposite effect.

Lynn Hanna



Pruline pic: Anton Corbijn.

Through a hair-do, Blackly.

VARIOUS ARTISTS The Recorder Volume 2 (Bristol Recorder)

THIS IS the second in a planned series from Bristol's Recorder label. The package consists of an album featuring various local outfits, a special guest star in the shape of Peter Gabriel and a 20 page magazine stapled into the centre of the gatefold sleeve.

It's a well thought out, compact and reasonably priced crossbreed of two media. The magazine and the record (or, if you prefer, the writers and the groups) can benefit from being in one another's company as they're afforded the opportunity of a larger readership and audience than they would have if sold separately.

The magazine itself is excellent. Presented in a direct and professional manner, it should give other better-funded ventures a jolt (present company included).

There's a diversity of articles ranging from Echo And The Bunnymen, and American writer Charles Bukowski, to the conspiracy mule which you've probably read about in NME over the past few months.

Mostly, the articles are relevant to a local setting without being too restrictive. For example, Radio One is subject to close scrutiny because if you live in the Avon area it's the only station broadcasting pop music. But, as with the valuable and shocking historical expose of Bristol's slave trade, it's a subject which should have a broader, national interest: British guilt complexes — past and present!

Although the writers go uncredited (surely the Social Security couldn't be that devious?) (Oh yes they could! — ex-claimant Ed), The Recorder proves that fanzines don't have to be obscure, sycophantic or scrappy.

Chris Bohn

Sadly, local musical talent does little to match up to local literary talent. Like so many as if it was recorded by a group of university graduates on a weekend studio binge. The X-Certs and The Welders have three tracks between them, the former being a post-Jags pop group with an over-ambitious bassist, the latter a post Marshall Hain vocal duo (remember 'Dancing In The City?'). Fish Foods are artless situationists with the grating staccato of 'Dry Ice Hot' and the squeamish 'Modern Dance Craze'. These tracks, and the autobiography they donated to the record's sleeve notes, suggest nothing but heads full of slamming doors and hobby horseshit. The laughably named Radicals turn in three slices of white reggae redolent of recent exercises by The Boomtown Rats and Blondie — very bland, very twee and very irritating.

Surprisingly, it's dour old depressive Peter Gabriel who emerges most favourably from the whole deal. Speaking as someone with scant regard for his albums, I found the article and in-depth interview with Gabriel certainly helped me to understand, if not appreciate, his recorded work. The tracks on here — 'Not One Of Us', 'Humdrum' and 'Ain't That Peculiar' — are from cassettes recorded live in Leicester, New York and Chicago and are enjoyable because they are bereft of the bombastic production and anguished introspective overkill which flourishes on his albums.

It's a sad state of affairs when an enterprising independent package such as this one has to rely on an established performer for a lot of its appeal. Next time the musicians will have to match the intelligence of the writers or Avon will have to start calling to the far-away towns. That would be even sadder.

Gavin Martin



Neville pic: Anton Corbijn.

Singing on the spots.

VARIOUS ARTISTS Some Bizzare Album (Some Bizzare Label)

ALREADY BURDENED by the unwelcome futurist tag, these boys don't make life any easier for themselves with their own bizarre (sic) description. The jokey irony aside, there's precious little of the genuinely unusual on this record and about half of it suggests a movement prepared to coast on the work of pioneering precedents like Eno, John Foxx, Human League, OMITD and, of course, Gary Numan.

The weaker outfits have been too easily seduced by the sound of the successful synthesiser and sequencer combinations of the above, some of which are relatively easy to emulate at a DIY level. And as the album's compiler — DJ Steve — has laudably shunned well-known names in favour of the new and untied, 'Some Bizzare Album' will inevitably include a quota of the derivative along with the

adventurous.

But the best bands featured here are very good indeed. Bands like The Loved One, whose wonderful 'Observations' replaces conventional (these days) drum machine beats with a visceral, repetitive throb, over which vocalist and mastermind Dryden Hawkins intones — unfortunately, mostly inaudibly — like a deranged monk. Or Eric Random's 'Jell', whose 'I Dare Say It Will Hurt A Little' is Moby Dick revisited: lumberingly grateful sounds tied to a jazz inflected rhythm.

B Movie, too, use gregorian-type moaning and quickly unnerving breathing synths on their 'Moies', but they slightly blow the effect by slotting into more archetypal rampant electro-pop. Along with The The's untitled, intriguingly treated trip hammer percussive noises, B Movie provide the backdoor into the more mainstream charms of most of the record,

characterised by witty wordplays (which the less inventive probably learned from Human League).

Soft Cell are best and worst offenders. Their 'Girl With The Patent Leather Face' is mock grotesque, mildly amusing, insulting clockwork pop. They do it with a certain panache that Naked Lunch's 'La Femme' lacks — the latter's is a more straightforward, somewhat hackneyed depiction of glamour.

The Fast Set's rather mundane re-reading of Bolan's dopey 'King Of The Rumbling Spires' makes clear the Numan/T. Rex teenybop connection, while Neu Electric's 'Lust Of Berlin' is only a touch better than their name and title suggest. A more naive wire fused with early Cabaret Voltaire.

Illustration's 'Fidel Flow' is an accomplished carbon copy of John Foxx, though its giveaway progressive elements sound like they're sticking with the

post-Foxx Ultravox. Blah Blah Blah's 'Central Park' is a dippy depiction of a hazy scene, its banality unsuccessfully disguised by wild noises.

Which leaves the album's two mainstream highlights: Depeche Mode's 'Photographic' features very assured, neatly structured and entwined synth melodies which are partially marred by the '80s futuristic lyrics, but saved by the persistent power of a rhythmic line; and, most surprisingly, Blancmange, a duo whose live sets veer too closely to Joy Division for one to expect much, but whose 'Sad Day' is a beautiful, yustful instrumental in the mode of Eno's 'Music For Films'. On this showing, they deserve a second look.

'Some Bizzare Album' is a worthy echo, if not companion, to the more commercial 'Machines' compilation, and, on balance, the former's best tracks will reverberate a lot longer.

Gaye is the preacher

MARVIN GAYE
In Our Lifetime (Motown — import)

SOMEHOW ONE forgives the sermonising in Marvin Gaye that irritates in other soul stars. Visually he fits the bill — he might almost be the king who brought the myrrh. And his approach to telling us about the animals and the flowers (and the birds and the bees) is — well, it's so cool!

'In Our Lifetime', let us make it clear from the start, is no kind of departure for Marvin Gaye. More of an absolute refinement of his style. Both sides implicitly disregard the idea of a commercial black album, and both have an overall feel to them which defies the notion of "standout" tracks. Gaye is one of the few soul stars who make whole *albums*. Only minor fluctuations in mood enable one to draw dividing lines between songs, and most of his melodies happen to be in the same key.

Nor is Gaye's voice ever isolated as the voice of a star; the instrumentation is not framed around it. The voice is merely the central thread in the sound's overall texture. If at times it flies up out of the sound in a beatific falsetto, that is only to point the choruses and horns in a new direction.

Side One kicks off with 'Praise', a warm and happy prologue with Stevie-style synth, 'What's Goin' On' chorus, a Nolan Smith trumpet solo, and Gaye's repeated incantation to "Let our love come shining through."

It is one of the best things on the album. 'Life Is For Learning', the first sermon session on the album, quickly switches off this flow of joy. A rigid, medium-paced bass structure leads us through lines such as "You know some songs can corrupt your flesh to dust/The only songs you should live are the ones that you can trust/... the artist pays the price." One gets the message.

'Love Party' opts for a cruder disco thump but is still downbeat. Again its theme is the necessity of responding to the world around us.

The real sensuality is saved for the side's final track, 'Funk Me', where the inspired but cerebral Gaye meets his sexual alter ego. 'Funk Me' has one of the album's few really high moments, when Frank Blair's bass suddenly drops low, a deliciously cold shimmer of mellotrons fills the background, and Gaye just sticks it in, very quiet, very discreet: "funk me, funk me, funk me..." a sort of disembodied 'Let's Get It On'.

Side Two opens irresistibly with 'Far Cry', a track that keeps deferring a proper beginning and finally, rather than succumb to such a thing, dissolves in a shower of keyboards and cymbals.

'Love Me Now Or Love Me Later' is a repeat of 'Life Is For Learning', deliberately forfeiting concrete musical appeal in the cause of the message. Only a clean-cut-acoustic guitar, slicing through the meditative flow of the rhythm section and winding itself round Gaye's trance-like vocal, pins the song to any kind of ground.

'Heavy Love Affair', the current single, epitomises Gaye's ice-cool approach to dance music. Here again, the sound turns on Blair's bass pattern, which, as a straight jazz climb up the middle of the tune, operates as a central gauge, consciously resisting the possibility of a disco rhythm. Gaye himself lays down the diffident, ultraregulated drum part.

'In Our Lifetime', title track and closing statement, is the album's most immediately impressive offering. Again, it is a free flow of overlapping vocal patterns and horn parts held together by the bass which raises or shifts them from level to level, but it's altogether more urgent, with alternative bass styles, both jazz and disco, street noises, and masses of percussion.

'In Our Lifetime', then, doesn't give us another 'side' of Marvin Gaye, and there may be reasonable grounds for complaining that he's stuck in a rut. But then, as far as I and a lot of others are concerned, very nearly anything from Marvin Gaye is better than nothing.

Barney Hoskyns

PHIL COLLINS
Face Value (Virgin)

FORGIVABLE to expect this record to turn an unusual trick or two, risk a foray into uncharted terrain. Phil Collins' credentials are at least more respectable than the remainder of the Genesis coterie. Associations with such singular spirits as Peter Gabriel, Brian Eno and John Martyn might perhaps have inculcated an (un)healthy gremlin or two into the obligatory solo album project.

Certainly the skeletal elegance of 'In The Air Tonight' forms an intriguing taster, even if it is tarnished by the closing histrionics. Get past that though (it's the first track here), and hopes immediately sag. The following 'This Must Be Love' mines the vein of marshmallow prettiness of which, say, 'Follow You Follow Me' was such a dispiriting example.

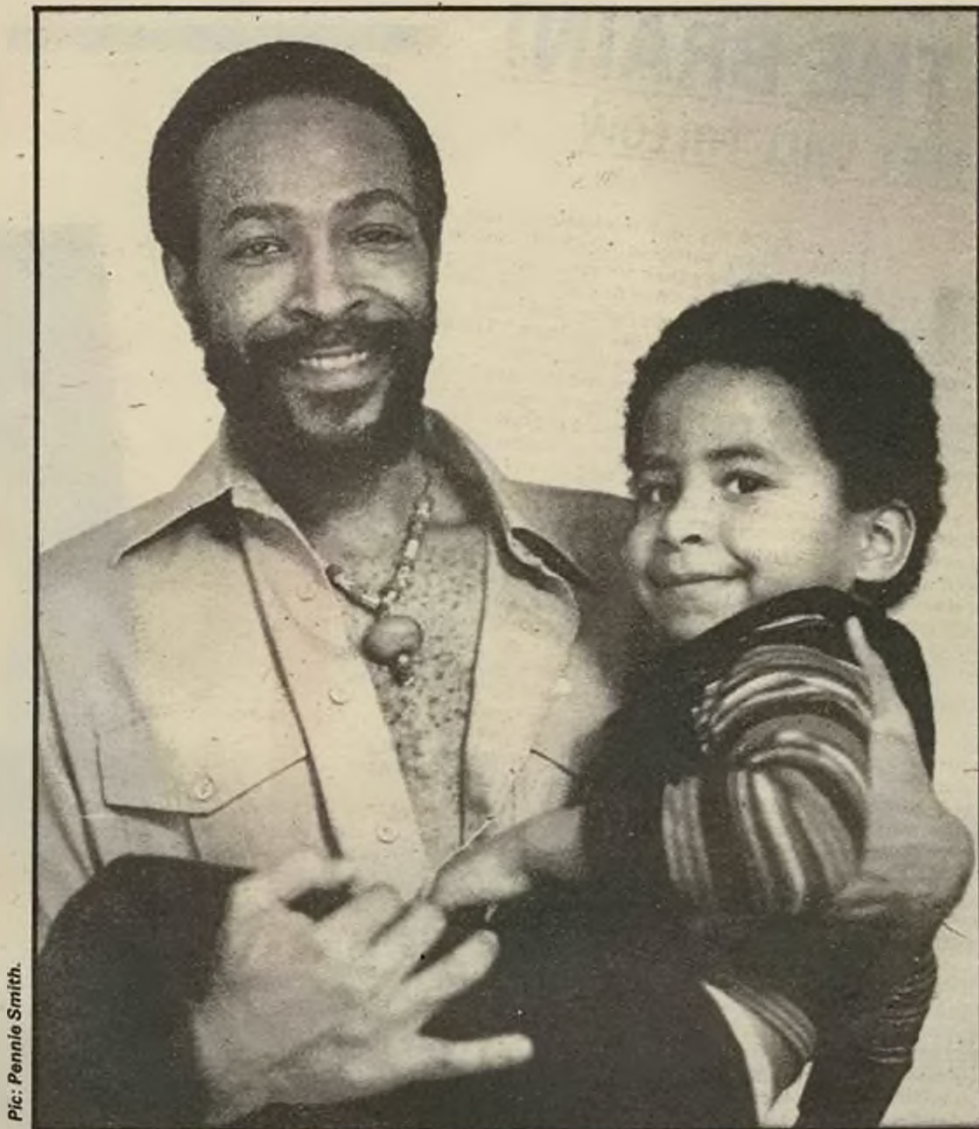
By the time the threadbare freeze-dried funk of 'Behind The Lines' (an old Genesis cast-off, judging by the credits) has passed on (and out), the broad manifesto has emerged: Collins has been unable to resist the old hey-looka-my-wardrobe stance of bagging

every graspable style in the hope of creating a complete yet suitably diverse entity.

Hence the tortured piano and strings ballad in 'You Know What I Mean', the busily pointless instrumental filler in 'Droned', the Sesame Street kids chorus on the irritating 'Hand In Hand'. And so on.

No distinction is lent by his choice of sidemen. In view of Collins' association with Brand X, it's unsurprising to find dull technocrats like Alphonso Johnson and Daryl Stuermer present although they're mercifully under orders not to show off. The Earth Wind and Fire horns attempt to ghost-write some funk into 'I Missed Again' and 'Thunder And Lightning' but, given that these are insipid plodders to begin with, the task is beyond them. Beat group veteran Eric Clapton appears on 'If Loving Me Is Easy' but you wouldn't know it.

And the paymaster's own contribution? He's OK. A good drummer alright — 'Grace And Danger' proved that — yet he seems to have concentrated here on keyboards (mostly droning, Terje Rypdalesque synthesisers) and vocals. The slightly fractious edge to his



Pic: Pennie Smith.

Marvin in typical "suffering artist" pose.

choirboy treble works best on 'The Roof Is Leaking', a parable of oddly effective melancholy that's ironically reminiscent of Gabriel's tales of alienation.

It's all superbly recorded of course, an LA studio sound clean enough to wash dishes with. At least the tracks aren't cluttered by a trillion instruments, though the sign-off is a gratingly messy rendition of the old 'Revolver' chestnut 'Tomorrow Never Knows', which unfathomably winds up with Collins murmuring a half-chorus of 'Over The Rainbow'. A ghostly clinker.

What sinks the whole affair is the numbing flavourlessness of what's on the stall; filigree scraps of melody dandified into whole songs, lyrics a hash of old singer-songwriter blather. The cover sums up Collins' intentions, the bold yet sad-eyed mug shot, the distracted clutter of snapshots and notes on the gatefold and credits to 'Me'. But in trying to align the stools of coyness and confidence he only falls between each. And two out of twelve is no value at all.

Richard Cook

PERE UBU
The Modern Dance (Rough Trade)

TIME CONSIDERED as a helix of Pere Ubu records: 'The Modern Dance' was the first Pere Ubu album, cut in '77 and originally released the following year, coming between the independent singles collected on the Radar 'Datapanik In The Year Zero' 12" EP and the Chrysalis albums. In other words: after David Thomas stopped calling himself 'Crocus Behemoth'.

Thomas is at the end of a long line of American vocalists that begins with Charley Patton and passes on through Howlin' Wolf and Captain Beefheart. The degree of his passion is the same, and it is almost as if his voice surrounds the music instead of the more customary vice-versa. In this music, rock is just beginning to splinter; Mama heartbeat just beginning to skip. Nearer to rockconvention than what followed, 'Dance' may — neatly enough — be the most inviting Pere Ubu album for those who have most sedulously avoided the hinterlands. The guitar solo on 'Street Waves' could, for example, have just as easily have appeared on a Blue Oyster Cult album.

This music could be best described in diagram form: if a line was drawn between Captain Beefheart and The Ramones, Pere Ubu would be on it, and if another line delineated the shortest distance between Pere Ubu and Dr Feelgood, then you'd find the Gang Of Four on that. Barring the grotesquely attenuated chance music collage 'Sentimental Journey' that almost overbalances the second side, 'The Modern Dance' is a powerful, mesmerising piece of work that more than justifies release. What needs some justifying is the fact that it was permitted to

become unavailable in the first place.

If you ignored it (or simply failed to obtain it) on its original release, 'The Modern Dance' should be installed in a position of some priority on your shopping list. This music needed to be made, and it also needs to be heard.

Charles Shaar Murray

J. J. CALE
Shades (Shelter)

A MILD and lazy guy: J. J. Cale's voice is something slightly louder and more forceful than a whisper but not

quite assertive enough to qualify as a drawl. He seems to hang around Tulsa, Oklahoma, absently picking at his guitar and getting stoned on his porch and assembling an album's worth of tunes every couple of years. He has the enviable knack of producing music so — you should pardon the expression — laid back that the listener could be forgiven for assuming that the musicians involved did their stuff while prone on the studio floor and drifted thankfully into a deep and refreshing slumber approximately four seconds after the engineer shut the faders down... while still maintaining enough of an edge on the proceedings to retain consumer interest.

Cale rules after midnight: his music is relaxed without being soporific (I went to sleep halfway through the second side the first time I played it, but then I was tired). This new one features all sorts of session stars whose names dimly recall bygone eras: Leon Russell, James Burton, Russ Kunkel, that mob, plus a hallucinatory melange of western swing, quiet funk and rhythm-and-blues noises, topped off with Cale's patented sub-conversational talk-singing.

A casual affair: it screams "QUIET TASTE!!!" at you, but Cale's music is sufficiently idiosyncratic to elevate him from the musky hordes of conspirators who contrive to deaden public sensibilities with ghastly examples of American Pleasant.

Folks initiated into the peculiar pleasures of small doses of J. J. Cale late at night may or may not want another J. J. Cale album (which is what 'Shades' is: another J. J. Cale album, and not a particularly marvellous example of the breed). Those who never bothered should test the waters by attempting to hear a few random excerpts from 'Naturally' or 'Okie.'

Never mind. By 1983 or thereabouts, he should have bestirred himself sufficiently to make another one. I'm losing no sleep.

Charles Shaar Murray



Pic: Pennie Smith

Pic: Philippe Garnier

The Crocus.....

The Cats.....

and the Croaker.

Blue Gene babies

THE BLUE CATS
The Blue Cats (Charly)

... AND OTHER tales of ancient grease.

The Blue Cats are a different can of Whiskas from any other set of Cats (Pole or Stray) in their immediate vicinity: four chaps from Croydon (sax, guitar, drums and a vocalist with the inevitable slap bass) who know their chosen genre extremely well, love it to death and have their licks down cold. Their album is crammed with

16 expertly played — barring a few out-of-tune bass runs here and there — and indifferently produced genre pieces. Dave Phillips' voice is peculiar to say the least; on the opening track, a Tommy Steel composition (17) called 'Teenage Party', I had to check to see whether the album was playing at the right speed.

Their look — as well as their name — is copied from The Blue Caps: they have the appropriate headgear, shoes and tattoos. They look and sound the part, which is what they undoubtedly set out to do

in the first place. If their album hadn't been saddled with such a drab, flat production, it would have had that razors-and-pomade flash on which rockabilly depends, but then that can't be helped: Dave Edmunds can't be everywhere at once.

So much for The Blue Cats in particular: until the general public outside the hardcore is ready to take a selection of rockabilly bands to its heart on the strength of their individual merits, The Stray Cats will have it all sewn up and Levi Dexter probably has every right to feel

CHARGE**Caged And Staged (Trikont)**

CHARGE ARE four lads who look just like the people who pack out the Crown pub in Birmingham, who sit on Nottingham's town hall steps on Sundays, who you can meet walking down Oxford St most days. Hangovers from '77 clinging to the past with messy hair and torn clothes, 'real' punks.

Charge know the labels but carry on regardless, pick up their guitars and 1-2-3-4! Fast crashing rock'n'roll and a voice screaming in protest like Jake Burns after taking Vick's Lozenges to soothe his throat. This is Charge's 'Inflammable Material', 18 tracks recorded live in Germany and released on the Munich-based Trikont label whose slogan is 'Unsere Stimme' (our voice), three-chord amphetamine rock that's unashamedly four years out of date, and it works.

The album comes with a fanzine-type booklet of pictures, comments and the lyrics in English and German (where 'Absolutely fuckin' disgusted' is quaintly translated into 'pushed to the end of my tether'), words that are angry, crude but full of hope, asking us to act rather than sit around despairing; and filled with a naive exuberance that makes it sound so fresh in these days of introverted young men in grey raincoats. Charge aren't creating 'True Art', but at least they sound as if they're enjoying themselves.

Anyway, they know they're a cliché: "angry guitars etc" is inserted as a direction in 'Alone At Midnight', and in 'The Cold Begins To Bite' (about a squat), they explode the popular myth of 'The romance of the loser out on the street/Poets find it fitting but I just find it cold'. Jimmy Pursey, hang your head in shame.

This is an unpretentious album, not as heavy and lumpen as most of the punk-will-never-die brigade: disposable, forgettable but great fun at the time. Had I followed their career, I'd be pretty angry with a band who started in '77 and stayed there. But if that's what you want, Charge do it very well.

Sheryl Garratt

THE STRANGLERS**The Gospel According To The Meninblack (Liberty)**

... OR, DON'T deify what you can't understand. Typical of the Strangers, they've spent their recent spate of interviews castigating 2000 years of Christianity for covering up unnatural phenomena by claiming them to be holy mysteries or miracles: and now they've gone and broken their own rules by placing their omniscient extra-terrestrial beings on a pedestal.

Unless, of course, the album's their imagined portrayal of mass reaction to the knowledge of a possible saviour/second coming in the shape of things from outer space — and not necessarily their own point of view. But The Strangers have got themselves into a lot of trouble before through such projections (ie the whole sexist debate), which they've subsequently and



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Nice legs, shame about the brain Dept. This week's Sexist Creep is hunky Hughie Cornwall, of all-boy band The Strangers. Hughie, a curvaceous 32-32-32, plays guitar and sings on the boys' new LP, a concept work about little green women from outer space. At heart, though, raven-haired Hughie is a home-lover who enjoys housework and is studying to be a cordon noir cook.

Was God a Strangler?

rather stupidly refused to make any clearer. So maybe they should've been more explicit this time.

Their MIB gospel is similarly ambiguous. Not that you could glean all the facts from the album, but their theory has it that UFOs haven't only been covered up by earthly authorities, but also by the unexplained Men-in-black. These mysterious creatures call on UFO sighters to prevent them from revealing their findings. Why? The Strangers don't know, but they suggest that these MIB are apostles sent by more powerful beings to check on and fuel Earth's progress — to their own ends.

The Strangers first mentioned the MIB on 'The Raven' track 'Men-in-Black', on which they were depicted as some terribly benevolent beings who imparted wisdom to men purely to make them function efficiently so: "We can eat you at our functions." The later single 'Who Wants The World?' had it that the said things weren't particularly enamoured by Earth: they "Tasted man tasted flea/couldn't tell the difference."

And now they've blown up the basic concept into a cod-biblical epic and — if lyrically it's somewhat

stretched — musically it stands the cinema treatment.

It could've been disastrously grandiose, but The Strangers' archetypal, awesome steam-rollering rhythms keep the whole thing from floating away into the stratosphere. The combined pagan thud of J. J.'s bass and Jet Black's lumbering drumming with the colourful swirl of Greenfield's keyboards create a tense, part-nervous, part-hopeful atmosphere.

Songs like 'Second Coming' and 'Waiting For The Meninblack' prey on this anticipation, while the opening and closing instrumentals of side one affect a mock pompous rolling-through-the-ages feel. Things are quite clear during the scene-setting moments, which are carried over to side two's 'Two Sunspots' — a sceptic's dismissal of the whole thing, if I heard it right.

However, everything goes a bit awry after that. On 'Thrown Away' and 'Manna Machine' it's unclear who's doing the talking — the MIB, their beneficiaries or their earthly chroniclers (ie The Strangers).

But nothing too calamitous happens until the penultimate 'Hallow To Our Men' — an awfully banal re-write of The Lord's Prayer. And this time they can't use projection as an excuse. It's the one sceptics and detractors can easily latch onto — the one that should even embarrass their ardent following. Surprisingly, it's the only song reproduced on the lavish sleeve, which is also subjected to a dopey Strangers joke: an MIB subtly slipped into Leonardo Da Vinci's The Last Supper.

The Strangler's progress (on record) towards knowledge has always been a lurchingly lonely search as they've consistently refused to listen to anyone outside their select circle. They'll undoubtedly contend that what's lacking in 'The Meninblack' is deliberate, to make us all think. It's an easy answer, but one thing we've learnt after all these years is that it's not worth arguing with a Strangler.

Charles Shaar Murray

Chris Bohn

Paul King and Paul Loasby present

ELVIS COSTELLO and the ATTRACTIONS



SUN. 1st MARCH.
CORNWALL COLISEUM

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MON. 2nd MARCH
EXETER UNIVERSITY

Tel. 0392 75023

TUES. 3rd MARCH
COLSTON HALL BRISTOL

Tel. 0272 291768

WED. 4th MARCH
ODEON BIRMINGHAM

Tel. 021 643 6101

THURS. 5th MARCH
WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC

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SAT. 7th MARCH
St. GEORGES HALL BRADFORD

Tel. 0274 32513

SUN. 8th MARCH
APOLLO MANCHESTER

Tel. 061 273 1112/3

MON. 9th MARCH
PLAYHOUSE EDINBURGH

Tel. 031 667 3805

TUES. 10th MARCH
APOLLO GLASGOW

Tel. 041 332 6055

WED. 11th. MARCH
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

Tel. 0632 20007

FRI. 13th MARCH
LANCASTER UNIVERSITY

Tel. 0524 65201

SAT. 14th MARCH
SPA BRIDLINGTON

Tel. 0262 78258

SUN. 15th MARCH
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE

Tel. 051 709 1555

MON. 16th MARCH
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

Tel. 0742 735295

WED. 18th MARCH
BRIGHTON CENTRE

Tel. 0273 202851

THURS. 19th MARCH
HEMEL PAVILION

Tel. 0442 64451

FRI. 20th MARCH
VICTORIA HALL HANLEY

Tel. 0182 610940

SUN. 22nd MARCH
DE MONTFORT LEICESTER

Tel. 0533 27632

MON. 23rd MARCH
ASSEMBLY ROOMS DERBY

Tel. 0332 31111 ext. 2255

TUES. 24th MARCH
CARDIFF TOP RANK

Tel. 0222 26538

WED. 25th MARCH
GUILDFORD CIVIC

Tel. 0483 67314

FRI. 27th & SAT. 28th MARCH
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Tel. 01 748 4081

SUN. 29th MARCH
IPSWICH GAUMONT

Tel. 0473 53641

MON. 30th MARCH
OXFORD NEW THEATRE

Tel. 0845 445445

TUES. 31st MARCH
SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT

Tel. 0703 29772

All tickets £3
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A tour to Trust.

pissed off. Rockabilly has its obvious merits: the clothes look great, the postures are a lot of fun and the music is simultaneously flash and rootsy. The drawback is single but mountainous: the music isn't going anywhere.

Unashamedly revivalist, rockabilly needs a visionary: someone who can transform, and redefine it, someone who can do for it what Jerry Dammers did for ska a couple of years ago or what Wilko Johnson did with R&B in the mid-'70s. The Stray Cats have crystallised and amplified all the trappings of rockabilly more successfully than anyone else, but their songwriting is farcical. 'Storm The Iranian Embassy', 'Rumble In Brighton', 'Let's Flat (fer)git It'.

The best *nouveau* rockabilly of the last few years has come not from any outfit with Confederate flags and standup basses, but from The Cramps and — peculiarly enough — from The Fall. 'Fiery Jack' and 'Songs The Lord Taught Us' are the signposts for a new rockabilly that actually functions as something other than a lovingly-assembled collage of licks from old records.

Memphis calling? The rockabilly classics of the '50s are alive and crackling with the crazed spontaneity of a music that is being created before your very ears. The Blue Cats' album is rockabilly stuffed and placed on a pedestal. A labour of love, but a labour.

Charles Shaar Murray

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

Judie Tzuke



UK tour

JUDIE TZUKE, currently recording her third album for Rocket, is set for her first British tour in over a year — after spending much of 1980 performing in Europe, then touring America with Elton John. With her first LP 'Welcome To The Cruise' just certified gold, and her second set 'Sportscar' way beyond the silver mark, she'll be confining her tour (with two exceptions) to the college circuit — backed by Mike Paxman (guitar), Bob Noble (keyboards), John Edwards (bass), Paul Muggleton (percussion) and Charlie Morgan (drums).

Dates are Exeter University (February 18), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (19), Leeds University (20), Bradford University (21), Guildford Surrey University (24), Nottingham University (25), Manchester Apollo (27), Birmingham University (28), Newcastle University (March 6), Loughborough University (7), London Victoria Apollo (12) and Sheffield University (13). One or two more may be added.

■ RICHARD DIGANCE has added four more dates to his previously reported 'Animal Magic' tour — at Canterbury Kent University (February 18), Chelmsford Chancery Hall (March 19), Reading Hexagon (20) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (20). June Tabor and Martin Simpson support at Reading, and Waterfall are featured on the rest of the tour.

Mike Harding gig superman

MIKE HARDING takes his one man show on the road for a massive spring tour, comprising over 50 dates. All box-offices should be open by now, and ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 at all venues — except Leeds (£4, £3, and £2) and London (£4.50, £3.50 and £2.50). The full tour is:

Hull New Theatre (March 17 and 18), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (19), Glasgow Theatre Royal (20), Edinburgh Odeon (21), Liverpool Empire (22), Stockport Davenport (23 and 24), Bradford Alhambra (26, 27 and 28), York Theatre Royal (29), Sheffield City Hall (30 and 31 and April 1), Leicester De Montfort (3), Oxford New (4), Leeds Grand (5), Huddersfield Town Hall (6 and 7), Newcastle Tyne Theatre (9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (12), Preston Guildhall (11 and 12), Croydon Fairfield Hall (13), Derby Assembly Rooms (23), Birmingham Odeon (24), Manchester Apollo (25 and 26), Barnsley Civic Hall (27 and 28), Blackpool Opera House (30), Reading Hexagon (May 1), London Dominion Theatre (2), Chelmsford Civic Hall (3), Poole Essex Hall (4), Worthing Assembly Hall (5), Southampton Gaumont (6), Chatham Town Hall (7), Hatfield Forum (8), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (9), Ipswich Gaumont (10), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (12), Harrogate Royal Hall (13), Scarborough Futurist (14), Southport Theatre (15), Coventry Theatre (16), Bristol Hippodrome (17), Cardiff New (18 and 19), Jersey Gloucester Hall (21) and Nottingham Theatre Royal (24).



JOHN KEY

Steppenwolf's Rainbow show

STEPPENWOLF — that's the original band fronted by John Key, and not one of the mushroom outfits who've been operating under the same name — fly into London to headline a one-off at the Rainbow Theatre on Friday, March 6. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3. The show comes midway through a European tour they're undertaking, and it's their only UK date at this time.

Stranglers extra

THE STRANGLERS have added another four dates to their nationwide UK tour starting next Monday, including a second London performance. Their show at the Hammersmith Odeon on February 15 is already completely sold out, so they've now slotted in a concert at the Rainbow Theatre on March 7, for which tickets are now on sale priced £4 and £3.50. The other three extra gigs are at Coventry Theatre (March 4), Norwich East Anglia University (5) and Cambridge Corn Exchange (6) — here again, tickets are already on sale, but please check locally for details.

LOOK TO THE FUTURE

THE LOOK, basking in the success of their Top Ten hit MCA single 'I Am The Beat', have extended their one-nighter series through February — including a headliner at London Victoria The Venue on February 12. Other gigs are Coventry Warwick University (tonight, Thursday), London Royal Veterinary College (Friday), Leicester Polytechnic (Saturday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (Sunday), Aberystwyth University (9), Maesteg White Wheat Theatre (10), Pontypridd Polytechnic (11), London Middlesex Polytechnic (13), Barnstaple Chequers (16), Yeovil Johnson Hall (17), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (18), Hull University (19), Sheffield University (20), Glasgow Technical College (21), Dundee Technical College (22), Helensborough Trident Club (23), Aberdeen Fusion (24), Salford University (27) and Walsall Town Hall (28).



After The Fire goes out

AFTER THE FIRE are playing a few dates over the next couple of weeks or so, with a view to trying out new material which they'll be recording in Munich for their next album, scheduled for release later in the year. Dates confirmed this week are at Brighton Sussex University (February 11), Guildford Surrey University (13), Nottingham Rock City (20), Leicester University (24), Loughborough University (25), Sheffield Limit Club (27), Retford Porterhouse (28) and Wakefield Unity Hall (March 1). Tickets are already on sale at most venues, but please check local press for details.

Mac Curtis in rock weekend

MAC CURTIS tops the bill in the fifth Rock'n'Roll Weekend Hop to be staged at Great Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre from Friday to Sunday, March 20-22. Among other confirmed acts are Buzz & the Flyers, Crazy Cavan, The Polecats, Flying Saucers, The Jets, Shades, CSA, The Rhythm Hawks and New Dynamite. Cost is £25 per person, which includes accommodation. Two weeks later (April 3-5), the same venue stages a Soul Music Weekend, featuring live acts and a dozen top disc-jockeys.

■ LINDISFARNE have decided to finish their current marathon tour, comprising 55 shows since mid-December, by playing a final date in London on Monday, February 23 — it's at The Venue in Victoria, and tickets are on sale now. They've also slotted in two replacement dates for gigs they missed last month, when Ray Jackson and Alan Hull were ill, and this was the first time in the band's history that they've ever had to cancel a show — the revised dates are Crewe & Alsager College (February 24) and Derby Assembly Rooms (25).

Rose Royce: March visit

ROSE ROYCE are set for a 16-date UK tour next month. It's their first visit here since autumn, 1978 — they were due to play here a year ago, but had to cancel their dates because their lead singer quit. And this upheaval also kept them out of the charts for well over a year, after enjoying a non-stop string of hits. Now they're back in full flight again with two new members, singer Richee Benson and guitarist Walter McKinney, the other seven musicians having been with the group throughout their seven-year career.

They play St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (March 13), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (14), Croydon Fairfield Hall (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Bradford St. George's Hall (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Southport Theatre (20), Slough Fulcrum Centre (22),

■ AL JARREAU has added another London concert at the Victoria Apollo this Sunday (8), and tickets are now available priced £5, £4 and £3. His show at the same venue this Saturday, originally intended as a one-off, is now completely sold out.

■ METRO GLIDER support Wilko Johnson at London Camden Dingwalls (February 10) and Rickmansworth Town Hall (11) — then it's back home to the West Country for headliners at Bodmin Jail Club (12), Taunton Market House (13) and Bath Moles (14).

■ THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS, now with new bassist Jimmy Hughes, return to live action next Tuesday (10) at London Oxford St. 100 Club — all tickets £2. Rest of the line-up is Steve Allen (vocals), Ian Broudie (guitar), John Perkins (keyboards) and Pete Kircher (drums).

■ LIONHEART — the new hard rock band formed by vocalist Jess Cox (ex-Tygers Of Pan Tang) and guitarist Dennis Stratton (ex-Iron Maiden), who made their debut at London Marquee on January 10 — have already suffered an upheaval with Cox dropping out of the line-up "by mutual agreement". The remaining members expect to be back to full strength with a replacement singer in time for their next two Marquee dates, on February 12 and 26.



Polecats challenge in feline takeover

THE POLECATS, arguably The Stray Cats' strongest challengers in the punkabilly field, are to headline their first major British tour in March (details to follow in a week or two). But this will be preceded by a short series of college gigs later this month — visiting Preston Polytechnic (February 20), Huddersfield Polytechnic (21), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (25), Cheltenham College (26), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (27) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (28). And as a prelude to this burst of activity, they play a special one-off show at London Marquee this Sunday (8).

Right now, the four-piece band are putting the finishing touches to their debut single for Phonogram — with whom they recently signed an exclusive deal — and this is expected to be issued on February 20. Meanwhile, their first album 'Cult Heroes' — completed before they were snapped up by Phonogram — is released on February 14 by Nervous Records (distributed by Pinnacle).

Au Pairs add six more gigs

THE AU PAIRS have added another six dates to the initial dozen reported last week. These additions to their headlining tour are at London Southbank Polytechnic (February 13), Scarborough Penthouse (20), Norwich Filers Lane (22), Leeds Polytechnic (24), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (26) and Edinburgh Nite Club (27).

■ PSYCHEDELIC FURS, who had to pull out of their gig at Nottingham Rock City on January 27 when drummer Vince Ely was laid low with gastric trouble, have re-scheduled the date for February 13. Tickets already sold remain valid.

■ JETS, newly signed by EMI, support their first single 'Who's That Knocking' (just released) and self-titled debut album (issued next week) with gigs at Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (this Saturday), Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms (February 12), Loughborough Town Hall (14), Coventry Red House (27), Shepton Mallet Showering Sports Club (28), Birmingham Breedon Cross (March 6), Birmingham Metropolitan Hotel (7), Bognor Riverside Caravan Club (14), Carshalton St Helier Arms (28), Bristol Brea Rock'n'Roll Festival (April 3-5) and Manchester Bellevue 'World Of Wheels' Show (May 2-4). Their gigs are confined mainly to weekends, as one of the band is still at school, and another is finishing an apprenticeship.

■ GRACE, a new six-piece Midlands rock outfit, are playing a series of gigs to tie in with the release of their MCA/Clay single 'Billy Boy'. So far set are Stoke Meir Wagon & Horses (this Saturday), Hanley Star Club (February 16), Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Centre (17), Preston Warehouse (21), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (26), Newcastle-under-Lyme (March 3 and 17) and Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (27). A second tour begins at Birkenhead Gallery on April 25 to coincide with the release of their debut album.

ODYSSEY'S UK FLIGHT

ODYSSEY have now confirmed nearly all the dates for their UK tour, plans for which were revealed last week. The only exception is a major London show which has still to be arranged. Otherwise, they can be seen at Stoke Jollies (February 22 and 23), Doncaster Rotters (25), Liverpool Rotters (26), Cleethorpes Peppers (27), Nottingham Rock City (28), Manchester Golden Garter (March 3 and 4) and Watford Bailey's (9-14). Then after a two-week visit to Europe, they return to play Birmingham Night Out from March 30 to April 4. The trio's current RCA single is 'Hang Together'.

Alterations to UK Subs tour

UK SUBS have made a few changes to their 'Diminished Responsibility' tour, reported three weeks ago. They now play Liverpool Warehouse on February 25 instead of Colwyn Bay Dixieland, and on February 28 they're at Cambridge Corn Exchange instead of Cromer West Runton Pavilion. Their gig at Belfast Ulster Hall moves back one day to February 18, and that's because they're now at Dublin McDonegalls the previous day.

■ TWELFTH NIGHT have gigs at Oxford Corn Dolly (February 11 and 26), Uxbridge Brunel University (13), Reading Target Club (14), Bicester Red Lion (15), Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre (20), Bristol University (21), Reading Cherry's Bar (23), London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (27) and Eynsham Board Hotel (28). They're in support of their debut album, which retails at £3.50 at their gigs, or — until a national distribution deal is finalised — by post at £3.80 (including p&p) from 14 Yelverton Road, Reading.



Birmingham Odeon (23), Nottingham Rock City (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), London Victoria Apollo (27 and 28), Eastbourne Congress (29) and Brighton Dome (30). There are

two shows nightly at Bournemouth, Croydon and Slough. Tickets are on sale now at all box-offices (prices vary from one venue to another) and the promoters are TBA International.

TOUR NEWS

RECORD NEWS

Wembley stages another final

GARY BIDS
FAREWELL

GARY NUMAN will, as expected, play his farewell concerts at London Wembley Arena this spring — and Beggar's Banquet announced this week that they'll take place on Monday and Tuesday, April 27 and 28. Following his last UK tour in September, these are intended to be his last-ever public performances — as he plans in future to concentrate exclusively on films, videos and recording.

Whether or not he sticks to this policy remains to be seen — after all, the gig circuit is strewn with broken retirement pledges. But on the assumption that this is our last chance to see him in the flesh, we must hurry along to the box-office or usual agents — on or after February 16 — to obtain tickets priced £5 and £4.



Postal applications may be made immediately to Wembley Box Office, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW — make cheques and POs payable to "Wembley Stadium" and enclose SAE. Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises and MCP Ltd.

Gang Of Four and
Ubu package is on

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the package tour featuring The Gang Of Four, American outfit Pere Ubu and Delta 5. Tickets are already on sale at most venues, with a maximum price of £3, and all three bands will have new record releases to coincide.

The schedule comprises Sheffield University (March 13), Liverpool Mountford Hall (14), Leicester University (16), Bristol Locarno (17), Manchester University (18), Newcastle Mayfair (19), Aberdeen University (20), Glasgow Tiffany's (22), Edinburgh

Tiffany's (23), Birmingham Top Rank (25), Coventry Tiffany's (26), Derby Assembly Rooms (27), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (28) and London Hammersmith Palais (30).

● As previously forecast, Pere Ubu play a couple of British dates at the end of next week — at North London Polytechnic (February 13) and Liverpool Brady's (14) — before setting out on a European tour. They return to the UK to play in London at 'Heaven' (under the arches at Charing Cross) on March 9, with Subway Sect supporting.

Gamma raise

GAMMA — the band fronted by Ronnie Montrose, former leader of the now-defunct Montrose outfit — play their first UK concerts next month. They visit Glasgow Apollo (March 4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Manchester Free Trade Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (7) and London Hammersmith Odeon (8). Tickets are prices £3.50, £3 and £2.50 at all five venues, and the promoters are Straight Music.

Support act on all dates is Vardis, and tickets are on sale now at all box-offices and usual agents.

Gamma were formed in 1979 and their line-up comprises Ronnie Montrose (guitar), Jim Alcivar (synthesizers), Davey Pattison (vocals), Glen Letsch (bass) and Denny Carmassi (drums). They have two albums out on Elektra/Asylum, 'Gamma I' and 'Gamma II'.



GAMMA featuring RONNIE MONTROSE (second left)

Saga on the trail

SAGA, another of the seemingly endless string of hard rock bands from Canada, arrive in Britain at the end of next week to headline their own mini-tour. They play Manchester UMIST (February 13), St. Albans City Hall (14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (16), London Strand Lyceum (19) and Sheffield University (21), then leave for Europe. Lyceum tickets are all priced at £3, but they vary elsewhere, so please check with the individual box-offices. To coincide with their visit, Saga have a three-track EP issued by Polydor on February 13 in both 7" and 12", specially priced at under £1 — titles are 'Careful Where You Step', 'How Long' and 'Take It Or Leave It'. The band plan to return to the UK later this year for a longer tour, and possibly to record their third album here.

SABBATH QUELL RIOT

BLACK SABBATH's concert at Cardiff Sophia Gardens on Wednesday last week (28) ran into trouble, when authorities imposed a strict capacity limit of 2,100 — leaving over 1,000 ticket-holders unable to enter. The venue has an official fire regulations capacity of 2,100, even though it can hold considerably more, and previous concerts have frequently topped the official limit — though on this occasion the powers-that-be

enforced the ruling to the letter.

The band, in no way involved in the mix-up, contributed food for those waiting outside — but still weren't able totally to quell the uproar, in which windows were broken and policemen were thumped. A potential riot situation was averted, when Sabbath agreed to play a second performance starting at 12.30am, allowing everyone to see the show.

● The Tygers Of Pan Tang have their new single 'Hellbound/Don't Give A Damn' issued by MCA this weekend — and the first 15,000 copies contain a bonus free single coupling 'Bad Times' and 'Don't Take Nothin'. The five-piece heavy rockers have also recorded a Radio 1 *In Concert* for broadcast on February 14.

● Todd Rundgren's new album 'Healing', on the Bearsville label through Island, is out next Monday (9). It's strictly a solo set, in the sense that it was produced and engineered by Rundgren, who was also responsible for writing, singing and playing all the tracks. The LP features seven songs, including the title track which occupies one complete side. The album is also available in Island's new *One Plus One* cassette series — see page 3

● A second single from Neil Diamond's chart album 'The Jazz Singer' is issued by Capitol this week, titled 'Hello Again'. And next week sees the start of a major marketing campaign, involving TV and radio commercials, to boost the film and re-promote the album.

● A new Frankie Valli solo album 'Heaven Above Me' is issued by MCA this week, to tie in with his UK tour with The Four Seasons which opens at the end of this month. The LP contains his current single 'Soul'.

● Cherry Red this week release 'The Bodast Tapes', a previously unissued album featuring Yes guitarist Steve Howe. It was produced by Keith West and recorded in 1969, and therefore pre-dates both Keith West's Tomorrow and Yes.

● The current Madness hit single 'The Return Of The Los Palmas 7' is now also available as a 12-inch and, in this form, it contains two extra tracks — the original demo version of 'My Girl', plus a live version of 'Swan Lake' from the soundtrack of the film *Dance Craze*. Also with the 12" comes the first edition of the 24-page Nutty Boys Comic, previously only available to Madness fan club members, and the package price £1.70.

Motorhead and
Girlschool team

BRONZE release a three-track EP on February 13 called 'Saint Valentine's Day Massacre' by Headgirl — a composite name for the combined talents of Motorhead and Girlschool. The A-side is the Johnny Kidd classic 'Please Don't Touch', and it's performed as a duet by Kelly Johnson and Lemmy. The B-side features Girlschool presenting their version of Motorhead's 'Bomber', and Motorhead's interpretation of the Girlschool favourite 'Emergency'.

● The brother of Girlschool drummer Denise Dufort, namely Dave Dufort, has replaced Dave Hogg in the line-up of fellow Bronze Record band Angelwitch.

Cherry Red blossom out

CHERRY RED Records have a release bonanza this month, starting tomorrow (Friday) with the debut album from the Eyeless In Gaza duo called 'Photographs As Memories' — to be followed in a week or two by their single 'Invisibility', containing three tracks none of which is on the LP. Also this weekend comes the first single by Five Or Six, coupling 'Another Reason' and 'The Trial'. Imminent releases include the new Medium Medium single 'Hungry, So Angry' and the first album from Second Layer titled 'The World Of Rubber'. And on Cherry Red's subsidiary label Heartbeat, there's 'The Transmitters' debut LP 'And We Call That Leisure Time'. Several of these acts will be touring the UK in March as a package, augmented by film and other "visual arts".

● Holly & The Italians, who've been spending most of their lengthy absence recording their debut album in New York, have a new single called 'Youth Coup' issued by Virgin this weekend. The LP is scheduled for March release, and they'll be touring Britain at that time — details of their gigs and revised line-up will be announced shortly.

● Cosmic Cowboys have their debut single 'One Night Stand/Boys In The Band' issued by Gem on February 27. The A-side has political overtones, and the sleeve features a picture of Margaret Thatcher and Michael Foot — hugging!

● 'Guitar Man' by Elvis Presley, already storming up the U.S. singles charts, is released here by RCA this weekend. On February 20, same label issues the single 'Romantic Me' by American new wave outfit Polyrock.

● The new Vapors single 'Spiders' has been re-scheduled for release next Monday (9) by Liberty — it's taken from their upcoming but still untitled album, due out in March. The B-side 'Galleries For Guns' isn't on the LP.

● Poison Girls have a new single out on Crass Records in mid-February called 'All Systems Go', on which the featured titles are 'Promenade Immortale' and 'Dirty Work' — distribution is by Rough Trade, Revolver, Red Rhino and other indies. Meanwhile, their now-deleted Small Wonder single 'Hex' will shortly be re-released on Crass.

● Aura Records have signed two up-and-coming bands — one British, the other American. They are The White Europeans from Middlesex and Come On from New York. Their debut singles, 'Sun Arise' and 'Housewives Play Tennis' respectively, are due out next week. ● The Stevie Wonder song 'Lately' performed by Rudy Grant, 'Somebody Help Me Out' by Beggar & Co and 'Love Collect' by Dave Bendeth are the latest singles from Ensign Records (now distributed by RCA), maintaining their policy of showcasing London's underground funk sound. Two more singles by black artists due in a week or two are 'Tarantula Walk' by Ray Carless and 'Children Go To School' by Eugene Paul.



BEAT OF CONGO-FEET

THE CONGOS are the first outfit to appear on The Beat's own Go-Foot label, other than The Beat themselves, and they debut this week with their album 'Heart Of The Congos'. Originally recorded in 1978 and hailed as "a masterpiece of atmospheric reggae", it's previously been available on import in its original form, though this is the third and final mix — produced by Lee Perry in his Jamaica studios. As it's the first non-Beat release on Go-Foot, it will sell at the special price of £2.99. A single from the LP, 'Fisherman/Children Crying', will be issued on February 20 — also on Go-Foot (distributed by Arista).

IMPORTS

IF Robert Altman can be considered as Nashville's cinematic bete noir, then Shel Silverstein might easily fill the bill as his on-vinyl equivalent.

Not that the bald-pated one hates Music City — he's as his on-vinyl equivalent. Not that the bald-pated one hates Music City — he's made too much loot from his songwriting ventures there — but he certainly likes to give the place a swift kick in the pants from time to time. 'The Great Conch Train Robbery' (Flying Fish), is one such swiftly delivered blow, the toe of the boot in this instance being 'Rough On The Living', an opus which dwells on how well the city regales its heroes after they've headed for that great bar-room in the sky. 'They're planning a book for September, showing his plain country roots/They're buying the rights to the movie — and the Hall of Fame's getting his boots', leers the Ned Kelly soundtrack provider, who moves on to provide further winsome ditties about doing drugs ('Qualudes Again'), a Key West cowboy ('Conch Train Robbery'), a fazed drifter facing up to his old lady's ultra-straight pater ('Yes, Mr Rogers'), an ill-fated trucker and a would-be Parton ('Don't Go To Sleep On The Road') and even a moral warning ('A Piece Of Ass Won't Bring You Peace Of Mind'). For years a *Playboy* cartoonist, Shel still provides pretty sharp pictures, but through the back-ups are by Nashville's finest — Sam Bush, John Hartford, D.J. Fontana, Jeannie Seeley, Amos Garrett,

Pig Robbins, etc — a footnote reads: "And thanks to *Chet for not picking*". It's that kind of Nashville album.

● Jorma Kaukonen: 'Barbecue King' (RCA). The ex-Airplane axeman forsakes his recent acoustic excursions and opts for a dirtier sound with a new band, Vital Parts. Includes Kauk's revivals of 'Love Is Strange' and Kokomo Arnold's classic 'Milkcow Blues'.

● Steve Cropper: 'Playin' My Thang' (MCA). Cropper gets his veteran Telecaster outta hock and teams up with Duck Dunn again for one of his rare solo jaunts. But though the Memphis Horns are also on hand, the album's a made-in-California job.

● Weirdos: 'Action Design E.P.' (Rhino). Another 12" E.P. from L.A.'s nuttiest label, this one featuring four cuts from one of the area's most aggressive quartets. The HST bop of 'Helium Bar' impresses, though some will grimace at the band's tilt at The Doors' 'Break On Through'. Others may merely notice that the foursome wear

remarkably shiny shoes.

● Various Artists: 'Loving Couples' (Motown). Soundtrack to the forthcoming James Coburn and Shirley MacLaine starrer, with music delivered by Jermaine Jackson, Billy Preston, Syreeta, The Temptations and the ubiquitous Fred Karlin, whose M.D. credits on rock flicks must surely entitle him to a place in the Guinness *Book of Records*.

● Zap Pow: 'Reggae Rules' (Rhino). Varied, but generally high-quality compilation from one of Jamaica's finest horn-totin' bands. Ace item is, predictably, Zap Pow's oft-issued 'This Is Reggae Music' classic (with lyrics by Jim Capaldi), though the cut that I keep heading back to is 'River Of Mystery', a hypnotic, swirling, almost Can-like affair.

● Marty Wilde: 'The Wildcat' (Swedish Philips). Tracks from 1957-60, when Charlton bus-driver Reg Smith was outgassed by very few. Some of today's revivalists could learn a few lessons here.

By Fred Della

IMPORTS TOP TEN

1. Jam..... 'Sound Affects' (U.S. Polydor — with free single)
2. Clash..... 'Black Market Clash' (Epic)
3. Monkees..... 'Greatest Hits' (German Arista)
4. Defunkt..... 'Defunkt' (Hannibal)
5. Szagner..... 'Some Deaths Take Forever' (Initial)
6. Elvis Presley..... 'Guitar Man' (RCA)
7. Jim Carroll..... 'Catholic Boy' (Atco)
8. Rick Nelson..... 'Playin' To Win' (Capitol)
9. Rocket 88..... 'Rocket 88' (Atlantic)
10. Phil Seymour..... 'Phil Seymour' (Boardwalk)

Also selling: Gene Dunlap 'It's Just The Way I Feel' (Capitol), Strangers 'Strangers IV' (A&M), Jorma Kaukonen 'Barbecue King' (RCA), The Shoes 'Tongue Twister' (Elektra), Heart 'Greatest Hits Live' (Epic).

Charts supplied by Virgin, Glasgow, and HMV Shop, Oxford Street.

NINE MORE
FOR PRIDE

CHARLEY PRIDE, whose London appearance on March 25 at the Victoria Apollo was revealed by NME last week, has now also been confirmed for nine provincial dates — at Eastbourne Congress (March 21), Norwich Theatre Royal (22), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Southport Theatre (26), Glasgow Apollo (27), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Coventry Theatre (April 2), Oxford New Theatre (3) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (4). The black C&W star will play two performances at all venues, an early evening and a mid-evening show, and ticket prices range from £4 to £9.

MOONDOGS
DATES, TV

THE MOONDOGS release their second Real Records single on February 13, a three-tracker on which the main title is 'Talking In The Canteen', produced by Nick Garvey. They're also on the road this month, supported on most dates by TV 21 — though the Moondogs themselves have the support spot on February 23 and 24, when they join Darts at Bradford and Reading Universities respectively. Headlining gigs are at:

Leeds Warehouse (February 10), Leicester Polytechnic (11), Daventry Youth Club (12), Birmingham YMCA (13), Cheltenham St. Paul & St. Mary's College (14), Bath Tiffany's (15), Oxford Scamps (16), London West Hampstead Moonlight (17), Bristol Berkeley (18), Retford Porterhouse (20), Skegness Friskney Youth Club (21), Cleethorpes Peppers (22), London Marquee (25), Sheffield Limit (26), Ormskirk Edgehill College (27) and Great Lumley Community Centre (28).

The band are also to star in their own six-week TV series called *Moondog Matinee*, to be networked at children's viewing time, starting April 14. There will be no comper or presenter — just continuous music from The Moondogs and such guests as Rockpile, Slade and Suzi Quatro.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

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1981 "SPELL IT RIGHT" TOUR

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Feb 4 POLY. OF WALES
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7 & 8 TO BE CONFIRMED
9 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
10 TO BE CONFIRMED
11 WAREHOUSE, LEEDS
12 WARWICK UNIVERSITY
13 LOWESTOFT COLLEGE
16-21 IRELAND
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26 TROUBADOUR, PORT TALBOT
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*some
bizzare*
EVENINGS

★ ★ ★

FEBRUARY

5 Warehouse, Preston.
6 Bradys, Liverpool.
9 Electro Disco, Leeds.
10 Limit Club, Sheffield.
13 Pips, Manchester.
14 Crocks, Rayleigh.
16 Electro Disco, Leeds.

THE LAST SET - THE LOVED ONE - BEAT BEAT BEAT
ILLUSTRATION - DIPLOM MODE - THE 100 - BMOVIE - JUL
BLANCHARD - SOFT CITY - NEUTEC DRINK - NAKED LUNCH
Eight rent bands on different nights - Check venue for details

DESIRE PROMOTIONS PRESENT

ACADEMY ONE

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE

at

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(Waterloo Tube)

Sunday 8th February, 7.30 pm

Desire Music ★ Bar ★ Admission £1.50

AU PAIRS
ON TOUR

Feb.4 KIELE University
5 LONDON Marquee
6 RETFORD Porterhouse
7 LIVERPOOL Bradys
9 DERBY Blue Note
10 NOTTINGHAM Ad Lib
11 LONDON Dingwalls
12 PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic
13 LONDON South Bank Poly
14 BIRMINGHAM Cedar Ballroom
17 LONDON 100 Club
19 SHEFFIELD Poly-Psalter Site
20 SCARBOROUGH Penthouse
21 MANCHESTER University
22 NORWICH Univ.-Fifers Lane
24 LEEDS Polytechnic
26 SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel
27 EDINBURGH Nite Club

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★ Outlaw and Kiltorch present

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ALL TICKETS £3.00
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SHOCK

Friday, February 13th Adm £2
DARTS

Saturday, February 14th Adm £2
ALEX HARVEY BAND

Friday, February 20th Adm £2
MOONDOGS

Saturday, February 21st Adm £2
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

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LINDISFARNE
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Wednesday 4th February £1

SLAVES OF JANET

Thursday 5th February £1.25

THE YACHTS

Friday 6th February £1

DADDY YUM YUM

Saturday 7th February £1

BIM

Sunday 8th February £1

INNER CITY UNIT

Monday 9th February £1

THE TEA SET

Tuesday 10th February £1

EROGENOUS ZONES

Wednesday 11th February £1

NERVOUS GERMANS

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following

FEBRUARY

7 Japan
7, 8 Al Jarreau
8 Burning Spear
8 Throbbing Gristle
10, 11 Ray Charles
16, 17 Emmylou Harris
18, 19 Siouxsie & The Banshees
19 Sade
20 New York to the Rainbow
21 Toyah
23 Bad Manners
23 Boys of the Lough
26 Paco Pena
27 David Essex
28 Bow Wow Wow

MARCH

1 UK Subs
5 Ian Gillan
5 Charlie Pride
6 Steppenwolf
7 The Stranglers
7, 8 Millie Jackson
7 Krokus
8 Gamma (Ronnie
Montrose)
9, 10 Jeff Beck
12 Judie Tzuke
14 Frankie Valli
15 Iron Maiden
20 9 Below Zero
22 Stray Cats
27/28 Elvis Costello
29 Chas & Dave

APRIL

9-12 Neil Sedaka
28, 29 Glen Campbell
29, 30 Liberace

MAY

1-9 Liberace
6-9 Leo Sayer
21, 22 Paul Anka

JUNE

23/28 Sammy Davis Jr

SEPTEMBER

28/30 Johnny Mathis

OCTOBER

1/3 Johnny Mathis

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

General enquiries Tel 01-439 3371. Instant Credit Bookings 01-240 1369/0681. Postal Bookings
96 Shaftesbury Ave. W.1. Personal callers 31 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus and 42
Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square. Tel 01-437 5150

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Barnstaple Chequers: Cheeky Bouquet/The Cuck
 Belfast Grosvenor Hall: Harry Chapin
 Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre: Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band
 Belfast The Pound: f-Stop/The Trial
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Orphan
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Osprey
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Sky Diver
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Overdrive
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Diamond Head
 Brighton Concorde Club: Blur/Vol Sec
 Brighton Polytechnic: The Thompson Twins/Larry Miller Band
 Bristol Tiffany's: Wild Beasts/Utility
 Stops/Strategic Vending/The Housewives
 Canterbury Art College: The Names/The Sons Of Blob
 Cornforth United Club: Dedringer
 Coventry General Wolfe: The Mo-dettes
 Coventry Polytechnic: The Blues Band
 Croydon The Cartoon: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 Eastcote Bottom Line: Cayenne
 Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton: Alex Harvey Band
 Hemel Hempstead Rose & Crown: Blazing Red
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Cheaters/X-Effects
 Hull Wellington Club: The Crack
 Lancaster The Styx: Wanda & The Dentists
 Leeds Fan Club: The Passions
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Heresy
 Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
 Liverpool Brady's: Seventeen
 Liverpool Cross Keys: Martin Carthy
 Liverpool The Masonic: Stun The Guards
 Liverpool The Mayflower: The Rivals
 Liverpool Warehouse: Split Rivitt
 London Acton Kings Head: Dolly Mixture/The Wild Boys
 London Camden Dingwalls: Nightdoctor
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Sunfighter/Manipulator
 London Chiswick John Bull: Telemaque
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Patrick Fitzgerald Group
 London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey-Mullen Band
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: Young Jazz Big Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Park Avenue
 London Fulham Greyhound: Weapon/Shadowfax
 London Fulham The Cock: Old Number 7
 London Hackney Sebright Arms: Janine
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: Spartacus
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Nightbird
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Bullett
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Voice/Household Names
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Yachts
 London Islington Pied Bull: Results!
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: 7 Year Itch
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: the Isaacs Duo
 London Marquee Club: The Au Pairs
 London Mile End Queen Mary College: The Fall
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: High Society Jazz Men
 London Putney White Lion: Crash Club
 London Rainbow Theatre: Eric Clapton/Chas & Dave
 London Richmond Snoopies: Brian Brain/The Balloons
 London Soho Pizza Express: Fred Hunt Quintet
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Crazy Cavan
 London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Strangers In The Night/Bongo Express/Self-Control
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Hank Wangford
 London Strand Kings College: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 London Victoria The Venue: The Associates
 London Waltham Forest College: Rye & The Quarterboys
 London Walthamstow The Towers: The Razzzy Dazzy Spasm Band
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Decorators/The Lines
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Dark Star/Suspect
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Joy Askew
 Manchester Rafter's: John Cooper Clarke
 Manchester University: Gordon Giltrap
 Morecambe Marine Land: Wanda & The Dentists
 Newcastle The Cooperage: Arthur 2-Stroke/The Chart Commandos
 Norwich Whites: Alkatrazz
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
 Port Talbot Troubadour: The Reluctant Stereotypes
 Reading University: John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
 Sheffield Art College: Union Blues Band
 Shrewsbury Music Hall: Boys Of The Lough
 Slough College: The Attendants/B Film
 Southampton Joiners Arms: The Point Fives
 Sunderland Polytechnic: Lindisfarne
 Swansea The Singleton: Old Hat/Graham Larkbey & Friends
 Swindon Wyvern Theatre: George Hamilton IV
 Warwick Royal Spa Centre: Budgie
 Wellingborough British Rail Club: The Cruisers
 Wolverhampton Cavendish Suites: Barbara

FRIDAY

Barnstaple Queens Hall: George Hamilton IV
 Basingstoke Magnums: Spiral Models

THE STRANGLERS (pictured top of page) begin their 24-date nationwide tour at Bristol (Monday), Plymouth (Tuesday) and Southampton (Wednesday). Centre column pictures feature, from top to bottom ... EMMYLOU HARRIS, who completes her mini-tour with The Hot Band in London on Tuesday and Wednesday; WILKO JOHNSON, taking time off from Dury service for a reunion with his Solid Senders from Thursday onwards; and HARRY CHAPIN, who climaxes his current UK outing with a major London show on Wednesday.

Strangers, Emmylou, Wilko, Chapin



Bath Technical College: Vatten
 Bicester Red Lion: Chinatown
 Birmingham Aston University: Gordon Giltrap
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Willy & The Poorboys
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Delta 5
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Wide Boys
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Vision Collision / The Tadpoles
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Situation Critical
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
 Bracknell Underground: The Cheaters
 Bradford Princeville Club: Dedringer
 Bridlington 8's Theatre: Richard Dignace
 Brighton Richmond Hotel: Going Straight
 Bristol University: Streets Ahead
 Chiddingfold Hall: Going Straight
 Coventry General Wolfe: The Wild Boys
 Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: The Thompson Twins
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlite
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Petula Clark
 Croydon Technical College: Wasted Youth
 Croydon The Cartoon: Sprinkler
 Cuckfield Kings Head: Eclipse
 Edingburgh Nite Club: The Passions
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: H20
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: Nicky Moore Band / Mr. Feelgood's Solid Rock
 High Wycombe Bucks College: The Attendants / B Film
 Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: Zitz
 Hornchurch The Bull: Apocalypse
 Kingston The Swan: Larry Miller Band
 Leeds Polytechnic: John Cooper Clarke
 Liverpool Brady's: Eric Random / Illustration / Soft Cell
 Liverpool C.F. Mott College: The Accelerators
 Liverpool Edgehill College: Any Trouble
 Liverpool The Dolphin: Stun The Guards
 Liverpool Warehouse: Witchfynde / Madame
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Lemons / The Urge
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Monsters / Knox
 London Central Polytechnic: The Thompson Twins
 London Chiswick John Bull: Side Street
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Nightdoctor
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: Weapon / Nato
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Yachts
 London Fulham Greyhound: Modern Jazz / Way Of The West
 London Fulham The Cock: Jazz Sluts
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Sore Throat
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: No Mean Feet
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Zilch / Sharpees
 London Hornsey The Railway: 7 Year Itch
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Daddy Yum Yum
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Crannog
 London Marquee Club: The Reluctant Stereotypes
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Astrals / West End Stompers
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Jabula
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: Shadowfax
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: Avenue
 London Richmond Snoopies: Newtown Neurotics
 London Soho Pizza Express: Campbell Burnap Quintet
 London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Juice On The Loose
 London St. Thomas Hospital: Rio & The Robots
 London University Union: Electric Guitars / Pig Bag / Fish Food / X-Certs
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Players



London Victoria The Venue: Weapon Of Peace / 21 Guns
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Blur
 London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: Plain Characters
 London Woolwich The Shakespeare: Crash Club
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Inversions
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Rhythm Method
 London W.C.1 School of Oriental and African Studies: Matumbi
 Lowestoft Talk Of The East: Alkatrazz
 Manchester (Ashton) Sprea Eagle: Rough Justice
 Manchester Pembroke Hall: The Cruisers
 Manchester Pips: Thunderboys
 Nelson Town House: Wamm
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Alex Harvey Band
 Newcastle Polytechnic: Lindisfarne
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Call / Bikini Atoll
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: Matchbox
 Retford Porterhouse: The Au Pairs
 Rickmansworth Gade Theatre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Salford University: Budgie
 Scarborough Penthouse: More
 Scunthorpe King Henry VIII: Ricky Cool & The Rialtos
 Shifnal Star Hotel: New Clear Band
 Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: J.G. Spolls Rock Band
 Woking The Cricketers: Lower Levels
 York University: No Swastikas

SATURDAY

Aldenhams Red Lion: The Coconut Dogs
 Bicester Red Lion: Toad The Wet Sprocket
 Bilston Rising Star Club: Assyne
 Birkenhead The Gallery: Wamm
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: Blur
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Angelic Upstarts
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
 Birmingham University: Darts
 Blackpool J. R. Club: Dennis Delight
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: More
 Bognor Teacher Technical: Games To Avoid/Inferior Complex/Point Fives
 Bracknell Bridge House: Larry Miller Band
 Bradford Queens Hall: Pyramids/The Sheds/False Claims
 Brighton Art College: Daddy Yum Yum/The Ammonites
 Brighton Centre: The Who
 Bristol University: The Monochrome Set
 Bude Headland Club: Soul Direction
 Cardiff University: The Fall
 Coventry General Wolfe: Flying Saucers
 Cromer West Runt Pavilion: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 Croydon The Cartoon: Southland Outlaw Band
 Doncaster Bircotts Leisure Centre: Dedringer
 Durham Students Union: John Cooper Clarke
 Egham Royal Holloway College: The Hitmen/The Cheaters
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band
 Hatfield The Forum: Boys Of The Lough
 High Wycombe Nags Head: LTS
 Horsham Horse & Groom: Eclipse
 Ilford The Cranbrook: Rye & The Quarterboys
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
 Knighton Norton Arms: The Zorkie Twins
 Leamington Royal Centre: George Hamilton IV
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Budgie
 Leeds Haddon Hall: Doggy Tactics
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Knife Edge
 Leicester Polytechnic: The Look/The Set
 Liverpool Brady's: The Au Pairs
 Liverpool University: Bad Manners
 Liverpool Warehouse: Alex Harvey Band
 London Camden Dingwalls: Hank Wangford Band/Monkey
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Ian Mitchell Band
 London Chelsea College: Any Trouble
 London Chippenham Mews The Factory: Vincent Units/Arawack

London Chiswick John Bull: Julian Dawson's Hit Factory
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad Among Strangers
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Weapon Of Peace
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Ginger
 London Fulham Greyhound: Salt/Steve Hooker's Shakers
 London Fulham The Cock: Chantoussie
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Japan/Nash The Slash
 London Hampstead Starlight Club: Ojah
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Yachts/The Decorators
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: BIM
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Dingle Spike
 London Marquee Club: The Pretty Things
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Zip
 London/Victoria Vintage Jazz Orchestra
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Caddick, Bond & Laycock
 London Richmond Snoopies: Crazy About Love/The Low Countries
 London Rotherhithe Waterside Theatre: O.K. Jive
 London School of Economics: John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
 London Soho Pizza Express: Tommy Whittle Quartet/Barbara Jay
 London Southall Hamborough Tavern: The Attendants
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Tottenham The Spurs: Apocalypse
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Players
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Al Jarreau
 London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: Bob Pegg
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Diagram Brothers/The Mud Hutters
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Inversions
 London W.14 Sunset Jazz: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The MGA Band
 Macclesfield Masonic Arms: Rockin Horse
 Manchester (Ashton) Sprea Eagle: Shader
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: The Passions
 New Brighton Floral Pavilion: Matchbox
 Newcastle University: Lindisfarne
 Northampton Nene College: The Thompson Twins
 Nottingham Boat Club: Chevy
 Nottingham Rock City: Hazel O'Connor's Megahype
 Oxford Corn Dolly: Chinatown
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: The Spoils
 Paisley Bungalow Bar (lunchtime): Catch Phrase
 Peterborough Co-operative Club: The Bopcats
 Retford Porterhouse: Shock
 Romsey Vine Motel: Temple
 Sheffield University: Gordon Giltrap
 Shifnal Star Hotel: U.X.B.
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: Zitz
 Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: Jets
 Stroud Marshall Rooms: Talon
 Thirsk & Sowerby Institute: Rockabilly Rebs
 West Bromwich Coach & Horses: Sub Zero
 Widnes The Stanley: Wanda & The Dentists
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
 Woking The Cricketers: The Sleep/Base 3
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Mo-dettes

SUNDAY

Bath Tiffany's: The Monochrome Set
 Bicester Red Lion: The Crew
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
 Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: The Set/Ian Campbell Band
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Bolton Swan Hotel: Frenzy
 Bradford Princeville: Rough Justice
 Bristol Locarno: Bad Manners
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Bury The Derby Hall: Martin Carthy
 Cardiff Sherman Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
 Croydon The Cartoon: Eky & The Steamers (lunchtime)/Rockola (evening)
 Glasgow Doune Castle: Wayward Skylabs
 Gravesend Red Lion: Chinatown
 Hailsham Crown Hotel: The R.P. Band
 Huddersfield White Lion: Wamm
 Hull Humberstone Theatre: Dedringer
 Ilford The Cranbrook: First Aid
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
 Kingston Three Tuns: Panther
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Alex Harvey Band
 Leeds Haddon Hall: Knife Edge
 Leeds Opera House: Lindisfarne
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 London Acton Kings Head: The Ivory Coasters
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brixton George Canning: Southside
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Clapham Two Brewers: MGA Band
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Gas
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Plain Characters/The Bees/The Prize Guys
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Deadmeat
 London Finchley Torrington: Hank Wangford Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Allies
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Alternative Cabaret
 London Fulham The Cock: The Works
 London Hackney The Queens: Avenue
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Suttel Approach
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Cheaters/The Skavengers
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Inner City Unit
 London Lewisham Concert Hall: George Hamilton IV
 London Lewisham Odeon: The Who
 London Marquee Club: The Polecats
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers
 London Palladium: Children's Royal Variety Show with Adam & The Ants, etc

CONTINUES OVER ...

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

London Peckham Walmer Castle: Marquis de Sade
 London Putney Half Moon: Kevin Coyne & GLS
 London Rainbow Theatre: Burning Spear
 London Richmond Snoopies: Fruit Eating Bears
 London Soho Pizza Express: Jay McShann Trio
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Safita
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Throbbing Gristle/Cabaret Voltaire/Clock DVA/Zev
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Al Jarreau
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Ski Patrol/X-Effects
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Max Collie's Rhythm Aces
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Billy Butterfield/Alan Littlejohn Quartet
 Loughborough University: The Thompson Twins
 Maidstone The Ship: Burma Blur
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band
 Manchester (Ashton) Spreadeagle: Alkatrazz
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Gods Gift/Enigma
 Manchester (Hattersley) Four In Hand: Lym-Bik
 Manchester Portland Hotel: Shazer
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Factory Poems/Tunnel Vision
 Portsmouth South Parade Pier: Xena Zerox
 Poynton Folk Centre: Maddy Prior Band
 Reading Target Club: Eleventh Hour
 Retford Old Bell Hotel: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Southampton The Victory (lunchtime): Trader
 Wakefield Unity Hall: Matchbox
 Wallasey Dale Inn: Rockin Horse
 Wollaston Nags Head: Trance

MONDAY

Barnsley Wombwell Reform Club: Massacre
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
 Birmingham Odeon: Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: Arc
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Michael Garrick/Norma Winston
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Little Brother/Joolz/Willi Beckett
 Bristol Locarno: The Strangers
 Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: The Rank Amateurs
 Cheltenham Eves Night Club: The Monochrome Set
 Coventry Belgrade Theatre: E.M.F.
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Split Rivitt
 Derby Blue Note: The Au Pairs
 Durham Students Union: George Melly & The Feetwarmers

Edinburgh Usher Hall: Lindisfarne
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Keighley Funhouse Bar: Mysterious Footsteps
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Avenue
 Leeds Warehouse: Naked Lunch/Blancmange
 London Camden Dingwalls: Sister Sister/Flying Club
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Depeche Mode/Zeitung-Dal
 London Clapham 101 Club: Taiwan Pins
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Von Trapp Family/Time Flies
 London, E.2 Earl of Aberdeen: The Ivory Coasters
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Random Band/No Mean Feet
 London Fulham The Cock: John Spencer's Spectacles
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Missing Presumed Dead/The Dogma Cats
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Bandaxis
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Tea Set
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Big Chief
 London Lewisham Odeon: The Who
 London Marquee Club: Fatal Charm
 London Mill Hill Royal Engineers: The Astrals
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Sore Throat
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The Front Desk Band
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Richmond Snoopies: Patrik Fitzgerald Group

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London Stratford Green Man: Telemacque
 London Victoria The Venue: The Fix/Nauty Culture/RPM
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Anorexia/S-Haters/Soft Drinks
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Radioactive
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Venetian Blinds
 Sheffield Byron Arms: Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers
 Shildon The Club: Dedringer
 Southampton Nuffield Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
 Southampton The Victory: Lone Wolf
 Southend Zero Six: Diamond Head
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 St Austell Cornish Coliseum: George Hamilton IV
 Wallasey Labour Club: The Zorkie Twins
 Watford Bailey's: David Essex (for a week)

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Odeon: Harry Chapin
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Bebop Preservation Society
 Burnley Town House: Wamm
 Cardiff Top Rank: Bad Manners
 Croydon The Cartoon: Darrandash
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: Nosferatu V
 Leeds Warehouse: The Moondogs
 Liverpool The Mayflower: Stun The Guards

JAPAN, featuring the divine David Sylvian (right) on vocals, are featured in all their glory at Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday. Other one-off London concerts this week showcase ERIC CLAPTON at the Rainbow (Thursday), AL JARREAU at Victoria Apollo (Saturday) and RAY CHARLES at the Royal Albert Hall (Wednesday).



London Camden Dingwalls: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Resistance/Bouncing Czechs
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Classics
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Cheaters/X-Effects
 London Fulham The Cock: Side Street
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: The Prize
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Astrals
 London Hornsey Kings Head: Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Hornsey The Railway: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Erogenous Zones
 London Islington Pied Bull: Apocalypse
 London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Yakety Yak
 London Marquee Club: More
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The Razyzy Dazy Spasm Band
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Tropicana
 London Old Kent Rd. The Castle: Future Dance
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: The Original Mirrors
 London Richmond Snoopies: The Klonex/The Satellites
 London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
 London Southall The Cavern: The Pests/Gotham City Wreckers
 London Stratford Green Man: Ivory Coasters
 London Tooting The Castle: Hit And Run
 London Tottenham Prince of Wales: The Alligators/The Wrecktangles
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Red Letters/The Models
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Burning Spear
 Manchester The Squat: The Deformed
 New Biggin Sports Centre: Richard Digance
 Nottingham Ad Lib Club: The Au Pairs
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: The Dilators
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Lindisfarne
 Plymouth Polytechnic: The Strangers
 Rotherham Clifton Hall: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: Diamond Head
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: Firebrand
 Swansea Amanda's: Partizans/Colin & The Immortals
 Wellington Telford Town House: Beshara

WEDNESDAY

Birkenhead Sir James Ent's: Origin/Thane
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: M. S.
 Nightwork
 Birmingham Odeon: Burning Spear
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Blackburn King George's Hall: Matchbox
 Bradford University: Any Trouble
 Brighton Alhambra: Larry Miller Band
 Brighton the Northern: Suspect

Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Coventry Polytechnic: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Richard Digance
 Croydon The Cartoon: The Pencils
 Derby The Bell Hotel: Prison Life
 Durham University: The Thompson Twins/The Reactors
 Ewell The Grapevine: Avenue
 Glasgow Doune Castle: The Venetian Blinds
 Halifax Foggy's: Wanda & The Dentists
 Keele University: Darts
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Nosferatu V
 Leeds University: Heresy
 Leeds Warehouse: Split Rivitt
 Leicester Polytechnic: The Moondogs
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Au Pairs
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: UK Decay
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Directions/21 Escapes
 London Fulham The Cock: The Random Band
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: Ginger & The Nuts
 London Holborn The Blitz: Private Lives
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Nervous Germans
 London Islington Pied Bull: English Subtitles/The Cravats
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
 London Marquee Club: Weapon
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Alvin Roy Band
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: The Firm/The Elite
 London Royal Albert Hall: Ray Charles, his Orchestra & The Raelets/Barbara Dickson
 London Soho Pizza Express: Kathy Stobart Quartet
 London Stratford Green Man: The Cobras
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Harry Chapin
 London Victoria Apollo Theatre: Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band
 London Victoria The Venue: Upp
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Lower Levels/The Uprights
 London W.2 Plaza Hotel: Breakfast Band
 Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: Whips
 Manchester Pips: Naked Lunch
 New Romney The Seahorse: S.P.G.
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Oxford Corn Dolly: Twelfth Night
 Oxford Scamps: Delta 5
 Poole Arts Centre: Bad Manners
 Preston The Moonraker: Meanstreet
 Rickmansworth Civic Hall: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Lindisfarne
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: The Strangers
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Reporter
 Southampton The Victory: The Lens
 Southport Arts Centre: Boys Of The Lough
 Swansea Circles: Alex Harvey Band
 Uxbridge Brunel University: TV Smith's Explorers/The Hitmen
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Barracudas
 Worthing Assembly Hall: George Hamilton IV

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 + Wasted Youth

Saturday 14th February £2.50 Adv
BAD MANNERS
 + Dolly Mixtures

Monday 16th February £2.50 Adv
GEORGE MELLY
 + John Chiltons Feetwarmers

Wednesday 18th February £3.50 Adv
MADNESS
 + Support

Thursday 19th February £3.50 Adv
THE STRANGLERS
 + Modern Eon

Friday 20th February £2.50 Adv
AFTER THE FIRE
 + The Lasers

Saturday 21st February £2.50 Adv
KILLING JOKE
 + Redbeat

Thursday 26th February £2.50 Adv
UK SUBS
 + Anti Pasti

Friday 27th February £2.50 Adv
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 + Support

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

Saturday 28th February £3.00 Adv
ODYSSEY
 + Support

Wednesday 4th March £3.00 Adv
GILLAN
 + Dedringer

Saturday 7th March £3.00 Adv
SWEET
 + Support

Wednesday 11th March £5.00 Adv
FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS

Thursday 12th March £2.50 Adv
GEN X
 + Teaset

Friday 13th March £2.50 Adv
BOW WOW WOW

Saturday 21st March £2.50 Adv
SELECTER
 + Support

Tuesday 24th March £4.00 Adv
ROSE ROYCE

Saturday 4th April £2.50 Adv
THE SPIZZLES
 + Special Guests

Friday 24th April £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
 + Support

Saturday 16th May £2.50 Adv
THE CRAMPS
 + Support

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 A OUTLAW and PHIL MCINTYRE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SANCTUARY present
IRON MAIDEN THE KILLER TOUR
 plus SPECIAL GUESTS **TRUST**
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 TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
 FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, & USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

Please phone before setting out, check out evening major disasters here is a
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
PATRICK FITZGERALD 10.5th FEB 81
CARUS
 FRI. FEB. 6th Infectious reggae band who make night & day music in a happy dance
WEAPON OF PEACE
 SAT. 7th harmony - both vocal & spiritual and body movement (reggae) with inner-sense music - soul sound
SUN. 8th PIPS & PRIGGS
MON. 9th VONN TRAPP FAMILY + TIME FLIES
TUE. 10th RESISTANCE + BOUNCING
U.K. DECAY
 WED. 11th reported live David Kennedy and stood in for them when they failed to show, possibly the greatest band in the world
THU. 12th A stunning show by a new outfit on a collision course with success, SOUNDS
 The Doors open 8.15 till 10.15 except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night - Our restaurant is open 7 days a week - 8.30am till 6.00am most days (there for drinks)
 We are on the corner of King St & James St (at Covent Garden) 100m from Tube Station
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 11th February
BLACK MARKET
HARD REGGAE

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 Laser Light Concerts - unique in Europe at
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 "Light Years" Wednesdays, Thursdays 6.00 and 7.30pm includes music by The Beatles and Elton John
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+ SPECIAL GUEST **NATHALIE**
 + Reggae Sound System

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PCLSU — ALL PROCEEDS TO NO NUKES

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

NINE BELOW ZERO
ON TOUR WITH
THE WHO

FEBRUARY
Sat 7 BRIGHTON Centre
Sun 8 LEWISHAM Odeon
Mon 9 LEWISHAM Odeon
Sat 14 GLASGOW Apollo
Sun 15 GLASGOW Apollo
Thu 19 EDINBURGH Playhouse
Fri 20 EDINBURGH Playhouse
Sat 28 DEESIDE Leisure Centre

NINE BELOW ZERO
NEW ALBUM
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PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENTS

Monday 15th February
BAD MANNERS
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel: 0302 27448 Adv Tickets £2.50

Tuesday 17th February
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Tel: 061 236 4934 Adv Tickets £2.50

Wednesday 25th February
ODYSSEY
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel: 0302 27448 Adv Tickets £3.00

Thursday 26th February
ODYSSEY
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Tel: 051 709 0771 Adv Tickets £3.00

For Times and Tickets Outlets See Local Press
Must be over 18 yrs of age No Dress Restrictions No Membership Required

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John Otway AND Wild Willy Barrett

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BAD MANNERS

BRISTOL LOGARNO (Tel: 276193)
Sunday 8th February 7.30pm
Tickets £2.75 in advance from Virgin, Rival & Revolver Records or £3.25 on the night.

CARDIFF TOP RANK (Tel: 26638)
Tuesday 10th February 7.30pm
Tickets £2.75 in advance from Spillers, Virgin, Aquarius - Cardiff, Roxsane - Newport, Rainbow Pontypool, Eagle - Bridgend, or £3.25 on the night.

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White Hart, Acton
Sun 8th
The Kensington
Mon 9th
Windsor Castle, Harrow Rd
Tues 10th
Clarendon, Hammersmith
Mon 16th
Ronnie Scotts
Sun 22nd
Rock Garden

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY
Tickets on sale now for

THE WHO

9, 10, 11 March
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SUNFIGHTER
+ Manipulator

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THE MONSTERS
+ Knox

Saturday 7th February £1
IAN MITCHELL BAND
ex Bay City Rollers, ex Gen X, ex Roll Upst
+ Terry Vision & The Screens

Sunday 8th February 70p
JANINE + Capital Dandies

Monday 9th February 70p
DEPECHE MODE
+ The Zeitung Dal

Tuesday 10th February 70p
BLACK MARKET
+ Twig & The Kids

Wednesday 11th February 70p
**MICHAEL RILEYS
BUMBLE & THE BEES**
(ex Steel Pulse)
+ The Directors

Thursday 12th February 80p
THE YACHTS
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+ Special Guests **Gerry Lockran**
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Tickets £3.25 & £2.60 — SAE 10—
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Friday 6th February £1
MODERN JAZZ + Way of the West

Saturday 7th February £1
SALT + Steve Hooker & The Shakers

Sunday 8th February £1.50
THE ALTERNATIVE CABARET

Monday 9th February £1
THE RANDOM BAND featuring Den Heggarty
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EROGENOUS ZONES + 21 Escapes

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel,
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THE SINGLES
+ The Outpatients

Friday 6th February £1
SORE THROAT
+ Support

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Playing Quizzes & Light Music

THE IAN MITCHE BAND
+ Terry Vaxon & The Screens
Thursday 5th February

THE RESISTANCE - Scherzocapelle
Friday 6th February

GENO WASHINGTON
Saturday 7th February

THE MISTAKES + Calling Hearts
Sunday 8th February

THE GAS (singing for TV)
Monday 9th February

THE TAIWAN PINS + The British
Tuesday 10th February

**THE ELGIN MARBLES
BIRTHDAY PARTY**
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Wednesday 11th February

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THE ROSE 1.00 4.50 8.40
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+ SCORPIO RISING
3.15 3.35 8.25

SAT ALL NIGHT
W.C. FIELD, MARK BROS
MAE WEST
11.30

SUN Dims TREE OF WOODEN
CLOGS 1.00 4.15 7.30

MON Kurosawa HIDDEN
FORTRESS 2.55 7.00

+ ACTORS REVENGE 1.00 5.00 9.10

TUES Ronald Reagan,
Dons Day in STORM WARNING 1.00 4.20 7.40
+ BLACK WIDOW 2.40 6.00 9.20

WED Truffaut's DAY FOR NIGHT
1.10 5.00 8.35
+ STORY OF ADELE H
3.15 7.00

THUR Kinski in Harzogs
NOSFERATU 7.00 + Fellinis CASANOVA
4.15 8.50

THE FALL

Plus Support
Thursday 5th February 7.30 pm
Queen Mary College, Mile End Road,
MILE END / STEPNEY GREEN TUBE
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APOLLO THEATRE, GLASGOW
SATURDAY 21st FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 041 332 9221

TOWN HALL MIDDLESBROUGH
SUNDAY 22nd FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0642 242561

APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER
MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
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EMPIRE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
TUESDAY 24th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 051 708 1556

SOPHIA GARDENS, CARDIFF
WEDNESDAY 25th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 Advance, £3.25 Door
Available from Box Office Tel: 0222 27657,
Spillers Records Cardiff
& Derricks Records Swansea and Port Talbot

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, DERBY
THURSDAY 26th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.00 Standing, £3.25 Balcony
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VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
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Tickets £3.00 Advance, £3.25 Door
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Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295/6

ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
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CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON
TUESDAY 3rd MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.00 Standing, £3.25 Balcony
Available from B/O Tel: 0902 28432

GAUMONT THEATRE, SOUTHAMPTON
WEDNESDAY 4th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0703 29772

GAUMONT THEATRE, IPSWICH
FRIDAY 6th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0473 53641

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SATURDAY 7th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
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L.T.B. and Premier

COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
SUNDAY 8th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 291768
and Lewis's Bristol

CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
TUESDAY 10th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 20007

ST. GEORGES HALL, BRADFORD
WEDNESDAY 11th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.00 Standing, £3.25 Balcony
Available from B/O Tel: 0274 32513

DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER
THURSDAY 12th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
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DATA CONTROL

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All shows start at 8.30 prompt
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JO-AN KELLY+ Kevin Wailes
£1.00 on door 8 pm

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£1.50 on door 8 pm

Friday 12th February

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Friday 20th February

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JUDIE TZUKE
IN CONCERT

plus SPECIAL GUEST

THURSDAY 12th MARCH
7.30pm

Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.
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Independent Recording news

Compiled by
**PAUL
DU NOYER**



Pic: David Corio

GARAGELAND

SINGLES

■ 'I'm So Sick!', apart from being the *Garageland* compiler's theme song, is also the title of a debut 45 by American band Young And Dirty. On Scratch And Purr Records, the address to write to is 3102 Portman, Keego Harbor, Michigan 48033.

■ Synthesised outfit Rexy release a single on Alien Records this week, called 'In The Force'. There's an album to follow, 'Running Out Of Time'. For info contact Alien on 01-408 2350.

■ At last, the 'Self Defence' EP from Dodgy Tactics (cue gasps of relief, hysterical cheering etc etc). Four tracks in length, six months in the making, and one pound in price, the EP is on Chameleon Music and is available from shops in the Leeds area, and also on sale at DT gigs.

■ Frank China from Vinyl Drip Records tells us *The Membranes'* flexidisc 'Fashionable Junkies' is once again available by writing to 53 Anchorsholme Lane, Blackpool, Lancs. Blackpool, Lancs. sending 30p and SAE. From the same address and label comes 'Tapes For Nice People' by Pom-Rom 3. Send a C60 and see what happens.

■ Bristol heavy rockers Lautrec make their vinyl debut with 'Mean Gasoline'/'Shoot Out The Lights' on the Street Tunes label.

■ Two new 'uns on Glass Records of 97 Judd St, London WC1: 'Love is Strange' by Claran Harte and 'Control Addicts' by Religious Overdose.

■ Barry Paladin, sycophant extraordinaire, brings out a single 'Muscle And Money' on Nudge Nudge of 14 Castle Road, Kentish Town, London NW1.

■ The Innocent Vicars have a double A-side out.

■ 'Antimatter'/'She's Here' and you can get it from Rough Trade or at 4 Selby Avenue, St Albans, Herts. The band can also be heard on 'The Class Of '81' compilation LP on Upper Class.

■ Debut EP by The One Takes on No Choice Records is available for £1.00 from NC's new address: Bob Lucas, Flat 2, 45A Station Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

■ On the Why Not? label comes 'Grovelands Road'/'Why?', first single by The Seize. Send 75p (plus 25p p&p) to Colin Newton, 8 Firs Road, Tilehurst, Reading, Berks.

■ Back in the USA, *Garageland International* brings you news of an EP by The TV Babies (Rockin' Horse Records, 13 East 17th Street, New York NY 10003) and of a 45 by German band Volkstanz, price £1 from 85 Longstomps Avenue, Chelmsford, Essex. The label is Ste Gangart of Bonn.

■ Harvest, meanwhile, are a six-piece from Glasgow whose first single 'Will You Be The One'/'Fashion Parade' is obtainable by mail order only. Send a grand total of £1.20 to David Docherty, 4 Mount Hope, Henderson Street, Bridge Of Allan, Scotland.

■ 'Sell Out Before The Fall Out' is a debut EP from Michael Byrd & The Commercial, with guest spots by Adam Williams and James Mackie of The Selecter. (They just 'popped in' to the session writes Mr Byrd, a man of catholic tastes.) It's available through RT, Graduate, Rod Rhino, Revolver and Service, or else by sending £1 to Another Record Label, 39 Meadows, Lancaster. An extra £1, by the way, will secure you a compo tape of several local bands: Cardiac Arrest, The Offenders, The Uncalled Four and Eyes Like Astronomy.

■ The big news of the week is that The Kindergarten have inked a three-45 deal with Aylesbury's Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! First up is a 12" three-track, 'But'/'Boxes'/'Red Flowers', through R Trade or mail order (£1.60) from YYY, 8 Ripon House, Bishops Walk, Aylesbury, Bucks.

CASSETTES

■ X Cassettes announce the unleashing of their first two products, which are as follows: 'Accident On X Street', a C60 featuring live tracks by Savage Vinyl and studio stuff from Quality Drive, and 'Anything Could Happen In The Next Half Hour!', another C60 that includes Attack Control, The Clivis, The Controls, Dig! Dig! Dig!, Funboy Five, Milkshake Melon, The Original Vampires, Oxford Dictionaries, Quality Drive and Savage Vinyl. The man to write to is Chris Green, 91 Swansea Road, Reading, Berks.

■ Glasgow group Laughing Apple, now based in London, are putting out a four-track EP this month on the Autonomy Label. Send a C30 to Alan McGee, 36 Hemberton Road, Clapham, SW9.

■ 'Time Of Hope' is the C30 album by Twist Crazy Times, gettable from Rough Trade or by post from 85 Nespan Road, London W12, price £1.20.

■ Luscious Orb Cassettes (50 Albert Road, Levenshulme, Manchester 19) announce the release of 'Terror Of Split Skirt Disco Girl' by The Beach Surgeon (ex Danny & The Dressmakers) which can be yours for either a C90 or £1.50 inclusive (limited edition in takeaway tinfoil dish) from the above address.

■ Here goes... 'Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlantylilipgogoch' (or LP6 for short) is a DIY cassette fanzine, price 30p inclusive from: 'Unpronounceable Welsh Place Names Productions', 9 The Coppice, Holcombe Brook, Bury, Lancs. Described as a 'national thingy', you-know-what includes reviews and news of DIY ventures.

■ Dedicated To Charity And Needlework — now there's a nice name — have a tape called 'Mystic Censer'. Send your blank plus SAE to Topside Tapes, The Old Butchers Shop, Newport Road, Gnosall, Stafford ST20 0BN.

■ Follow-up to The Clots In Gondolas' greatest hits compilation is another tape LP, 'Christmas In Venice'. Both cassettes cost you a C60 or £1.50 (and SAE) apiece, and write to Alex Jock, 30 Miller Road, Bedford.

■ Nouveau-A-Go-Go are a Brighton four-piece who state their objective as "to assert an individual sound for the purpose of total electrical stimulation to the point of control". They've also made a tape. Contact them at 12 Hampstead Road, Brighton.

■ The Pool is the name of a musical concept masterminded by Patrick Keel of Texas. First Pool product is a 17-track tape available from Patrick at 808 W 10th, Austin, Texas 78701, price six dollars plus one dollar costs, or from Inner Sanctum Records, 504 W 24th, Austin, Texas 78705.

■ 'Striding Edge' is the tape from Big Amongst Sheep, inspired by their native Lake District. It costs £2.75 from Rock Solid Records, Tape Duplicating, 46 West End, Launton, Oxon.

■ The Gambia — produced by the Zimbabwe Brothers — have a C60 out entitled 'Hard Boiled People'. It costs £1 (including postage and a magazine) from P. Drew, 32 Charles Street, Barnstaple, North Devon.

■ By sending a C60 and SAE to Rock And Roll Noel, Flat 2, 133 Station Road, Herne Bay, Kent, you could be the lucky recipient of 'Welcome To Penzance', a 22-song tape by An Alarm.

■ New on the Eddie Chippington label: 'Half Of Malloney' by various artists such as The Miserable Gits and Matthew Griffin. Send a quid (or blank C90 and SAE) to Francis Smyth, 11 Melbourne Street, Worcester WR3 8AX.

By BERNARD FUTTER

ON THE face of it, designing an audio system to cover the widely differing requirements of home, disco and location P.A., would appear to be a case of trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. However, one company feels sure that they've got a product that's sufficiently versatile to fulfill these parameters.

Step forward the Chelsea based outfit of RED Acoustics with their powerful 150 watt per channel Professional Compact Stereo System. It's a smaller and less expensive derivative of their Professional Speaker System that has enjoyed such a good press since its introduction some 13 months ago. RED Professionals are apparently to be found in some of the worlds ritziest discos. The design philosophy behind the company places great emphasis on psycho-acoustics. In essence the pursuit of technical goals for their own sake have been sacrificed in an endeavour to understand the nature of human hearing. Creating and reinforcing a "sound illusion" in the brain is the first and overriding consideration — all design options being evaluated to that end. So much for the theory.

Although as stated, the Professional Compact System is cheaper than its bigger brother, it will still set you back around £875 inc. VAT. For that you get a pair of speakers and a power amp all neatly packaged in a durable aluminium box. Lee from RED, in a testimony to the body building properties of New Zealand dairy produce, did manage to hike the entire system up several stairs unaided. I mention this in passing for the sole benefit of one man mobile disco barons.

On top of the basic rig, you will still need a pre-amp or an integrated design where you can switch the power amp section out of circuit. RED provided a preamp from the Technics mini range but compatibility is unlikely to be a problem here with most models on the market. The three units exhibit an all black "high tech" styling. Externally they appear to be very solidly constructed and robust enough to withstand a fair degree of physical abuse. At £675, I was certainly not game enough to put that particular theory to the test. Measuring 245x335x205 mm the speakers are not the most compact designs on the market but they are small enough to look unobtrusive in most situations. The solid austerity of the black is relieved by an open grid style front and the RED logo that illuminates when a signal is applied. Driver complement consists of 20 cm and 2.5 cm units to handle bass midrange and high frequencies respectively. Both are of RED manufacture. Somewhat unconventionally each unit is driven independently from the power amplifier. Two 50 watt output modules for each bass / midrange and one for each HF unit. Frequencies are divided into bands for the appropriate driver electronically at the preamp stage rather than via a crossover unit integrated in each enclosure. Theoretically this method of "bi-amping" is

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

A system for all purposes — home disco, and location PA — is it possible? Red Acoustics have a bash at it.

more efficient, resulting in greater sound levels and less distortion. The makers claim that the system is well protected against virtually any form of electrical or mechanical overload. The power amp measures 480x84x280 mm and features a restrained fluted fascia with just one rotary volume control that can be left set when optimum levels with ancillary inputs have been determined.

The rear is similarly uncluttered with cannon sockets for the speakers and phono inputs for connection to the pre amp. A rotary on/off switch with adjacent RED indication to show when the unit is energized, completes the line up. Due to the prodigious sound levels claimed by the manufacturers for this system, listening tests were conducted in a large open room rather than in my usual listening room at home. To put a system like this through its paces it must be listened to loud over a period of time. Source was mainly rock reel to reel master tapes via a Revox and some top quality discs through my usual record deck rig of Linn Sondek / SME Series 3/ADC XLM. The first thing that struck me about the system was the remarkable bass performance from speakers of such compact size; obviously there was none of the subsonic variety — the kind that is felt as much as heard — but what was there was very generous and full. The critical midrange I felt was rather dry and flat and lacked the openness one is accustomed to from the best hi-fi systems. Inner detail that I had come to expect due to familiarization with the programme material seemed to be lacking. The extreme top was to my ears short on bite and cymbals in particular lacked sparkle and attack.

When I discussed my subjective opinions with RED, it transpired that they would seem to be broadly in accord with other independent listeners' findings. RED do point out that their system is designed to be listened to loud over long periods of time. As such, detail has obviously been sacrificed along the way for a response that has been tailored to avoid the wearing effects of listening fatigue. At loud volumes, one man's detail can read one man's brittle. The RED Compact System was driven flat out for long periods without any distress whatsoever — to the gear or for that matter the humans listening. Value for money judgements are exceptionally difficult when evaluating a system like this. For P.A. applications or discos I think RED are on to a winner with a system that sounds loud, is compact and also eminently portable. (Whether a mobile disco operator would feel this level of quality worth it at the price, remembering you also need a preamp plus a record deck, is perhaps another matter.)

For home hifi, I feel the RED system will have less appeal. If you are a bass freak with limited space available and like your music loud, the RED Compact System is worth an investigation. Notwithstanding that you could

get a helluva speaker and power amp rig for £675 by shopping around.

You can find out for yourself how good RED Products are by tugging along to Audio 81 this weekend (6/7/8) at the Holiday Inn, Swiss Cottage, where they are one of the exhibitors.

For further details contact: RED Acoustics, 15 Lots Road, London SW10.



Every so often, we like to show puzzling pictures of everyday objects taken from unusual angles. Can you guess what this is?

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This explains why a sealed copy of Steely Dan's 'Katy Lied', now deleted from the Original Master Recording™ catalogue, recently changed hands in America for £50. A year earlier you could have bought it for £14.50 new.

We don't limit everything

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This is often applied to ordinary records in order to make the sound acceptable on low-fi equipment such as portable radios. We aren't interested in such compromises.

You won't be surprised to learn that even the vinyl our records are pressed from is different. Hold an Original Master Recording™ up to the light and you'll notice it's translucent. This vinyl is super-pure, super-hard and was originally developed to carry the supersonic directional information present on CD-4 quadrophonic records.

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We can only ask you to listen and judge for yourself whether they're worth the money.

We could add, however, that a couple of days after the first few copies arrived in the UK, we had telephone calls from a number of reviewers who asked where they could buy them.

(Just for the record, you can buy them from good hi-fi shops and certain record shops — please contact us if you would like the name and address of the one nearest you — or direct from us by simply filling in the coupon).

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Careful consideration forces us to admit that even the holes in the middle of our records are probably different.

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LIVE!

Spizzles off again. Pic David Corio.

Spizzles The Mo-dettes

City University UM, WELL, still not completely convinced by these Mo-dettes, y'know? Alright, I enjoyed the set a lot, and wouldn't have moaned about going even if I'd paid to get in. And in a way that's all that matters, the 'bottom line' as they say. Yet the critic in me retains reservations. If you already know The Mo-dettes and love them, then fine. But I couldn't with a clear conscience recommend them wholeheartedly to anyone else.

This is how it went. . . From where I stood tonight the beat was firm and loud, the guitar and vocals were lost. Making allowances for that, the group seem improved, but still on the lumpy side; not so ropey as on that album, but still a long way from great. A smallish crowd of dedicated Mo-dettes went some of the way to whip up an atmosphere; I can't help feeling that the girls themselves might have helped more than they did. The early single 'White Mice' was superb, and still stands out far more than it should do by now. 'Dark Park Creeping' followed and it didn't — stand out, that is. 'Foolish Girl', too, was a bit messy; like the bulk of their original material it seems pretty slight.

Some exception should be made, perhaps, for Jane's bass playing, which is always

interesting even if it isn't technically advanced, and it frequently has the knack of turning quite ordinary songs into something special.

'Paint It Black' is very good — that's not rockist nostalgia, I never liked the number before — because they do it with such freshness. First of the encores was 'Masochistic Opposite', another Mo-dette song and rather weak it sounded. Much better was their celebrated cover of 'Milord' (and was Edith Piaf's bass-line ever that good?).

And then they were gone. They're pretty and they dress good and they don't take themselves too seriously and all that's great. . . but. But.

Time for Spizzles, what Spizz did next — after Athletico, after Energy and Oil, in that order. After The Mo-dettes, the man's headline status seems a bit odd, but then I guess the two acts know each other well enough not to trouble over those details. Spizz and Spizzles, sufficient to say, did not let anybody down on the night. (This is pure speculation. I didn't actually question everybody present).

A basic quartet — bass, drums and guitars, two guitars when Spizz himself feels inclined — Spizzles roared their way through in fine style: always poppy and catching, it's nevertheless a formidable wall of sound he's erected for himself, if anything just a bit too orthodox and heavy, but certainly attractive. Recklessly discarding his bright red hard hat, Spizz leads his men into 'Red And Black', lifting things to a new peak, sustaining that with 'Where's Captain Kirk'.

At all times he enacts a state of either blissful simplicity, or else the later stages of mental

degeneration. 'Woss next? Woss next?' he cries, wide-eyed and panicked, between each song. The shameless ham, he probably knows the whole set backwards. 'Clocks Are Big' ('machines are heavy'). for all its existential mystery, turns into a rousing singalong. 'Soldier Soldier' is

similarly well-received, especially by Spizz.

There's definite method in his madness, efficiency behind the lunacy. Where earlier manifestations like Spizzoil were just 'endearing' (a code word meaning 'okay if you're pissed; diabolical otherwise') your new improved Spizzles are positively impressive.

Last word of the night, however, must go to the awestruck punter in a Spizz T-shirt. While I searched for critical perspectives, his mind was still on The Mo-dettes.

"What I wanna know," he marvelled, "is how they keep their nipples erect right through the set!"

Oh dear. This is what they want.

Paul Du Noyer



Slade

Hammersmith

"HERE'S A number for all of you who don't get enough," announced Noddy Holder. "It's called 'Night Starvation'!"

Suddenly it clicked: none of these people get enough. One saw the whole thing — the identification with fearless macho guitar heroes, the aggressive phallic imagery, the Roger Dean trip — as one big fantasy myth of overpowering, ubiquitous masculinity.

To be precise, a really heavy scene.

Slade, however, who made this blinding revelation possible, don't quite fit in with it.

What freak of evolution has turned these jesters of glam-rock in to monsters of HM? Perhaps it was to be expected that all the various practices overturned by the new wave should form some kind of alliance to run it out of town for good. Whatever it was, Slade are onto a good thing, and they know it. Heavy Metal's major weapon is that it doesn't need to apologise; it never entertains the concept of selling out. The more successful a band is, the more "power" it has.

At least heavy metal fans make a point of enjoying themselves. At most of the new youth gatherings I have attended, the sense of ritual is so all-embracing that one is ashamed to be caught looking at the stage. I must even admit to a vague twinge of nostalgia on my own part — those great stacks of Marshall amps, the hush as the lights go down, the red lights winking out of the darkness. . .

And yet, as with all those supergroups way back when, the excitement came before the show and not during it.

The moment Slade broke into their first rock blues, the sheer sexlessness froze me into stoical rigidity. I became a

U2 Delta 5 Thompson Twins

Lyceum

CHUFFED but awkward, a different man when he's not singing, Bono makes use of the first pause in U2's astoundingly powerful set to thank the capacity crowd — and by implication the other 700 said to be standing disappointed outside the hall.

Almost shyly the lad recalls it was a bare year ago that U2 took their first tentative steps on the British circuit, away from their safe Irish home. And now this: in his own words, the climax and fulfilment of U2's first stage. Tonight was a triumph of an exceptional kind, and there could have been nobody present who didn't know it.

The group had followed on a well-received but slightly flat appearance by Delta Five. Not that I want to moan too much about a set played with such spirit and infectious enthusiasm, but something in the Five's drably determined sound leaves me detached. Partly I doubt the strength of the material: even the better-known pieces like 'Anticipation' and 'Now That You've Gone' and 'Try' lack any memorability except that derived from their repetitive insistence. If Kev's drumming is firm and driving, and Al's guitar nicely abrasive in a Wilko-ey way, the two-bass underlay too often seems lumpy and dull. The girls' vocals are similarly dour, not really enlivened by the occasional silly falsetto.

In the middle, Julz prances with Ant-like exuberance, and the group as a whole exude some sense of pleasure in

what they're doing. But the dutiful attempts at funk just sound contrived. Predictably, it's 'Mind Your Own Business' with its coy 'Grapovine' bassline, which is reserved for the encore. Even that song only confirms instead of disturbs the impressions I've formed.

Before Delta Five were The Thompson Twins, now expanded in size and improved in performance. Having already droned on at some length about this outfit there's little for me to add here except recommend that you make the effort to catch them live and if the records don't grab you then don't let that put you off.

Finally, U2 emerge to a roar of acclaim that took me aback. But nothing, not even the fine first LP, prepared me for what followed. A very brief 'Ocean' opens the onslaught, and subtly. It's an amazing 'An Cat Dubh' which takes the night to a peak — and the power coming from all four elements (Bono's singing, Adam Clayton's bass, Larry's drumming and — great name — The Edge's guitar) added up to a performance of epic dimensions. Most striking of all, that early impact never lets up from beginning to end. 'Another Time Another Place' and 'Stories For Boys' keep things on the boil.

Bono, The Edge and Adam are a blur of shirts and haircuts, pouring out music that's at once simple and rich, a massive, monumental sound, but one that draws its grandeur from pure emotion and excitement rather than the old hard rock posture and bombast. 'Twilight', 'I Will Follow' and 'Out Of Control' complete the basic set, but it's too late to stop now. It's hard to recall an atmosphere so charged as tonight's.

Called back for more, U2 reappear with Bono bringing on "one of the new breed" — his ally and counterpart Pete Wyllie from Wah! Heat. Wyllie too has a voice of formidable force, and the two singers deliver a stunning version of 'All Along The Watchtower'. 'Eleven O'Clock Tick Tock' is the parting shot.

It really was a night for going over the top, whatever that might be, and one for going over the top about. U2 have 'arrived' and count among the most valuable assets in modern music.

What clowns we waste the word 'rock' on.

Paul Du Noyer

Angelic Upstarts

Walsall Town Hall
Bridgehouse

"WHO KILLED Liddle? Who killed Liddle? The POLICE killed Liddle Towers!"

A classic scream of anger, the audience surge into motion, and the Upstarts are back. Mensi is goading, calming, as usual the grand master and gangleader just about in control of a seething mass of (mostly male and hairless) energy who, should he slip, could quite easily kill him/me/each other.

Alone, few people threaten me, but en masse I find all gangs terrifying: Mensi is walking a tightrope and I think perhaps I like the Upstarts for the same reason people ride rollercoasters or watch stuntmen; it's the voyeur in me, holding my breath in fear/anticipation of him falling, sighing in relief when he doesn't, and knowing, of course, that he's far too clever to really.

Musically, there's little between them and any other



U can do it — as Bono shows. Pic David Corio.

Pearl. Pic Andrea Casalotti.

martyr to my ears. The only thing which made up for this complete musical desensitisation was their undeniable visual appeal: the delightful Dave Hill in a Stetson, Noddy Holder's mutton chops, even Jimmy Lee's green violin. But, despite this, despite even Holder's unique voice, numbers like 'The Wheels Ain't Coming Down' or 'We'll Bring The House Down' are just vulgarised Southern rock without the raunchiness.

Of the old hits, 'Take Me Back Ome' and 'Cum On Feel The Noize' (one of several encores) were the most enjoyable. The uniform blandness of everything else was equalled only by the delight and apparent devotion of their new audience.

Barney Hoskyns

Pearl Harbour

100 Club

PEARL HARBOUR bombed — badly enough to deserve the inevitable puns. The audience thought otherwise, but then

disaster movies like *Tora Tora Tora* are popular too. I've always preferred tawdry drama like *From Here To Eternity* myself, and while there's plenty of the tawdry about Pearl, there's precious little of the latter.

A lot of fire breathing and stomping back and forth, accompanied by equally style-less hollering is a poor substitute for the real thing. Looking like a dishevelled Wonder Woman after too many nights on the town, her rasp is a poor parody of Janis Joplin (remember the real 'Pearl'?), as are her songs, which range from extolling the virtues (or not as the case may be) of 'New York Boys', to crassly-put invites like 'C'mon Baby Let's Go Upstairs'.

I believe the correct term for this kind of thing used to be raunchy.

Her band, which includes ex-Rich Kid Steve New slumming it on guitar, playing with a modicum more style and restraint than their leader. Still they never rise above a moderate barroom rockabilly — allowing for a few

exceptions when they flavour it with some country. Then, Pearl slips out of her Joplin pose to ask with a not-too-convincing sob curl "I gotta know if our love's the real thing". But at least we get a break from the ranting pace.

Pearl is a classic case of getting things wrong from a

distance. To her, on this evening's showing anyway, new wave means nothing more than an easing of standards, thereby allowing shoddy talents like hers to get through on the strength of a louder-than-life stage presence but little else. Her traditional brand of noisy

outrage pays lip service to '77 developments, but like the countless West Coast bands featured on compilations like 'Yes Nukes' she has no idea what to do with them.

Not so much an example of the trash aesthetic as a case of disposable waste.

Chris Bohn

The Reluctant Stereotypes Erogenous Zones

Venue
ONLY AT the Venue, that temple of the laid-back rock'n'roll hamburger, could an event of such mediocrity and insignificance as this take place. Apart from anything else, I have never seen so many patently unreluctant stereotypes: Holborn temp. secs., chemistry student boyfriends, even army boys on the town.

The Erogenous Zones resemble nothing so much as those really dumb LA "new wave" bands like The Pop, bands who seriously seem to believe they are playing vital and original music when they are really just garage-band editions of Supertramp. The Zones have that worn look which hangs on the faces of all well-meaning goldie oldie Londoners; it's probably

Continues over

ANGELS WITH SILLY FACES



Mensi minces face. Pic Peter Anderson.

lumpen punk/HM band, but the energy and tension they create live can be stunning.

"You've been great tonight! Magic! And that's how it should be. Punks, skins, black, white, together." — Mensi, from the stage at Walsall.

Mensi gives the impression both onstage and off that he's trying his hardest without falling into a petulant Pursey-like "It's - my - party - and - I'll - cry - if - you - Sieg - Hell" stance. Unlike his predecessor he still commands respect from his audience, but he is only a singer, and that's the problem.

The influence of THE ROCK STAR is enormous, we seem to need heroes/heroines to dictate our interests, so IMPORTANT PEOPLE like

musicians are expected to have definitive views on everything. Just because a nice bloke called Thomas Mensworth happens to sing in a band and because some of their audience happen to be of a group that are often (and not *always* justly) associated with the extreme Right, his opinions on race and country are extremely important.

Which is why 'England' is the most appalling song they've ever done and why ('Kids On The Street', clichéd though it may be, is one of their best).

"It's just stupid, they said it was a send-up but no matter how they meant it, the BM kids won't take it that way" — Audience member.

"Did you see them during 'England'? It was magic, like a

Wembly match." — Cyril, drummer.

Jingoism rules OK: what I saw was a lot of people wearing Union Jacks and chanting their country's name as if they were acting out a wartime propaganda film.

There was little, though, to support the old all - skins - are - violent - nazis formula the media love to perpetuate: the London crowd was well mixed and the atmosphere one of boredom or enjoyment depending on how far front you were. And in spite of a general headcount at Walsall with various areas and factions checking their numbers against their 'rivals', the only real trouble was from the big 'n' beefy Hells Angels bouncers.

"I lifted this little kid on my shoulders, and an Angel

kicked him right in the face. It must have broken his nose." — Audience member.

"I want to thank the bouncers tonight for just letting everyone get on with it and have a good time." — Mensi.

Mensi can't always be right, he's not God: what he is, though, is a great showman, and the Upstarts are a fairly competent but conventional rock band who can, in the right conditions, be exceptional.

At these particular venues, they didn't get that: Walsall's cavernous hall has always given value for money, the appalling acoustics making sure you hear everything at least twice, while the Bridgehouse seems especially designed to offer a choice between either asphyxiation at the front or seeing nothing

elsewhere. It was, I gather, the only place they were allowed to play in London.

The set was a predictable replay of the singles distinguished by Mensi's between-song patter, and, at Walsall, the highlight of his career: a girl rushing onstage to hug him. On the whole, the Upstarts are a fun band and it's everyone else who seems to take them seriously.

Mensi: "There was no trouble though, mention that."

Mentioned.

Sheryl Garratt

Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandoes

Newcastle-On-Tyne

ARTHUR 2-Stroke is the man

behind Newcastle's Anti-Pop/Entertainerama musical nexus, the very same that brought you Gateshead's legendary Wavis O'Shane, so it's a little baffling to find him now determined to turn into Tyneside's answer to Joe Tex, or The Q-Tips at least, stamping out old soul warhorses like there was no tomorrow, or even today. Or even the last 15 years.

The Chart Commandoes are polished in their duties, and the trumpet player cuts an especial dash (without ever actually cutting loose), so that Arthur's vocals are somewhat cast in a shade, though there's no disputing the man's presence or command. Everyone danced, but the real question of what Arthur's got against 1981 never got answered.

Dexter Fabian

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POLICE STATE

FROM PAGE 47

number one, for example. He also insists that his massive success hasn't made him prey to becoming a psychological disaster area.

"I think I'd have much more difficulty in coping with failure. Any person who aspires to this sort of life has rehearsed it many times in his mind; they know what's going to happen: the patterns are already well set down. You've only got to look at the blueprint that any successful group has been through. I wasn't surprised by anything that's happened to us, really. Once we'd started on the conveyor-belt everything was fairly clear.

"It didn't do my head in. I'm still fairly objective. I don't believe it all, though at the same time I enjoy where I am. I enjoy most situations it puts me in. I enjoy this," he waves an arm about the room. "I enjoy going onstage at Madison Square Gardens. I even enjoy being asked for my autograph. But I don't believe it all.

"I got Egotist Of The Year award in one of the papers," he laughs, "but I don't deserve it. I really don't."

"I know it's our turn to be numbered, and you just have to go through what you have to go through. We enjoy our life, which tends to make you a target for other people.

"Actually," he continues, "I sometimes think, Well, we're at the stage now where we've actually achieved what we set out to do. Why don't we knock it on the head? It would be nice to have it stopped before we became the Rod Stewarts. There's a terrible danger in becoming the caricature rock stars — the fat, opulent, decadent rock stars. . . ."

Does such unbridled hedonism hold any attraction?

"No, not at all. I'd hate to be there. I couldn't bear to live such an indolent existence. I'd rather do something else.

"One of the things I have going for myself is an alternative career simmering away."

So did Elvis Presley, of course.

"Elvis did, yeah. But he was stupid. He didn't have any brains, that bloke. That was the problem. Brilliant charisma. Great face. And then he makes *GI Blues*. Mind you, making musicals is totally anathema to me. I don't want anything to do with it.

"Radio On, though, was a really great vehicle for the music of Ian Dury and Kraftwerk and Wreckless Eric — that's all there was to it, really. It was like a three hour promo movie in black and white. It's done really well around the world, you know. It is a good movie. Beautifully filmed. It was nice to be in that, because it was very . . . *obscure*," he smiles knowingly.

Good credibility picture.

"It was. It was perfect. It came out at the same time as *Quadrophenia*. So it wasn't as though either was a flash in the pan. I enjoyed being in it. I'm going to make another film with Chris Petit. *Radio On* was a very cheap film — only about £50,000. And I got about 20 quid for it. They had a great lighting cameraman — the bloke who filmed Wim Wenders' *The American Friend*, which is one of my favourite movies. I loved Chris' way of directing, where I could just really be myself.

"That wasn't me in *Quadrophenia* at all. I was nothing to do with mods. When that whole mod revival happened we exploited it, and for a brief while I became a figurehead for it. People ask me now, though, what I think of mods. . . . Well, I don't like them. I'd rather have a motorbike. But it was well used, I think. I'd wear a parka at the odd gig. . . ."

Are you always very conscious of the appropriate props?

"Mmm," he nods. "The teacher's gown. I wear that onstage during 'Don't Stand So Close To Me', both because of my history, and because of the song itself."

A parka's a more machiavellian one.

"Yeah. Well, in the film I play this very sharp, silver-suited guy — top mod. And the

guy I'd play with the parka on used to be at the other end of the scale. I thought that was quite clever — to present yourself in the film as quite a God-like character, but onstage to still have that genre about you, but to be at the other end of the scale."

Are you very machiavellian?

"Oh yeah. I'm very machiavellian. I'm very devious, in most every way. No apologies. I'm just very devious."

When I saw you onstage in Australia last year you were ill and obviously vulnerable, and so you seemed to amplify many aspects of your stage-craft.

"Tricky. When it's not going well you do fall back on showbiz tricks, and follow those. The Madison Square Garden show was pretty tricky. I was phased by the whole thing. I spent most of my energy trying to appear unfrightened."

The vodka bottle through the bass-drum must have kept you on your toes.

"Phew! . . . I haven't ad libbed in a long time. We used to do it every night. Something would go wrong, strings would fall off the guitar, or the guitarist would fall down. You'd have to launch into anything, just to keep things going. But these days we normally work like clockwork."

"But, in fact, I think it helped us in many ways last night. We showed a human side, and the audience had to help us out. And that made the room smaller. It made everyone give us a hand to get on with the show. It was quite heart-rending, really. I liked the way they sang. It would've been a lesser show if it hadn't happened. That made it special."

You say that you're devious, and you're also an actor; how much of rock'n'roll is acting?

"A fair amount, I think."

When you stopped being Gordon Sumner and became Sting, did you become a different person?

"I think so, yes. . . . I don't know, though, because the name came before I was a potential star. It was just a nickname, like being called Buddy, or Buzz. . . . No, in fact, I think I'm the same person. I've always been egocentric and extroverted. It's just the magnification of what that is in a normal person. You get the opportunity to be even more extroverted, and you take it."

How devious are you being now?

"Very!" he laughs. "I don't know. I'm trying to suss you out. I'm trying to suss out where you're at and inveigle my way into. . . . I suppose I'm trying to make you respect me. Even more devious than that. It's like peeling an onion."

"There's a certain amount of selection goes on."

You select how much of yourself you decide to give? "Of course. Just as you do. I don't just sit there and open myself wide. See, there's a tendency to get very confessional in interviews. To give away things that might tie you up later. Early on I'd do that. They'd want to hear things," he laughs, "so I'd even make things up. Just to make things go better. I'm a very accommodating person. Now I don't do so much of that. I made a lot of mistakes in the beginning."

Do you invent myths? Or do you just embroider?

"I think one exaggerates and is very selective. Why be absolutely truthful? We're in the business of creating myth. Does it have to be actual fact? I could make my past more glamorous, I suppose. I haven't done a lot of it, but you do do it. Facts get distorted, anyway, through the process of being reported and printed. Then people precis what they read, and it gets right out of hand."

"In many ways you can't hold on to the truth anyway, so why bother in the first place?" he laughs. "Your past and your background are all part of what you're selling, so if you can make it more attractive. . . why not?"

"At home I've got a Gary Glitter book from 1972, inside of which is the story of his life in cartoon form — not only once, but twice! There are two separate stories of this man who became Gary Glitter in the same annual. I found that absolutely fascinating. Whoever did that must be very, very bright. There's now two alternatives to his history — a work of art! And you don't have to believe either of them, yet they're each equally attractive."

"The Nick Kent thing is very interesting — that he'd thought of that long before he became famous — that he would create a kind of enigma about himself. That's very clever. Very laudable, I think, for anyone who wants to be public to have done that; it's almost like writing a novel. Why be faithful to the truth?"

"I think it's part of the entertainment. Nick Kent's a very entertaining person. He's allowed to bullshit."

ALTHOUGH HE already owns two cottages on the west coast of Ireland, Sting has recently bought his first home in England, a house in Hampstead.

"But I don't regard my houses as homes. They're more sort of refuges where I can go and hide away."

So you can become the reclusive rock star. . . .

"I'll probably play at that for a while. What I

want, though, is something to replace the buzz I get from doing this. Skiing is something I've seriously thought of — just becoming a skier, and skiing down the hills for the rest of my life.

"But the other thing is *crime*! It's very appealing. I've definitely got criminal tendencies. It's a possibility I'm looking into."

"I was robbed at Christmas, while we were in the house. The night before New Year's Eve, we were sitting in front of the piano, all drunk. I've got a really big Alsatian-Irish wolf hound guard-dog which just started going crackers. But we told it to shut up, and spent a while calming it down. Then half an hour later I went into the kitchen where I'd been taking some photographs earlier on. Two thousand quids' worth of cameras had gone, while we were in the house. I thought, Jesus, it must've been the guy's birthday. He just walks in and the camera, the American Express card, they're all there."

"Quite a large part of me was really pleased for him. I was saying, That's really cool. The guy's got some bottle. And I sort of appreciated it on an objective level."

"I don't like the violent aspects of crime. I'm thinking more along the lines of Raffles (laughs). A gentleman cat burglar, perhaps. Something fairly harmless but exciting."

"I can just see it in the *Sun* — Sting! Cat Burglar Policeman!"

NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

- 1 Monsieur Madness (4, 6)
- 7 Waiters album
- 8 Coyne or Godley
- 9 PIL stayer (5, 6)
- 11 Sting to the law! (6, 6)
- 13 Bowie album
- 14 1980 Clint Eastwood movie (6, 5)
- 15 '78 'new wave' No 1 (3, 4)
- 16 Vincent or Autry
- 18 A Mo-Dette
- 20 Blondie 45
- 21 First name of Blockhead saxophonist
- 23 'White Album' period Lennon song
- 27 Iggy standard covered by Pistols (2, 3)
- 29 Cockney duo (4, 3, 4)

DOWN

- 2 Dexy mouthpiece (5, 7)
- 3 Clash 45 (4, 6)
- 4 The identity of M (5, 5)
- 5 & 22 Canadian singer/songwriter who is not Gordon Lightfoot
- 6 Guitarist/founder of US rock group who died in a motorbike accident (5, 6)
- 10 Branson's pickle?
- 11 Surname of Blockhead joannah-player
- 12 A former Spider From Mars (4, 6)
- 17 Brown of H. Chocolate
- 19 Guitarist with the unspeakable Ten Years After (5, 3)
- 22 See 5

- 24 Formed out of equal parts King Crimson, The Nice and Atomic Rooster
- 25 Starred in *Jubilee* and *The Tempest*
- 26 Children's character who enjoyed mid-'70s fame 'ollering like a maniac in chart rock band (*Surely some mistake*. — Ed)
- 28 A good listener

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Joy Division; 4 (Gang Of) Four; 6 Mike Oldfield; 9 Soul; 10 Simple Minds; 12 Dr John; 14 Ron (Mael); 15 Navy Jones; 16 Dave Berry; 19 Green; 22 Black (Uhuru); 23 (Ron) Mael; 25 WEA; 26 Geno Washington; 28 Ramones; 29 Mods; 30 (Valley Of) The Dolls; 31 (New) York City. **DOWN:** 1 James Blood Ulmer; 2 Deep Purple; 3 'Valley Of (The Dolls); 5 (Black) Uhuru; 7 Ian; 8 Lesley Gore; 9 Sam Cooke; 11 Ian Dury; 13 Associates; 17 Vic Godard; 18 (Keith) Emerson; 19 Gang Of (Four); 20 Elton (John); 21 New (York City); 24 Pips; 27 Set; 29 (Ian) Mac (McCulloch).



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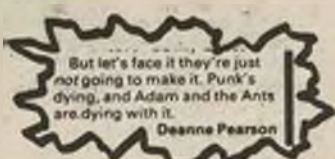
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From NME, December 9, 1978:
Pity they died isn't it?
Sarcastic of Surrey.
I see it's going to be one of those weeks. Okay, I think I'm ready for you. — CSM.

Thank you very much for printing the article on barbiturates. I expect you're interested in what your readers think so here are a few random thoughts on the article:

Depression is something you have to learn to handle. It sometimes takes years to learn to handle it. Until you do learn to handle it, it's very easy to side-step it with drugs. Depression is God's way of telling us there's something wrong in our lives. 'Learning to handle it' means analysing the situation to discover what's wrong, and then putting that right. Better to see a doctor or a shrink than start taking drugs off your own bat. The place where bars are often dealt and taken are 'discos'. I'm not surprised. It's a myth that discos and clubs are 'happy' places. Most people stumble out of a disco, late at night, drunk and on their own. Why do young people resort to bars and not alcohol? Is alcohol too expensive? What can bars do for them that alcohol can't? Cigarettes do nothing, we know that.

Fifty pence is a lot of money for a pint of beer for a young kid on the dole. Is this why other cheaper (more dangerous) drugs are sought out by young people? Yet politicians are talking of putting up the price of alcohol yet more. Are we playing into the drug pushers' hands? Alan Griffey (Member of Legalise Cannabis Campaign), Torquay.
A good question. Someone's gaining from this situation. — CSM.

David Attenborough, the choice of Siouxsie Sioux as Most Wonderful Human Being, chooses a gorilla as his. The gorilla goes for Col. Fred G. Merfield (author: *Gorillas Were My Neighbours*) who plumps for the Giant Forest Hog, a Tom Lehrer convert. Tom nominates Gilbert & Sullivan, big fans of Sherlock Holmes who fancied the third from the left of the Baker Street Irregulars who breaks the chain and gets seven years' bad luck in the form of 'Sound Effects', the favoured album of the beefburger in the Birds Eye commercial nominated by a chorus girl from *Fame*, the Alan Parker movie chosen by John Hurt impersonating an elephant of this parish who votes for David Attenborough, the...
Confused Person, Marlborough, Wilts.
Most perfectly circular letter of the week. — CSM.

I'd write this to a national daily but would think only the *Grauniad* or the *Morning Star* would print it, so I'm writing it to you instead in the hope of re-educating Thatcher's fans (all those who voted for her as Wonderful Human Being but not as Creep).

Basic Government policy: to do an RCA on interest rates. Basic effect: firms living on borrowed cash (most of them, in one way or another) are forced to cut costs and/or increase income, or else go bankrupt. In other words, they cut the workforce and put up prices. Hence unemployment and prices go up by leaps and bounds. As does the bankruptcy rate. However, as time goes by the market (ie, us) becomes more sensitive to price rises, and the point at which the Law of Diminishing Returns takes effect draws nearer. In response, inflation

CULTURAL IMPERIALISM

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takes a nose-dive, though the dole queue and the bankruptcy order keep going strong.

And of course, with interest rates high, anyone with spare cash puts it in the bank, who need no prompting to duplicate it (you own it, they lend it out, someone else spends it) and so increase the money supply regardless of how much new money is actually printed.

All this was guaranteed to happen, and has happened: the only bum note being the government's insistence that its intention was to cut the money supply, and that high unemployment has never been deliberate policy. Naturally, inflation "under control" is pointed out as proof that Monetarism works.

This may be a simplification, but it's only basic Economics, it doesn't take much to grasp the obvious. Does Andrew Gray (Gasbag, 24.1.81) still consider Maggie "one of the greatest political thinkers of this century" or will he just call me a raving Red (which will make a change from being called a Tory, I suppose)? A frighteningly large section of the population cannot believe that their rulers would deliberately deceive them. Nixon was a great political thinker too, I take it? *A Laughing Gnome of Zurich Right!* — RONALD REAGAN.

For Julie Burchill's information, a value judgement is a statement which cannot be substantiated by an appeal to empirical evidence or established fact. Therefore, the vast majority of her *Dangerous Visions* column is comprised of value judgements since it is merely expressing her own untestable hypotheses. Does that make her a liberal zombie? I think we should be told. Malcolm Bradbury "one of the old halls of learning", London School of Economics.

P.S. Why does she place the salient points of her column in *italics*? Does she think we're all so dumb we can't discern what she's trying to say? Nein, Nein, NEIN! You have missed the point completely. Malcolm (Malcolm?) Julie Burchill is a firm believer in value judgements. 'Liberal zombies' are people who don't make them. How come you can define specialised terms but fail to comprehend plain English?—CSM

Scott Walker?
Did, Rm 505
Yeah, Scott Walker. Wanna make something of it?—CSM.

At one point in his 'piece' on Richard Strange in this week's copy of your rag, Paul Morley says: "... themes and schemes — addiction, control, power, and means of cure — simple-mindedly borrowed from William Burroughs."

And then, just a few lines on: "... everything splashed energetically with Strange's own boisterous, messy ego." Ha! Let us now turn to Martin Seymour-Smith's *Guide To Modern World Literature* Volume 1, page 140, where *The Naked Lunch* is under scrutiny: "The themes are addiction, control, power, and means of cure." Elsewhere on the same page, Burroughs is described as "simple-minded". And over on the very next page — that's 141, Paul — discussing Jack Kerouac, he says: "Kerouac wrote many books, and in all of them he splashed everything energetically with his own boisterous, messy ego."

Well, well. Read any good books lately, Paul? Geoff Hattersley, Barnsley, South York.
Spills most of 'em, actually. — CSM.

So Charles Shaar Murray thinks the name New Order stinks. Why doesn't he

suggest to Albrecht, Hook and Morris that they take up the title 'The Swinging Curtises'! Richard Hoff, London NW3.
Yeah. Why don't I? Answers on a postcard, please.—CSM.

To Ian Penman:
"Those One Way People..."
"The newspaper is a great power, but just as an unchained torrent of water submerges whole countryside and devastates crops, even so an uncontrolled pen serves but to destroy. If the control is from without, it proves more poisonous than want of control. It can only be profitable only when exercised from within."—M. K. Gandhi.
Ahisma, Cheltenham.
This Gandhi sounds like a really suss bloke. Can you get him to do us a few reviews?—CSM.

Just because Ian Penman likes Costello, is deaf, blind, doesn't know what a "paradigm" is and can't tell one of them from a parachute doesn't mean he's a wanker. Why can't people say nice things in *Gasbag* for a change?
Mrs. Penman (no address given).
Give up. Why can't they? — CSM

How can you justify increasing the price of the *NME* again, the second time in ten months. Until March 15th 1980 the *NME* cost 20p and was over 60 pages long every week.

Since Christmas it has not got past 56 pages. Is inflation really running in excess of 50% or is it that *IPC* is short of money due to last year's strike?
The Panel, Birmingham.
The size of the paper is dependent on a seasonal cycle of advertising revenue. The price is governed by corporate greed and factors

beyond the control of this office. If you think *NME* costs too much, don't buy it. After all, you can get *My Guy* for a mere 22½p. — CSM

I was interested to read in your august organ (page 42, January 17 issue) that you claim to have half a million more readers than your 'nearest selling rival'. If I remember correctly from your annual ego-boost, you actually sell about 50-60,000 more copies than *MM* ('your nearest selling rival'). And here was I thinking that 500,000 was half a million. Free calculator please?
Yours smugly, Steven, Liverpool.
Wipe that grin of your kisser, pal. *Monotony Maker* is not 'our nearest selling rival', and furthermore we're referring to 'readers' as opposed to 'purchasers'. At least six humans read each copy of *NME*, therefore our claim is totally legit and you are well out of order. — CSM

We have been fans of The Jam since early 1977, but we are totally pissed off with your poll. Although they deserve some award, let's be realistic, as Paul Weller said "I am not a god, I don't want to be worshipped. Don't follow leaders, follow yourself" — December 7, 1979, Newcastle City Hall.

They are not the 8th, 9th and 10th wonders of the world, and other bands at least deserve some look in on The Jam monopoly. These so called 'fans' should take note of what Paul said, and not insult their musical prowess and ability, by voting for them in categories which are totally irrelevant to their music. They don't play guitars and drums with their hair and they aren't the James Bonds of the musical world. We suppose if there was a category for most artistic arse-wiping The Jam would 'flush' the board. It's the music we like them for,

not because they satisfy teeny bopper fantasies.
Crystal Tips and Alistair, Gateshead.
It's a pity that The Jam are liked by more than eight people, but that's showbiz. — CSM

Could you please tell me why the people singing along to 'Imagine No Possessions' are the ones who are buying every record, T-shirt, poster, badge etc that they can get their hands on?
Graham Lincoln, Westwood, Peterborough.
Because human beings are invariably logical and consistent. — CSM

Re. Poll Winners Poll 1980. So Weller gives Thatcher his Creep Of The Year vote. Quite a surprising result as he was urging people to vote Tory at the last general election.
A real working class hero (though not very famous as yet), Leeds.
Never trust a pop star. — CSM

I would just like to announce the formation to your readers of the 'Totally Obscure NME Readers Club'. I have obviously placed myself as honorary life chairman because of my eminent qualifications, namely (edit at your will): 1) I own a raincoat 2) I buy *NME*, *Snouds*, or fanzines from Sheffield 3) I once read a book by Albert Camus 4) I go to the London School of Economics and know what 'paradigm' means (see Gasbag 31.1.81) 5) I once stood next to Arthur Mullard 6) I have a record by The Naughtiest Girl Was A Monitor and have seen them live 7) I once got touched on the head by Fad Gadget whilst standing next to a boy with nail varnish on, and banged his drum 8) My sister's flatmate teaches at the school Marco Pirroni went to 9) I went to the same school, at the same time, as Def Leppard's drummer 10) I'm distantly related to Herbert Henry Asquith — Liberal Prime Minister 1908-1915 11) I bought a synthesizer off a bloke who plays with Toad The Wet Sprockett 12) Repulsive Alien on the extremely obscure 'Bouquet Of Steel' compilation album not only went to the same school as me but I'm on speaking terms with their ex-manager and a member of the group (though it has disbanded) 13) I have a latter and fairly exclusive demo tape of Vice Versa (now ABC and featured in a past *NME*) 14) I once understood an Ian Penman and Paul Morley interview without a full frontal lobotomy 15) I read Andy Gill's reviews of weird electronic music and go out and buy such records at random without even hearing them 16) Wait for it (all you *Snouds* and Dave McCulloch readers) I actually come from bleak, northern, industrial Sheffield! 17) I write treatises on Nazi politics and the relevance of the Bauhaus.
Does this: a) Mean I am qualified to be a journalist (I use the term loosely) on the *NME*; or b) Mean I am a prat (see a).
John Lawstudent, somewhere in Streatham.
P.S. See you all at the Gristle/Cabs gig, fellow raincoats!
Your letter has been forwarded to our Market Research/Demographic Profile department. From now on, all product will be aimed specifically at you, since each letter received represents 10,000 readers (huh?). Dunno what that says about some of the others, though... — CSM.

Come back Satan. All is forgiven.
Christ, Christleton, Chester.
Can I have my old room back? — THE FALLEN ONE.

GASBAG

T-ZERS

CONSIDER your average rock personality — he, she or it has ambitions just like you or me. Why, after a couple of drinks and a doctored Rothman even the most respected musical performer will admit to a silent hankering after some other slice of life's rich showbiz cake. For former Sex Pistol and current Piller John 'Rotten' Lydon the future will be rosy indeed if ATV's highbrow moguls consent to his desire to act in *Crossroads*. Lydon is apparently obsessed with Britain's worst soap opera and has miles of the guff on video. Quips John, 19, "It's my favourite programme... it's the most badly acted, funniest comedy I have ever seen. But you can't get bored with it. I have already started liaisons with certain members of the cast about getting a job. What I want to be is the first Mrs Hunter's son from the previous marriage. He's a black sheep." So far John has drawn a blank with the TV execs. A spokesman says "If he wants to be considered for a part he'll have to write an application to the casting director..."

Another rock and roller who's tiring of the lavish tour, the beives of gorgeous camp followers, the cigars and limelight is none other than our old pal Gal Numan. Gazza spends his time these days behind the joystick of another fast livin' toy, the Cessna aircraft that's his current pride and joy. "I get a bigger kick out of bein' a pilot than I did out of bein' a pop star," remarks Gary morosely...

You may remember that UB40 collided with the forces of law and order some weeks back in Leeds over cannabis possession. When the case came to court last week Mikey Virtue, Norman Hassan, Ali Campbell and the group's driver were each fined £200. In their defence the boys reckoned that the gear (technical term) was given to them by hangers-on (cough, cough, blush, George Washington, etc)...

Two hundred squid would be a mere sneeze in the ocean for hard rockin' country dude Kenny Rogers who has just shelled out the princely sum of \$14.5 million, the highest house price ever in California, for film producer Dino de Laurentis' pad...

The Lennon saga is in danger of becoming a tad too tricky for comfort if recent stories to the effect that Yoko and Julian Lennon are recording together are true. Reported quotes like Yoko "is convinced they can recreate the musical scene she and John had going" don't bear thinking about...



Hi! Ah'm James Brown and I have this reputation of bein' the "Hardest Working Man In Showbiz". Here I am in Paris and I've just kept a foyer of journalists and photographers waitin' for a whole afternoon. One of 'em is that li'l guy Ian Penman — and he's got no real idea why I didn't show for the interview — but then, neither have my record company. Still, why should Pinmoon worry? He was flown out to Paris, put up in a four star hotel, wine and dined and flown back home again without the inconvenience of having to mumble his usual way through an awkward interview situation... and he didn't even get the chance to stand in a draughty Parisienne circus tent-cum-gig for two and a half hours, because the Metro was on strike. Still, I hope you guys have learnt your lesson. Never trust an NME Next Week Box.

Pic by Anton 'I always get my man' Corbijn.

So why do we think of them? Well it's a bloody sight more interesting than thinking about why the star of Werner Herzog's new epic *Fitzcarraldo*, one Mick Jagger, should be considering the lead in *Annie* alongside Albert Finney and Carol Burnett...

Scott Walker's smarter brother John is recording again for the Spectra label...

EXTRAORDINARY news concerning Steely Daner Walter Becker is filtering in from New York. He's being sued for three million dollars more than the price Kenny 'Rankin' Rogers paid for his aforementioned closet (i.e. over £7 million) for allegedly causing the death through drug addiction of a Karen Wyshak. The late Ms Wyshak's mother, Mrs Lillian Wyshak of Beverley Hills told the U.S. District Court that her daughter died in Becker's New York flat on January 30, 1980 of "acute mixed drug intoxication". Steely Dan and The Eagles (whose Don Henley was recently done for providing drugs to minors, etc) are both managed by Irv Azoff...

Has anyone seen The Associates? The popular Scottish group have disappeared out of sight of late, neither Fiction nor Polydor have the slightest idea where they are. The Nite Club, Edinburgh would like to find them for a start...

New album from L.A.'s X is again produced by Ray Manzarek. It's called 'Wild Gift' out on Slash. Also coming atcha from Slash soon, records by Plugz and Blasters. But why don't somebody sign the fab Angry Samoans...

Will Sandy Pearlman produce Roky Erickson? Aha...

Brian Brain invited a few disgruntled punters backstage at the Woolwich Tramshed

after a recent contretemps and instead of discussing the matter man to man received a Pils bottle across the face...

Public service cranny: would the person who ripped off a '68 Sunburst Fretless Fender Jazz Bass and a blue folder with lyrics in from a van in Denmark Street, (Wednesday last) please contact Kieron on 836-0899 (daytime). Reward, no questions asked...

The Recording Industry Assn. of America has updated the White House record library. The Reagans can now relax at home with De Ramones' 'Rocket To Russia', the first Clash album, Pistols' 'Bollocks' and Funkadelic's 'Hardcore Jollies'. Make a change from 'Songs For Swinging Lovers'...

NON-EVENT of the week took place last Friday on Phil Collins' 30th birthday. The slightly balding bearded drummer was to have been met at Heathrow after returning from Glasgow on the B.A. shuttle by several Virgin employees and two scantily clad lovelies. The latter strumpets were supposed to be jumping out of a cake as Collins came through baggage control, thus causing him much unnecessary embarrassment, documenting the auspicious occasion and garnering valuable column inches in the press at the same time like. Due to a B.A. cock-up, well... actually a downright lie, the Virgin party were foiled into believing that the plane was fog bound. They retired to the bar only to spot Collins walking out of the airport. Not in the air tonight or something (Dress this one up a bit. I fancy doing that Collins feature in Bali myself — Ed)...

There's a Chinese New Year party at The Venue today (Thursday), fronted by Hung Chung, an English band. MC is Tim Sum...

Filming has begun in Greenwich Village on an independent feature, *Smithereens*, starring Monty Smithereen, oh no, starring Richard Hell (a helluva lot

thinner). Press release dubs it as "the story of a rebellious young woman's passage through the New Wave underworld of lower Manhattan, maaan..."

Meanwhile, former Voidoid guitarist Bob Quine is recording on Brian Eno's new album. Also features jazz-funksters Material (hoo-ray)...

Y'know we like to save the choice bits 'til last but this snippet is a little hard to take. Billy Idol showed up for Gen X's performance on the Oxford Road Show in thigh



Brian Brain shows what you get for trying to be sociable.

boots and leather jockstrap. And you should have seen his stage gear...

Basement 5 have parted company with much travelled drummer Richard Dudanski...

T-Zers would like to welcome aboard young Gavin Martin, a staffperson from this very week. Danny Baker is relegated to the freelance zone, whence we trust his typewriter will continue to volley as before...

And we would also like to grovel horribly at the feet of Rankin' Roger, who revealed on last week's Roundtable that he "read the NME every week and was always satisfied with it." Glad someone is Rog. Drink?...

Donna Summer has been born again but we don't know where...

Tina Weymouth, Talking Heads' bass-girl and poll fave, has her solo album produced by Scratch Perry...

Bruce Springsteen is still producing Gary US Bonds for EMI but when?...

CAUGHT IN the 1/9s at one of Ronnie Spector's re-emergence gigs in New York: ex-hubby Phil. Afterwards Ronnie was moved to fire her band, manager and stop speaking to Polish Records — her outlet. She told the press that her performance elicited a phone call from Keith Richards (wrong number), a telegram from Billy Joel and a bodyguard, "a present from Bruce Springsteen..."

Mick Jones is producing Hunter-Ronson at Wessex while Paul Simon (ononon) has flown to the Caribbean with Mikey Dread at the controls for an album...

Motorhead and Girlschool have joined forces to record Johnny wotsit's 'Don't Touch It Hurts Too Much'. They go under the name Headgirl...

Department S, independent faves, have lost Eddie Roxy to his own Dream Sequence project. Which didn't deter notables like Chrissie Hynde and Pete Farndon, Cook and Jones and Peter Townshend from slumming it down the Rock Garden next week...

Pete Wylie of Wah! Heat joined U2 at the end of their Lyceum show to join in on a moving rendition of 'All Along The Watchtower'...

Nash the Slash was pleased to retrieve some skull shaped mandolins recently from a phone booth in Fulham Broadway, some months after they went missing when he was on tour with Gary Numan. Anyone pondering the origins of Nash's name might be pleased to know that it originates from an early Laurel and Hardy film, *Do Detectives Think* in which the deadly duo were pitted against a cut-throat butler by the name of...

Mo-dettes apologise for cancelling their Middlesbrough Rock Garden concert last week due to Ramona's laryngitis. Rescheduled soon. Meanwhile the band are so pleased with their Dennis Bovell demos that they will record with him in a couple of weeks...

NME

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Week

1 (1) And music	20p
2 (2) CND	20p
3 (3) Jam — Start	20p
4 (4) Echo & the Bunnymen	20p
5 (5) Ants No 1	20p
6 (6) Ants No 2	20p
7 (7) Dead Kennedys — Cambodia	20p
8 (8) Ants No 3	20p
9 (9) Jam — Pop Art	20p
10 (10) Ants Invasion	20p

NEW RELEASES (Jib)

Protest & Survive, The Demons, Spandau Ballet, Rockpile, OMD, Comas Angels, Capt Beefheart, Scientists, Aswad, Essential Logic, New Cabaret, Vektors, Girls At Our Best, Studio 1, Vagabond, Send S.A.E. For Free List

T-Shirts, Sissy Cats, Jam — Pop Art, Jay Division S M L £3.50 inc P&P. Send S.A.E. for free list.

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Prepare to repel boarders, Adam, as US funk band Lakeside sneak aboard the bandwagon. This is taking the piracy act a bit far, innit?



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